

# A Heart's Promise

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*[Complete] Honor : Trust : Loyalty – in their world, each was as vital as the next. A boy, now a man, who made a promise long ago is now set out to keep it, even if he has to turn his back on everything else and all that he knows. [Wally & Abby]*

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## 1 - Part One

### A Heart's Promise

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**Summary:** He told her a heart doesn't forget, even when the mind does. He promised her he would always have her back, like he always had, even if he couldn't remember. Needless to say, she didn't believe him, but it didn't matter, because in the end, she wouldn't remember a silly, little promise. . . or him. (Wally & Abby)

### Chapter One: Shattered

It was too much, it was all too much and Numbah Five just couldn't handle it anymore as she curled herself up into a ball in her bedroom in the KND Treehouse. Salty, wet tears ran down her face and stained her pillow as she sobbed into it. Slowly she rose to a sitting position as she wiped away her tears. ``Get a hold of yourself, Numbah Five. It's not that bad," she sighed, knowing she was lying to herself.

She then glanced up at the digital clock on the wall which read 12:37 am. Knowing she wouldn't be able to sleep anytime soon, she got out of bed and found her housecoat which she had discarded on the floor earlier that night.

She made her way down the hall to the kitchen navigating her way through the night. She had made this trip often in the last several weeks and now knew the route quite well. She was soon standing in front of an open refrigerator being blinded by its light. She groaned at the slight discomfort to her eyes as she reached for the jug of milk. Leaving the refrigerator open she put the jug on the counter and reached up to the cupboard to find a mug. She then moved to the next cupboard and took out a packet of cocoa. As she mixed her drink she sang a little tune she didn't like, but for some reason couldn't get out of her head.

A moment later she put the milk jug back into the refrigerator and was once again emerged into the darkness. Making her way to the yellow picnic table, with her mug in hand, she didn't realize that one of the benches had been moved around earlier that day; that is not until her toe banged into the end of the bench. ``Ow!" she yelled out as her mug went flying out of her hand and flew across the air, spilling her drink all over the floor. It was then followed by the sound of shattering glass as her mug followed. Numbah Five immediately fell on her butt and cradled her foot in her hands. ``Aw, man." she said under her breath, knowing she would have a mess to clean up as soon as her toe stopped throbbing.

The pain she was feeling plus everything she was going through proved to be to much and she softly began to cry, on the floor, all alone, in the dark. ``Hello?" She heard a voice call in the night. She furiously wiped away her tears before the light could be turned on.

She was Numbah Five for crying out loud; she was suppose to be the collective one, the calm and rational one, and here she was crying over a stubbed toe and spilled milk. ``Numbah Five?" The voice

called again when the light was turned on. ``Crud! Look at this mess.'' Numbah Four walked towards her.

``Thanks for pointing it out, I'm sure I would have missed it.'' She rolled her eyes.

``Well, `course yah would of, yah were sittin' in da dark,'' her sarcasm going over his head.

``Yeah, okay,'' she drawled. ``So, what are you doing up so late?'' she asked as he walked behind her, out of her line of sight.

``Thought ah heard somethin''.'' He then grunted for a reason Numbah Five couldn't see. ``Apparently, it was yah.''

``Four syllable word. Congratulations.'' She tossed over her shoulder. *He must of actually done his spelling homework correctly this week.* She thought.

He came back around in front of her with a smile on his face. ``Thanks,'' he beamed. Numbah Five couldn't help but smile at the boy.

That's when she noticed the trashcan in one of his hands and a mop in the other. ``What are you doing?'' she asked as she watched him pick up the bigger pieces of the broken mug.

``Ah'm cleanin' up da mess,'' he said matter-of-factly.

``Why?''

``Why not?'' he asked in return.

``Well. . . because it's my mess.''

``Ah know.'' He started mopping up the mess. ``But yah seem a lil' preoccupied.'' He gestured, with his head, towards her foot which Numbah Five was still cradling.

``Another four, niiiice.'' Numbah Five commented on the word `preoccupied.'

``Ah know.'' He beamed once again as he looked down, but then his smile faded.

``What is it?'' Numbah Five asked.

Numbah Four had peered into the trashcan where all the broken pieces had been collected. ``Is that Numbah One's mug?''

Numbah Five laughed nervously. ``Maybe.'' Her shoulders then dropped. ``It was the only one I could see in the dark.'' She then added solemnly, ``I misplaced mine.''

``Yah know exactly where your mug is and so do ah,'' Numbah Four said with his back to her as he continued to mop. ``Yah didn't misplace it.''

``What are you talking about?'' she asked. He said nothing as he finished cleaning up the mess.

``Numbah Four?'' he still said nothing as he put away the mop and the trashcan. He then sat in front of her, giving her a look of concern she thought was only reserved for Numbah Three. ``What?''

He then said softly, not making eye contact with her, ``Yah cry, when yah think no one's around.''

Numbah Five's brow furrowed. ``Numbah Five doesn't know what you're talking about.''

``Yeah, yah do,'' he continued slowly. ``Do yah forget your room is next to mine? For hours on end, all ah can hear is your cryin''.'' Numbah Five cast her eyes downward as she released her foot. ``Yah threw your mug out your window about a week ago. Ah cleaned that up too.''

``Be quiet,'' she told him.

``Abby,'' he said her name tenderly. ``Ah know yah're afraid. . .''

``Stop talking.'' She closed her eyes.

``. . . we're all afraid. . .''

``Don't say it,'' she said sternly.

``. . . about your thirteenth birthday.''

``Shut up!'' she yelled. ``Just shut up! I don't want to talk about it.''

``Doesn't mean it won't happen.'' He watched as tears ran down her face. ``Yah can't throw it away.''

``Why are you still talking?'' she said angrily as she opened her eyes.

``Fine. Ah'm not gonna make yah talk.'' He stood, but then stretched down his hand. ``Now come on, ah ain't got all night.''

``I don't need you, you know. I don't need any of you guys,'' she said calmly.

He smiled sadly, ``Ah know.'' His hand was still out to help her up. She then reached out and took it.

``Ah just want yah to know, even if yah don't need me, that ah've got your back. Yah can always count on me.''

Numbah Five pulled away her hand as soon as she was on her own two feet. ``I won't even remember you and soon you won't remember me either. None of us will remember each other after this year.'' She stated upset.

``My mind may not, but my heart will always remember our team. Yah'll see.''

Numbah Five crossed her arms as she shook her head, she never knew Numbah Four to be such a

dreamer. ``I'm heading in. Good-night, Numbah Four."

Numbah Four watched as she walked away. He then called after her, as if determined to make her understand. ``Yah'll see Numbah Five-- a heart doesn't forget." More tears slid down Numbah Five's face as she heard his call. . . wishing she could believe him.

## **Chapter Two: Someone New**

Abigail Lincoln was a twenty-one year old junior in college. She was on the school's female hockey team and loved the sport very much. And though the off-season had just begun, she tried to keep in shape all year round.

Her favorite place to go was a gym that was located about a mile from her dormitory. It had a track field she simply enjoyed running around. It was a lazy afternoon as she stretched on the field before a run as she turned on her mp3 player. When she had it programmed just the way she liked it she began her run. As she ran she listened to one of her favorite songs, though she couldn't quite remember why she liked it.

Maybe because it was a song about friendship and how you feel when you can't go on, yet know there's always someone there you can lean on. And that was the very reason she didn't like the song. Abby, as she called herself, had friends but not many, she had learned long ago if you were going to depend on someone, it should be yourself.

Despite her thoughts, Abby was a popular person, everyone seemed to know her name, but then again, she was one of the school's leading goal scorers. People would often ask her to hang out and join them for parties, but she had never really been up to those sort of things and would politely decline each time.

As she ran, she noticed a boy about her age exited out the gym and come towards the track. She had seen him before around campus during the semester. He was a transfer student from Australia or something, she wasn't quite sure. She watched him, as she passed, as he stretched and got ready for his own run.

Breathing heavily, Abby slowed down to a stop and then went to gather her things. "You're not leaving on my account are you?" the boy spoke with a faint accent.

"No, not at all," she smiled as she tossed the strap of her duffel bag over her shoulder. The boy said nothing in reply as he just smiled at her before beginning his run.

Later that night, Abby was in her dorm room studying for a test she had coming up in a few days. "Geez, Abby," spoke her roommate Kristen, better known as Kris, as she snatched Abby's book. "How much of a nerd can you be?" She asked. "It's Friday, for crying out loud. You need to get out and have some fun sometimes," she continued. "You know what they say about all work and no play."

"I know the saying, Kris." Abby took back her book and readjusted her glasses. She usually wore contacts, but they had been bothering her all day and she finally just gave up on them and took them out. "I just really need to study for this test, I can't afford another 'D'. I just can't." She stressed.

Kris sat on Abby's bed. "Look, the reason you didn't do well on that last test was because you put too much pressure on yourself. You studied I know you did, but I'm telling you-- you're brain," she knocked on Abby's head, "needs a break. You hear me, sistah girl?"

"Look, I think-" She was cut off.

"Hello!" Kris waved her hand in front of Abby's face. "Brain. Burnt. Out." She stood up and Abby watched her walk over to her closet. "So I tell you what. Tonight, we're going out." Abby opened her mouth to protest. "And don't say you can't, because 'no' is no longer an option." She reached in Abby's closet and pulled out a black leather mini-shirt. "Girl, I didn't even know you owned something like this." She tossed it over her shoulder. "Put it on," she told her as she found her roommate a top.

Kris couldn't find anything she liked in Abby's closet so she moved on to her own. "I'm letting you borrow this, so I expect it back." Kris handed her a sleeveless sequin midriff top. "Blue always looks good on you," she commented.

Abby sighed as she put the clothes on and check herself out in the mirror. "I don't know, Kris." Abby put her hands on her breasts. "It's kind of tight."

Kris huffed and moved Abby's hands. "It's supposed to be." Kris then looked into the mirror as she applied her ruby red lipstick that matched the little dress she wore.

"You look like a ho," Abby told her playfully.

"Girl, I don't know what you're talking about." Kris made a little circle, flaring her dress, and then shook her hips from side to side. "That's what I'm talking about, baby girl!" she laughed. "Now come on," Kris grabbed her purse and then Abby's hand as she finished putting in her new contacts. "We're going dancin' tonight."

Abby shook her head as she was pulled out the dorm by Kris thinking, *What have I gotten myself into?*

OoOoO

It had taken them forty-five minutes to get to the club Kris wanted to go to; mostly because she had to pick up the rest of her girls, which included: Anita, the self-proclaimed best dancer of the group; Dana, little miss know-it-all; and Spirit, who's really name was Rebecca.

"doges, get out my car!" Kris yelled as soon as they parked in the lot of the club called, *Daylite*.

"Kris, you need to stop cursing," stated Dana.

"Yeah," agreed Anita, "you need like Jesus in your life." Everyone stopped and looked at her. "What?"

"Like you've ever gone to church," said Spirit.

"I have gone to church," Anita said as they walked towards the club.

"When?" asked Spirit.

Anita started counting on her fingers, but then just resolved with giving Spirit the bird.

"Oh, that's real mature." Spirit slapped her hand down.

"These are your friends?" Abby quietly asked Kris.

"Don't worry, they'll grow on you." She smiled as the five of them entered the club.

The club was packed, so the girls had to maneuver their way across the room until they found a table in the corner and stole a few chairs. "I need a drink," Dana announced before asking. "You girls want something?" When they all declined she made her way to the bar.

The others were talking and getting to know Abby when Usher's 'Yeah' blasted through the speakers of the club. "Girl, that's my song!" Yelled Spirit. "Come on!" She grabbed Anita and the two practically ran to the dance floor.

"Thanks Kris, I really needed this," Abby turned to her and said.

Kris smiled mischievously. "Don't thank me yet," she leaned in and lowered her voice. "Okay, don't look now, but that fine-@\$ white boy at the bar has been checking you out since we got in here."

"What?" Abby dark cheeks blushed.

"Yeah, girl." Kris looked over Abby's shoulder. "Okay, hold on. . . wait for it . . ." she said slowly. She then began rapidly hitting her hand on the table. "Look now, look now!" Abby softly laughed at her roommate as she looked over her shoulder to see whose eye she had caught. "You see him? The blonde?"

"Yeah, I see him." Abby recognized the boy. "He's a runner I believe. I saw him earlier at the track," she explained.

"Uh-huh, you go girl. So what's his name?" Kris inquired.

Abby turned back to her. "I don't know, we didn't say much."

"Well, he's cute, you should go say something."

Abby shook her head. "No, I don't think so."

"Oh, come on, I'm not telling you to marry the boy, just go talk to him."

"No," Abby stated firmly, but it didn't deter Kris.

"Why not?" Kris asked. "I know it isn't because he's a white boy. Because you're ex-"

"Don't," Abby looked at her swiftly. "I don't like talking about him," she told her firmly.

Kris sighed. "Look, I don't know what happened between you two, but you can't keep yourself closed off from the rest of the male population, Abby," she explained. When she got no response from her, Kris cocked an eyebrow curiously. "You haven't gone and changed teams on me, have you?" she asked carefully.

"Kris!" Abby looked at her in disbelief as a light laugh escaped her.

"What? You can't blame a sistah for asking," she said. "But if that's not it, you have no reason not to go talk to him."

"You're going to bug me about this all night aren't you?" Abby asked and Kris just smiled. "Fine." Abby rose from her seat. "I don't now how you talk me into these things?"

"It's my charming personally!" Kris yelled as Abby began walking to the bar.

"Hey!" Abby got the attention of the bartender. "Can I get a Banana Daiquiri with no lime juice, please?"

"Coming right up." And the bartender went to fix her drink.

Abby then turned to the boy beside her. "Hey there, you were at the track earlier, right?"

"Yeah, I was." He smiled. "How are you?"

"I'm good, thanks."

He looked her over. "Are you having fun?"

"Now I am, yeah." She nodded.

"That's good to hear." He softly bobbed his head to the music and after a moment spoke again. "So, you waiting for your boyfriend?"

*Well, he sure isn't subtle, is he?* Abby thought before answering him. "No," she told him. "I don't have one. I came with a few of my girls."

"That's good to hear," he flirted with her, "but it's a shame someone as pretty as you doesn't have a boyfriend."

"Thank you." Abby stuck out her hand. "I'm Abigail, by the way."

The Aussie took her hand and slowly brought it up to his lips. His sparkling green eyes never left hers as he gently kissed her knuckles. "Lawrence. Gavin Lawrence."

"Gavin," she said softly as the bartender arrived with her drink. He told her the price and Abby went to hand him the money she had in her other hand.

"Don't worry, I got this." Gavin paid for her drink and Abby thanked him once again. "If you really want to thank me, you can pleasure me with a dance when you're finished."

"You're on," she said after taking a sip of her Banana Daiquiri.

A few minutes later, the two were on the dance floor moving to the sounds of Jay-Z and Linkin Park's *Numb/Encore*. Abby sung along with music as she danced, which made Gavin laughed as she made up the parts of the song she didn't know.

As the song died down, the next cued up; it was one Abby didn't recognized. It was a slow song and all of a sudden, Abby felt a bit shy. "Would you care to sit this one out?" Gavin asked as he saw the expression on her face.

"No," she said quickly. "I mean, I feel up to it, if you are." She told him and he nodded his head. Abby shivered a bit as his cool fingers made contact with bare waist as he slid his hands around her and pulled her closer to him. Abby then proceeded to raise her arms and warp them about his neck and they swayed back and forth to the music. Abby felt as if she were floating on air as she was held in Gavin's arms. "This is nice," she whispered.

"I agree," he said in a voice that matched her own. "So, are you doing anything after this?" Abby nervously chuckled. "I'm not that kind of girl, Gavin."

"Huh?" He didn't quite understand before he it came to him. "Oh!" He smiled and blushed. "No, no, that's not what I meant."

Abby pulled slightly away and looked into his green eyes. "Really? Then what did you mean?"

"I meant after the song. You don't have to go right back to your friends do you?"

"No, not really." She shook her head. "What? Are you trying to get to know me or something?" she asked playfully.

"Yeah, if you allow me to," Gavin told her. Abby felt stupid, she had never smiled so much in her life.

"Look at that," Kris said to the rest of the girls who had came back to the table. "First night out and my girl Abby has already caught herself a man."

"Kris, they're just dancing, it doesn't mean she's caught a man," Dana said before sipping down the last of her drink.

"Why must you always bust my bubble?" Kris asked her in agitation.

"Cuz' it's what I do," Dana stated. "Now I'm hitting the dance floor, you doges coming?"

"Ha! Look who's cursing now," Kris teased, Dana just stuck out her tongue before heading to the floor. "Hey, wait up." Kris followed.

"We need new friends," Spirit stated as she sat alone at the table with Anita.

Then at the same time they both went, "Nah." And then followed Kris and Dana out onto the dance floor.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 2 - Part Two

### Chapter Three: Someone Old

Abby sat on the track as she stretched her legs. She looked up to see Gavin bent over touching his toes and smiled inwardly as she admired his @@@. "Are you ready?" she called over.

"Yeah." He straightened himself up and rolled his neck. He then walked over to Abby and helped her up. "Lets go for five miles today."

"Let's make it four. I'm a bit tired, it's been a long day."

"Alright," he agreed and the two began their run.

Abby and Gavin had been going out for about six weeks and neither one could be any happier with each other. Kris teased Abby about it all the time. "You can thank me now," she said when she had learned of the new couple. "Now aren't you glad I pushed you to go talk to him that night? He's so perfect for you."

When their workout was completed Gavin reached for his towel and draped it over his head. He exhaled deeply as Abby pulled off the towel. "I'm kind of glad we didn't go that extra mile. I guess I was tired too," he explained.

Abby started to say something, but Gavin's phone started ringing. "Hold that thought." He reached for his bag and pulled out his cell phone. "Gavin here," there was a small pause. "Of course I didn't forget. . . I said I would be there. . . As a matter of fact, I am." He smiled and winked over at Abby. Then all of sudden he frowned and he turned away from her and said quietly. "He did? When? What did you tell him? What did he say?"

"Gav-"

"Not now," he told her quickly and returned back to his phone conversation. "You've have got to be kidding me. That son of a-" It sounded as if he had been cut off. He then took a deep breath. "Look, don't tell me to calm down, alright? This needs to be taken care of --as in like yesterday-- you understand me?" He ran his fingers through his sweat drenched hair as he listened. "No. . . Hell no. . . Is there no other way?" he asked. "Alright then, make it happen. Bye." He ended the call. "shoot," he said quietly to himself.

"Gavin, are you alright? What was that about?" Recently Abby had noticed that Gavin had been receiving strange phone calls and that they often left him angry or upset. She would ask him about them, but usually he just gave her the same answer.

"I'm fine, Abigail, it's nothing I can't handle," he told her as he forced a smile. "Come," he held out his hand, "let me drive you back to your dorm."

"That's okay, I can walk," she said, feeling he needed some time to himself.

"Don't be ridiculous. We got a late start on the track and it's getting dark," he reasoned.

"I've walked in the dark before, Gavin."

"Abigail, please," he asked trying not to sound desperate for her company. Plus, he could have sworn, that last time that she walked back to the dorm, that someone was following her. He hoped that it was just his paranoid nature, but right now he wasn't willing to take that chance.

"Alright," she finally told him as she took his hand and he led her to his 2004 Ford Thunderbird. "Gavin?"

"Yes?" he responded as he started the car and pulled out the lot.

"I don't know a lot about cars," she began. "But this a Thunderbird, weren't you driving a Mustang, the other week ago?"

"Yeah," he said slowly. "That was my cousin's car, he was letting me borrow it. This one was in the shop. I wanted the engine checked out because it was making a strange sound," he explained.

Abby nodded as if the reason satisfied her curiosity. A minute later, they were in front of Abby's dorm. "Bye, baby. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon." She started to get out of the car.

"Whoa." He reached out and stopped her. "What's tomorrow?" he asked her.

Abby turned to him. "You said you would go with me to the Classic Arcade Games Convention. I know it's kind of a nerd thing, but I've really been looking forward to it."

"Sweetie," he began guiltily. "I'm not going to be able to make it. I'm going to be gone for about two weeks, starting tomorrow."

"What?" She shook her head in disbelief. "What about your classes?"

"Don't worry about them," he said simply. "I have them covered."

"Well, isn't that nice? You have your classes covered, yet fail to mention anything to your girlfriend," she stated upset.

"Aw, Abigail, don't be angry," he tried to soothe her. "Believe me, this was a last minute thing. I'm not blowing you off on purpose."

"Humph." She pouted and crossed her arms as she looked straight ahead out of the window. She wasn't really upset, she just loved his attention.

"Baby," he said in a sing-song voice. "Baby." He reached over and ran a finger down her cheek. Abby smiled as she closed her eyes. "There's the smile I idolize." He said as he gently took her chin and turned her towards him. "Come on, you know you want to forgive me."

"Yeah, I do," she gave in easily. "So, where are you going?"

"Um," he clicked his tongue. "It's kind a family thing, kind of private," he told her and she gave him a concerned look. "But it's nothing you should worry about." He smiled and tried to reassure her, "Come here." He took her arm and leaned towards her as she followed suit and they shared a kiss. "I'll bring you back something nice, okay?" She nodded as his phone rung again. He cringed. "Sorry," he whispered to her.

"Gavin here," he said and then kissed Abby again. "Uh-huh." Another kiss. "That's good news." Gavin then leaned back in his driver seat where he rose up his pelvis and reached for something in his pocket. "Look, I've already confirmed this with the others." Gavin pulled out his wallet and tried handing Abby a couple of hundred dollar bills. She looked at him confused. "Take it," he whispered.

"I don't want your money, Gavin," she whispered back. "I don't need it, my dad's a doctor and my mom's a lawyer."

He gently took her hand and brought it up to his lips and kissed her palm. "I know. I just want to take care of you." He then placed the money in her hands and closed her fingers around it.

"That's sweet, but no." She tried giving it back.

"You can expect me tomorrow afternoon when my plane touches down. Just have what we agreed on," he said to the person on the other end of his phone. He shook his head as Abby tried to hand back the money. "Take it." Abby sighed and then stuck the money in her gym bag. "That's my girl-- No, not you. I'm talking to my girlfriend. . . No, you don't need to know her name." That seemed to extremely piss him off. "Now, just make sure you have everything ready tomorrow, okay? Good. Later."

Abby just stared at him before cocking an eyebrow. "Jealous much?"

Gavin smiled at her accusation. "Can't blame me for wanting to keep you all to myself. I know what I have."

"Really now?" She took a hold of his shirt and pulled him closer. Her lips barely touch his as she spoke seductively. "And what do you have?"

"A girl who adores me," he said pompously.

Abby pushed him away. "You jerk."

"You didn't let me finish," he defended. "I was going to say -before you rudely push me away- 'whom I adore in return'."

"Yeah, sure. Nice save, buddy." She said as she put her hand on the handle of the car door.

She was stopped when Gavin took her other hand. "I'll call you later, okay?"

"Of course," she told him before giving him one last kiss and getting out of the car to walk towards her dorm.

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It was eleven o'clock when Abby decided to head towards the Classic Arcade Games Convention. When she got there, she was surprised to see people dressed up as their favorite video game character. *Thought that only happened at Star Wars and Star Trek Conventions.* She smiled at the thought as she looked around.

She settled at a place where they were playing and discussing a new video game called, 'War Lords of the Sinnarkar Dimension.' It was nothing more than a no-plot, shot-'em-up, blood and gore video game. . . that Abby couldn't wait to get her hands on.

When it was her turn, the game was set in survival mode and she was up against several other players. She typed in her screen name, BlueStealth, and the battle began. About twenty minutes into it, it was down to her and one other player, whose screen name read, R.M. Killer.

Abby was on high ground as she spotted her last victim. She aimed her weapon, a bow and arrow. Then when she was locked on the player she released her final shot and awaited her victory, but much to her surprise, the other player disappeared and all of sudden her player fell to the ground. She saw a pair of feet walk towards her before her screen went black and flashed, 'Game Over'. *What the hell?* She thought as she looked at her screen in disbelief.

"Ownage!" She heard a male voice yell out. She turned her head in the direction of the sound to see a screen in the distance that flashed, 'Victorious'.

"So," Abby spoke to herself. "He's the one that cheated me out of my victory." She walked over to him, wanting to know how she was defeated. "Good game. You played well." She said when she reached him.

He turned around to the voice. He was her height, maybe even an inch shorter, with green eyes, and long blonde hair in a surprisingly high ponytail. He looked her over carefully. "Let me guess, MsKarebear?"

"No." She shook her head. "BlueStealth."

"You're BlueStealth?" he asked in disbelief, but gave her an impressed looked. "You were good."

"Thanks," she smiled.

"Too bad you only came up second best," he smirked.

Her smile fell. "Yeah, sure." He then began to walk away. "Hey, wait a second." She followed him.

"What?" He seemed annoyed at the girl who seemed to be stalking him.

"I just got to know. . . how did you do it?"

"You mean the disappearing act?" he asked and she nodded her head. He smiled as he said, "A true magician never reveals his secrets."

"Oh, come on, I just want to know how," she told him. "It's not like I'm asking you to give up top-secret codes to the Pentagon."

The boy looked at his watch. "Are you hungry?" he suddenly asked.

"What?" She was caught off guard.

And so he repeated his question rather slowly. "Are. . . you. . . hungry?" He rubbed his stomach to emphasize his point.

"Alright, now you're just playing with me," she began. "I get it. Bye."

"Nah, wait, that's not it," he said quickly before she turned away. "It's just the explanation is going to take awhile and I haven't eaten since yesterday," he explained. "So if you really want to know," he pointed behind him with his thumb, "there's a great little diner down the street."

Abby thought it over, did she really want to know that bad that she would have lunch with a complete stranger? "Okay, you're on," she told him and the boy smiled. *What harm could come from going to lunch?* she thought to herself.

So Abby and the guy from the arcade had lunch together and talked strategy. "Then you have to go to the Korkin Universe and that's where you pick up The Sword of Cafagor, but before you do that . . ." he continued.

"Uh-huh. . . Yeah." Abby listened contently as she wrote a few things down on a napkin. They had been there long after eating their meal. Abby had actually found his presence, after you got pass the cockiness, quite pleasant and familiar somehow. "Oh man, I know what you're talking about; Level thirteen on Doom Riders Part Four, gets me every time. I can't get pass-"

--the headless zombies," he finished her sentence laughing. "Me neither. We should team up one day and play together. Two minds with our obvious skills are bound to get by them."

She smiled. "Yeah, that or die twice as fast."

"True that." The boy then looked at his watch. "Damn." He then looked up at her. "We've been here for hours."

Abby looked at her watch, it was approaching five-thirty. "I guess we got a little caught up, huh?"

"Yeah," he agreed as he rolled his neck. Abby cocked a questioning eyebrow at the gesture. Where had she seen that before? "Look, we're already here, you want to have some dinner?"

Abby shrugged. "Sure, why not?"

"You know what? You're pretty cool."

"Yeah, I get that all the time," she bragged.

It was close to seven when the two finished their second meal together. "You know what I just realized?"

"What?" Abby looked up from her root beer.

"I don't even know your name."

"It's Abby," she simply told him. "What's yours?"

"You," he looked her over, "you can call me, Wally."

"It's nice to meet you, Wally."

"It's nice to meet you too, Abby." He smiled at her as his cell phone began to ring. He then reached for his phone to answer it. "W.B. Here."

Abby shook her head as she noticed Wally was the second person she knew, who answered their phone my stating who they were. She wondered when did people stopped saying 'hello'.

". . .okay, bye." He ended the call, but left his phone in his hand. "So can I get your number, so I can call you?"

"Oh, I'm not sure if that's a good idea," she looked kind of nervous. "I have a boyfriend."

"What's your man got to do with me?" He asked her before she just gave him a questioning look. He then felt the need to explain. "What I mean is, I like you, you're cool. So don't take this the wrong way, but you're just kind of not my type. Plus honestly," he began entering her name on his phone. "I'm just looking for a fellow gamer who can keep up with me." He shrugged. "You know, at least until my little brother visits me from boarding school."

OoOoO

It was late as Abby returned to her dorm room. She stripped off her clothes and dropped them anywhere as she made it to the bathroom. She sat on the edge of the tub and ran her water as she added the bubble bath.

She let down her hair, which she had done in a ponytail wrapped into a bun. She slowly sunk down into the tub letting the steaming water engulf her body. She let her body relax as she tilted her head back to rest on the edge of the tub as she closed her eyes.

She had become so relaxed that she was very near to falling asleep in the tub and as she did so, she slowly began slipping into the water. Very soon the bottom of her lip began to graze the surface of the

water, but before she completely slipped into it, her cell phone rung loudly and her eyes snapped open at the sound. She groaned sleepily as she sat up, accidentally splashing water out of the tub. She then reached for her discarded pants, which were now wet, near the side of the tub and grabbed her cell. "Hello?" she sounded annoyed.

"So tell me," came a soft and warm voice. "What's your favorite video game?"

Abby couldn't help the smile that stretched across her lips. "The Sims."

"The Sims!" Wally's voice roared. "No way, you're a Rainbow Six kind of girl. I can feel it." Abby smiled. Rainbow Six was her second most favorite game.

## **Chapter Four: Almost Perfect**

Kris and Abby were in their dorm room, watching TV as they quizzed each other for a class they both took, but at different times. They were almost done when there came a knock at the door. "I got it." Kris jumped up to get the door, welcoming the break. "Roomie, it's for you," Kris said as she came back into their common area.

Abby put down her book and walked over to the door. "How's my girl?" She was greeted by Gavin.

"Feeling a whole lot better now" she told him. "So how was your trip?"

"They're were a few bumps in the road, but everything went as well as expected." He then smiled. "Did you miss me?"

"No," she teased. "Not even a little."

"Liar." He wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her nose. "I want to take you out tonight, to make up for being gone. How does that sound?"

"Sounds nice actually. Where are we going? So I know what to wear."

"First thing first. I got you something." Gavin bent down and picked up the box he had leaning on the wall next to Abby's door. "I hope you like it."

Abby took the box and then invited him. The two sat down on the couch as she opened the rectangular box. Abby's gasped, "It's beautiful." She pulled out a tan formal evening gown and held it against herself. "Thank you." She leaned in and kissed him gently.

"You know what," Kris gathered her things and stood up. "I'll be in the bedroom." She then closed the door behind her.

"I want you to wear it tonight. I'm taking you to dinner." Gavin then looked at his watch. "I made reservations for seven."

"Alright, I won't be long." She got up and went into the room she shared with Kris.

"Oh my god, girl," Kris said as soon as Abby came into the room. "I am so envious right now, I could die. You're boyfriend is fine and he spends money on you."

"Money doesn't mean everything Kris," Abby told her as she took off her clothes to put on her new dress.

"Yeah, this coming from the girl that grew up with it." She made a face. "What are you going to do with that hair of your?"

"No clue."

"Sit down." Kris turned on the curling iron, "Girl, what would you do without me?"

Ten minutes later, Abby walked out of the bedroom to find a stunned looking Gavin waiting for her. "You look amazing." He stood up and walked over to her. He admired her long curly black hair which fell midway down her back. He had never seen her with her hair down. "Shall we go?" He offered his arm and Abby, smiling brightly, took it.

The restaurant they went to was one Abby knew well, it was one of her parents' favorites. It was a five star restaurant that deserved every star. Gavin, being the gentlemen that he was, pulled out Abby's seat for her. "Thank you."

He nodded before taking his own seat. "So my sweet Abigail, what have you been up to in the time I was away?" he asked. "How was that convention of yours?"

"It was great. There were all kinds of people there. And they were testing this new game which groups of us were playing at the same time. I almost won my round, but there was this one player, who played as if they had had the game for years. It was-"

"That's nice, honey," he cut her off. "Are you ready to order?" he asked as he picked up the menu and signaled for the waiter to come over.

"Sure, why not?" Abby's shoulders fell as she got the feeling that Gavin really didn't care about what she had done. But she was thankfully proven wrong, because after they finished ordering their food, he asked for her to continue. He also apologized for his rudeness, saying that his stomach had gotten the best of him.

"So wait a second? This R.M.Killer what was her name again?" Gavin asked as Abby had been continuing her story.

"Um, *her* name?" Abby slightly froze. "Oh- um- I didn't catch it." As Abby heard herself say the words, she didn't understand them. *Why did I just lie to him?*

But soon the thought was pushed out of her mind as their waiter arrived and they enjoyed their dinner. They were only a few minutes into their meal, when Gavin reached for his phone. He had it on vibrate so as not to disturb the other people in the restaurant. Abby quickly reached out her hand and gently touched the hand Gavin was holding his phone. "Please, Gavin. Don't answer it." Her voice and her

expression pleaded with him.

She knew what one of those phone calls meant. It meant that the person in front of her would curl into himself for a period of time. She didn't know if it would be just a matter of minutes, like it was last time before his trip or for the entire evening, but whichever one it was, she didn't want to chance it. "I don't want to share you tonight," she had concluded saying.

"Baby, it could be important," he reasoned with her.

"Aren't I important?" she asked him as she took back her hand, almost fearing his answer.

Gavin just looked at her with an expression that was unreadable. He then flipped open his phone and put it to his ear. At the sight of it Abby felt her heart just sink inside her chest, and it hurt. "Gavin here." Abby looked into his green eyes as he spoke, finding she couldn't tear herself away from them. "Whatever it is, call me tomorrow," he stated. Abby then watched as Gavin did something she had never seen him do before, he turned off his phone before he put it away. Abby beamed as Gavin reached out and took her hand before kissing her fingers, their eyes never leaving each other's. "I hope that answers your question."

"It does." She nodded. "Very much so."

OoOoO

The rest of Abby and Gavin's evening had gone very well. Soon they were back in front of Abby's dorm and Gavin walked her to her room as they held hands. "We should do this more often," Gavin told her when they reached her door.

Abby said nothing as she wrapped her arms around her boyfriend's neck and kissed him gently before he responded to it. Gavin then wrapped his arms around her as their kiss deepened. Abby giggled as she took in his scent of Old Spice. When they finally pulled away from each other Abby was leaning on her door as she searched for the knob. "My roommate is going to be gone all night and most of tomorrow." She smiled. "I want you to spend the night with me."

Gavin didn't answer her right away. Instead he just leaned into her and kissed her neck as Abby closed her eyes and rested her head on the door. "I want to," Gavin whispered as his lips had reached her ear. "God knows I want to, but I can't."

"What?" Abby opened her eyes and looked at Gavin as he once again pulled away from her. "Why?"

"Don't be upset, Abigail," he spoke. "It's just our relationship is still kind of new and I don't want to rush things."

Abby cocked an eyebrow at him. "You're more of a prude than I am." She laughed.

Gavin put his head down and as he did his bangs covered his face from Abby's view. "I know."

Abby then pushed his hair back with her hand and tilted her head up to kiss his forehead, but as she did,

she heard something she thought she would not hear again for the rest of the night, Gavin's phone ringing. "You turned it back on?" she asked angrily as she put her hand on his chest and pushed him away. *Important my @\$\$* she thought.

"Aw, shoot," Gavin said to himself. "Come on, Abby. Don't do this." He reached out for her as she turned around to open her door which had been left unlocked for her by Kris.

Abby smacked down his hand as it touched her. "Just answer your damn phone, Gavin. I'm sure it's of the utmost importance," she told him before shutting the door on his face and locking it.

"Abby." He turned the knob as his phone continued to ring. "Abby, come on, I'm not answering it," he told her.

"Well, if you're not going to answer it, then you should have left it off," she told him as she leaned on the door with her arms crossed and kicked off her shoes.

"Abby," he started to pound on the door. "Just let me in."

"Go away, Gavin," she told him. "I don't want to see your face right now."

"I'll make it up to you," he told her as his hand went back to the doorknob.

"Empty promises, Gavin, because you haven't made up a thing yet. So just leave me alone."

Then for the longest time there was nothing, but silence. Abby was starting to think that Gavin had actually left. "Baby," he finally called softly as his forehead rested on the door. "I'm sorry."

There was another moment of silence. "I know," she finally whispered back to him.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

### 3 - Part Three

#### Chapter Five: Crossing the Line

"You want me to what?" said the blonde with wide eyes.

"I want you to meet my parents before they leave to see my sister and her devil children. Now come on." Abby grabbed his arm as she tried pulling him out of the passenger seat of her car.

"No. You tricked me. You said we were here to play your new game." He held onto the seat as she continued to pull.

"Get out of this car, Wally. I mean it." She then straightened herself up and took a step back. After her classes for the day were finished, Abby went and picked up Wally at his job. He worked at a community center where he taught kids how to box. "If you don't meet them, we aren't playing." Wally gasped as he looked at her in shock. "This is cruel and unusual punishment."

"I don't give a damn. Now are you coming?" She held out her hand to help him out the car.

"Yeah, yeah whatever." He took her hand and closed the door. "It's so sad how addicted I am," he said as they walked up the path towards the house. "Do you think they have like A.A meetings for people obsessed over Playstation?"

"Only Playstation?" She gave him a doubtful look.

"Shut up," he told her.

"Well, if they do have meetings, I guess I would have to sign up with you."

"Really? Yeah, I can see you now," Wally began. "Hi, my name is Abby 'Hi, Abby' and I-" he took a dramatic pause, "-am a gamer."

Abby laughed. "Sometimes I worry about you." She then opened the door to her home. "Mama, Dad!" she called when she got inside.

"Abby?" Wally spoke.

"Hmm?"

"You're still holding my hand," he whispered in her ear.

"Oh." She let it go, like it was nothing and said causally, "Sorry, I was thinking about my boyfriend. You two kind of look alike, with the blonde hair and green eyes and all." She then smile. "Except he's taller."

"Is that a short joke?" he asked, but then he made a curious face. "Wait a second? Abby, what did you say your boyfriend's name was again?"

"You mean I've never told you?" she asked surprised with herself. How could she forget a thing like that?  
"His name is-"

"Sweetie," came a female's voice with a soft French accent. It was Abby's mother. "You're here."

"Hello, mama." Abby kissed and hugged her mother. "Where's daddy?"

"I'm sorry sweetie, he already left. You know how he is." She looked over behind Abby. "Is this the boyfriend you been telling me about? He is a handsome one." Wally blushed at the comment.

"No, mama. This is my friend, Wally. Wally this is my mother, Beatrice Lincoln."

"Nice to meet you Mrs. Lincoln. I've heard a lot of good things about you."

"I would hope so." She smiled brightly. "I'm sorry I can't stay long to chat, but maybe you can come and have dinner with us one of these evenings."

"I would like that," Wally said.

"Good." She then turned to her daughter. "Abby, walk with me to the door please. Your friend can have a seat in the living room."

"Yes, mama." Abby showed Wally the living room and then followed her mother.

"Abigail, sweetheart," she began. "Is there a reason you haven't introduced your boyfriend to me or your father yet? I mean you have been dating him for several months now, haven't you?"

"Yes, it's just I haven't gotten up to asking him yet. Gavin, he's such a busy person. I mean, every time we're together it's great, until he gets one of these phone calls and everything changes. He just always seems so worried and concerned about something he won't talk about with me. Most of the time he just tells me it's a family thing, and that he's fine, but sometimes I don't know." She frowned as she sighed.

"And Wally?" she asked.

"He's just a friend. Whenever I'm feeling bummed about Gavin, I go to Wally, and he doesn't know it, but he really brightens up my day." She smiled at the thought of him. "Everything is so low key when it comes to us. It's like we're ten year olds, with nothing to worry about expect how to get to the next level in some video game. It's great. He's a good friend."

"Then if you are happy with Wally, then why not cut out the middle man?" Mrs. Lincoln asked boldly. "I just don't want to see you the way you were when your ex-"

"Mama, please," Abby begged. "I won't let it get that far. Besides," Abby frowned as she shook her head. "I do care for Gavin, very much."

"Are you sure, darling? Because I just want to see you happy." Mrs. Lincoln just found it too odd that she and her husband hadn't met Gavin yet.

"Yes," Abby said after a moment. "I'm happy with Gavin. Besides whatever it is with him, I'm sure it won't last long."

"Alright then, if Gavin makes you happy, then I'm happy too." Mrs. Lincoln smiled as she kissed her daughter's forehead. "You and your friend be good. Your father and I will be back Sunday evening before you head back to school for the week."

"Alright, have a good trip." Abby then went back inside where she found Wally sitting quietly on the couch waiting for her. "Ready to play?"

He cocked an eyebrow. "Is that even a question you have to ask?"

"Alright then. When are you going to let me put some cornrows in your hair?"

"When pigs fly. Now come on, I'm having withdrawal symptoms here." Before long the two friends were sitting on the floor, in front of a big screen TV, playing Abby's newest game. "Jump!" Wally yelled at the screen as Abby played.

"How can I jump, Wally? I'm in a spaceship," she told him as he was starting to annoy her.

"Left! Left!" he continued to scream, but this time he jumped up off the floor. "There's the portal. Go!"

"I'm going, but I got a bogie on my tail!" Abby soon found herself yelling too.

"What are you doing? It's an odd level, it's the right portal!"

"Shut up! I'm concentrating here!" she yelled, but then all of sudden, it was like the ship had a mind of its own and she was shot down by the bogie she was trying to evade. Her face fell. "What just happened?" she asked.

"Oops," she heard Wally say quietly.

Abby took her eyes off the screen reading, 'Game Over' and looked at Wally. Her eyes then drifted down his body to his feet where the cord of her controller was tangled around his foot. "Wally?" she said slowly.

"Yeah?" he said coyly.

"I suggest you run," she grabbed a throw pillow and stood up, "because you are a dead man."

"Abby, I don't like the way you're looking at me." He slowly started to back away. "Come on now, it was an accident. You know I didn't mean it." He started to back away faster. "Abby, buddy, pal. . . put down the pillow." His back ran into the corner and he realized he was trapped. He looked at Abby with wide

eyes and then slowly narrowed them. "You'll pay for this."

"Maybe, but not before you," Abby said and started beating him with the pillow.

Wally ducked as he found an opening and ran for it. As he passed the couch he grabbed the other pillow and armed himself. "Alrighty," a grin spread across his face, "now it's a fair game."

Abby chuckled nervously as she lowered her pillow. "You know I was just playing, right?" she then squealed as Wally came charging towards her. They ran around the couch as Abby tried not to be caught.

Wally was behind the couch strategizing his next move, but every time he moved to the left, Abby would make a move towards his right and vice versa. Finally, getting impatient, Wally lunged over the couch towards her and pulled her closer, but he lost his positioning and the two went tumbling to the couch and then went rolling to the floor. "Ow!" Abby cried out with her eyes closed as her hand went to her forehead, which had hit Wally's on the way down. "Damn boy, what's your head made out of?" she groaned.

The blonde headed boy only laughed. "You okay?" he asked as he had somehow landed on the bottom and not only hit his head with Abby's but with the floor. His hand then found what was sure enough to be a bruise on the back of his head.

"I'll be fine," she answered him.

"Guess we got a little carried away."

"A little? Nah," she said sarcastically. She then opened her eyes and slightly gasped. "Did you hit something?" she asked.

"What didn't I hit?" He smiled.

"So I guess you know you're bleeding?" Abby asked as she propped herself up on his chest before cupping his face with her hand. Wally found himself studying her features, now only realizing how beautiful she was. He then felt her thumb sweep across his bottom lip to wipe away the blood. "There you go," she whispered softly. She then went to get up, but was stopped as Wally put one hand on top of hers and had the other slide over her back, keeping her close. Abby narrowed her eyes. "What the hell are you doing?"

"Nothing. . ." he responded as he slowly etched his face up towards hers. "Yet." He then eased his hand up her back to the back of her head as his lips gently came into contact with hers. Abby's first instinct was to push him away, but his lips had put her under a spell, because she couldn't bring herself to pull away.

Their kiss began sweet and tender as Abby's lips opened slightly to allow Wally's tongue to meet hers. She noted that his taste was peculiar; she wouldn't describe it as sweet, but it had a refreshing taste that made her think dark chocolate.

As Wally's kiss with his friend grew more passionate, he took in her light scent, which was a mix of sweat from their playing and wildflowers from her body wash. Wally then gently rolled them over, placing

him on top, as their lips finally left one another's. Next he began kissing her cheek and her jaw line before moving down to her neck. "Wally," Abby breathed, not knowing if she had said it to make him stop or to urge him to go on.

"Hmm," was all he could manage before he sat up on his knees. He looked at her carefully, as if waiting for her to stop him as he put both hands on either side of her waist and slowly started to push up her shirt, exposing her soft mocha brown skin. He then leaned back down and began to kiss her stomach.

Abby recoiled a bit at his touch, but soon relaxed. "Wally," she said again and he looked at her. She placed a hand on his shoulder and pushed him away. Taking the hint, and a bit of disappointment, Wally rose off of her and Abby sat up.

He was about to apologize for his actions; he knew he had stepped over the line by kissing her. Besides, he knew very well that she was seeing someone; she had never hid that fact. So Wally was completely taken by surprise when Abby reached out for him and grabbed the bottom on his shirt. "I want it off," she told him and Wally rose his arms as Abby lifted his shirt over his head and tossed it somewhere over the couch.

Her fingers then grazed along his shoulder as she leaned in and began kissing parts of his muscular chest. Wally watched as her lips parted away for his chest only to be replaced by her hands as she rubbed them down his six-pack abs until she reached and unlatched the button on his jeans, but she had difficulties with his zipper. "Stand up," she commanded as she got to her own feet.

As he rose she admired his well tone body, from his broad shoulders to his cute little outie navel. She giggled. "What are you laughing at?" Wally asked her.

"You," she told him. "And your outie."

"Oh, really," he said as he stepped closer to her wrapping his arms around her and once again finding her lips. "Well then," he said after a moment. "Why don't we make things a little even?" He then slowly began to peel away the layers of Abby's clothing. When he was done, Abby finished undoing his pants.

Completely bare, Abby laid down on the couch and than beckon Wally to her. Wally sat on the other end of the couch with one foot tucked under him while the other remained planted on the floor. He then lifted Abby's foot to his mouth and kissed the sole of her foot before kissing her ankle and gently dividing her legs as he worked his way up her calf and passed her knee.

And as he did this, he never took his eyes away from Abby's. Abby just stared into those bright green eyes, trapped within them as she enjoyed the seductive kisses of her soon-to-be lover. She then frowned as Wally broke eye contact and completely drew away from her body, but she continued to watch his eyes as they changed before her. They were like an animal's now, like a predator and she, she was the prey.

She was about to speak up, but before she could, Wally once again lowered his head in between her legs and continued his kisses until his tongue snaked out and traced the folds of her moist sex. Abby nearly jumped out of her skin; she had never been touched like that before. "It's okay." Wally looked up when she jumped. He then reached for her hand and laced his fingers with hers. "You'll like it," he

promised her before Abby once again felt and welcomed the sensation of his long, warm tongue stroking her.

Wally soon found her clitoris and gently began to suck and massage it which sent shots of pleasure rolling throughout Abby's body. Her head then fell back and she bit her lower lip, but that didn't stop her moans as Wally once again kissed her delicate parts and licked up the sweet juices of her arousal.

He then rose back up and gripped Abby's thighs. He smirked as he leisurely dragged her body towards him. He then lifted her leg so that it was pressed up his chest and her foot was behind his head. He then took his erected member in his hand and began to slip it into Abby's wet opening. "Ow," she cried softly. She was tighter than he thought she would be, but than again, he was very well endowed and so he took his time as he filled her.

When fully inside of her, Wally let out a breath he didn't know he had been holding. He relished in the feeling of how tight she felt around him before withdrawing and entering her again. At first he took his time, but then each thrust became more zealous than the last as Abby began matching each one of his thrust with her own, making her body bob with the motion. Her hands then came up and they found Wally's waist as she urged him deeper into her body.

And as Wally obeyed her silent request, she began panting loudly. So loudly that Wally feared anyone outside would be able to hear her, for it was only midday and he was sure he saw a window open as they approached the house. So he cupped his hand over her mouth and Abby's eyes, which had been closed, immediately snapped opened to look at him. "Shhh," he warned her, not losing his rhythm. "Or we'll be heard." She nodded her head against his hand and once again bit her lip.

Wally smiled as he let down her leg and changed his position, lowering his body to cover hers. Her body felt so warm as Wally took in the enticing smells of their activity and Abby wrapped her legs tightly around him. Being in a position he preferred, Wally was able to pump faster and harder into his lover, grinding his pelvis against the opening of her sex. Abby's pants soon fell into rhythm of each of his thrust which only encouraged him more. "Say my name," he demanded in a growl.

"Wal-- Wally," she had difficulty saying.

"Louder," he ordered, now not caring who heard as he plunged himself violently into her. Her arms, which had been wrapped around his back, now clung on to him for dear life.

"Wally!" she yelled as her head fell to one side and then the other. "Oh, don't stop. Please, don't stop," she begged. "Oh, oh, oh, right there. Right there." Her body soon began convulsing as she reached the height her of ecstasy. Wally continued pumping himself into her until he felt her walls pulsate around his member and he felt his own release as the seeds of his manhood filled her insides. Completely spent, he collapsed onto Abby, their bodies still connected.

They both breathed heavily and once they had caught their breath Wally spoke. "That was nice," he told her as he lifted his head and kissed her collarbone and than began nibbling at her neck. "I wouldn't turn down another go around," he whispered in her ear.

"Hmm." Abby allowed her heart to slow down, but as it did it was replaced with a feeling she couldn't

describe. After a moment she realized what it was, *guilt*. How could she have completely forgotten about Gavin like that? Her faced cringed at the realization of what she had done.

"Abby, what's wrong?" Wally asked as he became aware of her expression.

Abby shook her head. "We shouldn't have done this?"

"What?" Wally only smiled. "Are you worried because we didn't use a condom?" he asked. "We'll use one next time."

"No," she continued shaking her head. "I mean, yes. I mean-- shoot!" She pushed Wally off of her. "There won't be a next time, Wally. I'm already in a committed relationship!" She grew upset.

Wally scoffed, "Yeah, with me." Abby only looked at him. "Honestly Abby, I know I'm not the brightest bulb, but I'm not stupid. Because if your *real* man was doing right by you, you wouldn't be spending all your time with me. So apparently, he ain't doing something right."

"Don't go there." She got up off the couch to gather her clothes.

"Well, I am," he continued to sit on the couch. "So tell me, when was the last time you saw him?" he asked. "I know it sure wasn't yesterday, because you were with me. And it wasn't the day before, because -once again- you were with me. Just like every other day this week," he pointed out. "I see your clothes and your necklaces and all the other gifts he buys you. I didn't say anything before, because it wasn't my business, but he's buying you. Thinking that expensive presents will make up for the times he isn't there."

Abby turned from him, her eyes starting to brim with tears. His words had hit too close to home. "Get out." She picked up his jeans and threw them at him. They smacked him in the face. "Get out!"

"So what?" Wally pulled the jeans off his head. "Am I like the dog now? We frack and then you don't want anything to do with me?" He stood up and shook his head as he put on his pants. "I should have known better," he spoke quietly to himself. "I knew I was nothing more than some cheap replacement, for when your so-called boyfriend was probably out there with his other women." Abby gasped and then brought her hand up to slap Wally across the face, but he caught her wrist before she did. "I don't need this."

"I don't care what you don't need," Abby hissed. "So hurry up and get the hell out of my home."

Seeing her angry face, Wally realized that this had gone far enough. His shoulders dropped as he let go of Abby's wrist and took a calming breath. "Abby," he said gently. "I'm sorry, okay?" he looked at her as he spoke sincerely. "But all I'm trying to tell you is. . . I'm here," he breathed. "And you know that's what you want, what you need, someone who's there. Even if we're only friends."

Abby shook her head. "Don't you dare come into this house, Wally and tell me what I need or what I want," she told him angrily. "Because I have Gavin and he may not be perfect, but he is all I need and anything else that I want, I can get it my damn self."

"Gavin?" Wally's head slightly jerked back when he heard the name. He then covered his forehead with his hand as he shook it back and forth before saying calmly, "Please tell me your boyfriend's last name isn't Lawrence?"

"I can't, because it is," Abby looked confused as she answered. "You know of him?"

Wally couldn't answer her question. He just seemed frozen for a moment before yelling, "shoot!" He then quickly began to gather his things and get dressed. "shoot," he said once again to himself.

"Wally, what is it?" Abby grew concerned as she watched his actions.

Wally stopped what he was doing and painfully looked at Abby. "I got to go," was all he said. He then finished dressing before heading towards the door not once looking back at Abby as he left. Abby stood in the middle of her living room, looking at where Wally once stood, wondering what in the world just happened.

## **Chapter Six: Revelation**

"Dove?" Abby softly heard the nickname Gavin had given her. He told her, he had given it to her, because she had a calming effect on him. Abby didn't quite understand what he meant by that, but she didn't ask him about; figuring she wouldn't get a straight answer out of him anyway. "What's wrong?" he asked as they laid in bed. It was their six month anniversary and Gavin had surprised Abby by taking her away for the week to a vacation resort.

Last night had been their first night together and it was everything Abby wanted it to be. Her body responded to Gavin's perfectly, but she couldn't help but think and compare him to Wally and she felt ashamed because of it. Abby hated herself, for what she had gotten herself into. She had been lying to Gavin, making him believe that she had been true. She wanted to tell him about Wally, but the way Wally had acted the last time she had seen him, which had been a month ago when he walked out on her, it looked as though they knew each other or at least Wally knew of Gavin. And she just didn't want to chance it before talking to Wally, though it was more difficult than it sounded.

A few hours after Wally had left Abby's house, she tried calling him, but he refused to pick up his phone. It had been like that the entire month and though Abby didn't want to admit it to herself, it had been hard. She missed Wally, especially when Gavin away, but then again, according to Wally, that had been the problem. "Abigail, are you listening?" Gavin's voice once again reached Abby's ears.

"What?" She finally turned her body towards Gavin, giving him her full attention. "I'm sorry."

"Abigail, what's wrong?" Gavin asked her again sadly. "You don't seem happy."

Abby plastered a smile on her face as she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. "Of course I'm happy," she told him. "I'm with you."

Gavin returned her smile. "You're to good for me," he whispered as he stroked her cheek. "So what do you want to do today, because I'm all yours."

"You mean it?" She looked at him earnestly. "Really?"

"Of course," he told her as he leaned in and began kissing her cheek, her neck, and her shoulder. Abby closed her eyes and treasured being in Gavin's arms and as she did, all thoughts of Wally vanished from her thoughts. She felt Gavin's tender lips leave her shoulder and make contact with the flesh of her breast. His bottom lip brushed over her skin and Abby shivered as she felt his warm, wet tongue run across her sinuous nipple.

She gave a soft giggle in her contentment as she opened her eyes and ran her fingers through his golden blonde hair. Gavin then pulled away with a playful smile on his face as he rest his head in his hand and propped himself up on his side. He then took his other hand and brought it to Abby's face. He started by running the back of his fingers across her forehead and then his hand cupped and caressed her cheek. They then lightly played with her soft, plump lips.

Abby own hand came up as she slightly parted her lips and guided a couple of Gavin's fingers into her mouth and gently began to seductively suck on them; indicating what she planned on doing to him later on. As his fingers left her mouth, Gavin left a damp trail passed her chin and down her jaw line. His hand then momentarily stopped at her breast as he played with it in his hand, before spreading his fingers and slowly working his way down her stomach.

Abby then slide her hand around his neck and pulled him to her before pressing her lips against his. She moaned slightly in delight as his hand slipped underneath the covers and Abby gradually parted her legs and awaited his much desired touch, but before it came Gavin's cell phone rung. He pulled his head away from her. "shoot," he said softly as he dropped his head and groaned in irritation. He then looked at Abby with pleading eyes as she opened hers.

Abby gave him a small forced smile. "Go ahead and answer it."

"Thank you, baby." He kissed her cheek before he turned around to the nightstand to answer the call. "Gavin here," he spoke. Abby sighed in disappointment, she was hoping that he would decide not to answer it on his own. But she wasn't going to let that get to her now she thought as she scooted over to Gavin and leaned her body against his back.

She placed her hand on his waist as she kissed his neck and back lovingly. She then wrapped her arm around his waist before skimming down his abs and passed his navel. Her fingers then gingerly wrapped themselves around the shaft of his cock.

She stroked him a few times before Gavin switched the phone from one ear to the other and then reached his hand down and gently pushed Abby's hand away. "Dove, not now," he whispered. "I'm on the phone."

Abby huffed softly before rolling back over. "Right. Sorry," she said to herself as she angrily she got out of bed and covered her naked body with her housecoat. She wasn't in the mood to try to figure out another one of Gavin's cryptic phone calls anyway. If only she could understand, what was so important, that he had jump whenever his phone rung. She just needed his time, but more than that really, she wanted his uninterrupted time.

Abby then picked up her purse and took it to the bathroom with her and closed the door. She laid her purse on the counter and turned on the water in the sink. She splashed some water on her face hoping to fully wake up. After brushing her teeth she reached for her purse and pulled out her cell. She dialed Wally's cell number and put it to her ear. But it didn't ring, instead she only got a busy signal. So she waited a few minutes and tried again. "Pick up. Please, just pick up," she whispered to herself. She let it ring for a whole minute before ending the call.

She looked at herself in the mirror and shook her head. "What are you doing?" she began, disgusted with herself. "Allowing some stupid boy to occupy your thoughts? Sure, Gavin has his faults, but he is a wonderful man. . . when he's around," she added sadly. "You don't need Wally," she said and then repeated to herself as she made a promise that she wouldn't call him again. "Just stick to the plan. That's all you have to do," she told herself.

She decided if he didn't want to talk to her, she wasn't going to waste her time. She would just forget about him and pretend she never met him, pretend she never betrayed Gavin. Then to make sure she kept her promise to herself, she deleted Wally's number, though she didn't know why, she knew it by heart. She then pushed back her messy black hair and walked out the bathroom only to find Gavin dressing in a hurry. "Gavin? What are you doing?"

Gavin stopped immediately and looked at Abby with concern written all over his face. "It's my cousin. He's in the hospital. I got to get home."

"The hospital?" she said in surprise. "Of course, but what about his parents?" she asked hoping she didn't sound selfish, but she didn't want to give up her time with him.

"No." He shook his head sadly not looking at Abby. "Our moms died when we were younger. Train accident. My uncle lost it afterwards and he's in a home, in a padded room, back in Australia," he explained as he grew upset. "Baby, I can't lose my cousin. Him and Joey are all I have left and—"

"Don't say another word," she spoke gently as she walked over to him and turned him around. "Just get dressed. I'll pack our things and check us out."

"Thank you, Dove," Gavin said as he placed both hands on either side of her face and kissed her forehead. "I'll make it up to you." Came his infamous promise as Abby could do nothing, but smile.

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It had been a long two hour drive as the couple road away from the vacation resort to the hospital. Neither one spoke as Gavin kept his eyes on the road and Abby stared out the window and watched the lovely summer day pass her by.

Soon they were walking hand and hand down the hospital hall on the first floor. "Gavin!" They heard a boy call out.

"Joey. Thank God." Gavin let go of Abby's hand and hugged the eleven year old boy. "How's W.B.?" he asked. Abby's brow furrowed, she had heard that name before, but she couldn't quite place where.

"They won't tell me anything other than he's been shot," Joey told him. "They did let me see him though. He was sleeping, but he's awake now, but he won't tell me anything either. Frank and Andy are with him now." Then for the time Joey noticed Abby. "Who's she?" he asked.

Gavin turned around and signaled Abby over and retook her hand. "This is Abigail, my girlfriend."

"Hi." Abby looked down at the boy. "I'm sorry about your cousin."

"He's my brother," Joey corrected her.

"Sorry," was all Abby managed to say.

"What room is he in?" Gavin asked his little cousin.

"Come on, I'll show you." And Joey lead them to his brother's hospital room. They soon came upon it and they entered. "W.B. are you still awake? Gavin's here now."

As Abby entered the room to see whom Joey was talking to, she nearly stopped breathing, because who she was looking at was none other than Wallabee Beatles. "Gav-" Wally stopped before he began as he saw the girl hanging onto his cousin.

"What is it, W.B.?" Gavin grew concern when Wally stop after the first syllable of his name.

"Nothing," he said not taking his eyes off of Abby. "I'm just glad you're here."

"You two," Gavin looked up from his cousin to Frank and Andy and continued angrily. "I want to know what the hell happened."

"Look, we went there just as planned, but-" Began one.

"Not now, you moron!" Gavin yelled. "Get out. I'll deal with you two later." He instructed them and the two men obeyed. As Gavin looked back down at Wally, he noticed the way he was intensely looking at his girlfriend. Abby had not noticed as she watched Frank and Andy leave the room. There was a puzzled expression on her face.

Gavin cleared his throat and Wally's eyes, slightly wide, instantly shot to Gavin, who spoke. "I hate that everyone had to meet this way, but W.B. this is my girlfriend, Abigail, my Dove. And Abigail this is my cousin, W.B."

"It's nice to meet you. . . Abigail," Wally tired to leave out the sadness in his voice.

"Same here. . . W.B." Abby looked at the bandage that had been tightly wrapped around his stomach. "How did you get hurt?"

Three sets of eyes looked to Abby, then Wally and Joey looked to their cousin, who slightly shook his head before telling her. "It's not important, Dove."

Abby turned to Gavin and whispered, "You would think it would be, Gavin."

"Baby, not now, okay? I'll answer all your questions later," he told her. "But right now what I really need to do is find the doctor."

"I know where to find her," Joey spoke up.

"Good. I need to talk to her as soon as possible." Gavin then turned to Abby and cupped her cheek. "I'm going to go look for her. Can you keep W.B. company for me? I don't want him alone."

Abby looked at Wally from the corner of her eye. "No problem," she told him before he kissed her forehead.

He was about to leave with Joey when Wally called out to him, "Gavin, I need to tell you something."

Gavin walked over beside Wally. "What is it?" he asked.

"I wasn't with Frank and Andy. I wasn't shot this morning," he told them in a whisper so only Gavin could hear.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"It was yesterday afternoon, after you left." Wally then looked angry. "Gavin, they went after my kids."

"At the community center?" Wally only nodded his head. "Wait. Why wasn't I called yesterday?"

"I told them not to call," he paused, chancing a glance at Abby. "I knew you were um- with your girl. I didn't want to bother you. But my wound opened back up early this morning and they called you anyway." He couldn't look his cousin in the eye. "I'm sorry," Wally found himself saying.

"Why are you the one sorry?" Gavin asked. "Look, I'll care of this, okay?" Wally once again only nodded his head. "Joey, come on let's go." He turned back around, but before heading out the door he stopped and gave Abby a kiss on the cheek. At the sight of it, Wally turned his head away. "I'll be back," Gavin told her.

"Alright," she responded. When they were gone, she looked to her estranged friend. "Are you okay, Wally?"

"Leave. I don't need nor want your company, so just leave," he said impassively, looking out the window.

"Wally, don't do this. We need to talk about what happened," she sounded distraught as she whispered. "My god, you're his cousin."

"Thanks for reminding me," he snapped back, still not looking at her. "Now please, leave me alone," he said hoarsely.

"Wally," she called. "Wally, look at me, please." She came closer as she grew impatient, wanting at least him to pay attention to her. "I'm going to tell Gavin what happened," she blurted out the threat.

"What?" He immediately turned his head towards her. "No!"

"Now that got your damn attention, didn't it?" She rested her hands on her hips.

"What do you want, Abby?" he asked angrily.

"Well, actually," she began timidly as she pulled up a seat and sat beside the bed, "I wasn't playing before. I want to tell Gavin." Wally just looked at her as she continued talking. "I just don't want to keep walking around with this guilt inside of me anymore. It's why I've been trying to call you. Just to let you know what was going on, but then to find out about you guys. . ." she trailed off for a moment. "It kind of changes things, you know?" She held her stomach, feeling a little sick at the thought.

"Look Abby, I know how you feel, but Gavin can't know," he tried to explain. "He can't know how badly I've- we've messed up. I mean, you don't know how much he loves you." Gavin was always a strange one when it came to girls, this Wally knew. Girls Gavin causally dated he couldn't shut up about, but the ones he cared for, Wally usually didn't know about them until months into the relationship. In fact, it was only about a week after Wally had last seen Abby that Gavin had started to talk about his relationship with Abigail.

Abby looked down as she smiled and responded to Wally's last statement. "He loves me?"

"Yeah," he answered softly as he saw how happy that had made her, but cocked an eyebrow curiously as he saw a look of satisfaction on her face. "He loves you a lot. So see, there's no reason to go and destroy each of our relationships with him. I mean, the only valid reason I can see us even contemplating that would be if you were- " he paused as he noticed the way she was holding herself and the worry look that filled her eyes as she looked back up at him. Wally then thought, if he hadn't been so numb from his medication, he would have felt his stomach drop. "You're pregnant, aren't you?" he asked calmly as he thought frantically, *I am so screwed.*

"What?" Abby said in surprise. "No. God no," she shook her head and laughed nervously. She then said plainly, "But honestly, we got lucky there, considering."

"Yeah," Wally was relieved, he could only imagine how that conversation would have gone. *Gavin, you know Abigail, the girl you told me you were falling in love with the other week? You do? Well, um- I should let you know that I hit that and now she's having my brat. But I hope we're still cool.* Wally shuddered at the thought. "So you agree with me then?" he asked. "About not telling him?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. I still feel guilty and what if he finds out?"

"How would he?" he asked. "Look, I don't want to lie to Gavin anymore than you do, but we have to be in agreement on this. Neither one of us wants to lose him over something stupid."

"Stupid?" She looked at him bitterly. Why had that word affected her so? Maybe because no girl wanted to think as their first time as stupid. "So what we shared was stupid?" she asked angrily. "Because I didn't hear you complaining at the time."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold it right there," he began. "You know I didn't mean it like that. The sex was amazing, alright?" He couldn't help but smile, but as quickly as it appeared, it vanished, feeling even more ashamed. "But we both know it was a mistake."

Abby took a breath. "I'm sorry," she stated. "After pushing you away, it should have ended there."

"No," Wally shook his head. "I shouldn't have started it. I shouldn't have kissed you. It was wrong, no matter who you were seeing."

They both sat in silence for a moment, as if each were trapped within the memories of that moment. Abby then spoke. "So you just want to pretend none of it happened?"

"Yeah," he confirmed. "We'll pretend like we just met for the first time today."

"I still feel bad about it."

Wally reached for her hand, lacing his fingers with hers as he had done then. "It's going to work out," he told her softly. "Trust me."

"Alright." She finally nodded as she smiled. Wally then all of sudden cringed, his pain medication was finally starting to wear off and he shift uncomfortably. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine," his voice was strained.

Abby stood up, knowing he was lying. "I'll be back. I'm going to go find Gavin and the doctor." She turned around to leave, but Wally still had a hold of her hand and stopped her from going any further.

"Whatever you do, don't let him hear you call me anything outside of W.B." Abby only nodded. "Abigail," he paused. "I'm serious."

"Alright, Wal-- W.B. I understand," she said before Wally let go of her hand. As Abby walked towards the door she slightly frowned as her eyebrows drew together. Something seemed off as he had warned her. Abby then thought, if she hadn't known better, fear resided in his eyes, but that didn't make sense. *Why would he fear Gavin?* Abby thought as she exited from the hospital room.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 4 - Part Four

### Chapter Seven: Restless Souls

It had been a week since Wally had been released from the hospital. Gavin and Joey had thrown him a welcome home party and invited everyone within their circle which now included Abby. It had been her first visit within their home, meeting the other people within their lives.

It was all very discouraging to Wally, because bringing Abby a step further into their world meant that Gavin considered his relationship with her serious. Gavin had only been serious with two other girls before Abby. With the first girl, who's name was Belinda, the two had simply drifted apart, realizing they just weren't right for each other. The second girl, who's name was Carla, couldn't handle the secrets and after about a year of being with Gavin, broke it off with him, the only way she was able to which was over the phone.

Gavin had spoken to Wally, saying he wasn't going to make the same mistakes with Abby like he had with the other girls. Because though he had cared for them deeply, it was Abby who he loved and he was going to make it work no matter what.

So Wally tossed and turned in his sleep until his eyes finally snapped opened. He had dreamed of her again. It had been happening every night since he had arrived home and he didn't know what to do. He sat up slowly holding his side as it was still a bit sore and looked at his clock. It was already ten in the morning. He then rose out of his bed uncomfortably; his pants were a lot more constricting than they were when he went to bed.

He soon made his way to the bathroom to take a cold shower and to relieve the pressure he was feeling. He put both hands on the wall and lowered his head into the cool running water. He closed his eyes and sighed heavily as he tried to clear his mind. But after about two minutes, he realized the cold shower wasn't working, for he found himself still very. . . *bothered*.

So he lowered one of his hands and wrapped it around his hard flesh as he began to stroke it quickly, just wanting it over with it. He had tried to think of anything, anything other than her sweet face or how good she felt underneath him. But he couldn't and his face became contorted with disgust as he desperately, over and over again, reminded himself she didn't belong to him.

After his shower he got dressed in a pair of sweat pants and a t-shirt before handing downstairs where he found Joey in front of the television watching cartoons. He greeted his little brother before heading towards the kitchen where he fixed himself a bowl of cereal and wondered out to the porch to eat it.

``Morning W.B.,'' Gavin said as he joined him at the outside table.

``Morning.'' Wally took a seat across from him, but didn't look up from his bowl, as if finding it very interesting.

``It was the Senthos boys that came after you at the community center. I guess they're trying to make a

name for themselves." Gavin informed him. "Just tell me what you want done."

Wally shook his head, he wasn't for this kind of talk right now. "Just let it go."

"Impossible." Gavin shook his head. "If we let it go, we'll only be showing others that we're weak. It would be like giving them an open invitation to knock us about, in our own territory, whenever they feel like it and I won't have it," he explained. "The other families think, just because my father doesn't run this town anymore, that it's up for grabs. Well I'll show them and my father, that I can do things just as well if not better than he did. This is my—" he paused, "our town and--"

"Gavin stop," he interrupted him. "Listen to yourself. You act as if you that man cares about what you do. How many times have you seen him in the last fifteen years? Two, three times maybe? Then one day, just out of the blue, he calls you and convinces you to move us to America and drops a pile of money on us?" Wally shakes his head from side to side. "Don't you see anything wrong with that?"

"No," Gavin told him. "He's just making up for lost time."

"Lost time, my @\$\$," Wally stated upset. "Where was he when our moms die? Where was he when my father went crazy and locked us in a burning house to die? Where was he when we had to fight to stay together in that God awful orphanage?" he argued. "All we've ever had was each other Gavin. You, me, Joey-- that's it. So as far as I'm concerned, your father can keep his dirty money."

"It doesn't matter where the money came from W.B. we've earn it, because of the hell we went through," he told his cousin. "Just accept this life."

"No!" Wally stood up. "Look at this Gavin!" He lifted his shirt and ripped off his bandage to show his healing bullet wound. "This is the price we pay for this life and I don't want to do it."

Gavin cast his eyes away. "I never asked you to. I would never put you and Joey in danger."

"Well, you have," Wally said quietly. "And not just me and Joey, but the people in our lives, the moment you accepted your father's ways." Wally slowly sat back down and put his face in his hands as he exhaled.

"The people in our lives." Gavin repeated his cousin's words. "You're still upset about Kuki, aren't you?" he asked in a whisper.

Wally spoke from behind his hands. "I should hate you," he began melancholy, "for what you made me put her through, but I can't. That's how much you mean to me, that's how much I love you."

"I never meant to hurt you, W.B."

A single tear ran down Wally's face, but he quickly wiped it away as he looked into his cousin's eyes. "But you did."

Gavin was about to response when he saw Wally hold his side as he tried to hide the pain that surfaced to his face. "You've hurt yourself haven't you?" Wally gave him no response. "I'll make a doctor's

appointment for you. We can't be too careful." He reached out his hand to touch Wally's forehead and check his temperature.

"Dammit, Gavin." Wally pushed him away. "I know I'm your little cousin, but I am not a child. If I need a doctor, I'll make my own damn appointment."

"Fine. I'm sorry." He sat back in his chair and was silent for a moment before speaking. "W.B.--"

"Just stop. I'm tired of talking," he told him.

Gavin nodded, not wanting to push him, when Joey stuck his head through the door of the porch.

"Gavin, Ellingtons on the phone. They want to talk with you." Ellingtons was the name of Joey's boarding school. "And whatever it is, I didn't do it." He added for good measure.

Gavin groaned as he rose from his seat and walked towards the door. "What did you do this time, Joey?" The small boy shrugged, he honestly didn't know as he followed Gavin inside.

Wally, now alone, felt more relaxed than he had all morning. He'd been wanting to get that off his chest for a long time. He rested his head on the back of his chair and looked up at the sky. It was slowly starting to fill with gray clouds, indicating that it was going to rain later in the day. He soon closed his eyes and for the first time in days was finally able to clear his mind of all thoughts. But that didn't last long as Gavin came back out onto the porch, visibly upset about something. "W.B., me and Joey are going to the airport."

Wally opened his eyes and spoke as if the previous conversation hadn't happened. "What did he do?" he asked referring to Joey.

"Actually, this time, nothing it seems." Joey, like Wally when he was younger, had a certain talent for causing trouble at whatever boarding school he was attending. "They don't want him to come back in the fall over something trivial. It's bullshoot, but I told them it was fine just as long they sent me back the tuition I already sent in advance."

"So what's the problem?" Wally asked.

"Joey -get this- *wants* to go back to Ellingtons."

"What?" Wally looked at Gavin in disbelief.

"Yeah, that was my reaction." He smiled. "So we'll be back in two- three days. I'll call Dove so she can come and check on you every once in a while."

"No!" Wally yelled immediately. She was the last person he needed to see. "Not Abigail."

Gavin looked him oddly before asking. "Alright, what's the problem with this one?"

"I don't understand," Wally told him.

``Of course you do. You didn't like Belinda, because you said she treated you like a redheaded stepchild. You didn't like Carla, because you said she made you feel stupid. So just tell, what's your problem with Abigail?''

``I don't have a problem with her.''

``That's a lie, W.B. At your welcome home party you didn't even try to talk to her. You barely even looked at her. You could have at least tried being nice.''

``I had other things on my mind that night, but there's no problem, really," he reassured him as he sat up. ``But if you're going to call her, don't let it be because you want her to watch over your poor little cousin, who can't get around without someone babying him. Gavin please, give me a break." He then picked up his bowl and headed back into the kitchen. ``Just get packed and take care of Joey. I'll be fine on my own."

Gavin rolled his eyes, but said nothing as he got up and took the kitchen stairs up to the second floor. Before long, the three bid their good byes and Gavin and Joey were out the front door leaving Wally alone within the house.

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The sun was setting, but one couldn't really tell as dark gray clouds now covered the skies and thunder and lightning could be seen and heard outside the windows of the place Wally called home. He rested on the couch merely flipping through the channels as he held his side, which he had been doing all day. He hadn't gone to the doctor like Gavin had suggested, but merely changed his own bandage and took some of the medication that the doctor had prescribed last time.

He had finally found something good to watch when he heard the door bell. Wally got up and went over to the front of the house to open the door, he wasn't happy with whom he saw on the other side. ``Hello, W.B." Abby smiled politely as she held two brown grocery bags. ``Where's Gavin?" she asked as she stepped inside and headed towards the kitchen.

``Um," Wally followed her. ``He's out of town for a few days."

``What?" Abby's face dropped as she turned to him after putting the grocery bags on the counter. ``Are you sure?" she asked. ``He at least usually tells me when he's leaving."

``It was last minute kind of thing. He only left this morning," he explained.

Abby said nothing at first, she just started to empty the bag's contents on the counter. ``Fine. So where's Joey? I was going to surprise Gavin and cook for the four of us, but I guess there'll just be more to go around."

``Joey went with him."

Abby stopped what she was doing. ``You mean we're alone?" she asked quietly.

``Yeah," he breathed as he watched her. She wore a short white jacket that cut off at elbow length and a blue shirt that stopped an inch above her bellybutton underneath it. She also wore a blue, white, and green plaid skirt that went a little past her knees.

Abby just continued what she was doing and then started on the other bag. ``I hope you like lasagna. I make it with four different cheeses."

``I like lasagna just fine," he began as he sat down at the kitchen table and spoke as Abby's back was to him. ``But Abigail do you think this is wise?"

``What do you mean?" As she started looking for a boiler for her pasta. ``Where's the boiler?"

``It's the next one." He pointed out the cupboard. ``And I mean, do you think it's wise, for us to be alone like this?"

She found the boiler and went to the sink to fill it and as the water rushed into it she turned to the blonde.

``Why not? We said we were going to start over, right?" She smiled. ``Besides, I've missed you, Wally."

``W.B.," he corrected her immediately.

``Oh, yes." She turned back to check the level of the water. ``I didn't know that it applied when we were alone."

``I just don't want you slip when you're around Gavin."

``Why? What's wrong with calling you Wally?" she asked.

``So do you want me to help you cook?" he asked trying to avoid the subject as he stood back up. ``I can make. . ." he drawled slowly as he scratched his head and looked around the kitchen. ``Toast?" He looked at her with a questionable look on his face. ``Oh, and cereal. I can guarantee I won't burn that."

Abby giggled. ``Yeah, toast will do fine." She carried the boiler over to the stove and turned it on. She then went back to the sink and washed her hands. Wally stood beside her as he handed her the dishwater soap after he had finished using it. ``Thanks."

``Anytime, Abigail," he said with a smile.

Pretty soon, dinner was well on its way to being completed. Wally had managed, very successfully, to burn the toast beyond recognition and so Abby put him on salad detail which to her amazement, he managed to burn too. ``So, I'm thinking Lucky Charms," he told her as he watched her shake her head at his charred creation.

``How do you burn a salad, W.B.?"

He shrugged as he smiled playfully. ``It's a gift."

``Well, I think you should find the receipt and return it," she told him. ``Now come over here and stir this sauce for me."

``Sauce?" He threw out the so-called salad. ``Sauce for what?"

``For the lasagna. I don't put the cheese directly on the meat and pasta. I like to melt it down first. Now come and stir it. I've put milk in it and I don't want it to stick or burn-'' she paused as she looked at him doubtfully. ``Well, on second thought."

``Just give me the damn spoon." He walked over to the stove. ``I'm sure the third time's the charm." As Wally took the wooden spoon, his hand slipped over Abby's and he paused in his action, almost unconsciously. *Not yours. Not yours*, he thought rapidly to himself as the smiles that were once on their faces faded away and they shared a moment just looking into the other's eyes. ``Abby," he whispered softly.

Abby immediately closed her eyes and turned her head. She cleared her throat slightly before she slipped away from his touch and went to prepare the salad to go along with their dinner. So Wally concentrated on the sauce, not taking his eyes off of it, because in one moment, one single small moment, the atmosphere of the room had changed.

The rest of the evening past rather slowly as they ate their dinner across from each other. They were almost done when Abby finally spoke. ``I lied to you," she said softly with her elbows on the table as she held her cup of Kool-aid in front of her face.

``Lied to me?" Wally peered up from his meal and looked directly at Abby for the first time in about an hour. ``About what?"

``Gavin did call me," she explained. ``He wanted me to come and check on you, but told me to make it look like I came on my own accord."

``Should have figured." Wally stabbed his remaining food with his fork repeatedly. *He treats me like a child.*

Abby reached over and took the fork out of his hand. ``Don't do that." She put the fork on his plate and stood up before taking the plates to the sink. She then went over to the refrigerator and pulled out the cake she had bought. ``I hope you like cake."

``Yeah, I do. What kind is it?" Wally asked.

``Chocolate," she replied as she turned around just in time to see Wally make a disgusted face. ``What? You don't like chocolate?"

``No, especially dark," he shook his head. ``It's too bitter. Plus, don't tell anyone, but I have these strange nightmares where I'm either dipped, drowned, or eaten by it."

She walked back over to the table to set the cake down. She smiled at him sweetly. ``And what about milk?" she asked as she cut a slice and put it on a small plate that was already on the table. She then took the fork and broke off a small piece before holding it to Wally's mouth. ``Come on," she told him. ``You'll like it." He was bit hesitant. ``It won't hurt you, W.B."

Wally chuckled lightly before he opened his mouth and Abby fed him the piece of cake. After eating it, he wiped the bit of frosting that landed on his lips. ``You're right, it's good." He then frowned. ``But it's still not the kind of chocolate I like."

``Oh?" She looked at him curiously. ``Then what kind do you like?"

Wally stood up and became eye to eye with Abby. ``This kind." He placed each of his hands on either side of her waist as he stepped closer to her. He then attentively pressed his lips to hers as he thought, *Just one kiss, just let me have this one kiss.*

``W.B." Abby pulled away. ``Don't. I can't do this." She shook her head.

``I know." He turned around, placing his hands on his hips as he lowered his head. ``It's just, I can't stop thinking about you," he confessed. ``You're on my mind when I go to bed, when I wake up, and even in my dreams." He shrugged. ``You know, when I'm not being drowned in chocolate."

"I see you," she began awkwardly. "Whenever I look into his eyes," she spoke quietly. "But I don't want to. I just want to see Gavin. I just want to be with Gavin."

"And I want you to be with Gavin." He took his hands off his hips and rested them palm down on the table in front of him. "You make him so happy and that's truly what I want for him." Wally frowned, for he was angry with himself. "So I don't understand, why it is I ache for you."

Wally then heard Abby sigh behind him before he heard her take a few steps towards him. He felt the touch of her hand on his back as it slid up to his shoulder. "You're not alone in how you feel," she admitted reluctantly.

Wally turned around to face her as he leaned on the table. He brought his hands up to her face. "I don't know what to do." He shook his head. "Gavin is my blood and I don't want to hurt him," *No matter how much he's hurt me*, "but I don't know if I can fight this feeling. . . or if I really want to." He drew her closer and rested his forehead against hers. "It's been so long since I've felt like this," he stated as he felt Abby place her hands on either side of his waist, clinging to his shirt.

Tears slid down Abby's face as Wally pressed his lips against her agonizingly slow. Her lips were soft, smooth, and plump as he kissed her long and with great affection before releasing her face and circling his arms around her. She moaned as his hand didn't stop at her back, but worked their way down to her butt. Wally suddenly pulled his head back, breaking the kiss.

His breathing had become slightly labored as he spoke. "Wrap your arms around my neck," he requested and she obliged. Wally then moved his hand a little further down until they rested below her butt. "Jump," he told her.

She was once again about to obey, but stopped. "But you're still hurt," she said with concern.

"Don't worry about it, because when I'm with you, I feel no pain," Wally told her with a smile and as she returned it, she jumped and coiled her legs around him. He carried her only a little way before placing

her down on the other side of the long dinner room table where it had been clear.

A low deep rumble escaped Wally's throat as he traced a line of kisses across Abby's collarbone. She sighed contently as Wally felt one of her hands on his head before she pulled out the rubber band that held his hair in a ponytail. He then felt his long golden locks fall as they tickled his ears. Wally purred as he felt her delicate fingers combing through it and as she did, she whispered. "Your hair is so beautiful."

She then gave off a small giggle as Wally moved up her neck and once again found her lips. As he closed his eyes he felt her hands cruise down his torso until they hit the band of his sweat pants. Abby then broke the kiss before she trailed her lips along his neck. Abby then reached down into Wally's pants and felt his fast growing member respond to her. "Why don't we take this up to the bedroom?" she whispered into his ear as she felt his hands move up her thighs, lifting her plaid shirt and exposing her green satin panties.

But he didn't reply to her request right away; he only claimed her mouth with his own again. A moment later he slightly pulled away to answer and so he opened his mouth to speak, but his voice was not the one that reached her ears. "W.B. . . . Abigail?" A voice suddenly came from the other side of the room and the couple on the table froze in their actions.

### **Chapter Eight: Bittersweet**

Wally's eyes grew wide at the sound of the voice from across the room as it entered his ears once again. "I'm not interrupting anything, am I?"

"Oh, shoot," Wally said to himself as he felt Abby's hands leave his body.

Abby slightly leaned to one side to look around him. "Who are you?" she asked suspiciously. "And how do you know my name?"

"I'm Kuki," a smug look appeared on the Asian woman's face as she shifted the two year old boy resting on her hip. "Kuki Lawrence. Gavin's wife." Abby gasped at the answer.

"Ex-wife." Wally finally turned to look at her. "What the hell are you doing here, Kuki?" he asked angrily.

"Apparently, about to catch you in the middle of doing something very naughty." Her smile never left her face as she looked over Abby. "So, is this the infamous Abigail I've heard so much about?" Abby was speechless as she shook her head in confusion. "Let me guess, Gavin hasn't said a single word about me? You would think the mother of his child would get a little more respect."

"Just take Kevin and go home Kuki," Wally began. "Gavin pays enough for that damn house of yours, the least you can do is stay in it."

"Fine, I have no reason to stay," she explained. "I only came to see Gavin, but since it looks like you're in the middle of *playing* with his girlfriend, I'm sure he isn't here." She stared at Wally for a moment before speaking again, "You're no better than he is, W.B. In fact, you're worst, because you know exactly where this is all leading." She turned around to leave and asked with her back to the couple

before disappearing. ``What's that saying again, *Wally*, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'?"

Wally let out a large breath as he finally heard the faint sound of the front door close. ``frack!" he yelled, slamming his fist on the table.

``W.B.," Abby began gently. ``Is that little boy really Gavin's child? And what did she mean by that eye and tooth thing?" Wally said nothing as seethed in his anger. After another moment, Abby reached out for him and placed her hand on his shoulder. ``W.B.?"

``Get off me," he rolled his shoulder violently to shake her off and walked away from her. ``Go home."

Abby slowly slipped down off the table with narrowed eyes. ``What's going on? I want to know," she told him as she followed him.

``My stomach's full and the mood is ruined." He started up the stairs. ``I have no use for you, get out."

``What?" Abby shot back as she continued to follow. ``Look, I don't know who that woman is, or why she has effected you so, but you *will not* talk to me like that. Like I'm some-"

``Whore?" Wally interrupted her as he reached the top of the stairs and walked down the hall. ``Slut, maybe? dog even?" He turned around to face her as she also reached the top of the stairs. ``I don't want to look at you, much less frack you, alright?" He pointed down the hall. ``I'm going to the bathroom and when I come back out, you better not be here." He then turned around, entered the bathroom, and closed the door behind him.

Abby protectively wrapped her arms around herself. ``What the hell *I* do, W.B.?" she asked, but once again got no response. She took a ragged breath as she turned around and went back downstairs to leave the house.

Wally sat on the edge of the tub with his face in his hands as he breathed heavily. *Why did she have to come here?* he thought. *Why did she have to be right?* Wally shook his head, he knew better than to let her get to him. The woman whom he had loved with everything that was him. The woman whom he had asked to be *his* wife. The woman who had agreed only to turn around and betray him with his own cousin.

Wally stood up and looked at himself in the mirror. *Is Kuki right?* He couldn't help but think. *Are you trying to hurt him, the way he hurt you?* He shook his head as he looked down into the sink. *Of course not, you didn't even know who she was.* He justified, but then scoffed at himself. *But you sure the hell knew who she was downstairs.* He then repeated his words from before. ``Not mine."

But he then thought angrily. *But Kuki was yours! She was your fiancée! And did he care? No! So why shouldn't you frack his beloved girlfriend? Why shouldn't you get her pregnant and make him look at the child that should have been his own? Why don't you just hurt him the way he hurt you!*

``NO!" Wally yelled as his fist went flying into the mirror in front of him, shattering it to pieces. He closed his eyes tightly as his bottom lip began to quiver. ``No," he whispered as he slide to his knees, not caring that the broken pieces of the mirror were digging into his skin. ``No."

OoOoO

The rain started to pour as Abby walked out the house. She ran to her car and got inside. She was wet, cold, and upset as she started it up. She stifled back tears as she drove down the roads. When she approached a red light, she attached her cell phone to her car phone system and quickly dialed her boyfriend's number. ``Gavin here."

``Wife!" she yelled immediately. ``You had a wife! You have a child!"

``Aw, crud," was his response.

``She knew who I was Gavin," Abby explained. ``You hadn't even mentioned her once to me. Not once, you bastard!"

``Dove, calm down," he pleaded. ``I was going to tell you. I was just waiting for the proper time."

``Don't give me that bullshoot. You could of told me anytime. I would have understood, but no. You keep me in the dark about everything." She turned a corner. ``About what you do, about your phone calls, about your ex-wife and her kid, and your family." Abby then suddenly laughed, but it was joyless. ``Is she the one who's always calling you, huh?" There was no reply. ``Gavin!"

``About half the time, yeah. She's kind of demanding when it comes to our son," he explained. ``Me and Kuki ended a long time ago, but I'm going to do right by my son." He then added softly, ``W.B. would kill me if I didn't."

A confused expression crept onto Abby's face. ``What does she have to do with W.B.?" she asked.

She heard Gavin exhale. ``Um, that's something we should discuss face to face," he told her. ``I'll be home in two days."

``No. I want to know now."

``Dove-"

``Now!" she demanded.

``I don't want to talk to you when you're like this. So I'll see you in two days." He hung up the phone.

Abby who had had her eyes on the road, looked down at her cell phone in disbelief before pushing the redial button. But Gavin didn't answer, he just allowed the phone to ring. So as Abby waited for him to pick up, she adjusted her rear view mirror above her head. She then titled her head curiously to the side as she notice a green Sedan behind her.

If she didn't know better, she would have thought it was following her, but that was ridiculous, she thought as she shrugged the matter away. Giving her attention back to the phone, which was still ringing, Abby was about to end the call when finally someone picked up. ``Hello?"

``Joey?'' Abby softened her voice. ``Can you please put Gavin on the phone?''

``I can't. When the phone started ringing again, he left the room. I- I think he's really upset. I don't like to mess with him when he's upset.'' Abby noticed that Joey sounded a whole lot like Wally had that day in the hospital.

``Alright,'' she continued calmly. ``When he calms down, just tell him I'll see him in a few days.''

``Okay, bye Abigail.''

``Bye, Joey.'' Abby ended the call as she continued to wonder how Wally was related to Kuki.

OoOoO

Wally leaned back on the tub as he watched the blood flow from his hand. He then slowly got up to address his wound before he opened up the bathroom door. ``Abigail?'' he called, but wasn't surprised when all he heard were his own footsteps as he walked back down the hall towards his bedroom.

He closed the door behind him and fell back into his bed. His eyes were opened, but unfocused, as he allowed his vision to blur. He didn't mean to say those things to her, but he had no choice, he had to make a clean break. It was just easier if one of them hated the other. Wally just didn't want what went down between him and Kuki to happen to Abby and Gavin. Him and Gavin were a lot alike, and Wally knew he, himself, had a hell of a temper when provoked. It was a temper that was only rivaled by one other person, his cousin.

Silent tears slid from Wally's face as he remembered the night Kuki had told him she was pregnant. He was nervous, yet excited about the news of the arrival of their first child, but then he had noticed the worry look on Kuki's face. He had asked her what was wrong, but wasn't prepared for the answer as his jaw hit the floor when she told him that the baby wasn't his.

Needless to say, Wally grew angry and demanded to know whom she was sleeping with, but she refused and just hoped that he would forgive her. Wally then told her he would not raise another man's child, no matter how much he loved her. He told her to abort the pregnancy, but she said she wanted it. Wally then countered by saying that if she didn't get rid of it, that they were through.

She asked him to be understanding. She told him she loved him and that she didn't want to lose him over this. Wally then said to her if she didn't want to lose him, she should have never cheated on him. She started crying after those words, but Wally was still too upset himself to comfort her. He then asked her again, who the child belonged to and as her glossy eyes once again looked into his and she whispered the name of the man she had been seeing, Wally lost it.

He had never meant to harm her the way he had. He never meant to put his hands on her like that. He had just been so devastated and so brokenhearted, that he just couldn't control himself. And he didn't want that for Abby.

Wally sat up and threw his legs over the edge of his bed. After that night, Gavin was determined to do the right thing and so he and Kuki got married, though they didn't love each other. The marriage didn't

last long, but Kuki and Kevin were taken care of very nicely. ``How could he do that to me?'' Wally voice shook as he thought out loud. ``How?''

Wally rose from his bed as he sighed realizing that Kuki's uninvited visit was probably a blessing in disguise. He walked over to his dresser where a picture of Kuki and himself still resided, he just never had the heart to throw it out or even put it away. He hated that every time he looked at it, he was faced with the cold hard truth. . . he still loved her.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 5 - Part Five

### Chapter Nine: Dropping the Ball

Wally was once again restless as he paced around the house. A lot of things had been on his mind in the last two days. Gavin and Joey were scheduled to arrive home that evening and Wally, finally coming to a decision, grabbed the keys to his mustang. He didn't normally drive it, because it had been a gift from Gavin's father, but he had pushed his stubborn nature aside for the day.

Before long he had pulled up into the driveway of a yellow house with white shutters. He walked up the porch stairs and rung the doorbell. "W.B.?" The woman looked at him curiously. "What are you doing here?"

"Can- can we talk?" he asked with his head down.

"You shouldn't be here. More than that - I don't want you here. So like you told me the other day, go home." She started to close the door.

Wally's hand shot out, preventing the door from closing. "Kuki. . . please." He finally rose his gaze to meet hers. His rueful filled eyes, pierced a part of Kuki's heart that she had long forgotten and so she nodded and allowed Wally into her home. She led him to the living room where she took a seat on the couch and he on the plush chair near her. "Where's Kevin?" His eyes searched around for the toddler.

"I've already put him down for his afternoon nap," she explained. "But I know you didn't come all the way over here to talk about Kevin. So what is this visit about?" she asked as she watched Wally fiddle with his fingers.

"It's about what you saw the other day."

"Let me guess, you want me to keep my mouth shut?" she scoffed as she shook her head.

Wally sighed. "Yes."

"Oh, this is good." She laughed lightly as she stood up and walked across the room to where the bar was located. "You want *me* to keep *your* affair quiet." She poured herself a glass of water. "Amazing."

"It's not an affair," he told her.

Kuki turned around and leaned on the bar. "Damn, where have I heard those words before?" She took a sip of her drink, her eyes still on the blonde. "And if I remember correctly, they weren't believed then either."

"You- you hurt me that night, Kuki," he stated softly.

"So what?" She crossed her arms, her drink still in hand. "What would you have rather I done? Huh?" She shrugged. "Not said anything? Have you believe Kevin was yours?"

Wally shook his head. "Of course not. Besides, I would have found out eventually."

"No, you wouldn't have and you know it. Because you would have never questioned me." She finished off her drink "And I would have just went on trying to make myself believe the lie." She smiled as sat back down on the couch. "But we both know Gavin, it would have eaten him up instead. Sure, he's no stranger to secrets, but he loves you too much to keep you in the dark for long."

"Then why did he betray me?" Wally stood up and sat next to Kuki on the couch. "Why did *you* betray me?"

Kuki looked down at her empty glass. He had never given her the chance to explain before. "It was only one night. I swear it was."

"But why?" he asked her again.

"Because... because I was lonely," she finally told him. "You were never around, Wally." She laughed a little. "And now Gavin's never around." She then looked at him. "I'm always getting the short end of the stick, aren't I?"

"Do you still love me, Kuki?"

"There's no reason in answering that because even if I did say yes, you could never truly forgive me," *like I forgave you after the incident*, she thought to herself. "Just like you know Gavin would never forgive the two of you." She leaned over and put down her glass. "So tell me, is this you finally taking your revenge against him? He had me, so you have to have her?"

"No," he shook his head. "It- it's not like that." His voice was soft. "Kuki, please. Can I just count on you to be quiet?"

"Fine, but when this all blows up in your face-"

"It won't," he interrupted her. "I've already ended it with Abigail."

Kuki smiled. "Thought you said it wasn't an affair?" Wally only looked at her.  
OoOoO

"Explain," was the first word out of Abigail's mouth as she sat down on Gavin's bed. She had had two days to calm down after finding out about Gavin's ex-wife the way she had, but she was still not please with how long he had kept her in the dark about it.

"Alright," Gavin began. "Kuki and I were married after we discovered she was pregnant with Kevin."

"And you thought you couldn't tell me this, why?"

"Things didn't go well between us and I didn't want you to think because I couldn't work it out with her, that we wouldn't work."

"I'm not that naive, Gavin," she told him a bit angrily. "So why didn't it work between you two?"

Half of Gavin's mouth curled up in a fail attempt to smile. "Because she was in love with another man."

"Oh," Abby said looking a bit surprised as she straightened up a bit. "I didn't mean to bring up something painful. I just thought-"

"It's okay," he told her as he waved his hand. "I already knew she was in love with someone else when we got together." Gavin sat on the bed next to her. "Me and Kuki weren't meant to work. It was that simple. Besides," he rose his hand to her face. "If we did, I would have missed out on something great."

"Did you love her?" Abby found herself asking as she slowly brought Gavin's hand down.

He looked into her eyes. "I usually tell people no, just because it's easier that way, but," he stated sadly, "yes, I did." Abby then turned away as he continued to speak. "But I always knew she was using me, because her boyfriend wasn't paying her the kind of attention that she needed."

"Gavin," Abby spoke suddenly.

"Yes?"

"I'm afraid-"

"Afraid of what?" he asked her curiously.

"I'm afraid if I don't do this now, I never will." She finally looked back into his green eyes.

As if reading her mind, Gavin slowly started to shake his head back and forth. "Abigail. . . no."

"Look, I have had a lot of time to think in the past two days. . ."

Gavin closed his eyes. "Please, don't say what I think you're about to say."

"I can't be with you anymore." She then watched as his head went back and he sighed heavily. "I know it took a lot for you to open up about Kuki, but there are just so many other elements of your life that I don't know and I don't what to wonder about them. I don't want to beg for them."

At her words, he looked back to her. "I can be honest, Dove," he told her urgently. "Just give me time."

"I've been giving you nothing, but time." She was hesitant about the next sentence. "And I need more than you are willing to give."

"Then just tell me what you want," he said desperately. "I can buy you anything."

"That's just it," she grew upset. "I don't want things, Gavin. I want you."

"But you have me."

"No," she shook her head. "I don't."

"Then marry me," he blurted out suddenly.

"Excuse me?" Abby was in shock at the sudden change of subject.

"Would you be happier as my wife?"

"Gavin, slow down—"

"We can go ring shopping tomorrow."

"Gavin, you're not lis—"

"You can make a list of the people you want to invite—"

"Gavin!" Abby yelled out to get his attention. "No. My answer is no. I can't marry you because marriage would solve nothing."

"But I don't want to lose you," Gavin told her honestly. "I love you, Abigail," he told her for the first time.

Abby smiled. "I know you do, but we can't work."

Gavin then looked at her with a furrowed brow, he was expecting her to tell him that she loved him too. "There's someone else, isn't there?"

Abby looked away for a moment as she remembered her last encounter with Wally. "No, there's no one else," she didn't want to lie to him. "Not anymore."

"How long?" His voice was flat and low.

"It's not important."

"Just tell me how long," he demanded in the same tone.

Abby began to fidget with her fingers as she spoke softly, "Since the convention."

"What?" His attention snapped to her. "We had only been dating a month. You didn't even try to give us a chance!" He stood up and walked away from her. With his back still to her he spoke, "So this whole relationship has been a joke to you?"

"I never said that." Abby stood up. "So don't put words in my mouth."

"What else am I suppose to think?" He turned around to face her. "When for the majority of our relationship-"

"Relationship, relationship, relationship!" Abby yelled. "You say that as if it actually applies to us. Because what we have- *had* was not a relationship. In a relationship the people are supposed to trust each other. They're supposed to talk and communicate. They're supposed to set aside time just for the other."

"Don't lecture me about what we were or were not, because I wasn't the one cheating."

"Well, maybe I wouldn't have had to cheat if you had just been there."

"Oh, so you're going to turn this around and blame it on me!"

"You know what? I don't even know why I'm still here." She walked around him. "I'm going home. I would say, 'See you around,' but I didn't see you much when we were dating, so I doubt I'll see much of you now."

"Dove, wait." Gavin quickly grabbed her and pulled her into his arms before taking her mouth with his own.

Abby shrugged against his grip, but not for long as she was somehow able to feel Gavin's apology through the loving gesture. Abby soon found herself wrapping her arms around Gavin's neck as he wrapped his own around her waist, pulling the other closer.

"Gavin, where's Joey? I-" Wally came barging into the room. "Oh- um- sorry," he began as Abby pulled away from Gavin. "I didn't realize you had company." He turned his head away and scratched the back of his head.

"It's okay, no harm done," Gavin said as he wiped away a bit of Abby's lipstick from his lips. "Joey's spending the night with a friend." He answered Wally's question. Wally nodded and started to close the door, but froze as he heard Gavin say, "I don't care if you cheated, Dove, I don't."

"That isn't our only issue," she said and waited for a response, but none came. "Good bye, Gavin." She walked to the door and opened it only to find Wally standing on the other side. "Good bye, Wally," she said softly.

As Abby started towards the stairs she heard Gavin's voice, "What did you just call him?"

At his question, Abby silently took a sharp intake of air. She couldn't believe she had just done that. "Pardon me?" she asked calmly.

"Did you just call him 'Wally'?" He looked at her curiously. "I never told you his first name."

"You must of misheard her," Wally told him quickly. "She called me W.B."

Gavin looked from his cousin, to Abby, and back to Wally. If he was anything, it was not stupid. "You?" His forehead creased. "You and Abigail?"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Wally looked to him quizzically.

"Don't you dare stand there and lie to my face." Gavin closed the distance between him and Wally. "So just tell me, straight up, you're frackin' my girl."

"Back up man," Wally warned. "Because unlike you, I don't stab blood in the back." At the comment a curious look appeared on Abby's face.

Gavin looked back and forth between his cousin's eyes and when it seemed he found what he was looking for, he stepped back. "Sorry, man."

"Yeah, right." Wally then started back to his bedroom. Gavin cringed as he placed his face in his hand and groaned. With him distracted Abby walked down the stairs, opened the door, and was on the way out when Gavin caught up with her. "Dove, wait."

"I think we've had another drama for the night. I'm going home."

"Just hear me out, alright?"

"Okay. Fine." She nodded her head as she leaned in the doorway.

"I just want you to rethink us. Now that I have a clue about what you're feeling, I think I can make it better."

"You're telling me what I want hear," she concluded. "Just like you always do."

"I mean it this time." He reached for her and took her hands. "No more empty promises. If you want to know everything, then that's what I'll give you."

She looked at him with doubt in her eyes. "Really?"

"Yes," he sighed as he looked away. "But know that a lot of it. . . you may not like, and I would be putting a lot of my trust in you."

"How can you still trust me after finding out that I stepped out on you?" she asked.

Gavin pulled away from her and stepped out onto the porch. He leaned on the railing as he looked up into the night sky. "Because though that knowledge hurts, I do know I haven't been the best boyfriend. I can't blame you for cheating."

"Why W.B.?" she asked nervously. "Why did you think he was the one I was seeing?"

Gavin lowered his head towards the ground. "Remember when I said Kuki was in love with another

man?"

"You mean-" Wally's reaction when Kuki had showed up the other day now seemed clear. "Oh."

"Yeah. . . we try, but we haven't been the same since. There are these unsaid words between us, but sometimes it seems like they're screaming to be heard. I know he hates me, even if he never says it, but he has the right too. I mean the way he loved her," he sighed before lifting his head and looking back at Abby in the doorway, "is the way I love you." He stared at her for a moment before looking back at the ground. "But I should know that W.B. would never do anything to intentionally hurt me. He's not vindictive like that."

"Gavin," Abby began quietly. "I think there's something we should talk about."

Gavin rose off the railing and turned to her. "Sounds kind of serious," he said jokingly.

"Please, don't play."

"Alright," he walked over to her, "but look, it's been a long day, so how about we hold this off until tomorrow? Maybe we can do lunch or-"

"Gavin!" Gavin and Abby turned their heads and looked up the stairs to see Wally breathing heavily as he had just finished running down the halls. "Senthos!" he yelled out.

Gavin turned his head and peered down the street, there he saw two dark colored SUVs creeping slowly in front of their property. "Down!" he shouted as he pushed Abby back into the house and down onto the floor.

"What are-" But before Abby was able to finish her question she began screaming as shots ranged out in rapid succession over their bodies.

#### **Chapter Ten: Crumbling Trust**

"Are you all right?" Were the first words out of Gavin's mouth as he heard the SUVs drive off. He sat up on his knees and checked over Abby's body. She was trembling, but to his relief she was uninjured. "W.B.!" he immediately yelled when he heard no sound from upstairs.

"I'm fine!" Wally yelled back as he began his way downstairs.

Gavin checked his pocket and pulled out his cell. He pushed a speed-dial button before placing it between his ear and shoulder. Both of his hands then went to Abby's face as he tenderly wiped away the tears she was softly shedding. "Frank," he spoke to his right-hand-man. "It's Gavin. Look I need you to send a few guys over to Kuki's. Make sure she knows I sent them. She'll understand," he instructed. "Then I need you to personally check on Joey. I want him on the next one out along with Kuki, because it seems that we're about to have ourselves a *fund-raiser*!"

"Fund-raiser!" Wally eyes grew wide at the word. He knew it was a codeword for something far less innocent. "Gavin, you can't-"

"Shut-up, W.B," he told him as he put his cell back in his pocket. He then looked up at his cousin, there was an anger residing within Gavin's eyes and it was far more than what Wally had witnessed upstairs when he had been accused of being with Abby. Wally knew to be silent. "I tried doing this your way," Gavin's voice was harsh. "I left them alone and they did exactly what I told you they would do," he explained. "Now we're going to do this my way. Understand?" Wally simply nodded. "Good." He then turned his attention back to Abby, his voice once again becoming gentle. "Abigail?"

Abby eyes looked around at the damage done to the front of the house. "Gavin, why would someone—" she couldn't get the words out. "Why would?"

"It's alright," he said as he helped her off the floor. "Come on. I'll drive you home." He then grabbed his keys before looking to Wally. "Grab a few of our things and Joey's, but don't stay long, they may come back," he told Wally. "Then meet me at the center."

Wally looked to him curiously. "Why the center?" he asked him. "There's still police tape all around that place."

"Don't question me W.B. I know what's best for us."

Wally was taken back by Gavin's response. He had never been blown off like that before, but he decided to shrug it off, chalking it up to the fact that Abby was still in the room. Though he did think she was too far in shock to actually be listening to them. "Fine," Wally finally responded as he as he made his own way back up the stairs.

"Shouldn't you call the police?" Abby asked in a concern voice. "Those people just tried to kill us!"

"Everything will be taken care of." Wally heard Gavin say to her.  
OoOoO

Wally waited patiently inside his car out in the parking lot of his center. When he, Joey, and Gavin had first came to the States the center was where they spent a lot of their time, so much so that Gavin ended up buying the place for him. The center used to be a great distraction as Wally would come to teach his boxing classes, but the police shut down his center after the shooting.

Wally finally stepped out of his car as he looked at his center; he hadn't been here in so long. He had truly missed the place. "What's that?" he asked himself as something caught his eye. He walked up towards the front door only to discover that the police tape covering it had been tampered with. "What the hell is going on?" Wally asked himself as he realized something was up and he wasn't in on it.

Soon Frank and Andy pulled up into the parking lot. "W.B.," Frank called as he walked over to him. "Gavin told us to meet him here. A fund-raiser?" he asked curiously. Wally then explained to the two what had just occurred at his home.

"And how's Joey?" he asked when he was through.

"Concerned that he had to be check on, but wise enough not to ask questions, as always," Andy explained. Wally only nodded his head in response.

A few minutes later, Gavin pulled up and made his way towards his trusted people. He said not a word as he walked pass them and ripped the police tape off the doors. He then got out the extra set of keys Wally had made for him in case he ever lost his own. With the doors open he walked inside and headed towards the back where the offices were located. Wally, Frank, and Andy followed.

To Wally's knowledge, Frank and Andy had never been to his center before, so he was surprise to see that they knew exactly where they were going. Wally only watched as they each went to a corner of one of the offices and started to rip up the carpet. "What the hell are you doing!" Wally yelled immediately.

He went to stop them, but came to an abrupt stop as he found Gavin's hand on his chest. "Honestly, W.B. don't be so naïve. Do you really think I bought this center just for your sake and your 'kids' as you ridiculously put it?"

Wally's attention was then turned back to the two in front of him as he heard a cracking sound. They had torn up one of the wooden planks lining the floor. After the first the others easily came up.

Hidden under the floorboards were several large trunks, but Frank and Andy were able to pull one up easily. Gavin then reached inside his shirt for the necklace he usually wore. Around the chain was an old looking key. He tossed it to Andy, who easily caught it before unlocking the trunk and flipping open the lid.

"The frack!" Wally yelled as he pushed his way passed Gavin when the contents of the trunk came into view. "How long have these been here?" he asked his cousin angrily.

"Don't be upset," Gavin told him. "I made sure they were in a place where your kids couldn't find them."

"I don't care where they were. I don't want guns in my center," Wally told him heatedly. "I want them gone."

"Don't get all self-righteous on me now, Wally," he began as he walked over to the trunk and picked up one of the hand guns. "Because there used to be a time when you enjoyed this," he explained.

"Those were different times," Wally whispered. "You needed me."

"I did," Gavin agreed. "But I never asked you to do anything. You did it all on your own accord," Wally shivered at the smoothness of Gavin's voice. "You were brilliant at it, you know. I've never seen anyone with an aim like yours. It was poetry in motion to watch you handle weaponry as if you had been doing it for most of your life. Don't you miss it, Wally, even a little?" Gavin held out the gun.

Wally's eyes became locked with the silver metal before his hand slowly began to reach out for it. "No!" he yelled suddenly as he took a step back, running into the desk that was behind him. "I'll never pick up another gun." Wally's eyes looked pleadingly into Gavin's as he shook his head from side to side. "Please don't make me."

Gavin immediately lowered the gun. "I'm sorry," he said feeling ashamed. He knew how his cousin felt

since the *incident* and knew he had no right to ask this of him. "I'll get someone," he told him. "You can go to the safe house with Joey and them, until I finish things here."

"No," was Wally's answer. "I didn't abandon you then, and I know I have some issues, but I won't abandon you now."

Gavin smiled. "I knew you wouldn't."

"Yo, Gav," called Frank. "About your fiancée did-"

"Fiancée?" Wally interrupted. "You mean Abigail?"

"Yes. At the house I asked her to marry me. She said yes," Gavin lied, as he paid very close attention to Wally. He was looking for any type of sign he may have missed when they were back in the house. Because for some reason, Wally's very first reaction to his accusation seemed a bit rehearsed to Gavin, he had to catch him off guard.

"Congrats, man," Wally said forcibly before smiling. "I'm happy for you."

"Thank you," Gavin replied with a passive face. He then turned to Frank and Andy. "Well, let's get to business, shall we gentlemen?"

OoOoO

Day was breaking through the windows as Wally sat up and stretched in a foreign bed. He had spent the night in a hotel room. Since the Senthos knew where they lived their own home wasn't safe anymore. Gavin had ended up staying in a different hotel across town, but it didn't bother Wally none, he needed the space.

"Fiancée," he said to himself as he washed his face in the sink. It didn't make any since to Wally. He knew Abby wasn't happy in her relationship with Gavin, but then again, he also knew how badly she didn't want to hurt him. Had she agreed to marriage out of guilt or out of spite because of how he had treated her the other night?

Wally loved his cousin and he knew Abby made him happy, but he knew from experience that life with Gavin wasn't always rainbows and butterflies. He knew he had to talk to her. He had to know if she was doing this because she wanted too or for reasons he didn't know.

It was later in the day as Wally arrived at Abby's home. He knocked on the door and waited patiently. A tall black man in his mid-thirties opened the door. The man looked at Wally curiously, but greeted him kindly.

"Is Abigail home?" Wally asked him.

"Yeah, hold on," he said closing the door behind him as he went to go look for Abby.

A moment later, Abby meet Wally at the door. "W.B.," she said in way that made him think that he wasn't who she was expecting. "Where's Gavin? Is he alright?"

"Gavin's fine," he told her, but then said in a lowered voice, "but I need to talk to you. . . privately."

Abby shook her head. "I can't get into this with you again, Wally. You made your feelings know very clear the other night, remember?"

"I didn't mean those things. It's just that Kuki."

"I'm not Kuki," she cut him off. She then sighed. "I know the history between you two, Gavin told me, but I won't have you taking the anger you feel for her out on me."

"I would never do that," he reassured her. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings." He cupped her face. "Just come with me." He pleaded. "I won't keep you long." Abby began to shake her head again. "Abby, please," he whispered.

Abby stared at him for a long time as she wondered why she couldn't detach herself away from him. "Alright," she replied.

OoOoO

Gavin was in his car, driving towards Abby's house. It was a little after one. He needed to talk to her and express the importance of why she had to leave town. He had tried talking to her last night, as he was driving her home after the shooting, but her mind seemed to be on anything else other than what had just happened.

Gavin knew that at the beginning of their relationship they had been seen together a lot. Anyone of his enemies could easily link her to him, and like the rest of his family, he wanted to make sure she was safe when he retaliated against the Senthos in the next coming days.

He had thought Abby knew he was coming over, it was what they had discussed last night, so he was a little surprised when he was told she had already left for the day. "Yeah," said the man Wally had spoken to earlier, whom had happened to be Abby's eldest brother. "She left about an hour ago."

Gavin nodded as he thanked him. He was about to turn around and give Abby a call on her cell, but something made him stop. "Did she leave with anyone?" he asked her brother.

"Yeah, some blonde dude." He kind of made a face as something came back to him. "In fact, he kind of looked like you but-"

"Shorter," Gavin finished his statement.

"Yeah."

"You've been a lot of help. Thanks again." Gavin made his way back towards his Thunderbird. "Bastard!" he yelled as he hit the stirring wheel with both fists. He then gripped the wheel tightly as he took long, deep breaths. "Maybe," he began slowly as he thought out loud. "Maybe it's not what you think," he then laughed as his hands loosen. "Of course it isn't. W.B. would never do that to me. I just need to stop doubting him," he tried to convince himself, but soon found that he was speeding down the

streets, heading towards the hotel Wally was staying in.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 6 - Part Six

### Chapter Eleven: 209

*To talk.* Wally was sure that those were the words he had spoken earlier that day.

*To talk.* Abby could have sworn on her life that those were the words she had heard.

But *to talk*, never seemed as if it would come to pass, because before Wally's hotel door even closed behind them, one had reached out for the other and the other did not protest. Wally would never remember who reached out for whom first, but it didn't matter to him, because all he knew was that she was back in his arms and he in hers. Both sets of hands wandered the other's body, clinging on to the other as if they were both drug addicts who were in desperate need of their next hit. It had been too long.

"Don't let me go," Abby pleaded longingly.

"I won't," Wally responded. "I swear I won't," he told her again as he slid to his knees bringing Abby with him, kissing her all the way down. Wally's kisses were, as always, intoxicating to Abby as his warm lips once again became accustomed to her body. She reached for the buttons on his shirt, unfastening them one by one, but Wally grew impatient and so pushed her hands out the way and ripped open his own shirt before tossing it aside.

Wally growled, that animal mentality that he had pouring out of him. Abby yipped in surprise at the speed Wally tore at her shirt before it too landed next to his. He then crushed his lips against her almost with a bruising force. "Get them off," he told her as he reached for the zipper on his jeans and she hers. Both undressed as quickly as they could, removing their clothing as if they had been set on fire and if they didn't get them off that very second, they would be burned alive.

Soon Abby laid on her back with Wally covering her. She closed her eyes as she took in the scent of his smooth, hard body and felt the touch of his flesh against her own nakedness. Her hand then moved down his chest, his abs which were still lightly covered in bandages, and then to the lower parts of his body. She firmly took his cock in hand and when she did Wally let out a lustful moan. Abby watched his face as she stroked him, adoring the way his mouth hung open in pure satisfaction.

Wally kissed her again as he replaced her hand with his own, ready to be one with her. "Stop," Abby cried softly pushing him slightly away.

Wally frowned, not sure if he could stand the delay. "What?" he asked her.

She looked at him with a bashful manner. "Did you bring protection?" she asked him.

"No," he answered. "I didn't think that-" he lowered his head and then yelled softly in frustration. "frack!" He then angrily started to get up off the floor. He had made her a promise last time they had been

together and he would not break it.

"No." Abby hands quickly took his shoulder. Wally looked at her curiously. "It's okay," she said gently moving her hand to rest on his face. Wally immediately calmed as he meet her august brown eyes, his heart racing with the simple touch of her hand. "We don't need it."

"Are you sure?" he needed to confirm.

"Yes," she shook her head. "I want this," she told him. "I need to feel you inside of me," she confessed.

"Then I won't deny you," he whispered, lowering himself back to her before slipping the length of his manhood into her slowly. Abby wrapped her long, defined legs around his body as she felt every inch of him fill her. He then withdrew only to enter to her again, picking up his pace in the process. He was just so big that with each thrust that there was a mixture of pleasure and pain for Abby. . . and she liked it.

"Harder," she begged as she grabbed his @ \$\$, urging him to fulfill her request, and he gladly complied.

Wally was sucking voraciously on his lover's neck when he was taken by surprise as his ponytail was pulled and his mouth was forced to leave her. But he said nothing as he allowed her to stir his body, compelling him to roll over as she took her place on top.

Wally grinned as he relaxed on the floor. He liked a woman who knew what she wanted and wasn't afraid to get it. As Abby hung over him, rocking gently against him, his hands made out the curve of her thighs before one of his thumbs probed in between her folds, finding her swollen clitoris. He then applied a small amount of pressure to it before rubbing it in small circles. His other hand moved passed her thigh up to her breast which he kneaded dotingly.

He then heard soft pants escape from her before asking, "Do you like that?" Abby only nodded as she brought herself down to kiss his face. Wally then held on to her tightly, enjoying their closeness. "Tell me your mine," he requested of her. "I need to hear you say it."

"I'm yours," she replied without thinking.

"Tell me you belong to no one else," he continued.

Abby gradually pulled away, pondering his desire as she searched his eyes. Those green, beautiful eyes that she found herself thinking of often. There used to a time when she couldn't tell them apart from Gavin's, and she would look at them thinking of the other, but those days had long ended. Wally's eyes, she now knew, were brighter than his cousin's with streaks of yellow that seem to flash like lightening. Also within his eyes, she could feel his uncertainty and her mind instantly shot to an image of a little boy with the same pair of eyes. Abby shook her head, shrugging away a memory she didn't think was her own, for all she wanted was to be in this moment.

"I belong to you," she finally whispered.

Wally smirked at the words before taking a hold of her sides and positioning himself in away so that he could push himself into her. He could feel her nails starting to dig deep into the skin of his shoulders as

he pumped his dick into her. "W.B." she called, bouncing so wildly as she rode him that she was caught off guard when he suddenly stopped. She looked at him with a bewildered expression, her chest heaving in and out. His own face looked as though she had just called out another man's name. "What?" She honestly didn't understand.

"Wally," he said, his features softening. He didn't want her calling him the name Gavin had introduced him to her as. "Wally," he said again. "That's what I want you to call me."

"Alright," she agreed with a slight nod. He then pulled her into him, continuing where they left off. Wally then buried his face into the nape of her neck. Except for the sounds of their labored breathing, that filled the room, neither said a word.

"Mmm," Abby couldn't stop herself from moaning as she started to approach her climax.

"Say it," he breathed into her ear. . . and she understood.

"Wally!" she cried loudly as she sat up and arched her back, permitting Wally's essence to gush into her, coating the walls of her sex as they both yield to the order of their orgasm.

Abby, with her eyes closed, simply laid back on top of Wally. She smiled contently as she felt him sweep her sweat drench hair out of her face. "Do you think," he began softly as she felt him shifted under her, "that we'll ever make it to a bed?"

Abby laughed as she opened her eyes and looked at Wally. His head was tilted back looking at the untouched bed that was on the other side of the room. "It's alright with me if it's fine with you."

Wally looked back to her and smiled. "It doesn't matter to me where we are." Abby then watched as his smile slowly faded from his face before asking, "What am I to you, Abigail?"

Abby blinked rapidly, she wasn't expecting such a serious question. "You're my friend," she said truthfully.

"Then what is this?" he asked referring to their current situation.

She lowered her head and held onto him tightly. "I don't know."

"Look, Abigail, I know I have no right to ask this of you. Because I know what we do have - isn't love," Abby made eye contact with him, "but whatever it is. . . I don't think I'm willing to let it go." He took a deep breath before speaking again, "So I'm asking you not to go through with it."

"Don't go through with what?"

"Don't marry, Gavin," Abby looked surprise as he spoke. "I'm asking you to see where things could go with us first. To see what we could become."

"W.B.-" she whispered softly before being cut off.

"I know, I know." Wally sat up angrily which forced Abby out of his arms. "You belong to Gavin." He stood up and started to gather his clothes. "You love him and I'm starting to think, that will never change."

"You son of a dog!" Abby yelled as she pushed Wally making him drop his shirt. "Is this what this was about?"

Wally looked confused as he turned back to her.

"Is that how you really see me?" she asked heatedly. "You think of me as someone's property?"

Wally's eye grew wide as he quickly shook his head. "That's not how I meant it. I just meant-" but Wally would never finish his statement as Abby claimed his face with her hands and silenced his lips with her own.

She then broke the kiss. "Sometime you can really put your foot in it, you know?" she asked as she pulled his hair out its ponytail and watched his blonde hair curtain around his face. "If you must think I belong to someone. . . let it be you and in return let you be mine."

"But Gavin-" he said worriedly.

"And I aren't together anymore," she explained. "I turned down his proposal."

"But he told me-"

"It doesn't matter." She wrapped her arms around him.

Wally shook his head as he said quietly, "He'll never understand this. And how can I expect him too when we don't understand it ourselves?"

Abby remained silent as she debated something in her head, but it was something she had to know. "Are you afraid of him?"

"Of Gavin? No," he said immediately, but then slowly. "I'm afraid of myself."

"Why?" Abby pulled away and asked him.

"Please, let that be a concern for another day," he asked of her and she nodded her head. Wally then took her hands and lead her to the bathroom. "So how about we get cleaned up and maybe have a little bit more fun as we do?" He waggled his eyebrows. Abby gave a light chuckle before jumping into his arms. He caught her with ease and carried her to the bathroom.

The water was scorching hot as it poured onto their bodies, but neither seemed to notice as Wally had Abby pinned up against the shower wall as they made love once again. When they were finished with their shower they started to make their way out of the bathroom. Wally wrapped his arms around her still naked body from behind as she tilted her head back to rest on his shoulder.

Wally closed his eyes, allowing her to lead him back into the bedroom as he nibbled on her exposed neck. Abby moaned with pleasure as they finally stepped out of the bathroom, but then suddenly, Wally heard her take a sharp intake of air. Thinking he had been the cause of it he smiled against her neck, but to his surprise, he heard a gun cock. At the very sound of it, Wally felt his heart skip a beat. He then opened his eyes slowly as he rose his head and looked into the eyes of the man holding a gun pointed in his and Abby's direction.

OoOoO

Gavin didn't care as he parked his car taking up three spots as he did so. He ignored the complaints of the surrounding people as he walked with purpose into the building and then towards the front desk where he addressed the receptionist. "I need the room number of someone staying here," he told her. "Wallabee Beatles."

"I'm sorry, sir, but I'm not allowed to give out that kind of information," she told him politely.

Gavin pulled out his gun and slammed it on the desk. "Don't make me ask you again," he said darkly. "I'm not trying to make a scene, but it doesn't mean that I won't." The woman then gave him the information he wanted along with a card key. He replaced his gun and headed towards the stairs, people stepping out of him way as he past.

Leaving the staircase, he headed down the hall towards the room. When he reached it, he cocked an eyebrow curiously, the door was adjacent. He then heard, what he thought was someone moan from within the room, so taking a deep breath, prepared to confirm his suspicion, he reached for the door and slowly pushed it open. It was then followed by the sound of a sharp gasp. . . *it came from him*. What he saw before him, was not what he was expecting. The room, though a mess, looked empty, but what concerned Gavin more was the blood that lined the floor.

## **Chapter Twelve: Colliding Worlds**

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concerned Gavin more was the blood that lined the floor.

Gavin immediately pulled his gun back out as his eyes darted around the room suspiciously. He wondered what the hell had happened as he saw that the dresser drawers were all opened and the mirrors broken. The chairs in the room were turned over and the sheets Gavin knew must have been on the bed seemed to be in a pile on the other side of it.

Wally's clothes and other personal belongings were also scattered about the room as Gavin made his way towards the back where the bathroom was located. The floor was a bit wet, as if the shower had been recently used. Gavin stepped back out into the room before suddenly being frozen where he stood. As he predicted, just moments ago, the missing sheets and blanket had been on the other side of the bed, but the way they were laid out looked almost as if something or, in Gavin's fear, someone was beneath the pile.

Gavin walked over to the side of the bed and slowly lowered himself to rest on his heels as he reached out for the blanket, his face already showing that he expected the worst. His heart began to beat at an increasing rate as his breath slowly started to become labored and his head slightly shook from side to side. Finally, finding the courage, he threw back the covers and dropped them immediately, along with his gun. "No," he whispered as he now completely fell to his knees.

Wally's pale face, along with his naked body, was covered not only in blood, but in cuts and bruises. Gavin gingerly swept his cousin's loose, red stained blonde hair out of his face. "W.B.?" he whispered to him. "Wally?" he murmured as he tried to check for a pulse, but his hand was trembling so terribly from the site before him that he couldn't find one. Gavin told himself that was the reason he couldn't find it and not because Wally was. . . no, he couldn't even bring himself to think it.

"Come on now. You got to wake up," Gavin said to Wally as he slightly shook his shoulders. "W.B., you're scaring me, so just open your eyes," he told him as he could no longer help the tears that threaten to fall and soon did. "Don't do this to me," Gavin begged him. "Don't you dare do this to me." Gavin then began to shake Wally harder. "Damn you, you bastard. Wake the frack up!" Gavin yelled angrily, tears flowing freely down his face.

Gavin then stared down at the body in front of him as if waiting for him to obey, but as Wally did not, Gavin finally came to the realization that Wally was gone. His heart ached with a sharp pain as he closed his eyes and gathered his cousin's limp body into his arms. "Just wake the frack up," he whispered into the other's cold skin. "Please, I can't do this alone," he confessed sadly. "I'll do anything, just wake up," he begged as he held Wally even tighter and sobbed openly.

"You- you're hurting me," Gavin gasped and pulled back with wide eyes as he heard the weak voice. Wally was alive. "I- I think I need a doctor." His hand slowly lifted to his side where a large gash resided.

"Don't you ever scare me like that again," Gavin was so relieved, that at this point, he no longer knew if he was crying or laughing. He then gently laid Wally back down on the floor before reaching for his phone and calling an ambulance.

OoOoO

Gavin soon found himself back in the hospital, for the second time that year, as he walked into the Intensive Care Unit. Wally had lost a lot of blood and needed a blood transfusion. His body was weak and Gavin could tell he was tired as Wally found it a struggle just to breath on his own. He slept with a oxygen mask over his mouth and nose, but the doctors had told Gavin that Wally was stable and that he just needed to stop putting unnecessary stress on his body for a full recovery, considering as he was still healing from his last injury.

Soon Gavin also found himself very tired as he sat next to Wally's bed and began to doze off as the soft, steady sound of the other's breathing lulled him to sleep. He had no idea how long he had been sleeping when he felt a hand on his shoulder and he was gently shaken awake, but as he saw the moon high in the sky he concluded it must have been late into the night

Gavin lifted his head, wiping the sleep from his eyes as he yawned and looked to his cousin. "W.B.?" he whispered gruffly before clearing his throat. "W.B., what's wrong?" he asked as he saw Wally's glossy eyes.

Wally reached for Gavin's hand and held it. Gavin lowered his head, looking at where Wally had taken a hold of him. They hadn't held hands since they were small boys in the orphanage. It was when Wally had overheard the director talking to a staff member, saying that the three of them would have a better chance of being adopted if they were separated. Gavin had not taken the news well when he was told of this.

Gavin then saw Wally raise his other hand to remove his oxygen mask from his face. Gavin protested, but Wally discouraged him from doing so. "I need you," Wally began slowly and sadly as a tear ran down his cheek. "I need you not to hate me."

"Hate you?" Gavin was confused. "Hate you for what?"

Wally held on even tighter to Gavin's hand. "For Abigail. . . for Abby," he spoke. Gavin lowered his eyes, he had forgotten why he had even shown up to look for Wally. He remembered thinking that he was going to beat the shoot out of him if he found out what he had suspected was true. But right now, he just wanted him to be alright. He needed him to be alright. "They took her," Wally told him. Gavin's head snapped up as he was once again faced with the unexpected.

"What?" he searched Wally's eyes.

"She was with me," he sighed heavily, closing his eyes and bringing his free hand up to cover his face, willing himself to finally tell Gavin the truth. "At the hotel." Wally then turned to his cousin, now resting his hand on his chest. "I'm sorry," he whispered. Gavin wanted to tell him that it was okay, that he would take care of it, comfort him as he always had, but he couldn't bring himself to do it as he pulled away from Wally's side and stood. "Gavin," Wally called, trying to hold on as Gavin's fingers slip from his own, but it was no use as Gavin walked around the bed, refusing to look at him as he made his way towards the door. "Gavin, please. We have to do something," Wally tried to reason.

Gavin then closed the hospital door behind him. For the first time in his life, he didn't know how to feel, how to act. Everything was crumbling in around him and he didn't know if he would be able to handle it. *Was this how W.B. felt?* he asked himself ashamed knowing that was an issue he would have to deal

with later. Right now, he had to get down to business and contact Frank. Gavin didn't know what he had been thinking. Why hadn't he sent her away like he had the others and then put some men on to watch her family without the family knowing?

"Frank," Gavin called him, once the cold night air hit his face as he stood outside the hospital.  
OoOoO

Abby's head was pounding as she slowly started to wake from her sleep as dried blood marred her face. She had been knocked out when several men had made their way into the room she was sharing with Wally. The strange man, who seemed to be the leader, ordered the others to grab her. Wally had protested and tried to fight back, but he was clearly out numbered. The last thing Abby remembered was Wally on the ground coughing up blood as he was being kicked savagely. Abby had bit her captor in an effort to get to Wally. Her captor had screamed in pain as he called her a dog before she was knocked out with the handle of his gun.

As Abby finally became aware of where she was, she realized that someone had redressed. She groaned as she sat up from the cement floor looking at her surroundings. At first she thought that maybe she was in some kind of basement, but the room was much too large and opened to be a basement as she concluded she was in some kind of warehouse. There were large wooden crates that came up to her waist all around the place.

Abby began to stand, getting to her feet in a wobbly fashion. Around her she could hear the crash of the waves and knew she was somewhere near the pier. She leaned against one of the crates for a few moments until the dizziness she was feeling finally ceased. She then once again looked around, this time spotting a door. She made her way to the door only to discover that it had been chained and locked from the other side.

Abby sighed as she turned around and leaned up against the door. She looked up, the windows of the warehouse were much too high to reach. She didn't know what to do. "Fine. I'll go and get the girl," Abby heard a voice from the other side of the door. Not willing to wait to see who it was, Abby ran to hide behind one of the crates. As she knelt down, to rest on her heels, she noticed a loose plank on the crate. She grabbed it with both hands as she tried to pull it off, in case she had to protect herself, but she was struggling. She gasped silently as she heard the chains being unlocked and worked harder to loosen the plank.

She almost had it when suddenly someone took a fist full of her long black hair and forced her to rise. Abby thought it was impossible, she never even heard the warehouse door open. The man that stood before her was younger in years, but it was a face she once knew all too well from his red-brownish hair to his dark blue eyes. "Look what I've got here. If it isn't my dear friend Abby. I knew that Beatles idiot had a new lady friend, but I would have never guessed you," the man smirked. "My big brother will be most pleased to see you again," his voice held a hint of sarcasm.

"Well," Abby's voice was flat as she spoke. "Hello to you too. . . *Tommy*."

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 7 - Part Seven

### Chapter Thirteen: The Reason

Abby slightly shouted in pain as Tommy took a moment to reestablish the grip he had on her hair. "Get down," he hissed as he bent Abby's body over one of the crates. He finally let go of her hair, but only so that he could grab her hands and force them behind her back as he pressed himself up against her backside.

"What the frack are you doing?" Abby yelled frantically, feeling more of Tommy than she wanted to as she fought to get free. "Stop!"

"Hold still," was Tommy's response as he took both of her wrists with one hand and then with the other slammed her head hard against the wooden crate. Abby went weak in the knees for a moment as spots swam in her vision. Tommy then swept her long hair out of her face as he leaned over and whispered only a breath away from her ear. "Trust me," he began with a smirk. "If I was going to do, what just ran through your mind," his hand slipped away from her hair and moved down her side before making out the curve of her @\$\$ and giving it a squeeze, "I would have done it when you were still undressed." He then, in a surprising gesture, lovingly kissed her cheek. "Not that I'm saying I didn't have my fun when you were."

He then rose back up with a soft chuckle which left Abby feeling all of a sudden dirty, if not violated. She then heard a rustling sound and before long felt a thin rope being tied around her wrist tightly. "Hoagie wouldn't want me treated like this," she tried sounding authorize, but failed miserably as Tommy's demeanor had completely caught her off guard. He used to be such a sweet boy.

She heard Tommy huff angrily before swiftly leaning back down. "Hoagie didn't want a lot of things. Like you leaving him, for instance," he stated upset. "You dog, do you have any idea what you did to my brother?" he asked.

Abby closed her eyes. "Tommy, listen to me, you've got this all wrong. The reason I left-" she was cut off.

"Shut up!" Tommy yelled. "Hoagie may hear your excuses, but I'll be damned if I will. So you'll keep your mouth shut around me unless you want me to stick something in it." With that he pulled her away from the crate and led her outside towards a car. He opened up the door and threw her into the backseat. He then got into the passenger side and told the man behind the wheel to drive.

Abby said not one word as they drove for close to an hour. The car then turned off onto a secluded dirt road, where they pulled up in front of a nice size house. After the driver parked the car he made his way to get Abby out of the backseat. "Don't touch her!" Abby and the driver were both taken by surprise by Tommy's sudden out burst. "Just get out the way," he told the other man, offering no excuse as he helped Abby out the car.

The three then made their way into the house. The man who had driven them there turned off to the right while Tommy and Abby continued down the hall before coming to the base of a staircase. They then slowly made their way up before, strangely, entering a bathroom.

Tommy closed the door behind them before sitting Abby down on the lid of the toilet. He then reached for a fresh towel and ran some warm water over it. Abby watched as he then stood before her, squatting down before taking the towel and cleaning the dried blood off her face. Abby smiled. "I was right, wasn't I?" she asked him.

"Didn't I tell you to keep your mouth shut?" he asked her as he turned her head swiftly from side to side, making sure he had gotten it all.

"You know, there used to be a time when you wouldn't dare manhandle a woman," she stated. "Especially me or especially knowing what went down between your mother and your stepfather."

"What can I say? You haven't seen me in over a year," he stood, taking her with him and throwing the towel in the sink. "People change. You would be surprised at what I'm capable of doing now." Abby lowered her gaze from his at his words. "Come on," he instructed, dragging her back out of the bathroom before leading her to a closed door a little ways down the hall. Tommy then released Abby from the binding rope, but not before say, "Hurt my brother in any way again and I swear with our next encounter, I won't be as nice." He then shoved her into the room and closed the door in on behind her before Abby heard the door lock. Abby then rubbed her wrists, trying to get some of the feeling back in them as she looked around the room. It had been ages. . .

She walked over to the window, which she noticed had bars on them, before simply looking up into the night sky at the crescent moon. A moment later, she heard the door unlock behind her, open and once again close. She then felt the strong hands of a man make contact with her body, before he wrapped his arms around her. "God, I've missed you," came the low rumble of the man as he held her closer.

Abby lowered her head as she exhaled and smiled. "I've missed you too, Hoagie bear," she told the man sweetly.

"So tell me, is everything going according to plan?" he asked her.

"He's a hard man to be around, but he loves me," she explained. "He still sees me as his clueless girlfriend. He has absolutely no idea of my connection to the Senthos family," she said, not wanting to mention that she had broken it off with Gavin, because she was getting absolutely no where plan wise. She then turned around to face Hoagie. There was something that had been bothering her for awhile. "I want to know, did you order the hit on their house? Because I was there that night, Hoagie, and I don't appreciate being shot at."

"Don't be upset, baby," Hoagie began, kissing her forehead. "I gave my men very precise orders. They shot high to avoid hitting anyone. I just wanted to make sure Lawrence didn't have any doubts about your loyalties."

"There were no doubts about my loyalties. I told you, he's clueless!" she yelled.

"Fine, but I'm not," he said, not liking the tone in her voice she was taking with him. "Because I'm questioning them. Your target was Lawrence and *only* Lawrence."

Abby's brow furrowed. "What are you talking about? I've done everything you've asked of me when it comes to him," she explained. "I learned his schedule down to the seconds. I frequented his hang outs and made sure he noticed me. I joined his gym and pretended we liked the same things. And for crying out loud, I closed the deal when I *slept* with him. Believe what I say, this has not been easy for me, Hoagie. If this whole situation hasn't expressed my loyalty to you or the rest of the Senthos family then I don't know what will. And Tommy—"

"Alright," he cut her off impatiently. "I understand that, but tell me," Hoagie lowered his voice as he asked the question. "When did I ask you to frack his cousin?"

"Oh," was all Abby could say as her eyes went a bit wide, now fully realizing what Tommy had been talking about before.

Hoagie pulled away from her as he sighed. "Did you honestly think I wasn't having you followed? That I didn't know your every move?"

"I can explain," she followed him. "I only slept with Wally because he - I mean, he was - I . . ." she trailed off, knowing she had no real excuse. "Dammit, Hoagie!" she grew upset. "It was just a little fun, okay? Call it a little compensation, if you will. Because you know I damn well deserve it."

Hoagie turned back to her, grabbing her arm and pulling her back to him roughly. "Still a little spitfire I see," he said leaning into her, kissing her cheek. "Be glad I'm a forgiving man when it comes to you."

Abby tilted her head back as Hoagie's lips roamed her neck. She closed her eyes and sighed heavily. "More like horny if you want my opinion."

"Well, unlike you, the pass year for me has been a little. . ." he shrugged. "Dry, if you will."

"Aw," Abby cooed contently. "Does my Hoagie bear want me to make it better?" she asked as she slowly slipped away from his arms causing him to stretch to have to reach for as he frowned. "Ah, ah, ah," she teased, a mischievous smile spreading across her lips.

Hoagie laughed. "Please and thank you," he told her as he knew exactly what she wanted. He lowered himself to his knees and lowered his head as he tried to hide the smile that was threatening his features. Usually he wouldn't have complained, but it had been close to a year since he had been with her, so he was up for any game she was willing to play. But then as Hoagie saw her walk away, heading towards the nightstand next to the bed, something worked its way into his mind and his head quickly snapped up. "Abby, wait!" he called loudly, but it was too late as Abby opened the drawer and froze where she stood.

There was a moment of frozen silence before either spoke. "Whose been in my room, Hoagie?" Abby asked him softly.

Hoagie rose from the floor as he quietly cursed to himself. He walked over to where she was and sat

down on the bed before slowly reaching over and closing the drawer. He then took Abby gently by the wrist and pulled her to stand before him. "I'm a man, Abby," was his excuse, but he could tell by the look on her face that she wasn't having it. "And like you, I had my own fun when you were away."

"You didn't have to lie about it," she told him. "I would have been okay with it."

Hoagie shook his head as he moved his hands to hold her waist. "But you're not. I can tell. I know you," he whispered and was not surprised at the open palm that slapped him across the face.

"Everything that I've done, everything that I do is for you," she explained to him as she looked down at him. "I love you, you know I do, so I don't understand all these tests you feel you must put me through. Haven't I proven myself to you time and time again?" Though her face was set in anger, Abby couldn't help the tear that made a trail down her cheek.

"Yes," Hoagie stated slowly. "You have," he slid back to the middle of the bed. "Come here," he spoke in a whisper as he reached for Abby and she climbed onto his lap. "I just need one more thing from you," he told her as he kissed her cheek. "And I will ask nothing else of you. Will you do it for me?"

Abby closed her eyes as she felt his lips on her damp skin. "You promise. . . the last time, right?" she asked him.

"Yes, I swear it to you," he reassured her, pulling her body close against his own.

Abby nodded her head and agreed to once again to whatever he wanted. "What is it you want me to do?" she inquired.

Hoagie shook his head. "We'll talk about it in the morning," he told her as he lowered her to the bed. "Tonight, the only thing that matters is that you're finally home," he told her before his lips found hers and she was lost within his embrace.

#### **Chapter Fourteen: Numb**

As Abby groggily began to wake up, completely in the dark, she found that she felt very warm. It was the body next to her, the strong arms that surrounded her body. Her head was tucked under his chin and her face buried in his chest as she breathed, "Wally." She wrapped her arms around him securely, but something felt off. Wally's frame was only a little bigger than her own, but the one she held now was larger, and then suddenly the night's events flooded back into her mind. She gasped as she pushed away, finally seeing Hoagie's face by the moonlight as he shifted his position, his arms still around her.

She stared at him, his mouth slightly opened, as she listened to the soft rhythm of his breathing. She reached out and traced his lips with the tips of her fingers. This was her boyfriend, her *real* boyfriend, of almost seven years now. They had been together since they were fifteen years old, there had been none before him, and she used to think that there would be no one after him. Abby then moved her hand over to his cheek and tilted his head in her direction. She made her way closer to him before brushing her lips along his and pressing them together gently. She heard a content sigh escape him as she pulled away again. She loved this man, she did, but somehow being here, felt off.

Abby swallowed hard as she slowly pulled herself from Hoagie's arms, freezing as he groaned and tried to pull her closer. When the moment passed, she slipped out of bed and made her way to the closet to find a housecoat. Tying it up, she walked back over to the bed where the nightstand was located and picked the phone up off the receiver. She cringed as it beeped, reading that it wasn't fully charged yet. Not caring, she put it into her pocket and made her way to the bedroom door. She unlocked it slowly and only opened it as much as she needed to before she slid out, for the light in the hallway was never turned off.

She hastily made her way down the hall towards the bathroom, looking behind her with every few steps. Behind the closed door Abby sighed in relief. Taking out the phone she dialed a number she had mesmerized long ago.

Wally, lying in his hospital bed, watched his cousin, who was curled up in a chair in the corner when he heard a strange sound. Realizing it was his own phone vibrating, he reached out for it, which was located on some device he couldn't name. "W.B. here," he answered, his voice gruff from lack of sleep.

"Wally," Abby said in a small voice as she tried not to be heard by anyone else in the house.

"Abby!" Wally shot up in his bed, which he regretted immediately as surges of pain waved throughout his body. He opened his mouth and silently groaned for a moment before speaking again. "Where are you?" he asked hurriedly. "Are you safe? Did they hurt you?"

"I'm fine. I'm fine," she confirmed. "And you, they didn't hurt you too badly did they?"

Wally looked around the hospital room as he held his side. "No," he lied. "Trust me, I gave it as hard as I took it when it came to those cruddy bastards."

"Abby?"

Wally heard a male voice in the background.

Abby gasped before whispering, "shoot."

Wally frowned. "Who is that?"

"I don't have much time," she said quickly.

"Fine. Just tell me where you are-"

"Abby, answer me."

"Listen to me, Wally."

"-I'll swear I'll come get you."

"You were never part of the plan."

"What?"

"I was with you because I wanted to be."

"Abby?" The voice was louder than before.

"What are you talking about?" Wally was confused. "Who's with you?" he asked again, but he never got his answer as she hung up in his face.

Abby flushed the toilet to hide the sound of her hiding the phone under the sink. "I'm in the bathroom, Hoagie. I'll be out in a moment," she told him as she then turned on the water in the sink and washed her hands for good measure.

Then as she turned the door knob, she placed a smile on her face and greeted her boyfriend. "Honestly, Hoagie, a girl can't have a minute by herself?"

"Woke up and you weren't there," he said, ignoring her question as he walked into the bathroom and closed the door shut behind him. "For a moment, when I called out and you didn't answer me, I thought maybe I dreamed you were here," he told her, before placing a playful smile on his face as he took her by the waist and hoisted her up onto the counter next to the sink.

"There's no dream," she whispered as she wrapped her arms around his head and he placed himself in between her legs before softly kissing her lips. As their kisses became more passionate, more hungry, Abby felt her body start to stir with desire for the man in front of her. As their mouths finally parted and Hoagie untied her housecoat, exposing her mocha brown skin to the air.

Hoagie smiled down at the cute little panties that she wore as he pushed the housecoat down her arms. When they became free, Abby reached for him and drew him near her again as he wrapped his arms around her. Abby's tongue then snaked out and licked Hoagie's earlobe before biting down on it. Hoagie shuddered at the mixture of pleasure and pain. "Why don't you ever kiss me?" she asked him after releasing his ear.

Hoagie drew back and looked at her curiously. "But I do kiss you," he told her, thinking maybe he had missed something.

He then watched as a dark blush came to her cheeks. "No, what I mean is . . ." she seemed embarrassed. "Why don't you kiss me . . . down there?" she asked.

Hoagie immediately frowned, which caused the giggle on Abby's lips to cut itself short. Hoagie backed away and leaned on the opposite wall as he crossed his arms over his chest. He then tilted his head to one side as he spoke. "So tell me," he began. "Which one of them has got you spoiled."

"What?" Abby asked offended by the question. "I am anything, but spoiled, Hoagie," she told him as she closed her legs and crossed her ankles.

"I was the first you were ever with and you've never asked me to do that before."

Abby scoffed. "Well, excuse me for wanting to do something new." She slipped back on her housecoat, the mood destroyed with his comment. "Heaven forbid, that I be satisfied."

Hoagie pushed himself up off the wall. "What the hell is that suppose to mean?"

Abby closed her eyes as she shook her head, her fingers pressing on her temple. "Nothing. It just came out wrong."

"Is that why you didn't want to do anything earlier?" he asked, stepping closer. "I don't satisfy you? I don't measure up or something?"

Abby hopped down off the counter and redid her robe. "I never said that," she said softly, not looking at him.

"Are you trying to tell me you rather be with Lawrence? Huh?" he asked angrily, taking her chin and forcing her to look at him. "You would go against the Senthos family for him?"

"No!" she yelled back as she pushed down his hand. "I don't want Lawrence. He was the mark for crying out loud!"

"What about the other? His cousin? The one you fracked for fun?"

"I do not want to get in to this with you, alright?" she opened the door. "I'm going to bed," she announced and stepped out. "And I suggest you sleep elsewhere," she told him as she made her way down the hall, but was grabbed by the arm and forced up against the wall before she could really go anywhere. She let out a small cry in pain.

Hoagie drew back his arm as he balled his hand up into a fist. Abby's eyes grew wide with fear as she thought, *he wouldn't*. And then Abby saw his fist coming closer to her face. She closed her eyes as she waited for the blow. She then heard the sound of something being struck, but it wasn't her. She opened her eyes to see that Hoagie had ended up hitting the wall.

Hoagie breathed heavily as he looked down at her. He had never seen that look on her before, as if she was afraid of him. He shook his head as released her and took a step back. What the hell was he thinking? He had always been patient with her and had never thought to lay a hand on her before. "Abby," he tried reaching out for her again, but to his surprise, she jumbed. Hoagie then lowered his eyes. "Fine," he finally spoke. "I'll be in Tommy's room," he said before he made his way in the opposite direction.

Hoagie quietly stunk into his brother's room and headed toward the sofa bed that was located in the corner. "You know," Hoagie jumped when he heard Tommy speak, "you forgive her way too easily," he commented.

"Shut up and go back to sleep," he told his younger brother as he pulled out the bed.

Tommy sat up on his elbows and watched his brother. "I used to think, when it came to your

relationship, you wore the pants, but I see now that that little dog has got you wrapped around her pinkie."

Hoagie threw the sofa cushion at him. "Don't talk about the future mother of my children like that," he warned.

Tommy laughed. "Please, she just kicked you out of your own bed. Doesn't look like I'll be an uncle any time soon."

"We uh- we had a fight," he told him reluctantly.

"I know, I heard," he informed him. "Thin walls." Tommy sighed as he watched his brother lay down to rest. "I know how you feel about her, Hoagie, but it's time to let that one go. She ain't worth it."

"She's been with me since the beginning, Tom. She loves me. She would do *anything* for me."

"Yeah, she loves you," he began sarcastically. "That's why she fracked around on your @\$\$," he argued.

Hoagie tucked his arms under his head and stared at the ceiling. "She didn't. She only did what I asked her to."

"No, Hoagie. You told her to get close Lawrence, not bed him. She did that on her own accord."

"Just shut up. I'm trying to sleep," he said before rolling over.

Tommy tossed back his sheets and moved so he could now look at his brother as he laid on this stomach. "Abby and Lawrence was nothing. I know it, you know it, and she knows it. But her and that Beatles guy. . ." he trailed off, having his brother fill in the blanks. "I've watched them together, Hoagie, and you know as well as I do, she was with him before she met up with Lawrence-"

"Stop it!" Hoagie yelled out as he set up. "You have your own problems with Beatles, but they aren't mine."

Tommy looked at him cruelly. "This whole thing *started* because of the Lawrence family and what they took away from me! That *incident* will not go unpunished. My problems are your problems," he made clear. "Besides, if you didn't see Beatles as a threat, you would have never slept with Allison and left her damn panties in Abby's nightstand for her find." Tommy expected his brother to defend himself angrily, but Hoagie said nothing, he just simply laid back down. "Hoagie?" he called softly into the darkness.

"I'm tired, Tommy, please just let me sleep," his older brother asked of him.

"You said she would do anything for you, right?" Tommy suddenly asked, causing Hoagie to look at him strangely. "Prove it to me," he requested with a smile.

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Abby laid in her bed silently as tried to fall back to see, but found it useless. She had barely spoken to

Hoagie in about a year, so that Gavin wouldn't grow suspicious, and what does she do her first night back with him? She picks a fight. She sighed as she buried her face in her pillow and let out a frustrated scream. She then gasped and slightly jumped when she heard the bedroom door open. She turned her head and found Hoagie poking his head in. He looked so shy standing there by himself, so Abby sadly smile at him.

At her smile, Hoagie came into the room and slipped into bed. He brought his hand up and caressed her face. "I over reacted," he admitted. "I'm sorry."

Abby shook her head. "No," she began as she placed her hand on top of his. "I provoked you. I should have just kept my mouth shut."

"Don't say that," he told her as he tilted his forehead and rested it upon hers. "Don't ever hold back what you need from me," he said as he slid his hand down the curves of her body. "Don't ever be afraid to speak your mind." His hand then found the rim on her panties. "There are a lot people in my life who fear me, and I couldn't stand if you were one of them."

"I don't fear you," she reassured him as he tugged at her underwear and she reached down to help take them off. She then sat up and her own hands found the top of his pajama buttons and together they pulled them off.

Abby then climbed on top of him and he reached out for her, bring her down to him to kiss her with all the love he possessed in his heart. "I love you, Abigail Lincoln."

She smiled at him as he rolled her over onto her back. With her hands against his chest, she responded, "I love you too, Hoagie P. Gilligan-Senthos." She then felt warm kisses litter her body as he trailed his way down, spreading her legs as he did so.

"Do you really?" he asked of her, not looking up from his task. She gave him the answer he wanted to hear and so he traveled a little further down her body. "What would you do to prove it?" he continued with his questions.

"Anything," she whispered as she ran her fingers through his short brown hair and watched as his tongue slipped into her bellybutton causing her to quiver beneath him as she tried to hold in her giggles.

"Good," he said before raising up and pressing his lips against hers. When the kiss ended he looked at her seriously, she blinked a little in confusion. "Earlier, I told you I would only ask you for one more thing, you remember?" Abby nodded her head. "It's been bumped up to two."

"Hoagie-"

"Let me finish," he told her. He then stared at her for what seemed like endless moments. "When you're done with school," he took a breath, "I want you to be my wife."

Abby didn't response at first, she just merely looked at him, then as the words sunk in, a huge smile spread across her face and she screamed in excitement, wrapping her arms around him and pulling him

closer as she kicked her legs up and down.

"Shut the frack up!" Tommy yelled from down the hall.

Hoagie threw back his head and laughed at her reaction, inwardly sighing in relief, he had actually been worried there for a moment, but Hoagie was still not finished. "Calm down, Abby," he told her trying to loosen himself from her vice like grip. "There's one more thing, I need to ask."

Abby tried to stop her happy giggle and placed a hand over her mouth to do so, but it really didn't work. Hoagie could see the happiness in her eyes, she really did want to marry him, with that he asked his final question, which was more of a request. "As a present to me," he began. "I want you to eliminate Wallabee Beatles." Hoagie felt her tense up at his words and watched as the joy in her eyes slipped away. She no longer had to hide her smile, for it was no longer there. "Abby?" he said gently after a moment. "Will you do it?"

"Of course," she replied in a small voice.

Hoagie smiled down at her before continuing where he left off with his kisses before giving Abby what she had asked for earlier. Abby turned her head away before closing her eyes tightly, she felt none Hoagie's loving kisses, for all she felt, was numb.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 8 - Part Eight

### Chapter Fifteen: Broken Alliance

“Mushi!”

The syllables of her name, were the only sound that passed through the man's ears as he looked at the young girl in front of him. Everything else around him was silence; everything else around him no longer existed. He was alone in the dark and the only thing he could see was her. Her big brown eyes were wide with surprise as she stared at the one who had shot her, but amazingly enough trust was still evident as the moon shined into the alleyway where they both stood.

The sound of footsteps entered into his world next, louder and louder they grew until they suddenly stopped. “Mushi!” Came the sound of the name again as another rushed into his view. “What did you do!” she screamed. “Wally, what the hell did you do?”

Wally only blinked as he saw the young girl, Mushi, fall into her sister's arms. She was covered in a dull red liquid as she held herself tightly. Wally tried to look away only to find that he too was covered in his strange red water. He then licked his lips nervously, but frowned. Once his lips had tasted of his girlfriend's mango flavored lip gloss, but now as he tasted metallic, realizing it was blood, he knew mango would never taste the same again. The taste would forever be tainted for him. Wally then looked to his hand, a cold silver weapon resided there and he immediately dropped to the ground as he finally realized what he had just done.

More footsteps could be heard from behind, more than one set this time. Faster they traveled than the last, heavy breathing could be heard from one before Wally softly heard, “No. Please, God, no.” A young boy stepped into his vision before falling to his knees beside Kuki and Mushi. “Keep your eyes open, baby,” the young man gathered Mushi's bloody body in his arms. “Just keep them open,” he tried to keep his voice calm, but it shook despite his best efforts. His eyes then grew wide as hers slowly slid shut. “Hoagie!” screamed the younger boy calling to his brother. “She needs help!” he told him as Kuki ripped apart of her own dress to apply pressure to Mushi's wound.

“We got to get out of here and now!” she demanded. “Come on, Mushi,” she pleaded through her oncoming tears. “Just hang in there.” Then all of sudden Kuki's ears perked up, followed by her head. She looked around and realized her entire group was within her eye sight. “Get down!” she yelled as her torso turned before she made a dive for Wally's discarded gun. “Tom!” she cried before the boy covered his body over Mushi's.

The moment he did bullets ranged out from all directions. “Down!” Wally heard Gavin shout out as his hands along with Hoagie's grabbed onto him and forced him to the ground. Wally couldn't tell how many surrounded them as his cousin and Hoagie returned fired along with Kuki.

Then as quickly as it had started, it was silent, silent that is except for the sound of panting from the small group. “Is everyone okay?” Kuki asked, checking her gun. They all nodded as they began to

stand careful.

Kuki walked over to Wally and dug in his coat pocket as she allowed the empty mag to fall from her gun and replace with it a new one. She did this all without directly looking at him. "Kuki, I-"

"Let's get out of here," she interrupted him and then she turned around and began walking. "I'll go on ahead. We need to get my sister to a hospital," she told them before disappearing down the alley.

Tommy tried to lift Mushi up off the ground, but the tears he shared had made him weak and he struggled. He then felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up to see his brother. Tommy rose and Hoagie took his place before lifting Mushi into his arms and the three disappeared down the alley after Kuki.

Then there was only Gavin and Wally. Wally looked to his cousin. "I didn't mean it," he finally whispered. "I swear, I didn't mean it. I didn't know she had fallen behind, I thought she was with you guys. I never meant-"

"I know, W.B.," Gavin reassured him. "I know."

OoOoO

Wally sighed as he laid in his hospital bed. The alliance between the Lawrence and the Senthos family, had once been strong, but it was still very new at the time, only three months into it actually, and so they often went out as a group to get to know each other and to strengthen their trust, but everything had changed after that night.

They had all gone out to dinner to celebrate Mushi's fifteen birthday, and everything was going fine. Wally and Hoagie discovered that night, that they were both into Yipper Trading Cards, when they were younger, and were making plans to meet up and play a few hands. While they did that, Gavin was making fun of Kuki and her Rainbow Monkey collection, telling her she was too old for such a thing. While Mushi and Tommy, who had been dating before the alliance was established, were the reason that both families came together.

Kuki had then turned from Gavin and asked Hoagie if he had a girlfriend, he had told her that he did, but she was away on her senior trip since she had just graduated from high school. Before Kuki could ask anything more about her, a window was broken behind them and a fire arose in the restaurant. Shots then flew into the building, causing panic and confusion among the people inside. As they stood up to leave, they noticed the members from a rival family entering into the restaurant. That's when Wally and his group had taken for the back door. Wally had been sure he was the last one out among them. He knew he was, so how Mushi had fallen behind was still a mystery to him.

After she died, Tommy blamed her death on Wally, and so both families severed all ties with each other. And though Kuki, told him she knew it was an accident, their relationship was on shaky ground. They were fighting all the time and when they weren't doing that they were ignoring each other. So Wally, finally having enough, had gone to Gavin, telling him he just needed to get away for a little while. He just need some space from her. He needed to breathe, because it wasn't helping Wally that the Sanban sisters looked so much like. So Gavin gave in to him and let him go on out of town trips to handle the legal parts of the family business. This left Gavin to deal with the lonely Kuki, who found comfort within him, which eventually led to their own affair.

The night Wally had lost control after learning about their affair, wasn't only because he was heartbroken, but because he knew everything was his fault. He was the one that had led them all on this train of events. He was the reason, he and Kuki were always at odds, he was the reason the alliance was broken, he was the reason, he and his cousin, though they loved each other, would never truly trust each other again, and lastly, he was the reason, the Senthos had taken Abby. He just couldn't just sit still anymore.

"What are you doing?" Gavin asked as he watched Wally pull out the I.V. in his hand and detach the other devices stuck to his body. His heart monitor flat lined.

"Getting out of here," he told Gavin as several nurses rushed in to the door and asked him the same question as one went and turned off the monitor.

"Please, Mr. Beatles, you aren't in any condition to go anywhere. Please just get back in bed," one nurse urged him.

"Just listen to her W.B.," Gavin agreed with her.

"Where's my doctor?" he ignored them. "I'm checking out," he insisted as he gently pushed the nurse off of him. "Gavin, my clothes."

"Boy, you're being reckless. Get back in bed before you hurt yourself!" Gavin demanded.

Wally looked him straight in the eye. "I'm sorry about the affair. I'm sorry, I hurt you, I am," he said him truthfully. "But understand, I—" he exhale before he hung his head and closed his eyes. There was no way around it. He could lie to himself, but knew he'd lied to Gavin for far too long. Wally then looked at his cousin once again. "But I love her, and I'm going after her Gavin, with or without you." A mixture of concern and fear filled his eyes as he asked softly. "Are you with me?"

Gavin was quiet for a moment as he looked at his now fragile looking little cousin. His thoughts ran back to the other day, when he had thought he had lost him. He remembered praying, and telling God he would do anything, *anything*, if he would just let Wally wake up, if he would just let him live. And He had been kind to him and answered his small little pray, that meant so much. Gavin, knew he would never forgive himself if he allowed something to happen to Wally or the rest of his family at that matter. He would fulfill his part of his bargain with God. "You've always stood behind me, W.B., even when you didn't want to." He walked over to him and placed his hand on Wally's shoulder. "Now it's my turn to stand behind you."

Wally placed his hand on top of the one resting on his shoulder. He avoided eye contact. "You're not angry?" he asked.

"I was," Gavin declared as he sighed. "But a person can't make someone else love them, no matter how much they try, I see that now. But don't get me wrong, I still love that bird, but her heart doesn't belong to me and I don't think it ever has and I'm man enough to admit that."

Wally then finally made eye contact. "Thank you," he told him before taking a step into him and hugging

him.

"Nurse," Gavin called out as he embraced his cousin. "Please, go find the doctor for us, he's checking out."

"Of course," she replied as the other nurses followed her out the room.

"Gavin?" Wally pulled away from him and sat back down on the bed. His eyes were different from before, Gavin noted. "Remember when I asked you to hold that key for me back when—" he pressed his lips together for a moment. "Back after Mushi died?"

Gavin shook his head from side to side. "No, Wally, don't push yourself," he warned him.

"I want the key," he told him.

"After the other week. . . are you sure you're ready?" Gavin asked him.

"I'll only know then," Wally told him truthfully.

Gavin nodded. "It's at the house. We'll go and get it."

Wally picked up his phone. "She called me," he began. "In the middle of the night. You were sleeping."

"What?" Gavin looked surprised. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

He shrugged. "I'm telling you now. I'm also telling you. . . she sounded scared." Wally nervously played with his phone. "I tried to call the number back, but all it does is ring. I won't lose her again, Gavin."

Gavin nodded his head, as he understood, but then looked to Wally curiously. "What do you mean again?" he asked.

"What?" Wally looked up with a blank expression.

"You said, 'I won't lose her again,'" he told him.

Wally just shook his head before pressing his fingers against his temple. "I feel a headache coming on. Could you go get me something for it?" he asked him.

Gavin was quiet for a moment as he studied Wally. "Sure," he told him at last before heading towards the door. In the doorway he paused and turned around "W.B.?" he began, there was something he had to know. Wally turned his body towards him to listen. "Where did you meet Abigail?"

"At the acad—" he stopped himself and once again looked confused. "No uh, the arcade?" he answered, but didn't seem sure. "Yeah," he finally convinced himself. "At an arcade convention."

"Alright, just sit tight," was all Gavin said, before going to find a nurse.

**Chapter Sixteen: Through All Truths**

"You're *what*?" Kris couldn't believe what she had just been told. So surprised by the news alone she had to sit down and was thankful the couch was nearby as she plopped down.

"Hoagie and I are back together," Abby repeated herself to her friend.

Kris shook her head from side to side as she tried to understand. "Then why don't you sound too excited about it?" she wondered. "Besides, I thought you and Gavin were still going strong. What happened with him?"

"Things just didn't work out between us," she explained. "Oh, and I have more good news," Kris could hear the false cheeriness in her voice already, "Hoagie asked me to marry him. We're planning on setting a date for next year."

Kris gave a tired little sigh. "Are you sure you want to do that, Abby? I mean, don't you remember last time-"

"It's different now." Abby interrupted her. "Can't- can't you just be happy for me?"

"How can I?" Kris asked. "When I know, that is a matter of weeks, you'll be crying on my shoulder because of something Hoagie did to upset you, yet, not tell me what it is?" Kris stood up and paced around her living room. "Do you really want to go through that again? I mean, you were doing so good, Abby. You're almost done with school and Gavin was-"

"I don't need a lecture, Kris!" Abby stated, anger growing in her voice. "I need a friend."

There was a moment of silence between them before Kris spoke again. "Fine," she finally responded. She then apologized. "Look how about you come over and we hang out for a little while, huh?" she suggested. "I mean, I've barely seen you this summer. Home girl is starting to feel neglected."

"I wish I could, but. . ." Abby trailed off.

"But what?"

Abby answered her in a small voice. "I'm not allowed to leave yet."

Kris' brow furrowed. "Allowed?" she repeated the word. "What do you mean not allowed? You're a grown damn woman." There came no response to her comment. "Abby?" she called curiously. "Abby?" she said a little louder.

"Kris! Listen to me quickly," Abby spoke hurriedly. "Do you remember that Christmas party you attended with me two years ago – near the lake?" She didn't give her time to answer. "That's where I am. I can't leave yet, so you have to contact Gavin for me. You have to tell him-"

"What the hell are you doing!" Kris suddenly heard the almost familiar, voice of an angry man, which made her stop her pacing completely. "Who are you talking to?" he demanded to know.

"No one!" was Abby's immediate response. "Just my roommate from school, I swear!" There was panic all in her words.

"Who is this?" Kris heard herself being addressed.

"Who am I?" Kris asked, wondering where he had gotten the nerve to speak to her like that. "Who the frack are you?" She then said quickly, "Wait a minute – I don't care. Put Abby back on the phone!" she ordered, but she was ignored.

"I told you no calls!" he shouted.

"I'm sorry!" Abby cried back.

"Sorry? I show you sorry." Kris than heard the phone slammed back onto the hook. She pulled the phone away from her ear at the harsh sound.

"Abby?" she called when she put it back to ear, not knowing why, as she already knew it was too late. Kris than threw the house phone on the couch before grabbing her purse and running out the door. She didn't know how, but she had to find Gavin. . .

"Well?" Tommy probed, leaning back up after slamming the phone back on the hook. "How was I?" he asked as he looked down at Abby sitting on the bed.

Abby nodded her head approvingly up at him. "Pretty good, though you did go just a *little* over the top." She indicated by lifting her hand and making a small space between her thumb and index fingers.

He rolled his eyes. "I'm a little out of practice with my acting skills," he explained. "But I liked that shiver you had in your voice as you went, "I'm sorry!"" he told her with a playful manner, which seemed to be rare these days.

"Wasn't too hard to fake," she look stubbornly at him. "Considering the way you treated me the other day."

Tommy opened his mouth to speak, but just sucked on his teeth as if in thought. "I didn't know if you could still be trusted."

"And now?" she wondered.

"Ask me again, when the bug is dead," he told her before he turned around and headed towards the door. "Get ready. It should only be a matter of time before Lawrence and Beatles find out about the lake house. We need to get there before they do."

"Alright," she agreed without protest as she stood up, slightly shaking.

"It'll be your first kill, won't it?" Tommy stopped where he stood and asked with his back to her.

"Don't ask questions you already know the answers to, Tom," she told him as she looked down at her

hands and balled them up into a fist, trying to stop their shaking.

"You know," Abby turned to him curiously as his voice was grown soft. "I wish you could have met Mushi." Abby lowered her gaze at the name of the girl Tommy had cared for so much. "Even when you do wrong toward this family, there is still a loyalty in you that ties you to us. And I know that it has to do with my brother. I can only wish, if Mushi had lived, that she would have shown me half the dedication and the love you have shown to Hoagie."

Abby smiled sadly. "And here I was thinking you didn't like me."

Tommy whipped his head around quickly. "I don't," he made clear. "But when you've given my brother his wedding gift and your hands are as stained as ours," he thought out his words. "I will treat you as you are – wife of the future head of this family and with it you will have my unquestioning loyalty. But make no mistake because you won't have it a moment before."

"Understandable."

"Good," was his response before he started to continue towards the door, but before Tommy reached the doorway Hoagie had appeared in front of him. Abby gasped loudly as she covered her mouth with her hand as she watched Hoagie backhand his little brother across the face with a resounding *smack*. Tommy, caught off guard, stumbled back before falling to the floor, face down.

The younger Senthos slowly turned his torso to look up at his big brother from the ground. Abby witnessed, Tommy's nothing less than hardcore expression regress to that of a small child who had displeased their most admired sibling. "Wh- what did I do?" Tommy stuttered as his hand went to rest on the now stinging flesh of his cheek.

Hoagie squatted down beside Tommy and removed his hand from his cheek, as if telling him to take the punishment like the man he so much tried to be. "I have eyes all around me, little brother," Hoagie began darkly. "Now tell me, what could you have possibly done to piss me off at you, *at you!*" he stressed the last two words as it was rare for Hoagie to show anger towards Tommy in such a physical manner.

Tommy looked to be pondering over his brother's question. He then slightly lifted his head as his eyes came into contact with Abby's for just a moment too long. He then looked back to Hoagie. "I don't know," was his answer, which was not the answer Hoagie wanted to hear and so smacked him again with a force that was sure to leave a bruise. Tommy immediately hit the floor once again. He bared his teeth as he felt the blood run from his nose and drip onto the carpet. He breathed heavily as he picked himself back up.

"Hoagie!" Abby stepped forward, she couldn't watch this. "Hoagie, stop. You're going to hurt him. Please, don't do anything you know you'll regret later. Please stop," she asked him.

"It wo- it won't happen again. . . I swear," Tommy promised, not looking at Hoagie. "I'm sorry. I am."

Hoagie's face softened as he sighed after hearing his brother's apology. *What's gotten into me?* he asked himself before putting his hand on Tommy's shoulder. "I know," he reassured him gently. "Come on."

He then helped the other up off the floor. "Did you make that call?" he addressed towards Abby.

"Yes, just a few minutes ago," she informed him calmly.

"Good, every thing is on schedule then. Carlos is going to drive you to the lake house, alright? He's down the hall. Tom and I will be right behind you. The two of us have a few things to discuss," Hoagie instructed her.

"Alright," she replied and picked up her purse before leaving Hoagie and Tommy in the bedroom. As she got to the end of the hall she recognized the guy who had driven her and Tommy the night she was brought back to Hoagie. "You're Carlos?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am." He nodded his head.

"Well then, come on, we don't have all day," she walked ahead of him towards the front door. "Oh and Carlos," she began. "Just so you know, when I am Mrs. Senthos, you and I are going to have a little talk about about a few things." She turned her head to him and smiled. "Okay?" Carlos only nodded at her sweet expression.

Abby had realized exactly what Hoagie was talking about the moment Tommy had looked into her eyes from his position on the floor. The way he had treated her that night she had been taken away from Wally, she knew was something he shouldn't have done, but to tell Hoagie was her choice and her choice alone.

Though she had thought about it that first night, she later on decided Hoagie did not need to know, for Tommy had thought he had had his brother's best interest at heart, as he had not fully been debriefed on the plan, and so she realized she could not blame him for that. So Carlos giving Hoagie information that looked as if Tommy was anything, but loyal to his brother, was something Abby would not condone. OoOoO

Gavin slowly pulled up in front of his home. Wally sat on the passenger side as he held his torso slightly. Gavin turned to his cousin, he had been silent since they had checked out of the hospital. "W.B.-"

"I don't want to talk. I just want the damn key," his eyes were closed as he spoke.

"Don't be so hotheaded," Gavin told him. "When we don't even know where to start looking." He then added, "We need a plan, plain and simple. We just can't go charging into anything head first," he explained.

"You want a plan?" Wally finally turned to the other blonde headed boy. "Fine. We'll search all their properties and make Senthos' people talk."

Gavin turned off the engine as he groaned. "We don't know all of their territories!" He was getting tired of Wally's foolishness. "We never had a chance to learn them because of your inability to stop and *think!*" he yelled as he pointed towards his head to emphasize his point.

Wally frowned. "Well, why don't you just tell me how you really feel?" he said sarcastically. He then

slowly shook his head from side to side. "Dammit, it's been years, Gavin. So why don't you just finally grow the balls and say it." They stared at each other for a long time before Wally turned his head away before he nodded slightly. "I know you blame me," he began quietly. "For Mushi, the failed alliance, for Abby. . . right?" he asked slowly. Silence then passed between the two. "You know," he breathed, "your silence has always said more to me, than words ever could." Wally opened up the door and stepped out before heading towards the empty house.

"Yes!" Wally heard Gavin yell as he was half way up to the house. "Is that what you want to hear!" Wally turned around to see Gavin slam the car door before walking around the vehicle towards him. "I blame you! For *everything!*" he made clear. "With the alliance, with Senthos, we would have been set. We would have had a force, none of the other families could have penetrated or would have dared to tire, but instead what are we force to do? Fight those who should have been our people!"

Gavin slightly pushed Wally. "You're nothing more than a royal jackass! You had the love of a good woman. A woman who fully forgave you even after you *murdered* her little sister!" Gavin looked at him in disbelief. "And what did she get for that?" He looked at his cousin as if expecting him to answer. "Nothing, she got nothing. Because you let your own guilt for Mushi consume you without any regard for her. She was on the verge of suicide because of you!"

Wally looked at him in shock. "Suicide?" He had never known that.

"Yeah," Gavin confirmed softly as he nodded his head, closing his eyes as he recovered a painful memory. "I found her that night trying to eat a gun. If I had been just a moment later. . ." he trailed off before once again looking at Wally. "You left. . . expecting me to pick up the pieces and when I did."

"Bullshit!" Wally yelled at Gavin's words. "You did nothing, but stab me in the back and sleep with Kuki!"

"And you beat her for it!" Gavin shot back. "A pregnant woman, W.B., who still fracking loved you afterwards." Gavin took a step back and spread his arms out as he lick his lips and said calmly, "Yet, you left me untouched." He then asked, "What's wrong? Forgot that it takes two to make a baby?" He cocked his head to one side. "Or do you still think two plus two equals California?"

Wally took a step towards his cousin, pointed a finger at him. He opened his mouth to speak, but said nothing as he just lowered his hand and turned around. "We don't have time for this," he made clear. "Abby needs us."

"I was happy, you know," Gavin informed him out of the blue.

"What?" Wally slightly turned around.

"With Abigail," he clarified. "But I guess if you're miserable, everyone else around you has to be too, huh?" Wally only looked at him. "You destroy *everything* you touch," he breathed.

"You may have been happy, but the real question is, was she, Gavin?" Wally asked before he turned back around and headed towards the house, his question still lingering in his cousin's ears.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 9 - Part Nine

### Chapter Seventeen: Calm Before the Storm

Gavin soon followed Wally into their bullet ridden home. They couldn't stay here long, they both knew, as it wasn't safe. Wally looked to his cousin, his expression conveying his question. Gavin simply nodded before making his way up the stairs and into his bedroom. Wally watched him from the doorway as Gavin reached for something on the top shelf of his closet.

Wally blinked several times in surprise as he recognized the jewelry box that Gavin had pulled out. The box was Gavin's mother, and Wally couldn't help but wondered how he was able to keep it during their time at the orphanage. Everything they had ever owned had been taken from them at that point. They were stripped down of everything that made them them. . . that is of everything, but each other.

Gavin lovingly ran his fingers across the semi-scorched wooden jewelry box before lifting the lid. At this, Wally slowly approached his cousin and was once again surprised as he noticed the handful of pictures of them inside. "How did you—" Wally began to ask, but was cut off before he could finished.

"Here." Gavin shoved a ring box into Wally's hand. "This is what you wanted, right?" he asked before closing the precious box and putting it back in its proper place.

Wally took a step back as he looked at the small box in his hand. "Yeah," he found himself saying softly before turning around and going to his own room. The blonde headed boy then went about his task silently as he reached into a secret compartment under the build in bench of his window. He reached in and pulled out a metal box, which was covered in a thin layer of dusk. It had been years since he had thought about the content of what laid inside.

He then opened the small ring box that he had been given from Gavin and pulled out a long chain. At the end of the chain resided a key and with it he opened the metal box before him.

Inside laid twin custom made .44 specials. He held both in his hands as if supporting a new born child in his arms. He took in his beautiful pieces of weaponry, his name inscribed on the sides, before closing his eyes as he remembered the last time either had graced his fingertips. . . it had been the night Mushi had died.

After that night, he had put away his guns and promised himself he would never kill again. But Wally couldn't deny who he was, he knew it the moment Gavin held that silver gun in front of him back at the community center. He wanted to touch it so badly. He wanted nothing more than the feel its cool exterior on his skin as he held the handle tight.

He then remembered back when he was caught with Abby back in his hotel room. He remembered how his heart had suddenly stopped within his chest at the sound of the cocking piece, but it wasn't out of

surprise or even fear he realized later, not at that initial moment anyway. At that initial moment, his knee-jerk reaction was excitement.

It was strange, he knew, to miss the position he once had as his cousin's enforcer. He used to be such a violent person back in those days. A true bully to its full extent, but these weren't the old days, he concluded as he found his ammunition and loaded his guns. There was more at stake now. Wally's world had extended outside of his family; his loyalties stretched between them and the woman he had fallen in love with. He was going to get her back, he promised himself, no matter what that meant.

Wally stood after concealing his weapons within his clothing. He then went to find Gavin, because though he hated to admit, he did have a point about him being hot-headed when it came to things. Their words to each other had been heated before. They both had let out a lot of things they have been holding back from each other for a long time. Although some things were painful for the other to hear, they both knew that they were better off because of it. Because now, they could both get back on the path they were on before suspicion and mistrust started to take a greater role in their relationship. Wally then resolved that after today, he would never hide anything from Gavin again.

Wally finally made his way downstairs only to finally realize that Gavin was not within the house. He poked his head out the window and discovered him talking with a woman he had never seen before. She was a black woman, about their age, with short dark brown hair with green highlights, that strangely looked well on her.

Wally tilted his head a little in curiosity, as his eyes couldn't help but take in the form of her body as he noticed her curves were thick in all the right places. He blushed a little as he realized she reminded him a little of Abby. His blush was then followed by a frown as he turned his head away, but it was not for long as he snapped his head back in alarm with he suddenly heard a shriek from the stranger.

Wally's frown deepened as he saw that Gavin had angrily taken hold of the woman, who now looked very distressed as she shook her head and spoke frantically. "That's a lie!" Gavin yelled as he shook the woman roughly one time.

"shoot," Wally whispered to himself as he quickly made his way outside. "Gavin?" he called out before Gavin finally released the woman. "What in the world are you doing?" Gavin didn't answer him at first, but instead replied with nothing more than a blank face as he regarded his cousin. "Who is this?" he asked.

"Gavin, please," the woman spoke, slightly ignoring the man who had just join them. "I don't understand what you mean. All I know is that Abby needs you."

Wally's head immediately turned towards the woman. "What do you know about Abby?" he demanded to know with wide eyes.

"A lot, I'm her friend, Kris," she spoke. "Abby's-"

"No," Gavin cut her off, which caused Wally too look at him as if he were insane. "Go on home, Kris, I can handle things from here." Kris looked at him for a moment, his expression stern as he spoke. Kris nodded her head before stepping away and walking towards her car.

"No, wait!" Wally wanted to go after her, but Gavin held him back until she was out of their sight. Wally then pushed Gavin away hard. "What the hell is wrong with you?" he asked angrily. "She knew about Abby!"

"I know," Gavin began softly, so softly that Wally's angry expression melted from his features.

"What did she tell you?" he wanted to know.

Gavin sighed as he closed his eyes. "We- we can't go after Abigail," he told him with great difficulties.

"Why?" Wally began to shake his head from side to side. "She's not- she's not. . . is she?"

"No, she's alive, but W.B." He finally looked his cousin into his eyes. "Her loyalties do not lie with us. . . she is Senthos," he confessed.

Wally looked at him curiously, half believing that he had misheard the man before him. "What?"

"Kris confirmed it," he informed him. "She's been part of Senthos all along. I'm not sure, but I think maybe she was sent to destroy us from the inside."

You were never part of the plan, Wally instantly heard the words in his head as he remembered the phone conversation he had with Abby the other night. He had no time to worry about it then, but now he couldn't help, but to clue in on it. If you must think I belong to someone. . . let it be you and in return let you be mine.

"No," he told his cousin. "She's mine and I'm going after her," he laid down the law. "I promised that-

Gavin shook his head. "You're not listening to me!" he yelled.

"That Kris girl, did you tell you where she was?" Wally once again ignored his cousin. "Just tell me where she is and I'll go on my own." he began reaching for his cousin's keys in his pocket.

Gavin struggled as he tried to push the other's hands away. "She's Senthos, W.B., doesn't that mean anything to you?" he asked.

Wally finally managed to grab his keys. "Not one bit," he admitted before heading toward the car.

"You don't even know where to start," Gavin called after him.

"I'll just track down Kris."

"Going after her is a trap," he told him. "Don't you see? They wanted this from the beginning. For us to care about her, to the point where we would follow her blindly into anything," he laid out his theory.

"I don't care. I know she isn't Senthos. I can feel it inside of me," he replied before he came to a sudden stop when he found a hand on his shoulder.

He turned and met a pair of green eyes, which were much like his own, yet so different. There was then a silence as each looked at each other. "She means a lot to you, doesn't she?" he asked, only now comprehending a small bit of what his cousin was willing to risk for her.

"More than I can ever let her know," he confessed to his cousin.

"But her loyalties-"

"Lie with me," Wally spoke not able to help the tears brimming in his eyes.

"But how can you be so sure?" He seemed so convinced that Gavin had to know.

"I told you," Wally placed his hand over his heart, "I can feel it." He then searched his cousin's eyes. "There's more to her than you know. Just trust me on this," he begged of him.

Gavin nodded. "Then I will, but if we go after her, it'll be on my terms."

Wally blinked in confusion. "We?"

Gavin smiled. "You have always stood by me, Wally," he said the other's first name for the first time in a long time. "Now it is my turn to stand by you," he told him seriously.

Wally closed his eyes and lowered his head as he stepped into his cousin and wrapped his arms around him. Gavin smiled sadly as he did the same and returned Wally's embrace. "Thank you," Wally whispered softly.

OoOoO

"Hoagie, we need to talk. . . now," Abby announced to Hoagie in the doorway of a room where he resided with several other men. Hoagie turned from them and curiously looked at Abby. "Lawrence isn't coming," she whispered.

Hoagie excused himself before he stood from his seat and ushered Abby into the room across the hall. "Explain," he demanded as he closed the door behind them.

"It's been a week and apparently I didn't make the impact I thought I had," she began, as she took a seat in the small office like room. "I have very discouraging news," she told him.

Hoagie sat across from her in a chair as he saw the nervousness filter onto her face. "What is it?" he asked.

Abby sighed before she began. "I placed another called to Kris." She shalowed hard. "They know I'm Senthos," she informed him.

"What? How could she be so careless?" Hoagie asked angrily.

Abby stood up and settled herself in Hoagie's lap. "It's not her fault," she told him, trying to calm him quickly, as he wrapped his arms around her. "We've been friends for awhile, but I never told her about what was really going on. There was no way she could have known the damage she would cause." Abby shook her head. "Please, don't be angry. I know, it was stupid of me not to tell her what to say. . . I'm sorry."

"No, no, it's alright," he reassured her before he closed his eyes and rested his head on Abby's chest as she rested her chin on top of his head. "It just seems. . ." he thought out loud. "If they aren't coming to us, we'll just have to go to them."

Abby frowned. "Do you- do you still want me to kill Lawrence's cousin?" she asked carefully.

"Well, of course, no matter how the plans may change that is always the objective," he explained.

"I understand, it's just. . ." she trailed off, conflict written all over her face.

Hoagie pulled away so that he could look upon her. "It's just what?"

"If he knows who I am, how can I get close enough to do that?" her question was valid.

Hoagie gave her a smile of relief. For a while there he really did think that she was harboring feelings for the blonde man that his brother wanted dead so badly, but with each passing day, she reminded him of how much her heart belonged to him. It was so good to have her back. He had missed her so much that he wasn't all too sure how he done without her for so long.

Hoagie's smile of relief than turned into one of mischief as he regarded, who he had not doubt, would be his future wife, as she sat on his lap. "Come here," he told her huskily as he took a hold of her neck with one of his hands and brought her mouth down to meet his. Abby couldn't help but smile as his sweet and gentle kisses became more aggressive and hungry; each of their tongues fighting for dominance as Abby slowly guided him against the chair they were sitting in.

Their kiss continued as Hoagie's other hand ran itself across her thighs, which were covered by the low rider jeans she was wearing. Abby was the one who broke their kiss, for air, as Hoagie's hand had made its way up her body and underneath her shirt, his fingers tracing a pattern on her smooth skin. Abby closed her eyes and sighed happily as Haogie's lips came to reside on her neck where he had begun to make his mark.

Abby's face then winced in pain as Hoagie slightly bit into her skin. He then pulled back and slightly chuckled when he heard her sharp intake of air. Abby kissed his nose lightly as she indicated she was getting out of the chair. Hoagie frowned with this gesture as he would not allow her to leave his touch. "I'm not going anywhere, Hoagie bear," she told him sweetly as she gave him back his hands before turning around and heading towards the door. Hoagie continued to frown until he saw that Abby only had gone to the door to lock it. He then watched the woman in front him make her way back to him as she began to undo her jeans.

Not one to be left behind, Hoagie stood and greeted her when she returned, getting out of his own pants as well. Abby then slid her own jeans down her long slender legs before tossing them across the room,

but she wasn't paying attention to where they were going and they landed on top of the desk behind them, knocking over the small desk lamp that rested on it. There was a clash that startled both of them as the lamp hit the floor.

Abby's eyes grew wide with the sudden sound as she turned to look at the mess. "Oops," she giggled as she turned back to Hoagie, who only shook his head from side to side. "Don't give me that look, Senthos," she told him in mock anger as she pushed him roughly back into the office chair. It was a light green color, that clashed horribly with the rest of the room, but Hoagie refused to get rid of it for reasons only he knew.

Abby then lowered herself to her knees and sat on her legs, where she then began to untie Hoagie's shoes before pulling them off and placing them beside the chair. She then yanked off his pants and boxers, which had made their home around his ankles. With his pants now crumpled next to his shoes, Hoagie leaned toward as Abby rose to her knees to meet his lips with a heated passion as she rested her hands on his thighs.

Their kisses soon calmed and evened out before Abby placed a kiss on his chin and then his neck. Hoagie's eyes closed as he allowed his skin to enjoy the sensation of his lover's touch. Abby's hands then found the bottom on his shirt and she lifted it up, exposing Hoagie's chest. Hoagie fell back into the chair once again as Abby's wet, warm tongue played with his nipple. "Ow," he said softly, as Abby took it with her teeth and gently began to pull.

"Don't be a baby," she told him playfully as her kisses once again started to work their way down his midsection. Hoagie then opened his eyes so that he could watch her as his blood began to rush to the lower parts of his body.

Abby then took his rising member into her hand and slowly began to stock him lovingly. Hoagie gave a small shudder in excitement as her cool fingers fondled his hot skin. He then ran his own fingers through her long dark curls before he felt the entire length of himself engulfed into the concaves of Abby's mouth. His head immediately fell forward, his breathing becoming strained as she picked up her pace, her head bobbing rapidly against his rod of flesh.

Abby's mouth was once again replaced by her hand as she came up for air, but she continued to kiss and lick him as her hand with to play with his balls. She was then taken by surprise when Hoagie's grip on her hair tighten and he tired to pull her away. "St- stop," he told her, which caused Abby to look at him oddly. "I don't want to cum yet," he told her as he once again open his eyes.

He then guided Abby to stand before him and as she did his hands with to her hips, his breathing still heavy as he pulled down her tan colored satin panties to her feet before she stepped out of them. Abby then placed her hands on Hoagie's shoulders, ready to lower herself onto him. "No," Hoagie said as he took her wrists, his mischief smile invading his features for the second time that day. "Turn around for me," he asked of her.

Abby returned his smile before doing what was asked of her. Hoagie placed one hand on her hip as his other went to his cock to steady it as Abby finally lowered herself onto him. Hoagie practically purred as Abby arched her back into him and gradually began to grind herself against him. Her head fell onto his shoulder as she lifted her arm and her hand grabbed a handful of his brown hair as she moaned in

pleasure. Which intensified when she discovered Hoagie's hands sliding up her midsection, underneath her shirt, until both of his hands firmly took her breasts. With her free hand, Abby reached in between her legs and squeezed Hoagie's balls as she continued to rocking against him.

Suddenly, after several minutes, Abby screamed as Hoagie had wrapped his arms around her and without warning stood, picking her up as he did so. He turned around, gently placing Abby on her knees on the cushion of the chair before hiking his foot up on the couch as well. She braced herself on the bookshelf the chair was against right before Hoagie brought his hand back and slapped her @\$\$ one good time before readjusting himself and filling his lover's wet and waiting hole.

Hoagie moaned loudly as he watched himself withdraw and enter his lover again and again. "Harder," Abby demanded and Hoagie gladly obliged as he slammed himself into her, producing a wet slapping sound in the process. Abby grunted and moaned with each thrust. "Oh God, yes," she vocalized as Hoagie had reached around and several of his fingers found her now swollen clitoris and roughly began to massage it.

"Baby," Hoagie's voice was barely audible as he spoke. "I'm about to—" his sentence was cut off as his orgasm hit him hard and he came in a series of hot, fierce spurts as he emitted one, long blissful groan as he felt Abby's insides tense and convulse around him, indicating she was cumming as well.

Completely spent, Hoagie felt a little weak in the knees as he withdrew from Abby for the last time, but she helped him back onto the chair before she once again took a seat in his lap. Hoagie took a minute to catch his breath as Abby planted small, sweet, little kisses on his face and closed eyelids. After another minute he pulled Abby closer to him and looked up into her eyes. He said nothing at first, he only smiled at her, enjoying their little stolen moment before he had to go back to the stress of the day.

"Something has come up," he finally spoke. "I'm going to be gone tonight." Abby didn't look to please with the announcement. "Tom will be here and a few others. I'll be back tomorrow afternoon maybe sooner, depending on how things go. Then we'll come up with something to finally take care of Lawrence, okay?"

"Yeah," she nodded. "You should get back to your meeting," she told him as she finally rose to retrieve her clothing. Hoagie agreed before he rose to do the same.

Hoagie had just finished zipping his pants before he unlocked the door to the small office and saw the faces of the other men across the hall. He tried, but couldn't help the slight blush that rose to his cheeks at their knowing expressions as he realized how loud he and Abby might have been. He cleared his throat. "Well, gentlemen, it seems—" he was cut off as Abby followed him out the room and whispered something in his ear about taking a shower before walking down hallway. Hoagie returned his attention back to the men in the room and then back to Abby. He licked his lips as he once again regarded the men. "-I'm going to need fifteen more minutes," he said with huge grin on his face before catching up with Abby down the hall.

OoOoO

The moon had been high in the sky for many hours as Abby yawned loudly, stretching her arms high above her head before discarding her robe to the floor and climbing into bed. She then reached out to the lamp that rested on the nightstand before closing her eyes and falling into the land of dreams.

She was then slightly woken as she felt the weight of another climb into the bed next to her. She smiled a little as she figured whatever Hoagie had to do went well and he had come home early and so she tried to go back to sleep. Abby then made a curious face as she felt something as cold as ice graze her bottom and move up along her back. She turned around to ask Haogie what he was doing and as she went to speak, she found herself gasping instead, for that was when she found the barrel of a gun being shoved into her mouth.

“So,” came the voice, harsh and menacing as his green, piercing eyes glowed in the moonlight, “they tell me you’re Senthos.”

### **Chapter Eighteen: Behind Enemy Gates**

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“So,” came the voice, harsh and menacing as his green, piercing eyes glowed in the moonlight, “they tell me you’re Senthos.” Abby’s eyes were wide as an unexpected fear race through her entire body. She suddenly felt cold, as cold as the eyes directed towards her. “Scream and I’ll make sure you regret it. Do you understand?” he asked her. She slightly nodded. “Good.” The barrel of the gun was slowly removed from her mouth. It then trailed down her chin and neck before it hesitated as it reached the low neckline of her very sheer nightgown, which left nothing to the imagination.

Abby silently gasped as the gun found its home between the valley of her breasts, aimed towards her heart. She felt naked under his unrelenting gaze and could only imagine, what kind of pain she had put him through, for she had done nothing but lie to him from the beginning. She knew if she had been in his position, she would hate him. “Please, Wally,” she whispered in defeat. “Make it quick.”

Wally pressed the gun harder against her. “You dog,” he growled. “Is that all you have to say to me?” he asked in disbelief. “After I betrayed my cousin for you? After I played the fool for you?” he voiced angrily. “I was willing to lay everything on the line. I would have given you my heart and all you wanted

was to see me and Gavin dead!" he tried not to yell, but he couldn't help his rising tone. Abby winced as if in pain as Wally yelled at her, tears trying not to escape her eyes. "Answer me!" he barked.

Abby's eyes opened and she looked upon the face in front of her. She had only seen him like this once before, back in his home after Kuki had walked in on them. His expression was so full of hate, pain, and hurt, but Kuki was no longer the cause of this, she was. "When we first met, I had no idea of your relation to Gavin." She shook her head from side to side. "You were never part of the plan," she told him. "I was with you because you made me happy. You made me feel alive," she smiled at the thought of him, but it soon faded. "I'm sorry for the part I played in this," she said truthfully.

"What is Senthos to you?" Wally asked.

"Before you, the only love I had ever known," she explained. "Before you, the way Haogie treated me, I thought was normal. He asked things of me and I did them, because I thought that was how you earned love. I thought, if I just did what he said, he would love me," she shared with him her way of thinking. "But then you came along, and I didn't have to do anything but be me." Abby then turned her head away, no longer able to look at him. "But what we have- had wasn't love, you said so yourself."

The pressure of the gun against Abby chest slightly loosen. "I was wrong," Wally admitted. "I was so afraid of hurting Gavin, that I thought denying what I felt was the best I could do. . . but Abby," he laid down his gun and reached out for her face so that he could turn it back towards him, "I love you," his expression soften and his voice became gentle as he spoke.

Tears finally slipped from Abby's eyes as she placed her hand on top of Wally's. "I- I love you, too." She then pushed herself up off the bed and threw her arms around him, but she was quickly forced back down. Then, in the blink of an eye, the gun was pointed back at her chest.

"You must really think I'm an idiot," his voice lost the warmth that it held only moments before.

"What?" Abby searched his eyes, confusion written all over her face.

"Did you really think a simple 'I love you' would erase everything?" he scoffed at the thought of it. "Did you really think I would believe that half @\$\$ attempt at saving your own skin? You're Senthos, so I already know anything that comes out of your mouth is a lie, and there is nothing you can say that will ever make me believe otherwise."

Abby, strangely to Wally, appeared calm. She then unthreateningly placed her hand on top of the gun pointed towards her. "I think there is," she began. "During another place and time, you once held out your hand to me." She slid her hand along the gun and placed it gently on his wrist. "You told me, you would always have my back, that I could always count on you." Her hand continued to travel up his arm and didn't stop until it was on his chest. "You told me, a heart doesn't forget."

Wally looked at her curiously for a moment, completely baffled. "What the hell are you going on about?" he asked as he pushed her hand away from him.

"Don't play dumb," there was a bit of irritation in her voice. "It was never your strong suit," she told him. "I know who you are. You became MIA after your mom's death and you were put in an orphanage. There

was no way to track you, so you were never decommissioned."

Wally's eyes narrowed suspiciously, there was no way she could know that, not unless. . . "Number Five?" he asked hesitantly. "But how?" he questioned, his gun slowly lowering as he looked upon her as if she were a different person.

"Not every operative is decommissioned after their thirteenth birthday," she explained. "Some go on to become spies against the teenagers and the adults. I was one of them, until I retired when I was fifteen. . . after I found Hoagie," she stated sadly. "Whom of course was decommissioned along with Kuki, as you may know."

"And Number One?" Wally couldn't help but ask about the leader he had adored.

"I don't know what became of him," she told him as her eyes left him. She then once again looked at him and began softly, "So champ, is there still nothing I can say to make you believe what I say is true?" There was a long silence after her question, it endured so long that Abby began to grow anxious. She wondered if he still considered himself loyal to the Kids Next Door and within it her. "Numbah Four?" she called quietly.

Wally took his time as he slowly processed the information he had just discovered. He had recognized her the very first moment he saw her in the arcade, but it was too much to hope that she remembered him. So he pretended not to know her or anything about her when they met, but over the first few weeks he found himself constantly looking for signs that she recognized him or the life they shared as children.

He gave up the day she wanted him to meet her parents. It wasn't her mother that would have been the problem, because she wasn't around much when Abby was younger, so Wally had only seen her once before. The problem would have been her father, who would have surely recognized the blonde headed boy and asked questions that he wouldn't have been prepared to answer. Wally figured, if she had remembered, that she wouldn't have put herself in that situation.

Wally was lost deep within his thoughts until he heard Abby call him by his codename. He couldn't understand why she hadn't said anything before now if she knew that he remembered. It was then that Wally realized that she had been lying longer than he had thought. . . but why, he didn't know.

His eyebrows then slowly drew together. She was still playing him for a fool. "Do you see this?" he asked indicating the gun still in his hold. "The next time you hurt me. . . or lie to me," he added. "That request for making it quick will be granted," he threatened, but the look in his eyes revealed all too much. "Numbah Five, if you ever. . ." he trailed off. "Please, don't ever hurt me again," he voiced his insecurities. "Okay?"

"Oh, Wally," Abby said breathlessly as she reached for the gun in his hand and quickly took it from him. She then placed it on the nightstand beside her. The blonde closed his eyes as he felt her hands on his face. She placed a light kiss upon him. "I won't," she promised.

She then gasp loudly as Wally embraced her fiercely. "I believe you," he whispered to her. He had his doubts, of course, but this was no longer just Abby, this was Numbah Five. Numbah Five, who had held his hand and told him everything was going to be alright when he had accidentally eaten a sprout.

Numbah Five, who on more than one occasion had grabbed him by the orange hoodie he used to wear and dragged him out of danger. Numbah Five, whom he knew would never intentionally put him in harm's way. He would believe her or else all of that meant nothing.

Wally sighed in relief as he felt Abby slowly embrace him back. Her eyes fluttered closed as lips began to mark her skin. He then pulled away and placed his second gun next to the first before he took the dark skinned woman before him back in his arms and kissed her as if it would be the last time he would ever do so. "I need you," he confessed as his hand slowly moved to her breast and he gently cupped it. "Be with me. Right here, right now."

Wally wanted to erase the bad blood between them. If right now she chose to be with him, he would no longer consider her Senthos and he would forgive her deception. Abby blinked in surprise at his request before she shook her head. "The walls are thin and Tommy is a light sleeper," she explained.

Wally smiled, it wasn't a 'no'. "We'll be quiet," his lips brushed against her as he continued to speak softly. His smile then grew devilishly. "Though I know that may be a little difficult for you," he teased as she returned his smile.

"You really think you rock my world like that?" she asked.

Wally's hand stopped caressing her breast so that he could slide it underneath her satin panties. "Aw, Sheila," he cupped her womanhood, which was immediately followed by a sharp gasp by the woman beside him, "I know I do." His breath was hot against her neck as his fingers worked themselves in between her lower lips. He played steadily with her swelling bud until he felt her start to become wet. He then slipped a finger inside of her and stroked her slowly. He was rewarded with a soft airy moan. "Be with me," he asked of her again.

Abby's brown eyes shown brightly in the moonlight as she looked into his. "I'm already yours," she told him before she, without warning, attached his lips and began kissing him roughly. Their kisses grew hungry and more passionate with each passing second until their lungs ached for air and they had no choice but to let go of the other.

As soon as their lips ceased to be in contact, the two began moving at an accelerated speed. Wally stood up on his knees and began to unzip his jeans. Abby set up and removed her sheer top. Then as she laid back down and was about to remove her panties a large hand shot out and grabbed both of her hands. "Leave them on," Wally instructed, now naked from the waist down. Abby nodded as he released her, her eyes now on his very large erection before her.

She bit her bottom lip as she reached out and took his member in her hand. His skin was like velvet as she lightly fondled him. "Lay down," she told him after a moment and he silently obeyed.

Abby gave him a gentle kiss on his lips before she moved down his body, her hands rubbing and groping parts of him as she did so. She then once again took a hold of his impressive size cock and began to pump it in a slow, even rhythm. Abby looked up and studied Wally for a moment. His legs were bent and spread for her as he rested up on his elbows and watched her contently.

Abby smirked at him knowingly before her tongue snaked from her full lips and began to lick the tip of his

cock, her hand still firmly moving up and down against it. She then kissed and massaged his balls before she took her time and licked the length of his flesh. Then as she reached the tip again, she took him into her waiting mouth. Wally sighed as he closed his eyes and tilted his head to rest on his shoulder as he enjoyed the feel of her wet, warm mouth engulf him as she began to suck him off, her tongue teasing him playful as she rapidly move it from side to side.

Wally then shifted his weight to one side before he reached down and placed his hand behind Abby's neck. He then slightly began to push himself into her. He groaned as his free hand violently gripped the bedsheets underneath him. "frack, that's good," he told her as her speed picked up, almost sending him over the edge. "Numbah Five," he called her name. "Show me your pussy," he asked of her.

Her mouth then released him as she rose from in between his legs and sat with her legs opened. Wally got on all four before he made his way to her at the end of the bed. She laid down as he pushed the thin piece of fabric to one side and rubbed her now soaking pussy lips. Wally then had Abby roll over onto her side, placing one of her legs between his own while the other was pushed up towards her before he took his damp, glistening cock and shoved it into his lover, causing Abby to gasp loudly at the force of it. He then began thrusting into her with long, hard strokes.

Abby held onto the bed as she lowered her head and closed her eyes tightly. She squeezed her inner muscles, milking at Wally's rock hard cock. He groaned at the sensation of it. He leaned over her, kissing her shoulder and face lovingly as his thrusts started to become short and quick. The bed rocked and squeaked with the motion. Both began to pant heavily, moaning as quietly as they could as they whispered each other's name into the night air.

"shoot!" Wally cursed as he felt himself lose control and he came furiously into Abby. Abby screamed into the bedding as she hit her own orgasm hard, her entire body erupting in a deep intense pleasure like she had never known.

Completely spent and short-winded, Wally pulled out, his cum spilling out of her and running onto the sheets. He settled down in front of her. He ran his finger across her arm soothingly before finding the small of her back and pulling her close to him. He then began to litter her delicate and angelic face with tender little butterfly kisses. Abby sighed deeply as she basked in the other's affection for her as she too held him close. "Now try to tell me I don't rock your world," Wally said playfully. Abby giggled at his words.

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. "Abigail?" the male voice called out. The couple in the bedroom eyes grew wide. Abby then quickly sat up. "Abigail," the voice said once again. "Are you alright? I thought I heard you scream." The woman in question froze as she saw the door handle begin to turn.

Transmission Interrupted. . .

## 10 - Part Ten

### Chapter Nineteen: Judas Kiss

"Abigail?" A male voice cried out, causing Abby's eyes to grow wide as she quickly sat up. "Abigail," the voice called once again. "Are you alright? I thought I heard you scream." Abby swore her heart stopped within her chest as she saw the door handle begin to turn, but curiously it did not open.

Wally leaned into her. "I didn't want you escaping. I locked it when I came in," he informed her and relief quickly washed over her body. "Get rid of him," he told her.

Abby nodded before she attempted to get out of bed. Wally rose from the bed as well and found his pants on the floor as he quietly slipped them on as Abby found something suitable to cover her naked chest. "Abigail!" The doorknob was shaken violently.

"Will you stop with all that noise, Tommy?" Abby said as she unlocked the door and slightly opened it so she could peer out into the hall.

"Me?" Tommy looked at her in disbelief. "You're the one waking people up in the middle of night with all your hollering," he argued. "I mean, what the hell are you doing in there anyway?"

"Well, I don't think that's any of your business, now is it?" Abby snapped before thinking as she felt her face flush in embarrassment. She then hoped that the man in front of her hadn't noticed. Tommy looked at her suspiciously with her words as she never became so defensive over something so trivial, but his expression did not escape Abby's eyes. "But if you must know," she began slowly. "I had a nightmare, okay?" she lied convincingly. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to try to get back to sleep," she told him. "You should do the same. You haven't looked well since. . . well, the other day," she stated softly.

Tommy lowered his head as his hand slowly came up to his bruised cheek where he had been struck by his brother. "My behavior was uncalled for," he stated in a drone like manner as if he had been lectured. "A female, whether she be friend or unarmed foe, should be handled with respect." Then, for the second time since Abby had come back into the folds of the Senthos family, Tommy looked no more than like a small child in her eyes. "A female is not a plaything, or a punching bag, nor is she-"

"Tommy, stop," she cut him off and his eyes rose to meet her own. "You don't have to say anymore. I've already forgiven you."

"I'm suppose to say the whole thing," he told her.

Abby sighed, Tommy's hero worship when it came to his brother always worried her a bit. "If Hoagie asks, I'll tell him you did. It'll be okay," she tried to convince him, half wondering if he would protest for deliberately lying to him, but to her surprise Tommy only shook his head to agree as his hand finally slid away from his discolored cheek. "Good."

"Alright, I guess I'll just call it a night then," Tommy informed her, still looking quite solemn, before he turned to go back down the hall.

The way his shoulders slumped as he walked bothered Abby. "Tommy!" she called a little loudly to get his attention. He turned to see what she wanted. "How about we talk in the morning, over breakfast?" There was something more bothering him and if he would allow her, she wanted to help, he was practically family anyway.

Tommy gave her a lop-sided smile as he agreed. He then bid her good night before starting down the hall as she began to close her door, but as each was doing that hurried footsteps were heard coming from the other end of the hall.

"Tom!" yelled out one of the men. Curious, Abby still stood in the doorway. She then heard Wally slightly groan behind her in impatience.

"What is it?" Tommy asked, as he once again took on a demeanor that the others were used to as he walked towards the man.

"We may have a problem, sir," Abby frowned as she realized it was Carlos who had spoken. The nerve he had to address Tommy when he was the reason for the other's assault.

"Well, I don't have all night. Spit it out," Tommy's voice was filled with resentment towards him.

"Eric and I had gone to relieve Mark and Adrian from their watch, but found Adrian incapacitated and Mark," he noticed Abby watching them. "Well, it wasn't pretty," he downplayed. Then a strange sound was heard from Abby's room.

Carlos hadn't noticed, but Tommy had and so did Abby who slightly gasped and tensed at the sound. Tommy's expression was then one of anger and then concern. "Is there someone else in there with you?" he asked in a whisper as he leaned in towards her. "Are you in trouble?" He wanted to know, thinking that whoever had gotten past Mark and Adrian, probably got as far as the house by now.

"I'm fine," she told him, but the look in her eyes told the Senthos otherwise. Tommy then looked to Carlos who was confused a bit, but pulled out his gun when he recognized the expression. Tommy motioned him towards the door. "What?" Abby looked at Tommy worriedly when he extended his hand.

"Take it," he demanded softly. Abby didn't know how to respond. "Take it," he left no room in his voice for negotiation. So Abby held her breath as she opened the door only as much as she had to and slowly reached out for Tommy's hand, who immediately grabbed it and pulled her towards him and out of the way. Abby screamed as Carlos kicked the rest of the door opened and blindly shot into the dark room.

All was quiet for a moment as Carlos relaxed as he turned on the light. He then turned towards Tommy and Abby. "There's no one—" was as far as he got before he blinked and slowly collapsed to the floor.

Wally then appeared in the doorway with a silencer on one of his custom made guns. His head was

slightly lowered, his brow furrowed as he looked passed Abby and straight into the eyes of Tommy. "I'm here to take back what's mine," he announced to the unarmed boy.

"You don't own anything here," the other made clear.

"It came from upstairs!" was heard far on the other end of the house.

A smirk than appeared on Tommy's face. "Looks like you won't be making it out of here alive," he said with confidence.

"And neither will you." Wally aimed his next shot carefully, but before he could actually take his shot, Tommy was doubled over and soon laid on the floor next to Abby's feet. She had elbowed him in the stomach and than gave him a sharp blow to the back of the head.

Her frighten eyes then look into Wally's. "We have to go, the others will be here any moment," she told him as he lowered his weapon and followed her back into the bedroom. Abby had gone around Carlos, but Wally showed no respect as he stepped over him. "It's bad luck to walk over the fallen," she stated, but Wally only shrugged, he didn't believe in stupid superstitions.

Abby only groaned as she quickly donned some jeans from her closet before making her way to the window and looking down. They were up on the third floor of the house, but the trees that grew near the house were close enough to climb down. Abby quickly turned to Wally. "Let me have one of your guns," she asked of him, not wanting to be helpless when they reached the ground.

Wally gave one up without hesitation nor question, before he helped Abby out the window as she took her place on the strong branches within her reach. "Hurry!" she urged the other, who looked wary as he looked down.

Wally than took a deep breath before reaching out for the branches and mirroring Abby as she made her way down. Abby had just passed the second floor window when she heard a snap from above. She then heard Wally gasp frightfully before he began to fall towards her. Luckily, Abby had quick reflects as she reached out for him and grabbed him by the collar of his shirt as he had managed to put his arms around the branch Abby was sitting on. Each breathed heavily for a moment as they heard someone above their heads. "What is it?" a male voiced asked loudly from Abby's bedroom.

"I don't know," began another who sounded a lot closer. "I thought I heard something out here." He looked out the window, but it was dark and Wally and Abby were too far down to be seen by him.

"Well, there's nothing here, let's go," the first man told the other.

A moment later, Tommy's voice was heard. "You idiot, step around the body!" He then continued with, "I want the bug found, now!"

Several minutes of silence past before Abby or Wally dared to move in fear that someone still lingered above. "I'm slipping," Wally announced as he his grip was starting to loosen.

Abby secured herself on the branch with her legs before leaning over and grabbing Wally with a stronger

grip. Abby put everything she had into heaving Wally up towards her and thought for someone with such a small frame he was a lot heavier than she would have guessed. Then as she reached down further to get a grip on his pants so that he could get his leg around the branch, she saw something fall and bounce off one of the branches before it disappeared from her sight. "shoot," Wally cursed as he realized they had dropped his gun.

"We'll get it when we get down there," she assured him once he was safely sitting in front of her on the branch. He then slumped over, leaning into her tiredly. Hanging from a limb for his life had taken a lot out of him, but he was comforted as Abby wrapped her arms around him and held him tight as if afraid he would slip again. "Me saving your @\$\$," she began with a smile. "Reminds me of the good old days." The blonde couldn't help, but give a small chuckle at that.

After a brief rest, Wally reluctantly pulled away from Abby. "We really can't stay here," he told her.

"I know," she agreed before reaching her hand out and taking his cheek. She then brought his face towards her and placed a simple, sweet kiss upon his lips. "Please, be more careful," she asked of him and he nodded his head at her request. "Good, now let's go." They then began towards the ground once again, but Wally, now afraid of falling, and abiding to Abby's wishes, took his time as he made his way down slowly. So slowly, in fact, that Abby had disappeared from his sight as she had already reached the ground.

Wally smiled brightly as the tree branches became less dense as he got closer to the ground. He then jumped down when he estimated it was a good distance to do so. His landing was anything, but graceful as he had ended up on his face. "I hate trees," he grumbled to himself as he sighed. He then began to sit up and looked around curiously when he saw Abby was nowhere to be seen. He bolted up, concern etched into his features as his blood ran a bit cold.

He then placed his hand on his chest. The fall he had taken had done nothing for his already bruised ribs. He closed his eyes, grimacing at the slight discomfort when he felt something round and cold placed just below his ear. Wally's eyes snapped open immediately as he saw none other than Abby with his own weapon pointed towards him. It was then that he realized that her asking for one of his guns and then the other 'accidentally' falling, was for this moment. "So, you finally got me exactly where you want me, huh?" he asked, his voice low and filled with anger. "So go ahead and do what you have to do," he dared her.

"You really don't me at all do you, Numbah Four?" her expression was emotionless as she regarded him. "Because you don't know what I want."

## Chapter Twenty: True Loyalties

"Then tell me, because I must have missed it somewhere. What the hell do you want, Shelia?" Abby's

eyes widen for a moment as she heard the stressed word said with so much venom. The last time he had called her Shelia, it was filled with admiration and love. . . the difference was down right frightful.

"I just want you to live," she said softly with a whisper. Wally then completely turned his head to look at her, confusion written all over his face with the confession. He wanted to ask what she meant, but before he could say another word, an unexpected voice came from the shadows.

"The answer is simple, bug." Hoagie stepped out into the light, his black shades reflected the moon's light as it sat on the top of his head. "She wants to do whatever makes me happy," he stated arrogantly. "Isn't that right, baby?" He slipped a hand around her waist as Abby titled her cheek in his direction as he leaned down to give her a quick kiss.

"Yeah," was her answer, her eyes not leaving Wally as his narrowed at them.

"And what would make me happy, is seeing you dead," he made clear to the other. "Whenever you're ready," he told her before walking to the tree that Wally had fallen out of and leaned against it with his arms crossed. He wanted to make sure he was a good distance so that he could truly appreciate the situation. Plus, he wanted his suit to stay nice. Blood was a hassle to get out.

Hoagie's meeting, he had told Abby about earlier, had gone well, better than expected, and so like he promised he made his way home only to find it in complete chaos when he arrived. When Tommy told him that Abby was taken, he didn't wait to hear the whole story, he bolted out of the house to search for her himself. Relief flooded his body as he saw her underneath the tree anxiously looking up.

She jumped when he suddenly pulled her into her arms. He then asked what she was doing and she quickly told him that she was going to surprise Beatles. He was pleased with the answer and now as he watched the scene before him a smile crept onto his face, she was the perfect girl and would make the perfect wife for him.

His smile then faded as the seconds slowly ticked by. He then noticed how Abby's hand shook slightly. Hoagie sighed as he remembered this would be her first time. "Relax, Abby," he told her soothly. "Just take a deep breath and slowly squeeze the trigger as you exhale," he instructed.

Wally shook his head from side to side. "You don't want to do this. And you know it," Wally began. "Put the gun down, Numbuh Five," he asked her.

"What the hell did he call you?" Hoagie asked as he pushed himself off the tree.

"Nothing," she called back to him. "Nothing," she repeated softly.

"Then shoot him," Hoagie replied.

"You told me, you loved me," Wally reminded her gently. "Was that a lie?"

"No," she breathed.

"Then put the gun down."

"I can't. Hoagie will be angry," she explained.

"Abby, I'm waiting," Hoagie grew impatient. "You want to prove that you love me?" he asked. "Show me your worthy enough to be my wife and rule this family? Then do what I say!" he demanded. Wally then gasped as he heard the familiar sound of a gun cock. Hoagie smiled. "Now, that's a step in the right direction."

"You won't shoot me," Wally predicted. Abby said nothing as she watched Wally take a step back as he took a look around him. "Because I do know you." He took another step.

"Stop moving," Hoagie said as he watched Wally take another step. Wally then made eye contact with Hoagie for the first time that night, and in the small moment Hoagie figured out exactly what the other was going to do. "Abby, shot!" he yelled, but it was too late, Wally had taken off towards the woods. "Damn it!" Hoagie grabbed the gun from Abby and wildly began to shoot towards the running figure.

"Hoagie, no!" Abby cried out as she forced his arm down.

It was reflects that took over Hoagie as his other hand came up quickly struck Abby across the face. He gasped loudly as he watched her fall to the ground, almost in slow motion, before her hand came up to her nose, blood spilling from the crack of her fingers. "Oh my god!" He knelt down and put his hand over both of hers. "Let me see," he asked of her, but it was almost as if she couldn't hear him as her eyes swelled with tears. "Let me see!" he said louder and she finally, but slowly let down her hand. Hoagie sighed before he gently touched her nose, Abby whimpered and winced in pain. "Good," he said in relief. "It's not broken." He laid down the gun. "I'm so sorry, baby," he told her sincerely. "I didn't mean it."

His eyes then narrowed. "You do have feelings for him, don't you?" he accused, his chest tightening a bit with the discovery. "Go back to the house," he ordered. "Find Tom." He then rose, taking the gun with him. "There's something I have to do." He then made his way towards the woods, with one objective in mind.

OoOoO

Wally nearly collapsed against the nearest tree as he hung from it, his breath quick as he tried to fill his lungs with air. He then turned over, his back now against the truck as he slowly slid down. His face grimace in pain as he tightly held his side. He then pulled his hand away and looked down at it. His hand was completely covered in his own blood. Hoagie had unfortunately gotten in a good shot as Wally had been trying to escape. "Crud," he whispered to himself, as he realized he was losing blood, too much blood.

It had only been a little over a few minutes, but he already felt weak and light headed, but he knew he had to get back up before, "Come out, come out, wherever you are," too late, Hoagie was already close on his tail. Wally let out a silent scream as he forced himself up and began to run again.

He didn't know where he was going, he had absolutely no plan, and had no clue how he was going to get out of this. Wally then heard several distant shots and instantly thought about Gavin and the others and how they were fairing within the Senthos stronghold. But Wally had faith in Gavin and his team and knew they would be fine, but he, he was on unfamiliar ground, being pursued by someone who held a deep grudge against him, without any weapons to defend himself. Things were not looking good.

Wally doubled over, bracing his hand against another tree as he took a very short moments to rest. He turned quickly, his eyes wide as he heard the rustle of leaves behind him. He pushed himself off the tree, but stumbled and crashed to the ground. He couldn't help the cry of pain that escaped his lips as the shock of it rippled through his body like lightening.

Hoagie immediately paused when he heard the cry, a smile slicked across his features as he turned towards it and picked up his pursuit. He knew he was on the right track when he saw splashes of blood, not only on the ground, but on nearby trees and plants Wally had pushed his way through. "Why don't you just give up!" Hoagie yelled, grabbing Wally's attention. "You can't run forever," he let him know. "Thought you could just frack with my girl and get away it?" His voice was furious. "Thought you could tear my brother's heart in two and everything would be alright, huh?" He heard someone fall in front of him and shot in that general direction.

"frack!" Wally cried out as the bullet went flying passed his head as he tried to pick himself off the ground. He was then taken by surprise when he felt Hoagie's foot make contact with his already sore chest. "Ahhh!" he yelled out as he was kicked several times.

Eventually, Wally ended up flat on his back with Hoagie holding him in place with his foot. "So, tell me," the brown eyed boy began as he pointed his gun down towards Wally's head. "How does it feel, nothing you're only moments from death?" Wally said nothing as he struggled to remove Hoagie off of him, but it was a losing battle as his vision was already going black from the amount of blood that he had lost. "Are you done yet?" Hoagie asked as Wally had finally ended his struggle and just lay there breathing heavily.

Wally then closed his eyes and took what he knew would be his last breath as he heard Hoagie cocked the gun in his hold. Wally jumped when he heard the shot rang out and the pressure that once laid on his chest was removed. "shoot!" Hoagie cried, but then said in a whispered, "Abby?"

Wally opened his eyes to find Abby standing in the shadows with his other gun pointed towards Hoagie as she had just shot his out of his hand. "Get away from him!" she demanded. "Now!"

"Abby, what the hell are you doing?" Hoagie asked as he took a few steps towards her.

"Don't come any closer," she told him. "I don't want to shoot you." Her hands shook visibly as she held the gun with both.

Hoagie's face showed his annoyance with her. "Put the gun down now, Abby." He shook his head from side to side. "You know as well as I do you won't shot me." He then looked at the gun he had dropped laying down on the ground. He went to pick it up, but was forced back as a bullet when whizzing by.

"Just leave it there and walk away. . . please," Abby asked of him.

"So, your true colors finally come out, huh?" Hoagie stood his ground. "You really are choosing this piece of filth over me?"

"Yes," she made clear. "I love him, but I still care for you," she admitted. "So please, just let him go, and walk away," she asked again.

"Walk away?" He looked at her like she was out of mind. "After he stole you from underneath me?"

"No one stole me, Hoagie. I just realized what I wanted and that's not you, not anymore," she told him.

"Then shot me," he tempted her, staring into her eyes. "But only after I have fulfilled my promise and avenged my brother."

Abby looked at him curiously with his words, she then gasped in surprise as Hoagie made a dive for the gun. It was already in his hand as Abby cried out, "No!" She then squeezed the trigger of Wally's custom made gun, taking the shot, that would end the life of her first love. "Hoagie!" She dropped the gun to the ground as he laid still on the ground.

She then ran over to him and dropped to the forest floor before taking him in her arms and turning him towards her, tears in her eyes. To her surprise he was breathing, but the shot she had taken as puncture his lung and so she knew it wouldn't be for long. His eyes seemed childlike as he looked upon her. His hand then slowly came up and stroked her face, a soft smile on his lips before his hand landed on his chest and his eyes closed forever.

Abby's bottom lip quivered violently as he died in her arms. She then whispered his name as she held held his limp body tighter. The clouds moved slowly in the night wind until it covered the moon, leaving Abby left in the darkness.

## **Chapter Twenty-One: Best Laid Plans**

Wally sighed happily as the warm body next to him snuggled up against him. He opened his eyes, to find his beautiful girlfriend's head on his chest. He ran his fingers lovingly through her dark locks. In response she squeezed him a little bit tighter, which didn't hurt at all as his ribs had long been healed. "Shelia," he spoke softly. "Wakey, wakey." He nudged her.

"Five more minutes," she spoke with her eyes closed.

"I guess you don't want your present then," he teased.

Wally then saw one brown eye open and then the other. "A present?" Abby asked curiously. "For what?"

"You know what for." The blonde then sat up, focusing Abby to roll off of him. "I'll meet you in the kitchen," was all he said before grabbing something to wear and leaving the bedroom of the small apartment they had been sharing for several months.

As Abby was getting ready for a shower, her phone rung. She quickly answered it as she recognized the number. "Hello?" she answered softly. "Oh, hi. It's been a long time," she greeted the person on the other end. "I know, and I was, it's just. . . I understand. When?" Her brow then furrowed. "I need more time. . . but—" she sighed. "Fine." She then ended the call before making her way to the bathroom.

About half an hour later, Abby made her way down the hall, the smell of pancakes and sausage enticing her senses. "You cooked?" she said surprised with a smile on her face. "I've must of done something good," she guessed, but as she turned to the kitchen she realized that Wally wasn't in there, though breakfast was already laid out.

Her ears perked up as she heard the piano, which was located in the corner of the living room. She groaned as she walked towards Wally. "I never really liked that song," she told him as he made room for her next to him on the bench.

"Why? It's a great song," he told her, as he looked directly at her, for playing took no effort whatsoever on his part. He had been playing for as long as he could remember, and though he would never admit out loud to actually like doing it, it was so ingrained into his being, that he couldn't imagine not playing. "Come, on, sing for me," he asked of her.

Abby laughed. "I don't remember the words," she told him.

"How about I start you off?" he suggested.

"Whatever," she replied.

Wally continued to play for moment. "These are the reasons that we love," he singed a little out of tune before looking at her expectantly.

She rolled her eyes. "And baby my love you can be sure of. I got your back, when the. . . when the. . ." she shrugged. "I don't remember."

Wally looked to his keys and began the line again. "I got your back, when the odds are stack, against us you will see. This is the promise that I make, you can always count on me." He leaned over and gave her a quick kiss on the cheek. "You can always count on me."

"You're a dork, you know that?" Wally only smiled at her. "Come on." She stood up taking him with her. "I'm hungry. You know I'm eating for two now."

"I'm coming, I'm coming," he told her as he practically had to be dragged from the piano.

Within the kitchen each fixed their own plate and took a seat at the table. Wally stared at her between bites. "What?" she asked growing a bit annoyed with it.

"So," he pushed his plate aside and rested his arms on the table. "What do you want?" he asked her. "A boy or a girl?" Wally just couldn't stop smiling as he looked upon his beautiful, pregnant girlfriend.

At his question, Abby's eyes grew a bit sad. "You're really excited about this, aren't you?" she asked with her head down.

Seeing her sudden change of mood, Wally's smile finally began to slip away. "Well, yeah. I want a few brats running around," he admitted. He then realized, that last night, after she had told him she was pregnant, that maybe she seemed a little worried. "Numbah Five, what's wrong?" he asked. "Don't you want kids with me?" He sat up a little, bracing himself for the answer.

"Of course, I do!" she quickly reassured him.

"Then what is it?" he asked.

She sighed. "It just feels so wrong," she began. "Before you, I always imagined, that I would be sharing this moment with Hoagie." Wally frowned at the mention of the other's name. "That I would be carrying his child." She placed her hand on her stomach. "I mean, I was a Senthos—"

"That's not you anymore," he cut her off. "You are Abigail Lincoln." He reached for both of her hands and brought them up to his face. "My Numbah Five."

Tears slipped from Abby's eyes. "But I killed a man, Wally. A man I had promised always to love." She lowered her gaze. "And I betrayed him."

Wally looked sympathetic towards her. "He betrayed you," he made clear. "You lov- loved him and he manipulated you into doing his own dirty work. Abby, if you hadn't followed him into the woods, if you didn't have my other gun. . . I would be dead right now. Don't you get that?" There was then a pause in his speech. "Unless, you regret killing Hoagie. Regret saving me." He lowered his head.

"Wally, no," she breathed. "Nothing like that. There are some things in this world I can do without, but you're not one of them," she told him sweetly. She then reached up and took his face in her hand. "I hope she has your eyes," she said with a look of joy in her own as she finally answered Wally's original question.

Wally leaned into her touch. "I hope she has your smile," he wished.

"And I hope you never change," she spoke with a smile that for some reason didn't reach her eyes, causing Wally to look at her oddly. "There's something I have to show you. Today," she stressed.

"What is it?" he asked.

Abby shook her head. "You should eat, you'll need your strength," she told him before turning back to her plate and beginning her breakfast.

Before long, Wally was in the passenger seat of their car as Abby drove silently, a look of determination on her face. "Numbah Five?" Wally began softly as he reached over and put a hand on her thigh. "Are you sure there's nothing wrong?" he asked again for the second time since they began their little journey and once again Abby told him she was fine. He then realized it was a question that would not be answered to his liking and so decided to ask another one. "Where are we going anyway?" he asked as it donned on him he hadn't asked before.

Abby then smiled the kind of smile that he hated, the kind that almost looked between fake and sad. "It's a surprise, boo," was all she told him as she parked her car in a nearly empty parking lot of the city zoo.

Wally's expression brightened. "Oh! Let's go to the monkey house," he declared causing Abby to laugh at him as she reached for something in her purse. Wally smirked as she pulled out a blindfold. "Are we going to get kinky here in the parking lot," he guessed. "I like this surprise!" he nodded as he reached for his jeans and began to unzip them. "Owl!" he yelled out when Abby smacked his hand. "What was that for?" he asked. "I'm not into spanking," he let be known.

"Jesus, Wally, is sex all you think about?" Abby asked him seriously.

Wally thought about it for a moment and then answered. "No, I also think about cheese and video games."

Abby placed her head in her hand before shaking it side to side. "I'm in love with an idiot."

"You are?" Wally looked outraged. "With who?" Abby looked at him in disbelief for a moment before breaking out into laughter. She then took a deep breath to control her laughter before she told Wally she was taking him to his surprise and that she needed him to wear the blindfold. He looked a little confused. "Are you sure we're not getting kinky?"

"Wally!" she yelled.

"Okay, okay." He threw his hands up gesturing he was done with it. As they got out of the car, Abby took his hand and he blindly followed, not really sure where he was going, but it was okay, because he would follow her anywhere.

He frowned, but said nothing as he heard a hissing sound and then the ground beneath his feet disappear as it was replaced with a tile floor. They were inside of a building. He shivered as the air from the air conditioning hit them. Wally then recognized the sounds of an elevator as they stepped onto one. "Hold on," Abby told him as she guided his other hand to the railing before he heard her select their destination.

When the doors slid open, they began to walk again down a long hall. Wally then heard a sound he couldn't really place. He heard it again as Abby spoke, "Sit for me, Numbah Four." She gently helped him into a comfortable chair.

His head then turned towards his hand as she placed it on the armrest and bound him to it. "Abby. . ." he spoke as she quickly bound his other arm. "I don't like this. What are you doing?" He wanted to

know.

"It's the only way," her voice cracked as she spoke. "I'm sorry." She reached out and lovingly touched his face. "Please, forgive me," she asked of him before kissing his lips. Wally could not answer her as he was completely baffled about what was going on. He then remembered her words from that morning, "I mean, I was a Senthos. . . ."

"Numbah Five, it's time," spoke a male voice, but not the voice Wally had been expecting. He had been expecting to hear Tommy's voice. To be betrayed as Abby told him she was still Senthos, but he now realized that this went beyond that as the voice spoke again. "It's been a long time, Numbah Four."

Wally then felt someone take a hold of his blindfold and lift it off his head. He looked genuinely surprised at the person who stood in front of him in what he now knew was a small dark room. "Numbah One. . . ."

"Hello, Wally," he greeted him.

"What's going on?" he demanded to know. "Why am I tied up!"

"It's simple, Wallabee," he began. "You disappeared before your decommissioning. You have been on top of the list for quite some time now," he explained. "Kids Next Door can't have adults out there with knowledge of our organization. . . even those who were the best of what they did and have shown no ill will towards us," he said sadly. "I never wanted to be in this position," he admitted. "It just gets harder each time."

"Where's Abby?" Wally fought against his restraints with no prevail. "Abby, get me out of here!" His eyes narrowed as he regarded Nigel. "I won't let you take my memories! I would never betray the Kids Next Door. Never!" he yelled. "Even if I wanted to, don't you think I would have done it by now? Abby!" he shouted for her again.

"I'm sorry, Numbah Four, but that's a chance we just can't take." Nigel then turned around and disappeared behind a door. "Let's start the process."

"Right, boss." Wally slightly gasped as a light in a room above him came on and he saw Abby in front of a control panel. He whispered her name, but she ignored him. "Decommissioning in five. . . four. . . three. . . two. . ." And before Wally heard the last of the countdown his entire world went black.

Memory after memory flashed in his head. He tried reaching out for them, but then they would vanish and he couldn't remember why he was reaching out in the first place. . . .

*Not every operative is decommissioned after their thirteenth birthday. . . .*

*A big kid once told me. . . .*

*Here's your hat back, Numbah Five. . . .*

*I thought I was your bestest best friend. . . .*

*She just owes me a quarter. . .*

*I'm trying to figure out how to spell Mississippi with no S's. . .*

*So what did we learn today. . .*

*Pianos are heavy. . .*

*I don't want to fight you. . .*

*They made me bald. . .*

*I don't like him. I love him. . .*

*But he says he works alone. . .*

*Give the boy a dodge ball and suddenly he's a hero. . .*

*Yah'll see Numbah Five-- a heart doesn't forget. . .*

*Let's go home, Champ. . .*

*Champ. . .*

“Champ!” Wally's eyes snapped opened as he heard Abby's nickname for him.

He groaned as his fingers found his temple and he applied pressure. “Oh, my head.”

“You okay?” she asked, concerned lining her words.

“Yeah, I'll be fine,” he told her, but his tired tone made her wonder. Wally looked around curiously, he was sitting on the passenger side of a their car as they sat in the parking lot of the city zoo.

“So did you enjoy the zoo?” Abby asked as she started the car and began to back up.

“Yeah?” was his answer in question form. “I um I think I did. God, my head,” he groaned again. “What the hell did we do today?”

“Before or after you were attack by the monkeys?” Abby asked with a smile.

“Cruddy monkeys. Whose idea was it to go to the monkey house anyway?”

“It was yours, remember?” she asked.

Wally thought a moment. “Dammit, it was.” He sighed as he finally decided to put on his seat beat. He then saw something that caught his eye sticking out of Abby's pursed. He reached for it and pulled out a blindfold as they approached a stop light. The expression on Abby's face as she turned to look at him

was almost unreadable. "A blindfold?" he studied the blue material in his hands curiously. He then looked to Abby, a devilish smile on his lips. "You plan on getting kinky with me later?"

Abby's smile looked like one of relief. "Yeah," she began. "That would be the plan." She then leaned over and gave him a quick kiss. "I'm glad you didn't change," she whispered.

Wally didn't quite understand her last statement, but then again, there were a lot things said that he didn't understand, but it was okay, because things in his life were starting to look up. And just not in his. Gavin and Kuki had talked things through and were back together. They were even discussing marriage. And Wally had marriage thoughts on his mind as well. He had been holding an engagement ring for Abby for weeks now, but just couldn't find the right time to ask. And after learning about the child they would be having he decided that tonight would be the perfect time to ask.

"Why would I change?" Wally finally asked.

Abby shrugged. "I don't know. Sometime people just change." After Hoagie was decommissioned his personality was never quite what she remembered back when they were both part of the Kids Next Door.

"Well, if you don't want me to, I'll never change," he reassured her. "You can always count on me. . . I promise."

Abby only smiled at him before the light turned green and she focused on her driving and as they headed home and she thought about his promise, she realized. . . she believed him.

**End Transmission**