

### *Excerpt*

*My mind whirled as I tried to muddle through the fog in my mind back to where I was. Here, in a small cabin in the middle of nowhere, with Gage, Zach's cousin, my brothers' friend. It seemed strange for some reason, complicated.*

*My body shivered and I pulled the blanket around my shoulders but I barely recognized the cold. Gage stood. The hollowed sounds of his worn boots against the old wooden floor as he walked over to the stove echoed against the walls of the cabin. He put a couple logs on the fire as he noticed my chill. Then he moved in front of me, his eyes fixed on mine. With low rafters of the roof just inches above his head, he rested his hands against it. The swell of his biceps drew and held my gaze, then shifted to the black and silver pendant that dangled sending me into a mesmerizing trance as I watched it.*

*Suddenly, Gage's presence filled the tiny cabin and surrounded me. Gage was here, not Zach, and the intense blueness of his eyes searched mine deeply for some kind of resolution. His bronze skin darkened in the hues of the dim lantern light. The slight slope of his shoulders and the curvature of his chest as it cut down to his contoured waist, outlined by the tightness of his tee shirt. The way he spoke with confidence, the way he curled his lip slightly when he smiled, the sincerity in his eyes, and the movement of his body as he walked. His fiercely protective and chivalrous mannerisms' spoke to me in a way that rendered me speechless and burned warmth through me like nothing else I'd known, hotter than the tangible fire in front of me.*

*I'd watched him and our eyes had met many times, at school, passing my house and at Marge's and now here at the cabin. I felt drawn to him and now we were here together, alone, with nothing to distract us. Not a crowded hallway at school, not Kane or Trey, not Damian or some stupid assembly full of Militia, not life's interruptions and I couldn't help but wonder if he felt drawn to me too...*