

# Dont Read This...

By maisloatt

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*this is like a longer and more sequential version of Parodies of reality. (keep reading that 2) does profanity mean cussing? :T*

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## 0 - Summary...

I first advertised this story as Veeol Dena Aetreh or something like that. but i changed my mind. um yeah im lazy so im gonna illlberate later. enjoy.

# 1 - Slip of the Lips

SHORT SUMMARY: not all mistakes are a bad thing.

High school....

Can it be referred to as anything aside from absolute hell?

I don't think so. And neither did our favorite gang of characters.

From what they had heard these next four years was going to be the worst. Hormones would be at their worst; homework would take up whatever free time you could possibly have and you would never look at the inside of a locker the same way after your first day. And you would wish you were back in kindergarten by the first week.

Rumors had consisted of the usual. Bullies of the upper grades would shove anyone weak and gutless enough (i.e. everyone) into their lockers. The teachers would slam you with homework and find any excuse to give you detention or extra work for no credit. The food was slop that they said twenty kids died from annually each year.

The group was sitting at a table in the food court of the Station Plaza Mall discussing the very matter. School began in three days. This was their last Friday of freedom. These next few days would not be wasted.

Not intentionally anyways.

"ah man...I cant believe summer is already over! And whats worse, it's the summer before high school! What are we gonna do?" henry exclaimed as he started fumbling with his fingers on the table surface. Flicking them about as his hands formed friction from the vivid movement. "dude, will you calm down? It s not the end of the world." Greg tried to ease his friend but to no prevail as henhead began to bite his fingernails while his eyes darted from side to side like a spastic chipmunk. "is it?" greg leaned over and whispered quietly into terry's ear. She gave him an incredulous look and shook her head. "henry will you stop biting your nails? Its gross!" kena asked attempting to distract him from his paranoia. When he did not obey she reached over and tried to pull his fingers out of his mouth, only to have him pull in her own fingers and started chewing on them.

Appalled, kena yanked her hand away and screamed, "EW! Henry! That is so GROSS!" the others laughed as she began rubbing her hand over her jeans wanting to get rid of the spit.

Once she was rid of the 'contaminents' she gave him an evil look to which he responded by shivering slightly and scooting away. This action earned even more laughs from the others.

"Sheesh, do you guys have to spaz out about everything?" terry questioned pulling out a small mirror to check that her gloss had not warn off yet.

"we do not spaz out about everything!" they shouted in unision. "he is the one who spazzes over every little thing on the planet!" kena continued completely ignoring the fact that they had just shared a sentence for the billionth time. [im making them sound like target couple aren't I? ....crud! must. Fix. Soon!]

Lauren shook her head. Kena could be so ignorant sometimes. And being her best friend on the face of the planet it was her very job to point these sorts of things out to kena.

“hey kena?”

“what?”

“you did it again.”

“did what again?”

Lauren gave a nonchalant point over to Henry knowing that she would get the point soon enough.

Out of realization Kena smacked her forehead, “ah crud! Not again!” Henry began to snicker on the seat beside her. Smirking, Lauren folded her arms and gave a light chuckle, causing her shoulders to bounce for a minute or so.

Though as she was helping her friend not to miss anything, she had missed something herself.

What she had failed to notice was that her other best friend Mason had not said a single word the entire time.

Even those of them all who had noticed didn't seem to prod at the fact being as to why he hadn't been talking.

Perhaps that was because it was so incredibly obvious? Or maybe it wasn't obvious enough. Because no one had really seemed to take much of any notice. They had all been too caught up in the upcoming year to see the smaller things that they used to notice sooner than the color of the sky.

Well, all of them with the gracious exception of Miss Laura herself. She had known he wasn't talking.

Any presence of his that did not include the sound of his voice was something to often stand out to her.

Not simply to him either. To any person she knew well enough.

She certainly knew him well enough. If at least eleven years on the spot was not considered well enough than she simply thought nothing did.

She was so well aware of his silence. Why hadn't she bothered to look over at him? She did want to know what was wrong. But something was holding her back. Like a feeling in the pit of her stomach was keeping her head from turning. She didn't want him to feel he was being ignored. He wasn't, especially when he was the only thing on her mind lately.

This was something Lauren didn't fully understand. There was something binding it to her thoughts. He was all that ran through her head lately. She didn't know why. She was starting to consider things about him in an entirely new perspective. There were things she was thinking about constantly that she knew had not been brought up in years.

And not only was she thinking about those things. She was winding around them. Taking in the details and digging further into the subject. There had been one time where she had even caught herself admiring one little smile. Just a smile! She had been obsessing over it for a mid second before she thankfully caught herself.

Since then she knew something was up.

It was like she was seeing him as less of a friend or a brother... and more of a.....boy.

Like he was any other person that she hadn't known nearly their entire lives. Like he was one of those regular moronic boys from school. Like the ones that were going to be a pain in the @\$\$ this upcoming year.

And she wasn't all that sure she liked it.

But then again,

After another hour or so of talking eating and spazing (for some) they all decided to head out. Greg was going to take Henry to the video game store and try and take his mind off of next Monday. He made it sound like a doctor's prescription, "Okay dude you are seriously paranoid over this whole new school crap. So I am gonna take you to the VG arcade for seven straight hours every day for the next three days. And you should be back to your semi-normal self in no time!" he said patting the quaking boy on the back.

"How do you know that's gonna work Greg?" Terry asked as she pulled out her phone to call in a ride for her and Kena.

"Well, it worked for my brother. So why won't it work for him?" Without further questions Greg was dragging Henry off in the general direction of the VG arcade.

"Um okay then... so Laura you want a ride?" Terry asked as her phone picked up a voice on the other line. Lauren passed a quick glance back over to Maison. He was sitting in the same place he had been for the past two and a half hours. Resting his head in his hands he had a bored look on his face. It was that look of discouragement that snagged her. Without thinking twice she answered 'no' and watched as Kena and Terry made their way towards the exit to the mall.

With that Lauren walked back over to the boy. She placed a hand on his arm bringing him out of his trance. He looked up at her over his shoulder. "c'mon, let's go." Without word he gave a nod and stood up beside her. He only had the best part of two inches on her.

She began walking but after a few steps she saw he was not following. Turning around she saw him standing there. Rocking on the soles of his shoes with his hands driven into his pockets hunching his shoulders slightly. His eyes were aimed at his feet and he didn't seem to have noticed her taking leave.

There was most definitely something wrong with that boy. And she just had to know what. She knew he would deny and fib. But he knew she wouldn't buy it. It made her wonder why he would even bother after all these years.

She walked back over to him resting a hand on his shoulder once more hoping to gain some attention. At the feel of her touch he almost immediately stopped rocking on his heels and his feet went level on the tiled floor. Though his hands remained in his pockets and his head stayed tilted towards the ground, his eyes darted to meet hers. And the moment they did... it was like a successful spider's web. Catching and tangling anything that came near it. Prohibiting all movement and willing.

Locked in the gaze. Frozen in time. Everything around them seemed to stop short. Her mind wasn't really working. A certain fog had robbed her of her thoughts and a light feeling awoke in her chest, heating her entire person as if she were underneath the greatest of stage lights. She felt the heat find its way up to her face completing the absolute daze she was in.

They finally came to their senses and snapped their heads away from one another silently cracking their

necks with the intensity of the snap. She pulled her hand down from his shoulder as the red heat slowly died from both of their faces.

After regaining themselves he was the first to speak. "We should get going now eh?" she nodded in agreement and the two of them continued on as if nothing had happened. But they both knew that sure as hell wasn't the case. Something weird had just happened. And it was going to plague their minds for a long while afterwards. But with no signals to the other that they couldn't ignore it like any other person might.

They had been intentionally heading for home, but somehow found their way into the city park. They walked along with one destination in mind for both of them. It was a secret place that they had called their own for years. It was like a perfect escape from reality. You could literally lose yourself in there. Especially if you didn't know the tricks to getting there.

The two of them were the only ones who knew how to get there. It was not what you might expect a hidden path to be like. Most people would assume crossing a creek through some shrubs and up a small hill. But that was actually not the case here. As it turned out the only pathway to this secret spot was through the high branches of two oak trees and through a run down barb fence at the bottom.

They didn't come here as often as they used to. Ever since the gang had gotten older they had found other things to occupy their daily time. But still, it was nice to know that there was a place out there for them should they ever need it. And what was better was that it was there for just the two of them. It wasn't that they didn't trust the others with a secret. It was that their friends didn't share the same optimistic and serious outlook they did.

Or in other words. They were basically figures of today's system. All hyped up on electronics and movies and music. Fame and fortune were the deepest they ever got. But there was something about those two that was different. They sometimes had a deeper outlook on the world. A more serious or acute sense of things. They hardly ever acted like that around anyone aside from each other. Mostly because the literary concerns of the planet seem to have dropped in some places. Their very home being one of those places.

They resided in each other and depended on each other to be an outlet for understanding and sincerity. They had found out forever ago that they could entrust anything within each other. That they could tell each other anything and not be judged for it on the spot. It was absolute comfort between the two of them. And neither of them wanted that to change for the worst. But for the better, well, that was another soapbox entirely.

When they reached their destination Lauren automatically took her usual spot underneath the largest oak tree being part of the barricade making this entire place secret and theirs only. Whereas he took to a low branch about five feet over her head. She always got nervous when he decided to perch himself directly over her. It was annoying and it would be painful should he ever slip.  
[well lets see, multiply the gravitational force....aaant....momentum....distance.....mmm....estimate weight ratio and transference...carry the 1... and...DANG. That would suck.]

Anyways. As they were sitting total and complete silence engulfed them. There was so much on her mind Lauren could not even decipher whether it was awkward or not.

He had been off today. In fact come to think of it he had been messed up almost all summer. She couldn't help but wonder why. Was there something going on that she (or anyone else) didn't know about? Something really important?

Nah, there couldn't possibly be. She knew he knew he could tell her anything at all. Why would he even dare to keep secrets?( now isn't that the most popular fanfiction statement?) Especially when he knew she would find out any time she felt like it. She could figure out anything about him no matter what it was. She had her ways. And he never dared to try and corrupt them.

Maybe she would just ask him for once. Even though she knew 10 to 1 he would say: "Nothing. Everything is fine." Then he would begin to say something about the others like: "Did you notice how Greg hasn't said one thing about his fish dying?" or "Did you catch Henhead and Kena out together at the mall last night?" or maybe even some random thing like something on television or the weather. Such as this: "Did you ever notice how if you stare at the sun long enough it turns pink and green?" He had used that one on her twice. Once when he accidentally lost her library book in fourth grade, and a second time when he had forgotten to meet her for studying about a year ago. It hadn't worked either time. Even if it was true and though she had not really noticed that sort of thing. She was interested in what he would come up with this time...

"Hey Maison?"

"Yeah."

"Whats wrong?"

"Nothing. Everything is fine." [I feel like im typing script for a robot]

"You don't mean that."

"Did you ever notice how if you stare at the sun long enough it turns pink and green?"

"..."

Nothing apparently. As much as she wanted to find out she thought she might try a few more times to squeeze it out of him before going into 'spy mode' being what she called it when she went looking for information that wouldn't come straight to her.

"Maison you've tried that on me twice. It isn't gonna work." She said expecting only an immature response. Which ironically is exactly what she got. "No, but still. Its worth a shot to get the cops of my tail." He said plainly looking skyward. (meaning he was looking at the sky)(pull up a dictionary sight why dontcha?) Lauren gave a snort to try and not laugh. He always made her laugh whether he meant to or not. Telling by the smirk on his face as he continued sky watching, this is what he wanted to happen. She knew what he was up to. He was trying to make her forget what they were talking about so he could avoid telling her something. This time it wasn't going to work. There was nothing he could possibly do to disarm her at this point.

Playing to the tune of his plan he carefully swung down off the branch and sauntered over to a ledge. (I

had to put a romantic cliff in here somewhere sorry like a policy) He stood at the edge of a steeping hill that ran down to a small lake with some sand at the base. A light breeze found its way through the many branches.

You see, the reason trees were the only way there, was that it was a high peak where the sides were too steep to climb without some sort of axe or other equipment. If you're wondering how they found it don't ask. It's a long story that I am not going to explain to you now. Ahem. Aside from that...

It was then, for the second time that day, Lauren had become entranced. The light from the setting sun reflected off of the lake beneath them, protruding from the lower levels of forestry. The once blue sky was now painted with a mixture of pinks, purples and orange-yellows. The colorful clouds blended together to form a new layer of sky. Darkness was at the highest point of the sky as if it were a painting that had been singed by heavenly flame.

There was a light breeze (as mentioned) that had seemingly blown in over the trees or through the branches. It flew gently over the clearing towards the ledge where Mason was standing staring at the sunset, seeming captivated. The breeze pulled some of her own hair into her face, but she made to attempt to move it as her head had gone numb. The breeze then reached him. Blowing his shaggy brown hair all in one direction temporarily shielding his eyes from view. The entire scene of his captivation with the sunset captivated her.

Suddenly she snapped out of her daze. What was she doing? This was her best friend! 'I can't just go off drooling over him!' she thought. 'wait...drooling?! What the?' she brought two fingers to her lips to find (in deed) in the corner of her mouth was a droplet of said accusation. (get a dictionary) Lauren gave a sigh as the words, 'no more of that' ran through her head. 'I can't. Even if it is nice to...' She wiped it away in haste and shook her head sparing him a second glance. She was almost pulled back in, when he turned his head towards her. Her head twitched back in shock as she tried to look normal. She averted her eyes immediately. Not wanting a re-hap of what had happened earlier. Though it was wonderful. To her at the very least.

"Laur, you gotta see this!" there was a non-visible excitement in his voice. Almost childish like a young boy calling on his mother to show her an amazing toy he wanted. Which would have been him anyway so. She loved it when he used that nickname for her. He was the only one who could get away with it with his head intact. The shortest she ever let anyone call her was Laura and she didn't even like that name very much. Though she loved the one he always used. At least, he used it on following occasions: he wanted something, he was joking, he was kidding around or he had one he used to be annoying. Laur-Laur was a death sentence for even him.

Without having to hear any instructions she got to her feet and almost shakily walked over towards him. She was standing part behind him and peered over his shoulder (reaching like right under her chin may I point out) she didn't want to admit how close they were. But she couldn't really ignore it. She calmly rested her hands on his shoulders, as well as her head. His hands had remained in his pockets, though his shoulders stayed level this time. The two of them looked out over the lake. It was breath-taking. "It's beautiful." She breathed in his ear sending chills down his spine. He glanced over at her with his eyes for a moment, "Yeah...it is." He breathed back.

The two of them turned to the sunset again with faint traces of smiles on their lips. Any passerby, who



nothing of either one of them, would have thought them to be a young couple. And a happy one at that. They would be wrong to the bluntest of terms. But sooner or later we all have to be right about something right?

As the sun began to finally disappear over the horizon Lauren whispered almost dreamily, "I don't think I've ever seen something so, gorgeous." She meant it too. Well, to the extent of her current thought she did.

"I have." Maison replied turning his head to hers. Lauren had not taken notice of this. She lifted her head in a turn to meet his while saying "Like wha-!" she was unable to finish her sentence as...

meanwhile....

"come on! Cant I just go home now?!" henhead begged greg for the umpteenth time in the past hour. "No! I said seven. Straight. Hours. And its only been one! We need to stay here longer if your ever going to be okay!" greg made it sound obvious.

"erm, don't you mean if im ever going to be totally broke?" he asked scaling his hands for emphasis.

"watchoo tawkin bowt?" (teehee)

"you've been making me pay for everything. In fact, if I didn't know any better I would say this was just some plan for free gamage! On your part that is." Greg looked apauled. "man I would never take that advantage of you. ( 'and tell it to your face' ) you can trust me on that." Greg said placing his right hand over his heart. Henry looked warily at him. Then a Cheshire grin sprouted on his face as he began circling greg slowly like a vulture. "Oh it isn't then? So you wouldn't mind my leaving?" he asked snidely.

Beads of sweat had formed on gregs brow, (dramatizing=FUN!) "o-of ccourse not dude. I am just looking out for ya. I mean you were pri-tee freaked earlier. And I just th-thought that ya know some VGA gamage would yya know, hhhhelp?!" he sounded frantic.

"Well thank you for your concern, but im fine now. I guess that your technique worked. Thanks 'doc'" henry gave him one of those girly finger waves before slipping out of the VGA exit.

Greg held his false calm state for a few more seconds before completely breaking down. "AW MAN! I almost had him! Three...days.....seven..hohours! all...GONE! LOWW ISS MOURE EBERL IERR ROTE THI SONOTE MEE!" he threw his hands to his gut as he brought himself to his knees. He then threw his hands up in the air turning his head upwards. "I WAS SO CLOSE!!!!!! IM MELTING! MELLLLLTING! OH WHAT A WORLD!" he yelled in a high pitched scratchy voice mimicking that of the wicked witch. Every person in the VGA looked over towards him.

He looked around with his eyes and slowly brought down his arms. He also slowly got to his feet still watched by all the people around him.

Once standing he loosened his stance placing a hand in his pocket and waving sloppily at them all.

"Hey uh, non o yall saw none ah dat right?" he gave a shaky laugh before running for the exit.

Once he was gone the silence died away as the other people went back to their gaming.

Meanwhile 2.....

Kena and terry where at terrys place. Kena was sitting on her bed flipping through some of the fashion magazines she had found lying on the floor. While terry was pacing the floor with her cell phone trying to

activate voice call command or the VCC function on her phone.

Kena gave a wistful sigh and looked over at her friend. "I wish Lauren had come with us. This is boring. Can't we at least go out for lunch or something?" she asked.

"but mckena you already had lunch today at the mall remember?" terry offered not looking away from her cell phone screen. "I know. What time is it?" she couldn't seem to find a clock in this room amidst the many make up, clothes and purses lying around with an assortment of stuffed animals and fluffy afghans. (get a dictionary) terry looked down to the bottom corner of her phone screen and read off "7:28pm?" mckena gave another more woeful sigh as she once more began to sift through the pages not caring what was printed on them. "Man, it's too early for dinner, and too late for lunch, so I guess that means one thing..." she said her voice rising in mirth and that you-know-what-I-mean tone.

The sing-song voice made terry twitch, "erm time for you to go three hours without eating for one in your life?" she replied in a hopeful/rather cruel way. A Cheshire grin (connection anybody?) spread on mckenas face as she shook her head gleefully. "Nope. Time for.....(drum role paleez) LINNER!" she threw her hands up in the air as terry groaned and smacked her hand over her eyes. Peeking through her fingers terry gave her an obscene look and dared to ask, "Linner?"

Mckenas joy only seemed to grow. "Either that or Dunch witch ever you prefer." She said standing up and placing her hands on her hips somewhat triumphantly. Terry made a face and said... "Eww, linner it is. Dunch just doesn't sound edible." She waved her hand in an I'll-pass motion giving a face to match. "Ahhh suit yourself. But im hungary. I think I might call Henry I heard he got away from another one of gregs free gamage schemes. Yeah, maybe he would eat linner with me..." she said falling into thought. She tapped her chin ponderingly. (dic-chun-air-ee)

Terry looked at her confused, "Um does henry even know 'what' linner is?" mckena looked back at her as if she were crazy. "Well yeah hes the one who helped me come up with it." She gave a snort as she headed for the doorway. But before she could escape a cunning look spread on terrys features. "Are you so sure you'll both have time to eat? Or will you even bother eating?" she asked in a slinky like voice. Connecting her words with a smooth snidely air about them. Mckena turned around not knowing what she had just said. But it all sank in before she could get out a "what do you mean?" or a "say what?". Her face automatically flushed as terry began to laugh hysterically.

And before terry knew it she had a pink pillow flying through the air headed straight for her face. She made no move to stop it. She was too busy laughing. When the pillow hit her she tumbled backwards onto her bed, disturbing all of the fashion and girl magazines that had been lying there originally. Then the look that had once graced her face now appeared more cunningly on mckenas, meaning only one thing,,,,,payback. Just as terrys laughter was dying down mckena managed a superb (dictionary u funkheads)(omit the word funkhead please)(thnx) deadpan.

"Oh really? And just what would you and greAEG be doing?" she appointed the middle of his name and dragged it out. Adding additional sting to the attack. Terry almost instantly caught on and her face went red as the surface of mars. ( my dads idea lol) With that mckena left the room in a triumphant ( got a thang 4 dat wrd) march down the stairs. Where she then called henry on her cell phone. Her phone also had the VCC function, but she thought it was stupid especially if you need to make little noise, like in a library or in a line or something. Plus the people around you don't need to hear who your calling. They don't care and neither do i. (o.O???) anyways.

He picked up on the other line and actually wound up asking her to dinner in place of vice versa. She obviously agreed and was on her way to meet him at the mall once more. On her way out terrys mom had asked where she was going. Kena explained that she had a 'date' with an important 'client'. Having heard so terrys mom offered her a ride witch kena happily accepted. She didn't take the offer for one to her house later, because she and henry lived nearby to one another and she figured he wouldn't mind walking her home. And even if he did (4 whatever reason) she knew terrys mom would have no hassle getting her a five minute ride back home.

And as all of this went on terry still sat on her bed pondering (ahem, I think ya know what im gonna say) what kena had said earlier. She knew she had not been being serious. But she still couldn't help but think about it. What would the two of them be doing on a date or something like that? She had always had a 'thing' for greg but only admitted it to Lauren who was the only person she could trust not to tell seeing as how kena is a human megaphone. Did Lauren possibly tell kena? Terry had asked her not to and she had promised she wouldn't.

But then again kena was a very joke-around person. She may have not been truly considering the impact of what she had said. It had only been to get back at terry for making that comment about her and henry and what they would be doing on a date like thing such as this. Lauren had told terry that there was most definitely something between those two about four years ago. It had been nearly the other three before terry started noticing she was right.

That was something about Lauren. She had an eye for matches. There had been quite a few times where terry had seen her presume such relationships. In stories, movies tv shows and more. Even real life on one or two occasions. And she had not been wrong yet. Because once the connection was made, said relationships never failed.

Lauren hadn't said anything about terrys relationship with greg. There had been a few times terry had considered asking laurens opinion on the entire thing. Lauren was always one for advice. But it seemed to silly. Terry thought she would rest on it as her eyelids suddenly began to fall over her sight.

And so she dozed off dreaming of her past thoughts

Back.....

She was unable to finish her sentence as her lips collided with his, resounding in a full on kiss. Both of their eyes opened wide as their bodies went rigid. Neither one dared move. Until finally they subconsciously found their eyes drifting shut as either one then reacted to the kiss.

Lauren then found herself in that all too familiar state of numbness. Her mind had gone hazey with dim thoughts of none other then the boy she was kissing. Her eyes had fallen closed showing her an array of colored darkness. Light and dark mixed in swirls and star-like specs as the airy feeling rose in her chest once more. The blood flowed more incoherently than it had before. It seemed lazy and careless. It felt as much in a daze as she was.

Only this time the daze was not awkward. It was comforting. Relaxed. It was much more at ease as neither person attempted to move away from it. After this was al over she would not want to deny it. She would want to relive it for sure. It was much too precious to ignore.

Those were her feelings towards the slip of their lips. But what his were exactly was not clear to her. Nothing was. Not now anyway. The fog in her mind only thickened as he rotated his body and wrapped his arms around her waist pulling her in closer. Suddenly she knew his thoughts on the situation exactly. In an instinctive (and well expected) reaction she snaked her own arms around his neck. She soon found herself playing with the hair at the base of his neck. It was times like now when she wondered why the hell she spent 14 years of her life reading. She didn't know why. But she did.

Well, because life's unfair and everything sucks, humans need air. Therefore they had to breathe eventually. Meaning they had to pull away eventually. Though what would happen when they did was unclear to the both of them.

After who knows (and cares) how long they pulled away gasping for breath. A moment or so had passed and they had remained still. Avoiding each others eyes. Once they had regained their breath (and stability ;p) their eyes made contact once more as they found themselves leaning in for another kiss.

Merely half an inch away Laurens (damn) cell phone went off. They backed away and she gave a discontented sigh reaching into her pocket to pull the tool of the devil fourth and see who it was. She remained with one arm round his neck and his grip on her waist had nearly loosened completely.

Lauren answered the phone without bothering with the ID and answered "Hello?" her voice was rather sharp from ire (dictionary) of being interrupted. She could hardly keep her lack of breath sound as she breathed heavily into the phone, knowing it would amplify on the other side about five times. The voice of terry rung into her ear, "Hey its terry are you ok? You sound out of breath. Whatcha been doin this past hour or so?" Lauren wanted nothing more than to hang up and resume kissing (her best friend '~') but didn't really have it in her to do so. She hardly had it l her inhale properly.

"Oh, nothing really, ya know, around and about?" she answered gaining control of her breath. Maison suddenly tightened his grip on her pulling her back ( as in her back [bodyprt]) up against him knocking his head into hers playfully. Lauren couldn't help but give a faint giggle at his actions. Terry heard this across the line and had her curiosity perked. "say lauren?" she asked.

Lauren had nearly forgotten her, "yeah?"

"whats so funny?"

"what?"

"you were laughing."

Lauren was about to make something up when she decided to have a little more fun. "Im sorry I didn't hear you." She said turning the volume to speaker so maison could hear it too.

"I said: you were laughing."

Lauren gave a grin to maison as a hint. He caught it automatically.

"No I wasn't."

the two of them smiled as Lauren leaned into him.

Terry seemed less amused on the other end.

"Um yes, you were. I heard you!"

"No you didn't," Lauren said. The two of them bit back snickers. This was fun.

"Wha- ? yes I did Lauren!"

“did what?”

“I heard you laughing!”

“I was never laughing terry. Maybe youre deaf.”

“what?! I am not!”

“youre not what?”

“DEAF!”

“what about being deaf?”

“im not deaf!”

“oh okay then. Is that all you called me for? To tell me youre not deaf?”

“NO!”

“no what?”

“NO IT ISNT!”

“no what isn’t?”

“the reason I called you!”

“and what isn’t that? ...again?”

“to tell you im deaf!!”

“well okay...wait, youre deaf?!!”

“NO!.”

“no what?”

“oh never mind.”

“mind what?”

“LAUREN!”

“TERRY!”

“UUGGHH! WILL YOU STOP THAT?!!”

“stop what?”

“THAT!”

“I have no idea what your talking about.”

“ARRRRRRRGHHH! Maisons there with you now isn’t he? I swear Lauren that boy is rubbing off on you!”

Lauren brought the phone up so maison could speak into it. “heh, so what if I am?”

“ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” they heard the line hang up and broke out into a fit of laughter.

Lauren did have to admit, after so many years being so close, she supposed he had had an effect on her. She guessed she had just never noticed it before because she liked it. It was a change for the better for sure. She just never really saw it as any kind of change at all.

And even if she did she knew she wouldn’t want it any other way. That was for sure. She liked being rebellious. Plus they never got caught for it. That was even better.

But there was one thing she was curious about. What now? What was going to happen to them after that... “Slip of the Lips”? how much would change? Would anything even change at all? It made a person wonder. And another question: Did she want anything to change? Lauren knew she was going to have to mull this over for days before she even scarcely understood any of it. She was confused now. In a good way she supposed, mostly because she wasn’t sure she wanted to understand anything right now.

Right now she thought it would be easier to just live in the imaginative fog that had clouded her thoughts. Because something told her that once that fog was gone...so was everything it had brought. The loss of both would cause the rough fall back to reality. And she didn't think she could take that fall alone. She knew she didn't want to. Perhaps she didn't have to...This was too much at once for her. She wasn't sure if she wanted to just forget this entire day and go on leaving it and its emotional haze behind. She wasn't sure if she wanted to stay here in the haze. Where nothing appeared. Nothing bad. Nothing could happen in the haze.

She had no clue as to what she wanted out of this, but what about him? She didn't even want to try and think about that right now.

So she decided to try the balance....see how long they could remain in this blissful false world before they returned to reality. Thus causing the haze to die away. And possibly never return. She was going to make it last as long as she could. She admitted she wished that could be forever. But forever, is hardly any time at all nowadays then isn't it?

Well? How was it? Was it long enough for you? Think it took up enough of your life? I was going to keep going but I got lazy and now 10 to 1 (luv the trm) says im going to procrastinate for the next chapter.....

BTW this is suddenly going to become non sequential sometimes so don't expect some of it to make total and complete sense at all.