

## iSeddie

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**Author:** S. Benson

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**Summary:** Sam made the first move, now Freddie is confused if he should make the next one. After the events of iOMG. My first story, hope you like it!

## \*Chapter 1\*: iLost my Mind

Sam's POV

"Sam!" Carly whined.

"No! I don't want to talk about it" I whined back.

"But I'm your best friend!" she made a puppy dog face.

"That's why you shouldn't be pushing me in the first place!" She stopped and stared.

"Fine! You have a point. I guess you can talk to me when you're ready, right?"

"Yeah" I lied.

"But if I didn't see the kiss you wouldn't even tell me! Would you?" she asked.

"Probably not" I was honest.

"Why? You promised no more secrets remember?" she crossed her arms in protest.

"I know" I took a deep breath "but this is hard."

"Doesn't matter how hard it is, I'd be there for you!" she sounded hurt.

"I know. I was just hoping it would go away. I guess that if I had told you it would make it permanent. I was in denial. I guess admitting it to someone was like admitting it to myself, I wasn't ready" I looked down.

I could feel Carly's eyes on me. As I turned my head up I could see her smile. She was grinning. Why the hell she was grinning? This is a serious situation!

"What?" I asked

"I just think that this is the cutest thing in the world! You being in love with Freddie, I mean... everything makes so much sense right now!" she had a big smile on her face.

I knew that smile, she was up to something. Every time she was about meddling in someone else's business she had a grin just like that.

"No! No, no, no!" I said.

"What? What? What? What?" she asked.

"Carly Shay..." I took a deep breath "I don't want you to do anything! Just stay out of this!"

"But... but... It's my two best friends who are involved... how do you expect me to let it go?"

"Letting!" I put my hands on my waist "listen... you wanna do something? Just let it go okay?"

"Can I at least talk to him about it?"

"No!" I screamed

The thought of her talking to him about what happened made me a little sick. It was not what I wanted at all. I just wanted to let it go. I didn't want to talk about it.

"But Sam... If you're confused... imagine him! He'll need to talk to someone too" she had a point.

"Okay! Fair enough. But I don't wanna know!" even if I did.

"Okay. Fair enough" she looked around for a second before turning her gaze to me again "Since when?"

"Since we kissed for the first time" I said without a doubt.

"Two years? And you didn't even told me?" she wasn't surprise or upset, just a little disappointed.

"Carly I..."

"Yeah, yeah, I know."

"Okay" I didn't know what else to say.

"And I dated him. That must've hurt" she looked sad.

"A little in the beginning, but I knew deep down inside it wasn't meant to be. And you kinda dated the kid for like two days" I joked.

"I guess... Sam? If I knew... I would never" I cut her off.

"I know."

We stood quiet for a while. After a few awkward seconds, that seemed like an eternity, she took two steps forward and hugged me.

A tight bear hug. I waited a while to hug her back, but I did. I could feel the tears in the corner of my eyes, but I was determinate to not let them fall.

"I'm here for whatever you need" we sat on the floor.

"I know Carls" I made myself comfortable in her embrace.

"I'm very proud" she kissed the top of my head.

"Why?" I wiped the first tear to fall off my face.

"You made a move. A very brave one."

We stood there on the girls bathroom floors until the end of the lock in. Me and my brunette best friend. We didn't talk anymore. I figured she would give me a break, but knowing Carly, she wouldn't drop the subject. So many thoughts running through my head, my heart pounding, my eyes full of tears, I knew I've ruined everything. Nothing would ever be the same. The memories of my biggest mistake kept haunting me. But deep down inside of my heart, a little light of hope was shinning. He didn't pull back. He didn't stop me. He didn't reject me. What did that mean? I had the questions, unsure if I wanted the answers. That was when I knew... I had lost my mind.

## \*Chapter 2\*: iNeed Someone To Talk To

She kissed me and walked away. What was I supposed to do? I called her name a few times, but she even looked back. I was confused. All of those years of abuse and banter were just a cover for her true feelings? Since when she liked me? Since when she knew? Why didn't she tell me before? Why she kissed me now? I had so many questions, but my legs wouldn't move to run after her and ask them. I was dumbfounded. I was wondering where she could be. How she was feeling. How she was coping with everything.

By the time I got home my head was a mess. A lot of feelings, I never knew I had, were mixed up. I spent years crushing on Carly... but to be fair, my crush was long gone. Since I saved her life and we dated for two short days, I realized that my feelings were just a fantasy of a lonely boy with a lunatic mother. Something from my childhood. Wasn't real. Wasn't love. With Sam things were different. She tortured me every single day, and it used to bother, but not anymore. It was almost like I was amused by her ways of making me miserable. I could easily dodge her punches, or win her over physically, but I chose not to. I mean let's face it... I'm taller and stronger. Ever since I started working out and take kickboxing classes, I changed. I was no longer that wimpy she could manhandle whenever she wanted to. However, watching her smile when she owned me was something I appreciated deeply, for some twisted messed up way I didn't comprehend.

The memories of the kiss were repeating over and over on my mind. I re-watched it a thousand times. Little by little, I could realize some things. Everything started to make sense. The reason why she chose to share her first kiss with me. The reason why she warned me about Carly's feelings when we dated. Why she would never leave me alone. Why? Why? Why? Was all I could think about. I was tossing and turning on my bed when some memory that always seemed too insignificant hit me like a tacko truck.

### FLASHBACK

"You wanna break something else?" Carly asked our guest.

"Like Freddie's arm, Freddie's leg, Freddie's face?" Sam joked.

"Oh Sam if you're in love with me just say so" I joked.

She just made a weird noise in response. I did the same thing. We both let it go.

### END OF FLASHBACK

She didn't say no. Why? Why she didn't say no? She never denied it. Was she already in love with me? Why haven't I realized this before? Man! I'm such an idiot! Now I know why she didn't say no, but why did I ask? Why? Do I have feelings for her? I needed to get my head straight. I needed someone to talk to. I figured she would be at Carly's; it would be difficult to talk to Carly without letting her know. I figured she needed her best friend more than me right now. What if she thought I still liked Carly? Because I didn't! But did I like her? I didn't know

Spencer! My older brunette friend's crazy head popped in my mind. I could talk to Spencer!

I called him. His phone rang three times before he answered.

"What's up Freddo?" he didn't sound sleepy even though it was three in the morning.

"Why are you awake?" I asked.

"Carly traumatized me today... I can't fall asleep" he said sadly.

"I need to talk to you about something" I cleared my throat.

"Sure. Come over here!"

"Is... Sam there?" I asked nervously.

"Yep."

"Then no... can't you come over?"

"Sure. Open the door" he hang up.

## \*Chapter 3\*: iDon't Hate You But I Want to

Freddie's POV

Afew seconds later Spencer made his way into the apartment.

"Spencer there is no need for you to tiptoe! My mom is not home" I told him.

He looked like an idiot, well... more than usual.

"Oh... okay" he planted his feet on the floor and followed me.

I made my way into the kitchen. Spencer took a sit and kept staring at me. I asked if he wanted something and he accepted a hot chocolate, which I had no intention to make, but I did it anyway. After we were sitting enjoying our hot drink I found my voice.

"I need to talk to you about something" I paused "that happened today"

"What" he took a sip of his hot chocolate.

"Sam... kissed... me" I said nervously.

He kept staring at me for a few seconds. He dropped his cup at the table and leaned back.

"Finally!" he said raising his hand to the sky.

"What? Why?" I asked kinda confused kinda desperate.

"I always knew you guys were in love with each other" he said like it was the most obvious thing in the universe.

"Wait... what?" I was beyond confused.

"Come on Freddo... she tortures you every single day seeking desperately for your attention and some physical contact. You put up with that even though we both know you can beat her anytime. Why do you think you do that?" he looked at me like I was stupid.

Maybe I was.

"I don't know. I thought she hated me."

"And still you think of her as a close friend right?"

"Yeah" I answered weakly.

"You chose to let her beat the crap out of you, even though she would humiliate you afterwards" he had a point "listen I'm not saying that you should jump on it right way. But do you wanna know something my little friend?"

"Yes please" I nodded.

"Whenever she's not looking, and you think that no one is paying attention... whenever she's asleep on my couch, or too entertained with bacon or some other food, you look at her with so much sweetness in your eyes that makes me wanna grin"

"I don't do that!" I said unsure.

"Oh... but you do" he chuckled. "I'm so confuse right now. I mean... I don't like Carly anymore, but this thing with Sam is totally new territory for me. You know... she's Sam! She is this crazy blond haired demon who loves to make my life a living hell!"

"Who you shared your first kiss with" he pointed out.

"Just to get it over with" was it really?

"Right... but you're not the kind of boy who would do that just to get it over with, and Sam is not the kind of girl who would share this big moment with someone she hates out of desperation" he crossed his finger over the table.

"Well... I guess you're right" I admitted.

"Listen... you have to understand that I'm not telling you to get married with her or anything, but maybe one date could clear things up a little bit" he suggested.

"Me? Asking Sam on a date?" I asked myself, not him.

"Yep"

"What if she says no?" a sudden fear took over me.

What if she said no? And why did that bothered me so much?

"She will say no, but you won't take no for an answer" Spencer could be really smart when he wanted to be.

"What if she tries to beat me?"

"Show her you're not so weak anymore. I'm not telling you to hurt her... because that would be bad... just defend yourself" he tried to make as clear as possible.

"I guess I can do that" I looked down for a while "Spencer?"

"Yeah?"

"Do I really look at her the way you said I did?" I couldn't face him.

"Yeah. And you know what?" he poked my arm "She does the same thing with you"

That made me smile.

"Just ask her out and see how it goes"

"What if I decide I don't like her? That could ruin of friendship" that was my greatest fear.

Spencer stood up and turned to leave. When he reached the doorknob, he turned to look at me.

"That won't happen" he smiled.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because I know it won't" with that he left me alone with my thoughts.

When the morning came I had already made up my mind. I was going to ask her out on a date. I was going to make a move now. It was my turn. Although I wasn't sure about my feelings for Sam. I just had to do what I told her in the lock-in; you never know if you never try right? I thought about how I should ask her out and where would we go, but nothing seemed good enough. I knew she was going to say no, but I wasn't ready to give up just yet. I needed to know how I felt about her; we didn't get to talk since last night. I tried to call her a couple of times, but I gave up. I figured this wasn't something to talk by the phone.

Knowing she would be at Carly's I tried to take it slow. Baby steps, I told myself, no need to rush. This was going to be hard, I knew it, but something inside of me was screaming "go for it", so I did.

Sam's POV

I woke up feeling stupid. It was all Carly's fault! She had to go on and on about making a move and stuff. I went for it. I listened to her, and made a goddamn move. I kissed the nub. Thank you Carls! I was doing fine hiding my feelings until you convinced me to be stupid. Now the shit hit the vent. Nothing would ever be the same. I've lost my mind completely. I made my way downstairs to find Spencer fixing breakfast and Carly watching the re-run of Girly Cow.

"Morning Sam!" she said checking on me.

"Morning" I said with no enthusiasm and feeling like crap.

"Breakfast!" Spencer yelled.

"Sam..." Carly grabbed my arm before I could leave.

I knew exactly what she was going to say. She had been on and on about what happened. She claimed that I had to talk to the dorkwad. I just answered: if the wants to talk to me, he'll talk to me. That was it!

"Carly please... not before breakfast!" I begged.

"Okay. But we're talking about it right after you finish your ham!" she warned me.

"Fine mom!"

We joined Spencer at the table. The older nub kept staring at me like he knew something I didn't. I knew Spencer was weird, but not that he was disturbed. He was actually smirking at me.

"What?" I yelled.

He just smiled at me.

"What?" Carly asked me.

"Spencer. He keeps looking at me like that!" I pointed at him.

"Like what?" she asked confused.

"Like he knows something..." I realized what he knew "You told him?"

I couldn't believe she did that.

"No!" she got up.

We both turned to her brunette brother.

"Have you been peeking into someone's conversation again?" she asked him.

"No!" he stood up.

"Have you been listening behind doors?" now she was a little upset.

"No!" he sounded a little offended.

"Then what?" I snapped.

"I don't know what you guys are talking about. I was just observing you eat your ham, that's all" he gave me a innocent look.

He turned and left leaving his plate on the sink.

"The nub" I clenched my fists.

"What?"

"Freddie. Freddie told him! I'm sure" my anger was boiling.

I couldn't believe that the frigging nub would tell what happened to a soul. I should've threatened him. I should've told him to shut the hell up about it. I was going to kill him, as soon as I had the guts to look at his face.

"I can't believe he said anything! I'm going to kill him!" I yelled.

"No you're not!" she was sharp and clear.

"Why not? He didn't have the right!"

"Yes he did! This is not just about you Sam; it's about all of us. He must be confused and needing someone to talk to, Spencer is a good friend of his. I should go there and talk to him. Know how he's feeling" she said heading towards the door.

The thought of her there alone with him made me a little jealous, but I didn't say anything. The moment she put her hand on the doorknob someone knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" she asked.

I knew who it was.

"It's me Carls... Freddie" he answered.

She opened the door quickly revealing the hottest dork I've ever met. I turned my gaze away from him, but I could feel his eyes on me as he walked into the Shay's apartment. Great! Just great! As he walked towards me I made my way to the stairs planning on hide on Carly's room until he left, but he was fast and grabbed my arm before I could reach the first step. I had the urge to push his hand away, but some part of me wanted to stay like that forever. I hated it more than anything.

"Sam? Can we talk?" his voice was low, almost like a whisper.

"Nop!" I tried to sound like I did before when I could just ignore his whole existence.

"Sam... come on! Please? We really need to talk"

## \*Chapter 4\*: iMiss Tough Girl

Sam's POV

"No we don't. What we need to do is forget about it, okay?" I tried to get rid of him but the stupid followed me.

"I think you're wrong. We do need to talk. Forget is impossible!" he closed the door of Carly's room "I need to talk about this!"

"Since when do I care about your needs?"

"Stop being so selfish for five minutes so we can talk!" he demanded.

I never heard Freddie demand anything before. It was actually kind of hot. I could feel the heat rising up my cheeks. Just because he had the balls to do it, I would give him his five minutes.

"You have five minutes" I said looking at Carly's clock "Go!"

He rolled his eyes, but didn't complain, much for my disappointment, some bickering would help relieve the tension. I sat on Carly's bed waiting for him to speak. Freddie took three steps and stood in front of me, in a way that I had to look up to meet his gaze. I watched carefully every inch of his stupid face while he took a deep breath. He was nervous, but something told me he wouldn't stop talking until he had said everything he had to say.

I knew what he was going to do. He was going to try to let me down easily. The damn boy was a gentleman after all. My heart ached; it was sharp kind of pain. The same kind I've tried to protect myself from. The same kind I tried to keep out of my life for so long. Now she was here and I knew it could only get worse.

**A/N: I recommend you read this next part listening Glee's version of "Jar of Hearts", you won't regret it!**

"I always thought you hated me. Not properly hate, as in the meaning of the word, but that just didn't like me. Even so, in a crazy twisted I thought way you kinda saw me as a friend. I always thought it was because of Carly, and iCarly. You hurt me emotionally and physically. You humiliate me and do everything in your power to make me feel miserable. You enjoy my pain. And you do that every single day" he began.

Great, he was letting me down and it was my all fault. I couldn't blame the dork anyway, I mean... I do all of those things to him. Stupid Sam! I wondered if he could ever like me if I were more like Carly. Of course! He would love anything that looked slightly like her. I wondered if he could ever have feelings for me if I treated him right. Probably not.

"But after all we've been through I just can't see us as frenemies or unlikely friends anymore. We're best friends!" he closed his eyes for a second, then opened them and carried on "I have so many mixed up feelings right now that I can't even begin to explain them to you, but that kiss..."

He smiled at the word "kiss". Now I was confused. I was listening to him; I understood everything he was saying until now. That was the first time he confused me. Maybe I was overreacting; maybe he was going to say how ridiculous the kiss was. Yes, that was it.

"That kiss awakened something that was hidden deep inside of me. I'm not sure of anything, cuz honestly this is all very confusing. I have so many questions. So many doubts. I need some explanations. I think I deserve them. I need to hear from you... what you feel. I need to know the what, the when and the why" he paused for air.

I took that chance to speak. I knew if he kept talking I would do something stupid again.

"Why do you even want me to explain anything? I'm aware of the situation Benson. You like Carly since forever and I don't need acknowledge anything other than that! I just want to forget about it so I can move on... I just want to go back to the way it was before this whole mess! I just want us to be whatever we were before!" I almost screamed.

He took another step towards me and kneeled in front of me so our eyes were almost in the same height. When did he get so tall? I shivered when he held my hand. I wanted to push him away, but my muscles melted when he touched me. There was nothing I hated more than feel vulnerable. My walls were slowly crumbling down again, like that night at the lock-in, I felt so stupid. I should punch him. Push him away. Kick him. But I couldn't. In the end I just stood there memorizing every inch of his face. His pretty nose. His sweet smile. His soft skin. His dark hair that I was so obsessed about. And finally, his eyes. His deep brown eyes, staring right at me; with so much sweetness it scared me. Those chocolate eyes were the reason that all of this mess begun. I couldn't resist them anymore, not like I did before. Now it seemed impossible for me to ignore them. He gave me a crooked smile, one of his many charms, and I felt my heart skip a beat. I wanted to hate him so bad right now... but I just couldn't and that made me mad, frustrated, so I looked away.

"I don't want that. I don't want to go back to the way we were before. I can't" his gaze was searching mine.

"Why?" I snapped and walked away from him.

I was close to Carly's closet. Standing up would be safer. Distance would be safer.

"Because I can't!" He stood up and faced me "Not until you answer all of my questions!"

He crossed his arms sounding determinate. That cracked me a little. I could feel one of the many bricks surrounding that crazy heart of mine disappearing. Falling down or whatever.

"Fine..." I felt defeated.

I motioned for him to sit down where I was before, but he just shook his head, refusing. I went back to my previous place on Carly's bed and took a deep breath almost at the same time. I was preparing myself to do the hardest thing I've ever had to do, I opened my mouth but he raised his hand making me stop.

"No. Not like this. Not here. Not right now" he said.

"Why not? Don't you wanna hear it?" I stood up again.

"Yes... but not like this"

"How then?" I asked annoyed.

"Over dinner" he smiled.

"Come again?" I must've heard him wrong.

"Over dinner... or after dinner, either way is good for me"

"Oh..." I was confused again "So you wanna talk about this at dinner? But Carly and Spencer will be there, it would be really..." his laugh made me stop talking.

"Not here. Over dinner. On a date" he had a wide warm smile on his dark yet adorable face.

"What?" my eyes were wide open "Are you asking me out?"

I couldn't believe my ears.

"Yep!" he said almost eagerly "Will you go on a date with me?"

Took me a while to process his words. When I'd finally comprehend them I felt a mix of joy and anger. One part of me was mad, and wanted to kick his ass for asking me out on a pity date, the other half, was screaming a crazy happy yes. As soon as fear took over me I knew my answer.

"No" I said calmly.

"Okay then..." his expression didn't change a bit "I'll just ask you every day until you say yes!"

He smirked while I had a disgusted expression on my face. The scary little Miss tough girl inside of me was taking over, even if the brave Miss stupid girl threatened to appear, probably, Miss tough ass would kick her butt.

"Good luck then Benson" I walked towards the door.

Before I could leave I turned around to look at him. Freddie gave me a wide warm smile. The same smile that made me fall in love with him.

"I'm not giving up Sam" he warned me.

I rolled my eyes and left. When I was alone in the hallway a smile appeared on my lips. Apart of me was scared and angry, but the other couldn't help being happy. That was bad, I didn't want that little light of hope inside my heart shining brighter, and I liked the comfort of the darkness of fear. Who Freddie Benson think he is? He is not allowed to give me this kind of feelings!

## \*Chapter 5\*: iDont Want You, But I Want You

Sam's POV

Sunday came quickly. I found myself watching girly movies with Carly. I didn't want to go home anyways. It was ten in the morning, but I couldn't sleep. Weekends I usually sleep till noon, but Freddie's damn face kept haunting me in my dreams. I couldn't get him out of my mind, neither our last conversation. Carly and I were cozy in the couch with a blanket and plenty of food. She had picked that girly dramatic movie "The Notebook", I put quite a fight, but you know... her house, her TV. I hated everything about the movie except for Ryan Gosling and James Marsden. I was just starting to fall asleep when she blew her nose with a napkin.

"I can't believe you're already crying!" I complained.

"No..." but her tears rolling off her face.

"Oh man! Dude... no one even died yet!" Carly was such a prissy.

"I know. But the story gets to me. It should get to you too!" she blew her nose again.

"Why?" I asked with a mouth full of popcorn.

"Well... let's see..." she turned to look at me "when Noah and Ally first met, she didn't like him. Actually she thought he was probably retarded..."

"Because she is an idiot who doesn't know how to appreciate his qualities! I mean... how many guys would climb a goddamn rollercoaster just to talk to you?" I pointed at the TV.

"As I was saying..." she rolled her eyes and continued "she didn't like him, didn't want to go out with him and wasn't interested. BUT she caved afterwards and fell in love. And trust me it was worth it!" she screamed a bit.

"This is stupid because they are too different and all they do is fight! I mean how any kind of relationship can be possible-" I was going to conclude my line of thought when Carly cut me off.

"Then" she said loudly "she FELL in love! Of course they fought 24/7, but they always make up. That was their thing. Despite and because all of that they knew they belonged together! Cuz no one in the world could be enough for them" she wiped her tears one more time as I rolled my eyes. "My point is... they were stubborn people and they knew it was going to be hard, but they wanted to be together so much that they decided to work on it every day until the rest of their lives, because that's what love is!"

"Yeah... but that's not really your point, is it?" I raised an eyebrow.

"I think that you should stop wasting so much time and just go out with Freddie. I mean... he obviously know that thing between you two are not meant to be easy, but there he is... willing to try. And are you doing? Being a stubborn fudge face!" she yelled at me.

"Hey! Don't call me a fudge face!" but she had a point.

"I'm just saying Sam, you are going to regret it, and when you do maybe too late" she turned back to the movie on the TV.

I started to think about it. Was I really being stubborn? I had the right to not want to get hurt! Why couldn't they see I was doing it for the sake of our friendship? And what did she mean it was going to be too late? I was caught up in my own little world when Freddie walked in. I only noticed the dork when he sat close to me. Too close. Our shoulders touched and I felt the electricity of his body being close to mine. It gave me goosebumps.

"Hey chicas! What you're watching?" he asked directly to me but I ignored him.

"The Notebook" Carly said.

"Oh... boring" he reached for the popcorn.

"No it's not! And you should watch it" she sounded offended "maybe you could learn something"

Freddie frowned than he sat back just eating his popcorn in silence.

"Anyway... I'm going to go... to the..." she looked around a little bit "to the bathroom"

Carly stormed out. I didn't know she could run like that, but I knew what she was doing. She was trying to leave me alone with the nerd so we could talk. Why didn't she understand I don't want to talk about it anymore?

"So Sam..." he turned to look at me.

He actually was in a really good mood. I thought of ways to make it go away. Freddie had an ironic grin on his face and his eyes were looking at me playfully. Those chocolate eyes... with a tiny bit of green on them... actually you had to be really close to him to see the green in his eyes, that was when I realized how close he was. Damn! That gave me goosebumps again. I was a tough independent girl, maybe not so independent, but in the end of the day all I could think about was his eyes. Those deep brown eyes. Stupid nerd's eyes that got me into this mess in the first place. I hated him, mostly because I didn't.

"I wanna ask you something" he said.

I was about to give him an answer like "go ask your mother out and stop bugging me", but he'd beat me to it.

"Would you go on a date with me?" he was smiling.

"No!" I was sharp and clear still watching the TV.

"Ok. I guess I'll just ask you again tomorrow" he turned at the TV.

I was about to ask him why the hell did he wanted to go on a date with me anyway, but I chose not to, so we both stood there looking at the TV, not really paying attention.

The next day I was near my locker stuffing my things inside when he approached me.

"So Puckett..." he began.

"Nop!" I was quick.

"Nop what?" he asked me.

"No Freddison... I don't want to go on a date with you!" I almost spelled.

"I wasn't going to ask you that!" he said smirking at me.

"Oh"

I felt like a fool, but the fact that he already gave up bothered me deeply.

"I was just going to ask if you're all set for tomorrow's rehearsal. With the meat thing" he leaned against Carly's locker.

"Oh... yeah... I'm fine" I tried not to sound so disappointed.

"I get it you know..." he looked down "you don't wanna go out with me"

But I did, more than anything in the world. More than bacon, more than ham, more than fatcakes. I was just scared. Wait. What?

"But can I ask you only one thing?" his expression changed and he started to smirk "would you go on a date with me?"

The nub wasn't going to give up. I forced myself not to smile. He was trying hard... and I liked it. So I just rolled my eyes and pretended to be bored.

"No!" I walked away smiling, but never looking back.

Tuesday he approached me in class. The dork actually had the nerve to ask me out during class. He was growing balls... getting brave... it was really hot. For my lucky no one heard him. I wrote my answer on a piece of paper. Abig and black NO.

Wednesday Freddie asked me out in iCarly's studio after rehearsal. Carly stormed out leaving the two of us alone. Freddie blocked the door. He asked, I said no and took the elevator. As the doors were closing I could see him smiling almost amused with this whole situation. I only smiled when the doors were fully closed.

Thursday I was watching the new episode of Girly Cow at the Shay's when he walked in, at the same time Carly walked out... or better, ran out.

"So Sam...? Wont you tired already?" he asked sitting next to me.

Again too close. Close enough for me to feel the heat of his body. That fierce body... he had grown some biceps latter... of course I never saw him shirtless, but that never stopped me from imagine how he looked like, or dream about it. In my dreams he would always have biceps, triceps, abs, and a six pack. Strong arms, soft skin, deep voice and smelled so heavenly good. Everytime I dreamed about him I would wake up in the middle of the night gasping for air, soaking wet. That always made me shudder, I shook my head trying to push these dirty thoughts away.

"No" my voice cracked. Dang it! "No!" I tried again sounding more like myself. I grabbed a hand full of jellybeans.

"I'm going to ask you anyways. Would you go on a date with me?"

"Dude!" I snapped "what the hell? I've been saying no the whole week! Wont you tired?"

"No" he was simple.

I groaned and went upstairs.

"My answer?" he screamed. Unbelievable!

"No!" I yelled.

"Sam!" Carly whispered angrily at me on a surprise attack.

She was hidden in the stairs listening to our conversation and we almost collide when I was on my way up. I almost rolled downstairs.

"Jesus Shay!" I put my hand on my chest.

I peeked downstairs, my eyes searching for Freddie, Carly did the same. I looked around just to see he wasn't there anymore. She glared at me and stormed downstairs.

"Must you be so difficult?" she asked me.

"That's my charm baby!"

"No it isn't. Trust me"

"What?" it wasn't?

"Sam..." her voice sounded tired, almost defeated "Why do you keep doing this?"

"Because I don't want to out with the nub!" I lied "And that damn nerd won't understand!"

"But you do!" she yelled.

"You're a fool!" I said.

"Yeah... I'm a fool, but you're fucking crazy!" Carly Shay cursing? No! That could not be truth "And scared!"

"I'm not scared!" I yelled.

"Yes you are! Yes, yes, yes you are! You big coward!"

"Take that back Shay!" I warned her.

"No, because its truth. You're just scared he will realize he doesn't like you back!"

"I know he doesn't!" I tried not to show my pain.

"No you don't! That's just what you think."

"Oh come on Carly! Everybody knows the nub is madly in love with you!" I sat on the couch.

"Was! He was! And that wasn't love, it was a crush, which is totally different" she said with a strong conviction.

"Oh right... a crush that lasted years? Oh boy!" I was being sarcastic.

"Yes... just like the one I had on Jake. Don't you remember?" that was truth.

"Well that's different" no it wasn't.

"No it isn't! And you know he doesn't like me anymore."

"That doesn't mean he likes me!"

"You don't know that!"

"Yes I do!" we were yelling louder now.

"Oh yeah? Okay... if he doesn't like you then why would he put up with all the crap you put him through?" she crossed her arms and faced me.

"Because he is weak and mama can kick his ass anytime" I was cocky.

"No! You're wrong!" she said it like a game show host "He's taller and stronger than you!"

"Stronger than me? Yeah right! That will be the day!" I went to the kitchen with her following me close behind.

"Did you know he works out five days at week?"

"So?" I didn't know that.

"Gun Smoke makes him do a thousand pushups ever morning before school" she threw that information at me.

Gun Smoke was Crazy's new boyfriend. They met when she hired him to be Freddie's bodyguard. A few months after that they started dating, only God knows why, but since Crazy was getting some, Freddie was more... free. She was less paranoid and actually bought him a car. Gun Smoke was very nice, and he was Freddie's new daddy, that bothered him in the beginning, but somehow they kinda bonded... I never knew why, till now.

"Gun Smoke does what?" A thousand pushups? That was impossible.

"They work out together. Mrs. Benson met him when she was picking up Freddie at the gym. He was Freddie's body guard for about two days, the he started to give martial arts class at the gym two blocks from the Groovie Smoothies. Well... Mrs. Benson and Gun Smoke met again when she was picking up Freddie up and they kinda date now"

"I know all that!"

"They work out together. Gun Smoke teaches martial arts and kickboxing to Freddie. He also wakes up every day at five am to run at the park, when he comes back he wakes Freddie up and make him do all of those pushups before school. God... before breakfast. Even before shower. He just wakes him up with a horn and watch while Freddie does the hard work" I didn't know that. "Not feeling satisfied he also makes Freddie take kickboxing and martial arts classes every weekend. And he still fences so..."

I didn't know the nerd was so... athletic. Well he was getting a bigger recently... why didn't I notice it? Man! Blind much Sam?

"And how come I don't know that?" I was a little bit jealous that he told her and not me "See? He told you and not me"

"He told Spencer, and Spencer told me"

"Why didn't he tell us?"

"I don't know. Maybe he was embarrassed. Maybe he thought you would find a way to make fun of him or something"

I wouldn't. Maybe a little bit... but thanks to his new daddy, Freddie was getting smoking hot.

"Oh" I leaned against the counter "That doesn't mean he can beat me"

"Oh... but he can!" she grinned.

"How so?" now I was curious.

"Well... Spencer told me he won a tournament last month" I was about to say something, but as if she could read my mind, Carly cut me off "kickboxing tournament!"

Freddie kicking people's ass? And wining? No way!

"Not a nerd kickboxing competition" she said quickly "a real one. With big dudes. Strong dudes!" who knew?

My mouth was open, my eyes were wide. Her smile fades away and she takes a more serious position.

"You're afraid of the pain, because you love him so much you can't take losing him. You rather not having him at all, than to have him and lose him!" It was almost like a whisper.

Then she hugged me.

"You're wrong Sam. It's better to taste it for just a while, than never knowing" she kissed my cheek and walked away.

I stood there thinking.

## \*Chapter 6\*: iGive iT A Chance

Sam's POV

Carly's words were echoing on my mind. Like an annoying song they kept replaying against my will. I was lying in her bed just thinking when she barged in. She was mad at me, actually mad. I didn't get her. She was my best friend, she supposed to support me, to understand me, not criticize me every five seconds. Carly sat on the edge of the bed and kept glaring at me.

"What?" I yelled.

"I'm just mad at you, that's all" she said like it was no big deal.

"Dude!" I tried to keep my calm "Carly... think with me... if this deal with Benson doesn't work, it can ruin our friendship. You will be like a child of divorced parents"

"Sam..."

"No, you listen now!" my turn to get mad "the risks are too high. I'm not willing to risk everything for a dream okay!" I was as honest as I could be. I figured since she was my best friend I could just open my heart to her. This wasn't easy for me.

"Do you really think that the risk can overcome the prize?" she sat closer to me "do you honestly think that living in fear is better than take the risk, accept the consequences and maybe... have everything?"

"Don't go all Dan Humphrey on me Shay! And as you just said... maybe, maybe is the same as nothing Carly"

"Yeah Sam... but you will never know until you take the first step out of the darkness and see the light!" she walked away again leaving me with my thoughts.

The next day I saw Freddie at school. I remembered the amount of information that Carly gave me about his secret athletic life. I've noticed his biceps before, but not his whole body. Actually I avoided it, afraid of what it might cause me. The dork was wearing one of his many polo shirts, I'm pretty sure he collects it. His arms were big and strong. He was beefy. He was so manly, when did that happened? I licked my lips, wondering how his abs would look like. Shirtless Freddie... that must be the sight of heaven... wait a minute! What? What's wrong with me?

Much for my disappointment, I wasn't the only one who noticed his growing hotness. A group of skanks around looked at him giggling and gossiping something in each other's ears. He didn't notice because he was... well, he was Freddie. I suddenly felt the urge to beat those bitches senseless, but I took a deep breath and watched as he walked towards me, smiling. I smiled on the inside knowing he would ask me out again. Me! Heard that random bitches? Me!

"Hey Puckett"

"Sup Freddo" I said "So how is it going?"

"Not much" I was waiting with my big "no" ready, and then the bell rang.

"See ya after class?" he asked turning away to leave.

"Sure" I was a bit disappointed as I watched him go.

He didn't ask. The whole day went by and he was acting normal, like he was before, like nothing ever happened. I teased him a couple of times, but he just chuckled and rolled his eyes in response. We walked back home together, the three of us like the old times, except now we had Brad tagging along. It was fun, but I couldn't help feeling sad that he hasn't asked me out again. It's not like I would say yes anyway... so I should just be happy about it. Isn't what I wanted in the first place? Isn't what I asked him for a thousand times? But honestly, I wasn't expecting him to give up yet.

We did iCarly and the whole time the thought of him not asking me out bothered me. After the show was over Carly carried Brad and Gibby with her to the kitchen, leaving us alone, again. There I was, again, waiting for him to make his move, but the dork stood near his computer watching something with a headphone. I sat down on a beanbag and we stood in silence for several minutes. I hated it! So, when he pulled his headphones off I decided to break the ice.

"Whatcha watching?" I came closer.

"Some funny videos" he pointed at the screen.

I leaned against his shoulder to watch it better. I felt him shivering with the slightest touch of our bodies. I shivered too and I'm pretty sure he felt it as well. I always liked to get physical with him, something about the contact with his skin always made me feel comfortable, but I only shivered the two times we kissed. I heard him take a deep breath, like he was inhaling my perfume, breathing me. I could only be crazy! Maybe I was the one smelling him, and I probably was. Freddie smelled so good. He always smelled like mint, sometimes like cinnamon, sometimes both. Guess he no longer takes those tick baths.

"Sam?" he turned to look at me.

We were so close. Closer than I would ever allow myself to be.

"What?" I had to face him even if I didn't want to.

We stared at each other for a few seconds that seemed like an eternity. His deep brown eyes were looking at me with so much intensity that destroyed another brick of my protection wall.

"Would you go on a date with me?" he whispered softly.

Freddie's eyes kept gazing me with an overwhelming intensity, but at the same time they were a little bit vulnerable. I wanted to say no, but I was afraid. Afraid he would never look at me like that again. Afraid he would never ask me out again. Afraid he would never love me. Afraid I would never get a

chance, and mostly afraid of what could happen.

"Freddie..." I was trying to say something, anything, but I couldn't find my voice.

"Stop being so scared for five minutes!" he snapped "I'm not going to hurt you! I would never do that! We can go on a date, have fun then I'll walk you back home. Done!" Now I wanted to say yes so badly, but I wouldn't, I couldn't!

"No. And stop asking!" I turned my back at him and walked away, but the nerd grabbed my arm and turned me around. I pushed him away, he grabbed me again.

"I'm not giving up!" he warned me. There was fire in his eyes, almost like he was mad at me.

"Dude! Take your hands off me or else..."

"Or else what?" he was challenging me.

"I'll kick you little nerd butt!" I tried to push him away again.

"Oh right... that I wanna see!" he chuckled.

Stupid nerd! I tried to punch him in the jaw, but he held my hand. I tried again with my free hand and he did the same thing. His hands were so big they would cover my hands completely. I tried desperately kneeing him, once again he was faster pinning me against the wall of the studio. As soon as my back hit the hard surface he pressed his body against mine to keep me steady. My whole body started to shiver; this wasn't the most uncomfortable position in the world to be honest. Freddie's body was strong and firm, and he was so close that took my breath away. I was lost in his eyes.

"Say yes Sam" he begged "how long are we going to do this dance? I could go on forever, and you can't even give me a chance? If I'm insisting is because I want this. I want this! And I want it bad enough to ask you everyday even knowing you're going to say no. I could ask you every day for the rest of year if necessary!"

I was preparing myself to say no... but he held me tighter and stared into my eyes. Something in his expression made me cave. It would probably be the biggest mistake of my life, but I couldn't deny it any longer. I wanted this.

"Okay" I whispered.

"Okay? Oh..." he released me to celebrate his victory. What a dork!

"Yeah. You got one date and that's it!" I tried to be as clear as the water we drink.

"Okay!" he was a little too happy. Like a child in a toy store. I punched his stomach.

"What was that for?" he asked me in pain.

"For bugging me all week" then I punched his chest. I felt the heat rising in my right hand when I touched him there. It ached a bit, because it was strong, like rock or something "that one was for grabbing my wrists!" I slapped his face.

"For pinning you against the wall?" he rubbed his cheek.

"Yeah" no you nub! For not kissing me!

He shoot me a smile, I smiled back and made my way out.

"I'll pick you up at seven tomorrow!" I heard him scream.

I hide in Carly's room so no one could see the big smile I had in my face. It was official; I was going on a date with Freddie Benson.

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*A/N: I'm sorry for the grammatical errors, but i just arrived from college and i'm really tired!*

## \*Chapter 7\*: iPlan A Date

Freddie's POV

She finally said yes. I had this happy feeling floating around my stomach, but I didn't know what it meant. Butterflies? Maybe. I was grinning when I saw Spencer was on the couch watching the boat channel, he turned to look at me.

"Hey Freddo! What's with the smile?" he asked curiously.

"Sam said yes!" I couldn't help it.

"Wow!" he stood up "how? How did you do it? Why did she say yes? Why now?"

"First of all, calm down and... Well... I have some moves my friend" I was a bit proud of myself.

"But how?"

"I showed her I'm not so weak anymore"

"Did you beat her?" his eyes went wide.

"No!" why would he even think that? "I only defended myself... no harm done" he was still looking at me with his big eyes wide open "She tried to punch me twice and I dodged, nothing less, nothing more. Then I asked her once again and she said yes"

"Oh... good" he relaxed a bit "so what are you planning on doing on your big date?"

"I'm lost... but I was just on my way to plan everything! I have to do everything right or else she won't go out with me again" I rushed towards the door.

"You're already thinking about a second date?" I was... but why?

"Well..." I didn't know what to say. Actually that was the first time I thought about "the after", I guess I was too busy asking her out the whole week to think about what would come next "I have to go. Bye Spencer!"

I went back home, my mom was on a dinner date with Gun Smoke, which was good because I could use the silence to think. Better yet... to plan! Took me two hours and a lot of sketch to plan the perfect date. Taking Sam Puckett out on a date wasn't easy, but I knew it from the start, the thing is... I wasn't expecting her to say yes. The practice is more complicated than the theory, but I could make it, I could take her out and make her enjoy it! I knew everything that was to know about her taste, I remembered very little detail.

So I made a time line on my notebook, with little notes about something I remembered and things I knew for sure. I studied every little memory just to make sure it was accurate and not missing a detail. I succeeded. Taking my pear phone I made reservations for tomorrow night, on a place I knew she would love. Then I had a great idea. I picked up my phone again and called T-Bo.

"Hey T-Bo!"

"Freddie my man!"

"Listen... I need a favor"

In the morning I called Spencer, I had to ask him something. He came over and I explained what I needed to him, very carefully.

"Okay... I get it!"

"But you really get it?" I wanted to make sure.

"Yes Freddo! I get it! I'm not dumb you know!" I didn't mean to offend him...

"Okay... sorry man"

"I have the perfect person to help us with that" he grabbed my phone and dialed some number "Hey Socko... it's me Spence! Listen I need a little help... do you know Sam and Freddie? Yeah... well we were right... yeah... yeah about that thing... yeah let's rub it on his face... anyways... Freddie is taking Sam on a date and he needs cash... lots of it. We have some items for you to look... okay... okay Socko... your cousin? That cousin? Okay... we'll be there in five!"

"So?" I raised my eyebrow at him. I didn't get any word of his conversation with Socko... and what would he rub in someone's face? And what he was right about?

"He can help us. Let's go little buddy!" Spencer helped me carry too big and heavy boxes to his car; we placed it carefully on the backseat and headed to Socko's.

Socko spent two long minutes analyzing my stuff. He smirked at me and called someone.

"Dude, come check something out! Yeah now!" he hung up.

As soon as he put his phone back in his pocket a guy, a very weird one, with a beard and hippie clothes came out of the house.

"Hey man... this better be good" he warned Socko with a sleepy voice. His hair was all messed up and his clothes were wrinkled. The weird guy started to analyze my boxes. He looked once, twice, three times then yawned. I looked at Spencer who looked back at me, we both a little insecure.

"So?" Socko asked him.

"This is nice man..." he looked, and sounded a lot like Leo from "That 70's show", only younger "I'll write a check"

Spencer jumped and I chose to celebrate a little more politely. I analyzed the check with satisfaction, of course it was hard to get rid of my stuff, stuff I worked so hard on, and stuff I loved, but it was for a bigger cause, a cause I was willing to make some sacrifices for. We cashed the check in the bank and went straight to the Groovy Smoothies. T-Bo was being a little stubborn, but I pushed and pushed the subject. I told him what I wanted and he refused, so I gave him the envelope I was holding. I saw T-Bo change, from water to wine in a blink of an eye.

"This is going to be epic Freddo"

"Well..." I smiled.

We were on the car heading back home when Spencer turned on the stereo. It was playing Whitesnake's "Is This Love" on the radio. He turned up the volume. It was one of the few songs I've ever heard my mom listening to. For some reason that song made me feel a little uncomfortable.

"You like her" he said it like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Spencer..." I honestly didn't want to think about it just yet.

"Okay, okay... but it's written all over your face" he didn't turn to look at me as he parked.

I didn't say anything; I couldn't deny or confirm it because I honestly didn't know. Or I did know but was too scared to admit, either way... I just wanted to keep focus on the date and nothing else. At least not right now. There was a lot to figure out, I knew that, but I couldn't bring myself to do it, maybe I was scared, of feeling it or worse... of not feeling it. I sat on my bed and tried to push these thoughts out of my mind. I planned on having a fun, nice date with her, and nothing could ruin that, the rest we would figure out later, together.

## \*Chapter 8\*: author's note

A/N: First of all: thanks you guys so much for your reviews! You're the best!

I just wanted to explain some things.

First: I write almost every day on my Nokia in the way to college. I work in the afternoon and get home at night. I have to study mostly Geometry and Architectonic Drawing. My free time is almost ten pm, that's when I write. I finish almost midnight some times, and I'm too tired, almost sleeping on my computer. So I'm sorry if you find some grammatical errors, but I'm actually really busy, especially this week (week before exams) that I have a lot of projects to do (I'm drawing a house with two floors), I promise to try my best to update!

Second: if their first date turns out to be not so epic, it's because I'm really worried with my exams, especially geometry, but I'll try my best to write something good.

Third: I want to thank my 16 reviewers again! I'm taking you comments in consideration; I might even use some suggestions, so feel free to share ideas!

At last but not least: I wanted to explain that I don't plan on turn Sam into a silly teenage in love, she'll be just the way she is, but a little nicer... and also about Freddie, he's still the techy nerd, but since he is my favorite character I thought I could make people see (especially Sam and Carly) that's he has another side too. I feel like people always underestimate him for being a nerd, but for me nerds = hot! He's still Fredward Benson, the dork, just a little bit hotter.

That's it. I know you guys were expecting a new chapter, and I'm working on it right now, but I'll have to study so... probably tomorrow or Friday you'll have the first part of the date!

Thanks so much!

## \*Chapter 9\*: Before The Date Part One

Sam's POV

"You said yes?" Carly squealed.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah... I was already tired so... I caved"

"You're Sam Puckett... you don't cave!" she jumped twice and clapped her hands together.

"Well..." I was looking for a good and solid lie.

"You said yes because you wanted to! Deep down inside you wanted it all along!" she gave me the same smile she used to have while watching Dan and Blair in Gossip Girl.

"Yeah... maybe" I said looking at the window.

"Aw Sam... this is so sweet!" she clapped her hands again.

"Don't go all fangirl on me Shay!" I warned her.

"Fine" she said trying to hide her laugh "so? Where is he taking you?"

"I don't know... I didn't actually ask him you know"

"How do you expect to find a proper clothe if you don't know where you're going?" she said like it was the most outrageous thing in the world.

"Just fix me up with anything, okay?" I didn't really care about clothes and stuff.

"Fine" she walked to her closet.

I was bored in the outside and nervous on the inside. I was trying to hide, but I was a mess. Me, Sam Puckett, going on a date with Freddie Benson? That could ruin my reputation, and break my heart. But now there was no turning back. Unfortunately Carly insisted on showing me some dresses, but I didn't want to look all dolled up for him! I didn't want him to think I was all dressed up just to go on a date with him. Because I wasn't! And he shouldn't expect things to change between us! I'm still going to kick the crap out of him and call him bad names... but now that he actually can fight back, things will be a little more interesting. I was going to be simple, to be myself, just a little nicer.

Carly tried to force me into some pink dress but I threatened to burn it. She groaned and threw a pillow at me. I ended up choosing a light purple shirt, with a little dark purple cardigan, a black skirt and some doll shoes. Never in my life I wore doll shoes before, they didn't have heels, but were too girly. I tried on a black pair, and much for my surprise they sure as hell were comfortable.

I called my mother to let her know I wasn't going back home. I was avoiding it as much as I could. Not that I don't like my house, or my mother... I just didn't want to be alone. And here I was closer... to him. Carly was already sleeping, while I had my eyes wide open staring at the darkness. On my mind, there was only one thing: my conversation with the dork. I kept replaying every word in my head just to make sure I wasn't picturing everything in my mind. I used to think I knew myself so well... now I'm not so sure. Those feelings were too strong for me to fight them, I felt weak and out of place. I didn't feel like myself, and that was my greatest fear; forget who I was because of those feelings. I couldn't be like Carly, all girly and sweet, I am who I am, there's no escape from that. I decided to rest, take some sleep; I was going to need it.

Freddie's POV

It was two in the morning, I had it all planned out, she said yes and tonight I was getting all the answers to my question. So why is it that I couldn't sleep? Why was I tossing and turning in my bed? What was wrong? Why was I nervous? I mean I do have all the reasons in the world to be nervous, but the fact that I was taking Sam, of all people, out on a date wasn't bothering me. It was something else. It was like I was... scared. But not scared to go on a date with her... scared of ruining it. Ruining what we had, ruining our friendship. Was I willing to take that risk? Whoa! Get your shit together Benson! Your date is in a few ours! If she was willing to take a chance on me, why should I be worried?

No matter what happens, I know she'll be with me like a handprint on my heart, and that was what got me through the night.

Sam's POV

It was Saturday. My nerves were going crazy. I was close to the edge of freaking out. Today everything would change; either I was getting a heartbroken or lots of complications. I didn't need any of them. I regretted the night at the lock-in. Thanks to it I could lose my best friend, and my heart. Carly was sitting on her bed looking worried. This whole situation was stupid. I figured I should just call it off.

"Sam calm down!" her eyes were watching my every move.

"I'm calling it off" I was walking around her room.

"You can't do that!" she stood up.

"Why not? It's probably for the best!" I was freaking out more and more.

"Haven't we been through this before?" she approached me "look... chill out okay"

"I can't!"

I couldn't sit, I couldn't stand up, I couldn't lie down, and every position seemed uncomfortable for me. I couldn't stop moving! It was ridiculous! I was too nervous for a Puckett. But can you blame me? I was about to go on a date with Freddie frigging Benson! God why do you hate me so much? What did I do wrong? Besides everything... but still... must you punish me like this? I knew this was going to be worse than those beauty pageants.

"Sam you don't need to freak out! Come on! It's Freddie! You know him since forever" she chuckled.

"And that makes everything worse! Do you think I like feeling this way about him?" I didn't. Actually I hated it. That was one of the reasons why I treated him so bad for so long "Don't you see? I'm going on a date with the dork! The dork!" I spelled out for her.

"I know. And you're in love with him don't you remember?" how could I forget?

"Why do you have to remind me of that?" I was on the edge of losing it again.

"Sam..." she grabbed my shoulders "Listen..." Carly was trying to be a good friend, I knew it, but I could face her, I didn't want to. "Sam look..." she seemed a little tired and shook me so I would look at her "Everything. Is. Going. To. Be. Fine!"

"You don't know that!"

"Well... there is one thing in know for sure... you are going to ruin everything if you don't calm the fuck down!" she scared me a little.

I decided to stop being so damn scared. I could take it!

"You're right"

"I know! Now let's eat" she pushed me downstairs.

**A/N:** Hey guys! Again, thanks for your reviews, you're the best! I'm so glad you're enjoying this stupid stuff I'm writing! Anyways... I realized the the "Seddie Date" would be a huge chapter, so I divided it in four parts: Two before the Date and two about the Date. The actual date will have two parts: The first part we're going to see it through Freddie's eyes, and the second and final part we're going to see it through Sam's eyes. I thought it would be better like this, so you know what each one is feeling on that right moment. I intend (not sure) to post the first part of the date saturday and the final sunday after I study for my exams. I probably won't be posting during my week of exams, but I promise this: I have a thousand ideas to put in practice after I'm done with my college duties!

I intent to write a lot of chapters, but I'm trying to pass geometry so... after I'm done with this damn class I'm going to dedicate more time to this fic.

I want to give a special thanks to all of my reviews:

*CatoFliesWithBirds*: I'm thankful you find it easy to follow! That was exactly what I was going for!

*lucywatson*: I hope you enjoy this chapter, it's not too especial, it's basically about Sam's feelings about the date!

*Anonymous*: I've thought about being a writer once before, but I decided to follow my heart and do what I knew I really loved. Fortunately I have to do both!

*carrne*: Thanks! I hope you like that chapter! And yeah geeks are really hot... All thanks to Seth Cohen and Freddie Benson!

*jackpotdante*: New chapter is here! It's not too much, it's only a prep for the big night!

*Stealth Photographer*: I'm glad you like the start, I didn't know a better way to start a fic. I couldn't write about after the kiss but I intend to!

*TheRockAngel*: I laughed a lot when I started to write and this song was playing on my iTunes. It's was actually a great song for Freddie at that moment. Isn't this the ultimate question? Is this love?

*esrod82*: I'm so glad you thought that! Spencer is the hardest character for me to write about, because he's so funny that everything seems not good enough. I'm really watching iCarly episodes on my iPod on my way to work so I can catch a little bit of his personality.

*Taylor*: Thank you! I'll try to update as fast as I can.

*IluvSmallvilleDBZSailormoon*: I actually don't know if you are going to like their date, I'm really worried about it. And sad because I think I'm going to flunk geometry... so I'm out of inspiration! But I'll try my best!

*dddd*: I was going to write a hot make out session, but I felt it was too soon... but don't worry... you'll have a little action sooner than you think!

*jesrod82*: I can say that I understand what she's going through. It must be hard for you to sit back and watch the guy you're in love with drool all over your best friend that doesn't even like him! And as a tough girl myself, I feel hard to express my feelings in the proper way, just like Sam. But thanks a lot! I hope you keep enjoying it!

*TheRockAngel*: Thanks so much! Your review makes me grin everytime! I'll try not to disappoint everyone with the date... but I can't make any promises...

*Daniyell37*: Thanks so much for showing me these little errors... Like I said before I'm really tired when I'm writing, but I'll try to pay more attention!

*ovesux93*: Thanks! I hope you keep loving it!

*ddd*: A fanfic about this fanfic? LOL! Nice! I would like to write some fanfics about my favorite fanfics too! Especially the ones they don't update!

Oh... And I'm sorry I mixed up any names... I'm a bit sick, and sleepy!

That's all! Hope you enjoy it!

## \*Chapter 10\*: iBefore The Date Part Two

Freddie's POV

"Tonight" I repeated carefully "tonight"

I tried to be cool about it, but my nerves weren't helping. I wasn't freaking out about going on a date with Sam. It wasn't because it was SAM, I was freaked out about myself. I was the problem. I had the feeling I was going to ruin it. I knew I was. I was on the edge when Spencer knocked on my door.

"Sup kiddo? Are you ready for the big date?" he grinned.

"No. Actually... I'm freaking out right now!" I snapped.

"Dude... relax!" he put one hand on my shoulder "why are you so nervous in the first place?"

"I get the feeling that I'm going to ruin it somehow"

"How?"

"I don't know... I just know I will... then she will kick me and never want to go out with me again!" I screamed.

"Dude... breath... first of all you're not going to going to ruin it. Second of all... just be yourself. That should do the magic... I mean she fell in love with you just the way you are right? Relax. Everything is going to be okay" he told me to breathe.

"Okay..." I took a deep breath "baby steps" I was trying to remember that I should slow down.

"Baby steps?" he raised his eyebrow.

"Yeah... this is all very new territory for me... I decided to walk on it slowly... taking baby steps" I explained.

"Okay. This is a wise decision" he made me sit on the couch.

"So... have you called T-Bo?" he sat on the coffee table in front of me.

"Yeah... he said everything is ready" that was good news.

"So should you be!" he pushed me towards my room "have you decided what you are going to wear?"

"Sort of..." I haven't even thought about it yet.

"No you haven't" he walked over my bedroom. I followed him.

Spencer opened my closet and started to throw things in the floor.

"Hey!" I wasn't on a mood for cleaning my room today.

"Okay" he ignored me "Blue shirt"

"Blue shirt?" I asked.

"Yeah" he chose a blue button shirt and tossed at me.

"Black jeans" he picked up my new pair of jeans and tossed at me as well.

"Atie!" he screamed.

What for? I asked myself. I didn't want to be too dressed up.

"Atie?"

"Yep"

He answered with his head inside my closet.

"Why? I don't want to look too dressed up!" I didn't want her to think I was some idiot... well... she already did... but still...

"Relax... you won't!" he found the dark blue striped tie my mother bought for me last year. She said it made me look like a man... I guess it wasn't that bad.

"Sam hates stripes" I remembered.

"She never complains when you wear it" he placed the tie in front of me, analyzing possibilities.

"What?" I never noticed that... weird.

"You heard me. Whenever you wear stripes Sam never complains... I came to believe that she only likes striped when she wears it... and when you wear it"

"I never noticed that..." was I that dumb?

"Well... you haven't noticed a lot Freddo" I guess so. Wait... did Spencer just called me stupid?

I was just contemplating that fact when Spencer's voice called me back to reality.

"Okay Freddo..." he looked around my shoes for a little bit "A pair of sneakers and you're all set!" He picked a pair of white sneakers and handed to me "Now... go get a shower, shave, use aftershave... you should use the one that smells like chocolate, Sam likes chocolate... or vanilla. Go get ready for your big date!"

"Okay" I closed the bathroom door and leaned against it. I was a mess, too nervous, too scared. I figured a hot shower would help me calm down.

This wasn't just any date. A lot would change if I'd screw it up. I didn't want to ruin it... that was the reason I worked so hard on it. I wanted her to feel special, I wanted to connect with her, which might seem stupid, but it was truth. Feeling the hot water running all over my head and body made me remember that kiss in the lock-in. Now I'd recognize the sparks surrounding us that night. I was so fucking blind! But now that I see... I intend to make amends. When I think about the time I've wasted... it makes me mad at myself. Maybe it's supposed to be this way... for some reason. Deep down inside I knew if this happened it would be worth the wait. I showered, shaved, fixed my hair, changed and put some perfume. Looking at the mirror I tried to tell myself everything was going to be okay. This night would be great. I wasn't going to mess it up. I wasn't going to lose her.

Spencer was waiting for me in the living room. He smiled when he saw me. I took that as a complement. For some weird reason my nerves started to bug me again. Even if I tried to tell myself over and over again that everything was going to be fine, I was so fucking nervous. It will be fine! Isn't it? Yeah it will! We would have a good time and come back home. Done. I was going to take it slow, I don't wanna mess this thing up. I don't wanna push to far.

"You look great Freddo" Spencer tapped my back.

"Thanks" I tried to sound calm.

"Okay... let's go and get your Lady!" he began to walk taking me with him "Do you have everything? Wallet? Money? ID? Phone?"

"Yeah. I'm fine" I stopped walking "Spencer?"

"Yeah?" he turned to look at me.

"Everything is going to be okay right?" I needed to hear it from someone besides myself.

"Freddo..." he approached me and tapped my shoulder "Everything is going to be great. You'll see... and after the night is over, you will give me all of the deets!"

I took a deep breath before opening the door. That was it... I was now officially going on a date with Sam Puckett... how crazy is life? Just yesterday we were fighting and screaming at each other... today I can't wait to see her... to take her out on a date... to kiss her. Wait a minute... what? What is wrong with me? It's hard to know. I have mixed emotions every five seconds since she kissed me. I can't say it was a bad kiss... or that I wanted it to stop... or that I don't wanna do it again... because I think I do. I just have to be sure. I walked into Carly's apartment. Showtime!

**A/N: Hey guys! Listen this is the last chapter before "the date part one"**

**Enjoy it!**

## **\*Chapter 11\*: author's note II**

**A/N:** Hey guys... I'm really sorry. I know I've said I would be posting the date yesterday, but I had to work Saturday, and study today. Oh... but just so you know, I'm almost done with the first part of the date, Freddie's POV. It's going to be the longest chapter I've ever wrote! Once again I'm sorry if the date doesn't turn out to be as epic as it should, but I'm trying my best to make it at least enjoyable.

Thanks again!

## \*Chapter 12\*: iDate Freddie's POV Part I

### Before

Sam's POV

"Carly stop it!" I yelled. She was putting too much make up on me, I was losing my patience. "Dude! That's enough!" I pulled her hands away.

"Okay!" she looked at me for a brief second and nodded "that will do" she closed her makeup drawer. "Dang it Sam! You look so beautiful!"

I looked at my reflection in Carly's mirror. For my lucky, I managed to look simple and still good. No way was I going to let the nub think I was getting all dolled up for him!

"Okay. I'm ready" I lied.

"Carly? Sam?" Spencer yelled from the other side of the door

"Yeah?" Carly yelled back.

"Are you guys dressed?" he asked.

Spencer was so dumb!

"Of course we are!" she opened the door.

"Okay then..." he entered the room "whoa Sam! You look pretty!"

"See... I told you! I'm too prissy!" I freaked out.

"No, you're not!" she gave her brother a death glare.

"Oh yeah... you're not!" Spencer tried to ignore Carly's look.

"Sure?" I needed to be assured I wasn't too "Carly".

"Yeah!" the Shay siblings said at the same time.

"Okay then..." I took a deep breath preparing myself for what would happen next. The nub must've been ready by now. Freddie never took too much time to get dress. He always managed to look good in the matter of five minutes the most. I had to at least admit that the king of the dorks were an attractive nerd... which was a rare thing in real life. Not every dork looked like Seth Cohen. Freddie was a rare exception. He managed to be smart and hot at the same time, I have to admit that, I wasn't that blind. That fact reminded me how much I've pictured Freddie naked... not in a pervert way... dang it! I wondered how he would look... at least shirtless... but that wasn't the point! That was their first date and that was out of question. I don't even should be thinking about it.

"So... Freddo is here" Spencer announced.

I could feel my nerves freaking out again, I was starting to panic. I knew this time would come, but that didn't meant I was ready for it.

"Sam calm down!" Carly grabbed my shoulders and shook me "now look at me" I did what she asked "you'll be fine"

"You don't know that!" I tried not to go crazy. I really tried hard... because I knew deep down inside I wanted this.

"Yes I do! Because I do!" Carly was the one who snapped. I knew she was a good friend and she wanted me to be happy, so I trusted her. She wouldn't throw me in the fire and let me there to burn.

"Relax Sam... I don't know if it helps... but he's nervous too" Spencer was trying to help out... but I wasn't sure he did.

"He is? How do you know?" I said without even blinking.

"He told me"

"Oh... and why is he nervous? It's because it's me he is taking out?" now I was definitely panicking.

"Nope. Actually he thinks he's going to mess it up. He's afraid to ruin your big date. He's afraid you'll never go out with him again"

"Awwwww! That's so sweet" that high pitched sound was Carly squealing.

"Carly... my ear!" I warned her in pain.

"Oh sorry..." she fixed my hair "let's go!"

I wasn't ready to go downstairs, and maybe I'll never be. I knew I liked the nub, but I never pictured us dating. That was beyond impossible. Carly pushed me there anyway. I walked slowly, and when I spotted him my heart skip a beat, he looked adorable and hot at the same time. The combo of his shirt, jeans and tie made him look even more attractive to my eyes. I cursed him for that. He saw me and his jaw dropped. I never felt so flattered before, his look sent shivers down my spine. I couldn't help but blush. He eyed me until I was in front of him. That made me grin.

### During

Freddie's POV

She looked like an angel... how was that even possible? She was in fact the blonde haired demon whose hobbies were, torture me, hurt me and make me feel bad. How it's possible that she looks more angelical now that Carly ever were? She was a demon! Maybe she was an angel in disguise.

My mouth opened in the sight of her beauty. She came closer to me and punched my arm. That was the Sam I knew... the demon girl.

"Stop drooling nub!" she told me with a goofy smile.

"Sorry" I blushed a little bit.

We kept each other's gaze. I realized I could just stay like this for the rest of the night, and wanna know something? That didn't even scare me. I would stay like that longer, but the sound of Spencer cleaning his throat sent me back to reality.

"Time to go guys" he told us.

"Oh... right... okay" I stuttered a little bit, causing Sam to giggle "shall we?"

I offered her my arm, but she just walked past me and towards the door. Carly and Spencer gave me an encouraging look before I left. We kept silent in the elevator. I had nothing to say anyways. Lewbert yelled something, that neither of us could understand, and we walked out of the building. I opened the door for her and she frowned. I don't think she's used to have any guys opening doors for her. I felt glad for being the first. When I was on the driver's seat I realized her grin had become a giggle. I knew what was coming next: she was going to mock me. Sam always mocked me when she saw my car, or someone mentioned my car or when she thought about my car.

"Oh come on! It's been five months already! Wont you tired to mock my car?" I knew the answer was no, but still...

"Sorry dork... but how do you expect me not to mock this car? When you drive a Volvo you're asking to be mocked for eternity!" she giggled.

"Not by choice! My mother thinks that Volvos are safe cars; she wouldn't let me get that truck I wanted. It was a Volvo or no car! I had a choice to make!" I explained myself but she kept giggling

I wasn't proud of having the same type of car as most of the old ladies in the building but my mother didn't give me any other options. And when you're sixteen and desperate, you take whatever you can get. Okay... that sentence was weird... let me clear this up... when you're sixteen, and desperate for a car, you take whatever your mother is willing to buy. Better.

"Does Crazy know you're out?" she had to bring my mother into the conversation... great.

"In fact... she does" I gave her my ironic smirk.

"What a miracle!" She lifted her hands to the sky. Sam tried to hide, but I knew she was surprised.

"Well I told her it was for something important" she looked at me for a second like she was trying too hard to process the information I just gave her, then she shook her head and looked outside the window.

"Thank God she doesn't know that it's for me" Sam seemed a little sad about it.

"Oh, she knows" I said while keeping my eyes on the road.

She looked at me the same way she did a second ago. I smiled; this was going to be good.

"So you told your mother? Your freakish mother... that you are taking me out? On a date?"

"Yeah"

"You're such a dweeb Benson!" she said playfully. I just chuckled "And she didn't freak out?" I guess she was trying to make sure my mother was okay with this.

"A little bit... but then she calmed down and started giving me dating advices. It's was a long hour... trust me" she actually laughed. Out loud "Gun Smoke helped a lot, but she always liked you anyway" I turned the corner.

"She likes me?" she asked in disbelief.

"Yeah... just so you know, you are her favorite" I said it like it was a random thing to say.

"Huh?" her expression amused me.

"Since the tacko truck incident" I chuckled. My mother was an odd woman.

"Oh"

Maybe it wasn't the best idea to mention it. After all, Carly and I dated back then. I figured Sam didn't need to remember that, and neither did I. I know that back then Carly was my dream girl and all I wanted was for her to like me, but when she finally did, it felt... weird and uncomfortable. Yeah... I don't even believe myself, but it's truth. I'm so glad I'd realize this before it was too late. I stopped at the red light and looked at her.

She was so beautiful, and when she wasn't torturing me she actually looked even more. She looked even prettier with that ponytail. Her golden bangs were brushed aside, and her hair was pulled back. I could see her neck. The pale and soft skin of her neck. I felt the urge to touch her there, but I controlled myself. I smiled trying to ease the tension and push these weird thoughts away. She smiled back, that gave me the confidence I needed to hold her hand. Surprisingly she didn't push me away. Her hand was soft, like a baby's hand, and I felt more and more attracted to her. Never knowing I could feel this way, I stroked her hand, figuring I should make the most of it, because it was probable that I'll never have the chance again.

Something about holding hands with Sam felt so right. However the light turned green and I had to let go of her, even if I didn't want to.

"So?" I was glad she was the first to talk "where are you taking me anyway?"

"It's a surprise"

"I told I hate surprises Benson!" I laughed of her annoyance.

"This one you're going to like" I assured her.

She nodded and decided to trust me. We talked about a lot of stuff we've never talked before. I've learned a lot about Sam, things I never imagined. We actually had a lot in common. I snapped back into reality and parked the car after I turned the corner.

"Close your eyes" I demanded.

"What? Why?" I wanted to laugh at her insecurity.

"Because I said so! Now do it!"

"Why on earth would I do that Benson?" she crossed her arms and faced me.

"Because it's part of the surprise. Come on! I promise you won't regret!" I pouted.

She groaned and closed her pretty eyes. Her blue eyes... okay Freddie... get a grip!

"Okay... if you peek I'll know! And it would kill the fun, so don't!" I warned her and she groaned in response.

I began to drive again and a few seconds later I stopped in front of the place we were headed. I felt pride and joy as I got off the car to open the door for her. She did as I asked and didn't peek. I knew she didn't because once she opened her eyes she would be shocked. That was the exact reaction I was hoping to get from her. I took her hand and helped her out of the car; it was time for my big surprise. "You can open now" I told her as soon as she was in front of the restaurant.

"Fine" she opened her eyes and stared around a little bit.

Once she found out where we were her mouth opened and her eyes went wide. I'm pretty sure that happened when she read the luminous sign that said "Pretosini's". I gave her my warmest smile, glad that she was surprised. I knew that Sam never expected a guy to take her to such a fine place, because this was indeed the finest place in Seattle. I knew she would be surprised, that was why I did it. Trying not to look too excited, I squeezed her hand.

"So?" I motioned to the door "shall we?" I grabbed her hand, but she didn't move, I looked at her just to find her still shocked and a bit petrified.

"Freddie?" she rarely called me Freddie.

"Yeah?" I asked carefully, maybe she was backing out...

"This place is like... very expensive" she whispered "do you have enough money for it?"

I couldn't help but chuckle. Sam concerned if I had money to spend on her? That was new!

"Yeah Sam, I do! Let's go... okay?" I squeezed her hand and she began to walk by my side.

"Do you have a reservation?" the receptionist asked me with big smile.

"Yes. Benson. Table for two" I announced trying to get Sam's attention.

It worked, for a while, she gave me a surprise look and turned her head to analyze the place. The receptionist checked my reservation and nodded. She was a girl in her mid-twenties, with red hair, golden freckles and median height. The girl gave me and Sam a sweet smile, like she just saw a cute puppy. I took that as a complement, maybe we were a cute couple. Sam was too busy being amazed with the place to notice when the receptionist whispered, first date? I nodded smiling back at her. She looked at Sam and back at me saying, she's beautiful! Good luck!

"Follow me" she said leading us to our table.

I followed her never letting go of a dumbfounded Sam. I'm pretty sure that if she wasn't so caught up to the fact that we were having dinner in the most expensive place in Seattle, she would probably push my hand away but she didn't, and when it comes to Sam, I take what I can get. Her expression did not change a bit since we walked in. Not even when the waiter handed us the menu. She kept looking around in complete disbelief. I chuckled; she actually looked cute and harmless right now.

"What are you ordering?" I asked her "and don't mind the price... I have cash" I didn't mean to sound too cocky, but I guess I did.

"Uh..." she read the menu for a couple of seconds "I don't know what to choose..."

"Okay... let me see" I looked around the menu trying to find something I knew she would like "okay, I got it!"

I called the waiter already knowing what to order. He was an old man, short, bald, with a sympathetic smile. He approached us with the same look the receptionist gave us earlier.

"Good evening" he took a notepad out of his pocket "what can I get you?"

"Uh... a grilled steak salad with pesto and crostini for me... and a griddled steak with horseradish sauce for the lady..." I looked at her for approval. Sam just nodded. "And two cokes with ice and lemon"

The waiter nodded and took our menus with him. I turned to look at my date, whose expression changed from shock to fascination. She was looking around analyzing the place; I even dare to say she was trying to memorize every detail. With a light smile, her features were peaceful, something rare and almost impossible for Samantha Puckett, when she was awake. I couldn't help but smile, glad that she was having fun.

I could not blame her for being so amazed. The place was huge. The people around us looked fancy; most of them were older couples on their mid-thirties, except for a few families with two or three kids each. The décor was a mix of classy and modern. Sam's eyes analyzed the place for the twentieth time before finally settle on me. I could see the hesitation and the fear burning in her eyes.

"Benson... do you really have money for it?" I was getting annoyed with that question already.

"Trust me Puckett... Benson's don't dine and dash!" I chuckled.

"Oh... are you sure?" man what was wrong with this girl?

"Yes... I'm" I reassured her.

"Okay then" Sam looked around a little bit more "because I don't think you know how to dine and dash properly" she chuckled.

It helped relieve the tension; I was trying not to show how nervous I really was. However the look that gave me when we walked into the restaurant was priceless. I'm sure she never expected a guy to take her to such a fine place. That is why I did it. I wanted her to see how far I'd go for her so she can feel special. I knew in heart it was true. So where does that leave us? I asked myself. Do I want to date this girl who constantly beats me? Who loves to hurt me? Whose favorite hobby is to torture me? Did I? I wasn't sure, but one thing I knew; I wished she would always look at me the way she was looking right now. That made me smile. Deep down inside I was trying not to be too eager about it... cause with Sam... you never know.

**\*Chapter 13\*: author's note III**

A/N: New chapter is up! I realized how long the date was and divided it in a few chapters. Boring I know... but I hope you like it. I'm sorry for the crappy chapter but I had a terrible geometry test and I'm kinda down... however tomorrow is my last exam and I'll be free to update or often!

Oh and I want to thanks for the reviews especially to "jesrod82" your review made my day!

## \*Chapter 14\*: iDate Freddie's POV Part II

Freddie's POV

We talked for ten minutes about nothing and everything at the same time. It was very nice to just sit there and talk to Sam. When the dinner arrived she attacked the food whilst I chuckled. I watched her for a while; she noticed me and stopped eating. Getting her composure back, my former personal torturer cleaned the sauce out of the corners of her mouth looking embarrassed. I never saw Sam Puckett look embarrassed before... that was... pleasing. However wasn't my intention to make her let her guard up again, so I started to attack my food just like her. It worked, because the pretty blonde in front of me giggled.

"Benson... stop embarrassing me!" she said between giggles.

I laugh and we both started to eat more politely. I thought about my situation with Sam the whole time we were there. In the end, I decided not to talk about her feelings or the night at the lock-in, at least not today. It was better not to push my luck with her.

"So princess Puckett... Are you enjoying the night?" I crossed my fingers mentally.

"It's pretty nice... so far" I knew she was afraid of what would come next.

"Oh... well, just so you know... it's about to get better!" I smirked.

My plan was working. Cause I had a plan. A master plan! That would get her to agree on going out with me again. At least I hoped. Sam finished her meal and excused herself to the ladies room. Yep... she said it... "ladies room"... weird right? I asked for the bill while she was away. I don't want her to see how much I've spent. The waiter brought me the bill and my eyes went wide for a bit. He offered me a sympathetic smile. That place was too expensive... but it was worth it, I was having one of the best nights of my life with Sam. Speaking of the devil... as soon as the waiter left she returned to our table.

"Shall we princess?" I stood up.

"No dessert?" she asked a little disappointed.

"Yes dessert... just not here. Come on!" I grabbed her hand and our coats.

As soon as we're inside the car she turned to me with a doubtful look.

"Did you pay the bill?" she was suspicious.

"Yes Sam. I did" she actually offended me a little bit "do you see someone following us?" I looked around for a bit. "No! Me neither" I started the car.

We talked about how awesome the restaurant was the whole way. How good the food was. How good the service was. Everything.

"So? How much did you spent?" I knew she was preparing herself to ask me that.

Sam looked a little shy... which was something new for me. Sam Puckett was everything but shy, especially with me.

"A gentleman never pays the bill and spreads the word. Don't worry about it. I still have money for the dessert"

"I'm not worried about that. We don't need to get dessert. I just don't want you spending too much money with me" What? Why? I looked at her in shock.

Sam asking me not to spend money on her? Where did that came from?

"Sam listen..." I thought about a better way to tell her that I wanted her to be herself "I'm not stupid to think that you are suddenly changing your ways, especially with me, so don't do that. It's not what I want at all. I want you just the way you are, nothing more, nothing less. The Sam Puckett I know would never worry about how much money I've spent with her, and that's the Sam I asked out. That's the Sam I want"

She looked at me for a little while, like she was analyzing me. I shuddered a little bit. Then she turned around and looked out of the window.

"So? Where are we going now?"

"It's a surprise"

"I hate surprises Benson! I already told you that" that was the Sam I knew.

"Well... and I already told you that this one you're going to like" I assured her once again.

As I parked in front of the Groovy Smoothies I noticed the look of confusion in her eyes.

"Come on" I opened the door for her.

That was the final part of our date, the one I've been working on, everything depended on it. The dinner was just the opening; the show was just about to begin.

"The Groovy Smoothies?" she turned to me "this is not a surprise"

"The surprise is inside Puckett!" I dragged her inside.

T-Bo had decorated the place just the way I planned. A few days ago, I've been around the iCarly website, under an alias of course, and talked with some "seddie" fans. I found out that our official color was purple, so I had an idea. In the middle of the Groovy Smoothies, was one single table. A rounded purple table. In the ceiling were a few white Christmas lights, making it look like a starring sky. Our table had a candle in the middle, decorated with violets; everything was simple, yet beautiful, just like Sam. I didn't want to be too mushy, because that's Sam we're talking about, but a little romance can't hurt right? Talking about Sam... Her eyes went wide and her mouth fell open. I smiled and dragged her to our table.

"Benson..." she stopped as soon as she saw T-Bo dressed like a waiter.

I pulled a chair for her. She looked beautiful in the low light. T-Bo made a sign to assure me everything was going according with the plan. He brought us a snack.

"An opening" he placed a bowl full of donuts, cupcakes and cookies of many kinds, in front of us.

"Ma'am" he addressed to Sam and went back to the kitchen.

She looked around to make sure we were alone, and sighed in relief when she realized we were. Only God knows what I had to do to get T-Bo to close the Groovy Smoothies for us on a Saturday night.

"Freddie..." I don't think she could find words to describe her feelings.

"Eat. Enjoy our snacks" I offered her a cupcake.

We ate in silence for the first five minutes, and then she finally talked to me.

"This is unbelievable"

"In a good way?" I asked her eagerly

T-Bo turned on the stereo. I made a playlist for this especial night. The first song to play was *All I Want Is You* by U2. A little tacky, I know, but it's a classic.

#### **Freddie's playlist**

##### **Music 1# (U2 – All I Want Is You)**

"Yeah... in a good way" she smiled at me widely for the first time, tonight.

"Good"

"So... how much did you actually paid for all of this?" I hated that she kept asking me that.

"Stop worrying about money and enjoy the evening okay? Let me take care of the rest" I told her trying not to sound annoyed.

"Okay" she nodded.

We kept talking for a few minutes, about things in general, nothing especial. Just random stuff; like iCarly and school. She told me her mother was in fact being "a mother" after the therapy they had together. Pam was actually improving her motherly skills. Good to know. I felt honored that she was talking about her personal issues with me. Things only Carly knew. That had to mean something, right? Anyway, she told me about her mother. That was not a subject Sam liked to bring to a random conversation, which meant she trusted me. And I trust her.

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***A/N: Hey you guys! I'm finally free from college! Tests are over! And I'll be updating very often now! I know this is a short chapter... but I just got back from celebrating our last text and I'm a still hammed! Anyways I hope you like it! I'll shut up now!***

## **\*Chapter 15\*: iDate Freddie's POV Part III**

### **Freddie's POV**

I was kinda surprised to hear about Sam's mom. I didn't know Mrs. Puckett like Carly did, but as far as I'm aware she's a careless person, especially with her daughters. Yeah... now I know that Melanie is real. This whole time I thought it was just Sam trying to mess with me. In my mind, I was on a date with Sam. I was kissing Sam. But I should have known better, Sam's lips give me fireworks, but I didn't feel anything that night.

### **Freddie's playlist:**

#### **Music 2# (Parachute – Kissing Me Slowly)**

"Melanie asks about you sometimes" she told me out of the blue.

"What? Why?"

"I don't know..."

"Oh... weird"

"Not so weird... you guys went on a date right?"

"Yeah... but I thought it was you"

"Well" she was toying with her food. Sam never plays with food... except for meatgolf.

### **Freddie's set list**

#### **Music 3# (Adele – One And Only)**

"What does she ask?" I didn't really wanna know.

"Random stuff... how you're doing, if you still like Carly, if you're single... that kinda of bullshit"

"Oh. What did you said to her?" that I wanted to know.

"That you're still a dork, that Carly will never love you and that anyone would ever date you" she chuckled.

I know that I should have feel offended, but honestly, I was already used to it. That was the Sam I knew. That was the one I wanted.

"Thanks a lot" I chuckled too.

### **Freddie's playlist**

#### **Music 4# (Safetysuit – Anywhere But Here)**

She didn't mention Melanie again. I actually didn't care. When I went on that date with Melanie, I actually thought she was Sam, which is good, cause this first date with the she-devil is going so much better. Next topic was Mrs. Briggs and Mr. Howard. We kept a good five minutes talking about the stuff we hated about them. It was fun, we got to curse teachers and laugh out loud.

"So... why didn't you just take me to a movie or something?" for the first time in the night, she asked me something looking straight into my eyes.

"I thought about it... but in the end I chose not to"

"Why?"

"You're an uncommon girl Sam... this night had to be special. Besides, I didn't want our first date to be so... so..." I was trying to find the right word.

"Common?" she found it for me.

"Yeah... common"

### **Freddie's playlist:**

#### **Music 5# (Owl City – If My Heart Was A House)**

That was the perfect moment for me to make a move. As we looked into each other's eyes I waited just a little bit to hold her gaze, then I held her right hand. I brushed her palm with the tip of my finger and she didn't pull away. I take that as a good thing. Somehow we managed to stay there just looking at one another. I realized things I was too blind to see before, like the perfection of her blue eyes. Her blonde bangs, brushed to the side, her pink lips curved into a smile and her golden curls on a ponytail. Man she was pretty! It's was like something finally awakened in me. Like I was seeing for the first time... feeling for the first time. After all those years, I realized that I've been missing so much, I was blind to the bone!

The touch of her hand sent shivers to my body every five seconds. It always amazed me how the lightest touch could make me feel so much. I wonder what would happen if we... if we... made out. It will be like the fireworks of 4th of July! I wonder how if the rest of her skin was this soft. Not in a pervert way... I was just wondering. I should probably kiss her right now... maybe I have another chance, but I also didn't want to rush things. In fact, I was a bit scared she would push me away or let her guard up again. I don't want to be back to square one, so I decided to just stay there, not moving, not talking, and just feeling.

Life is so crazy. Just when you think you know yourself, something happens and shows you that you're wrong. I thought I knew everything I had to know about myself, but how do I explain these feelings hitting me like a train on a track? If you told me a few years ago, I would be sitting here, admiring Sam's eyes, thinking about making out with her and urging to touch her in places the clothes were covering, I would probably call you crazy... now I can't think about a better place to be. I would give a million dollars just to know how she was feeling right now, but I was too scared to ask.

**Freddie's playlist:**

**Music 6# (The Script – For The First Time)**

"Do you wanna ask me something now?" she broke our eye contact when she looked at our hands.

I didn't want to speak, or think, but I had to explain to her that we didn't need to rush.

"There's no rush. I'm not really worried about it right now" I squeezed her hand.

After we finished eating, I called T-Bo. This was the moment I was waiting for. He lowered the lights and I stood up. Sam watched me get closer to her with surprised eyes. I confess that I like to surprise her. It felt too good to explain. I offered her my hand, which she took with a suspicious look. I smiled and dragged her to an empty spot that supposed to be a dancefloor. I put my hands on her hips and brought her closer to me. She gave me another suspicious look.

"What are you doing?" she asked me trying to pull away but I tightened my grip.

"It's not a proper date if we don't dance" I told her.

At that moment T-Bo changed the music. I looked at Sam hoping that she would recognize the song.

**Freddie's playlist**

**Music 7# (AM – Running Away)**

It was the same song playing the night we shared our first kiss. Yeah remember it. I remember everything about that night. She was wearing a pink shirt. Her golden locks flew free as the wind blew. She was stunning and I was nervous. And the thing I would never forget... the taste of her lips. It was a weird, yet tasty mix of meatballs and strawberry. Sam recognized the song and wrapped her arms around my neck. Her walls were slowly crumbling down; she was giving into the moment. I touched her forehead with mine and we stood there, moving slowly, closer than we ever been before. As I looked into her eyes a strange feeling started to float inside my stomach. I never felt this way before and I don't think I ever will.

"Do you remember that girl's choice dance that you went with Malika?" why was she asking me this?

"Yeah" I said carefully.

It was definitely one of the worst days of my life. It was boring, Malika was annoying, and nothing seemed right. I remember missing my mother... yeah, that was how boring that dance was.

"After I went to Gibby's house I came over here" she whispered. I could be wrong but I swear I could hear sorrow in her voice.

"You did?"

"Yeah... but I left"

"Why?" I pulled away a bit to look at her.

"You and Carly were slow dancing right here" Sam looked away from me and rested her head in my shoulder. I rested my chin above her head.

I remembered that. Carly and I were the only ones here and I felt horrible about that awful dance. I asked her to dance and she said yes, surprisingly. I enjoyed dancing with her, but only for a brief second. After the first fifteen seconds of the song I felt extremely uncomfortable, even weird. We were there, alone, dancing, but something was out of place, something was missing... or someone. I never knew what... or who. That dance didn't mean a thing. Actually was a friendly gesture, but now that didn't stop me from feeling like the most horrible person to ever walk on earth. I wanted to kiss away her pain, along with those memories. I wanted to something to show her how much she meant to me.

"I didn't know that" stupid Freddie! That's all you can say?

"It's okay. No one does" she shifted her head a little bit.

"Sam?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry for being so blind. But now I see everything and I want you to know how much you mean to me" I figured telling the truth would be the best idea.

She lifted her head to look at me, and I could see pain mixed with joy in her blue eyes. I leaned, wanting to kiss her desperately and let her know how I felt. That was when T-Bo arrived. Damn T-Bo!

**Freddie's playlist:**

**Music 8# (Dashboard Confessional – Stolen)**

"Sir..." he addressed to me.

"Yes T-Bo?" I wanted to murder him.

"Everything is set" he smiled not noticing how annoyed I was.

"Good" I nodded.

"What now?" she asked me heading towards our table.

I pulled the chair for her and she let out a giggle. A very girly and cute giggle. Our knees brushed and I felt a sudden warm in my lower areas. Damn it!

Control yourself Benson, don't be a pervert! Even though that was a wise decision I couldn't stop my mind from having dirty thoughts. I could imagine her body brushing against mine, her hands in my hair, her legs around my waist, her bare breast against my chest, her golden locks tickling my face... okay... stop it now or else you'll get a boner!

"You'll see"

T-Bo left us alone again. I wished I had a bag of ice to put in my pants... we weren't even touching and I was already aroused... damn it! My teenage hormones are starting to kick.

"Don't we get a menu?" Sam's voice wakened me up from my dirty daydreams.

"He knows what we're having" I was a bit eager. But that was the best part of the night!

"But I didn't even-" I raised my hand and she stopped talking.

"He knows Sam"

T-Bo approached us with two smoothies in a platter. He gave me the medium one and placed the big one in front of Sam. Showtime! I waited for her to take a sip of her smoothie, which she did eagerly. A second later her pale blue eyes went wide and her expression was pure surprise. I chuckled knowing she would recognize the taste.

**Freddie's playlist:**

**Music 9# (Scissor Sisters – Skin Tight)**

"Me... mea.... Meatballs?" she stuttered.

"Yeah"

"A meatball smoothie?" she took another sip just to make sure.

She had her eyes closed in pure pleasure, and that was enough to send my mind to dirty places again. I shook the nasty thoughts off by taking a sip of my own smoothie... it tasted like smashed meatballs... disgustingly nice. Sam opened one eye to look at me; I bet she was enjoying my expression right now. My palate was nowhere as experienced as hers, so that taste was still a bit odd for me.

"But whenever I asked him to make me a meatball smoothie he always said no..."

"He just needed the right kind of incentive" I smirked.

She shoots me another suspicious look, and then T-Bo arrived with more two smoothies taking her empty, and mine half empty cup away.

"Go ahead" I told her.

Sam drank the liquid and I did the same. I frowned at the taste, and she had the same surprise/joyful expression that she had moments ago.

"So?" I asked curiously.

**Freddie's playlist:**

**Music 10# (Ellie Goulding – I'll Hold My Breath)**

"Ham..." she almost whispered and returned to drink.

I was having a great time. It was too amusing seeing her so amazed. She drank happily from the straw and I had to look down, otherwise my mind would let my hormones take over and my brain would get the wrong idea of her actions. I was feeling a pervert, but she shot me a smile that made my hormones calm down and my heart raced. A wide smile that made me feel all fuzzy and warm inside. I smiled back and we didn't speak, she was too busy drinking her smoothie and I was too busy watching her perfect features. The whole time I kept telling myself that she was one of a kind, and totally out of my league, she could get any guy if she acted nicer, but there she was... in love with me, Freddie Benson king of the dorks, president of the AV club, Galaxy Wars nerd, talk about luck. The last smoothie came along, the final surprise, the closing number. Honestly, I don't know how I was able to ingest so many weird things and not throw up, Sam otherwise looked like a happy puppy. I didn't feel that bad... and if she was happy, so did I.

She tasted the last smoothie. T-Bo had to buy a larger kind of cup for this night. I gave him the money to order a double sized cup to fill with this particular flavor. As soon as she swallowed she became serious. I was a bit nervous T-Bo had screwed it up.

"This is... Bacon" she said seriously.

That only made me more nervous. I was trying to look cool and carefree, but on the inside I was freaking out. She finished her smoothie in silence. T-Bo came and cleaned our tables and left quickly.

"So... do you want to ask me something now?"

"Actually... no"

"Why? Wasn't this the reason why you brought me here in the first place?" I could see she was bit nervous, but hey... so was I!

"No it wasn't"

"What?"

**Freddie's playlist:**

**Music 11# (The Duke Spirit – Don't Wait)**

"Well... I wanted to take you out on a date, whether or not we had our conversation about that night" that was my chance to ask her out again "I don't want to ruin our first date. Maybe we talk about it on a second date?"

"Second date?"

"Yeah. I had a great time and I'd like to do it again. Don't you?" I crossed my finger under the table.

"Yeah..." she took her time to think about it making me nervous "well... as long as you're paying... I don't see a problem" she smiled.

WOW! Did she just say yes? Without me chasing her around the whole week or pinning her against a wall? WOW! That was easy... WOW! I wanted to throw my fist in the air in celebration... but I would look like an idiot then she would be disgusted and give up on the date. Uh... calm down boy!

"Okay... it's a date!" I said eagerly. Maybe I couldn't hold back my feelings.

"It's a date!" she repeated "by the way... I loved everything... the smoothies were great, especially the bacon one" I knew how hard it was for her to say this, so I appreciated it deeply.

"Thanks... I had fun, so much fun..."

"You know that this date is going to be hard to beat right?" she smirked at me.

"Yeah... but I have some great ideas Puckett" I smirked back at her.

We laughed a little before I stood up and walk towards her. I gave her my hand and she took it willingly.

"That's it for the night Princess Puckett. Shall we?"

"We shall Benson"

## \*Chapter 16\*: iDate The End

OMG you guys! I'm freaking out about iLMM promo! This chapter will be short... because I need to replay that video over and over until I go blind! So perfect! I'm freaking out! I LOST MY MIND! Okay... breath... Calm down... Okay... I'm okay now... So here it goes, the end of the date. Before I post the next chapter I need to know if you guys want me to post Sam's version of the date or just forget about it and carry on with the history. Please let me know! I'll only post again when you guys tell me what you want! Cause I can't decide and your opinion is what matters!

---

Freddie's POV

She followed me and got into the car. I closed the door and went to the driver's seat. It was a bit cold outside but I felt warm and glad inside. When we entered the lobby I grabbed her hand already expecting her to pull away or something, but she didn't. In fact, she intertwined our fingers. I noticed that the spaces between my fingers were right where hers fitted perfectly. Her hands were soft and small, like a baby's hand. You would've thought that her hands would be all manly and strong right? Nope. You're wrong. She was surprisingly feminine and delicate. We kept holding hands in the elevator and it seemed so right, so natural, like this was a part of us, a long lost part of us. It was silence in there, but not an uncomfortable kind of silence, it was cozy and nice.

The elevator's door opened on my floor and I walked her to Carly's door and waited to make the next move.

"So?" I turned to face her, not letting go of her hand.

"That was very nice Benson. And thanks for not wanting to talk about that... that thing" she looked down at her feet.

"It's okay. We have the all time in the world" I assured her.

"We do?" her eyes had a brand new light I never saw before.

"We do Sam... we do"

I didn't know how things were going to be, but I didn't want to do back to the past. The present was so much better.

"We do..." she repeated my words with a whisper.

The blonde haired demon offered me a smile and I smiled back. I wanted to kiss her desperately, but I didn't know if I should. I stood there... looking like a jackass... watching her lean towards me. When I was about to close my eyes she turned her head, kissed my cheek and whispered goodnight in my ear. Damn it! I shivered to the bone.

"Night Puckett" I let go of her hand and watched her walk away.

A minute later I realized I was frozen gazing Carly's door. I snapped out of that and put my hand in pocket searching for my keys. Took me more than necessary time to find them and unlock my door. I took off my shoes along with my tie and tossed them somewhere in my room, pretty sure I still had a goofy smile on my face. How could I stop smiling? I mean... Me, Freddie Benson just went out on a date with Sam Puckett and came back alive... and happy. I went to the bathroom and washed my face. Looking at myself in the mirror I saw how happy I was. I wasn't expecting to feel this way, I guess after all I had walls around my heart too, and now they were slowly crumbling down. The feeling that was taking over me was something I recognized as joy, I don't remember feeling this happy since... since... well probably I never felt this way before. Back in my bedroom I unbuttoned three buttons of my shirt and messed up my hair, then was when the doorbell rang.

Surely it must be Spencer... wanting the details of my perfect date. I opened the door to find no one other than Samantha Puckett. I prayed for her not change her mind about the date.

"Hey Sam-" she grabbed me by the collar of my shirt and kissed me. I was surprised, but kissed her back quickly. Putting my hands on her waist, I pulled her closer until there was no space between us. She wrapped her arms around my neck, her tongue was begging for entrance, which I gave her. I opened my mouth completely and as soon as her tongue reached mine I shivered. Sam started to run her finger through my hair, and man... that felt nice! Almost the same time I caressed her lower back, rubbing it up and down. This kiss was different from anything I've ever experienced before. It was more aggressive, more urgent... more passionate. I started to feel the heat rising from my lower areas and up to my cheeks. I felt brave... and bold, letting a few fingers slip underneath her shirt to touch her skin, she shuddered and deepened the kiss even more pressing me against the wall roughly. I bite her lower lip in response, which granted me a moan. Feeling her breasts pressed against my chest I felt more aroused than ever, about to get a boner. I was slowly losing my mind, literally seeing lights when she pulled away leaving me breathless. We both were gasping for air; I never removed my hands from her, wishing to stay this way forever. We kept looking into each other's eyes, keeping our positions. She was searching for any sign of regret and I was searching for any sign of fear. Neither of us found what we were looking for.

"That was a very nice date Benson. Night" she gave me a peck and walked away.

"Sam" she turned back to look at me, a little afraid, I could tell.

I walked forward and kissed her again. I gave her a soft kiss full of emotion, I wanted her to see that we didn't have to go rough all the time... not that I didn't like it... it's just... I thought I could make her feel what I was feeling, wanted to show Sam how special she was to me and there was nothing for her to fear. I caressed her face as she gave into my embrace. That was the sweetest kiss I've ever had. In that moment I knew what I felt and what I wanted. I pulled back and smiled.

"Goodnight Sam" she smiled and walked away.

That moment was crucial for me to define my feelings. One thing I knew for sure now... I was doomed!

Sam's POV

I leaned against Carly's door and took a deep breath. That was the best night of my life. Nothing would ever compare to this, never in a million years. Benson was such a stud... damn boy! He's not allowed to make me feel this way! I wanted to punch him just for making me feel so good and safe, but I'm pretty sure next time I see him again I'll melt. Carly and Spencer were nowhere to be found; I bet they're still at the studio, talking about me and Freddie. I remember the moment I went upstairs and heard their conversation. I still couldn't believe everything that nerd did just to date me. That

granted him that amazing kiss. Because if there is a word to define what just happened in the hallway it would be "amazing". Kissing Freddie is not news for me; however I never kissed him like that before. Not a French kiss. And I gotta say... he is gooood at it. I felt that familiar tingly sensation between my legs when I thought about it.

In my mind, there was sun shining, birds singing, butterflies floating. He wrote, with a permanent marker, "nerd" in my heart and I didn't even care, because in the end I knew that this was what I always wanted anyway. I decided to go with the flow and see what happens. After all Carly is right... this may lead to a good thing and I don't even know it. I forgot all the fear, all the doubts and the past, I'm looking forward. And when I do that all I see is the dipwad smiling at me.

## \*Chapter 17\*: iAfter Date

A/N: So you guys decided that it's better just to carry on with the story. Okay then! Let's move on to the next phase. BTW jesrod82 I'm still freaking out about the promo. I'm grinning so hard my face hurts! Okay let's go back to the chapter. Thanks for your reviews and I hope you enjoy this chapter too. LOVE YA ALL! Oh... if you have tumblr let me know... and I'll follow you!

Sam's POV

Carly made me all girly and I hated it! However when I saw the luminous sign saying "Petrosini's" I was thankful. It's been almost ten minutes since I've said goodbye to the nub, but here I'm, still not over what just happen. This whole night was a surprise for me, after this night there was no turning back, we are headed to the unknown, but I can't say I hate it. Actually I'm taking better than expected. Hours before the date begin, Carly was telling me not to freak out afterwards. She spent fifteen minutes giving me this "don't get all scared and coward again" speech. She actually thought I was going to pretend like this never happened and get all worked up about it. But no. Here I was, lying in Carly's bed, gazing at her ceiling remembering the conversation I heard my best friend having with her brother.

### FLASHBACK

*I said goodnight to the nub and kissed his cheek. I wanted to kiss him in the mouth, but since he wasn't moving, I just gave up. I was scared to kiss him again. Maybe it was too soon, maybe I should just wait. When he wanted to kiss me he would. I entered Carly's apartment waiting to be attacked by her with questions. Prepared my ears for her screams and "aws", but the living room was empty. Nor she nor Spencer came attacking me with questions. I started to get worried. Where the hell they could be?*

*My best guess was that Carly was yelling at Spencer for drinking milk in the shower again, so I went to the bathroom expecting to hear her screams and his excuses. Nothing. The bathroom was empty. Weird. I went to Spencer's room to look for them. Nothing. Carly's room? Empty. What the hell? I sat on her bed and started thinking. Maybe they went out... to eat. No... today was an important day and Carly would be waiting for me to gossip. The studio! Why haven't I thought about that before? They are probably playing Guitar Hero upstairs.*

*Took me only a few seconds to get to the studio. Through the glass door I spotted Spencer and Carly engaged into a conversation. I pressed my ear against the door.*

*"You've got to be kidding me!" Carly squealed. I figured Spencer told her some spoilers about Gossip Girl or something.*

*"Nope" Spencer had his hands on his waist what gave him a serious appearance "he did that"*

*"OH MY GOSH" what the hell they were talking about anyways? Who did what?*

*"He sold a part of it so he could pay for tonight. He saved the rest of the money to future dates"*

*Was he talking about Freddie?*

*"But Freddie loves that stuff" yes, they were talking about Freddie.*

*"Maybe he likes her even more" he tried to sound flirty but it came out wrong, and weird.*

*"Whoa... that's impressive! Why didn't he just ask for money... you know, to his mom, or you. Or me! I would lend him some"*

*"Well... it was too much money. You know Freddie... he wouldn't ask for that much money to his mom, and I'm sure you don't have that much either"*

*"Was that much?" Carly seemed somewhat surprised and shocked, I just kept listening.*

*"He had to get T-Bo to close the Groovy Smoothies on a Saturday night, that wasn't cheap. Also he wouldn't agree on making that bunch of weird smoothies to Sam, he said it was nasty and against the "Juice Rules" can you believe it?"*

*"Coming from T-Bo? The same guy who tries to sell pickles on a stick? No" my best friend chuckled amused.*

*"That's right! So Freddie had to give him some gratification, besides that restaurant where he took her is very expensive, the boy needed the money" Spencer sat on the hood of the car.*

*Carly's mouth was open but she wasn't speaking, she seemed shocked and amused when she sat down on a beanbag. I wanted to know what the hell they were talking about, but they probably wouldn't tell me, so I had to peek.*

*"Whoa... so he really likes her" she sounded somewhat shocked to the realization that Freddie could really like me. I wondered why.*

*"Yeah little sister of mine" Spencer had a huge grin on his adorable face "he does"*

*That was a few awkward seconds of silence, when I wished I could be a little fly just to take a better look at Carly's face, now that she had her back turned at me facing Spencer. Suddenly a high pitched sound broke the silence along with my line of thought. It was the sound of my best friend... fangirling her ass off.*

*"I can't believe it! I'm so happy! She likes him, he likes her" she stood up and started to make a little happy dance. I smiled, glad that she would be okay if things got to the next level between me and the dork. "This is too good to be truth!"*

*"Yeah!" Spencer started to accompany him sister on her little happy dance.*

*After a few more seconds, the happy dance was over and they took their respective places, Spencer on the hood of the car and Carly standing close to the beanbag.*

*"Most guys wouldn't do that just to date a girl" Spencer sounded serious and thoughtful; I guess he was talking about himself. But what the hell did he do anyway?*

*"So... he sold that stuff he's been collecting since he was five?"*

"Some of it. They were all collectors' items so they were worth a lot of money. Luckily, Socko's cousin is a freak Galaxy Wars fan and bought Freddie's props. He paid a good money for them" Spencer sounded sad "I'm just sorry I couldn't lend him the money so he wouldn't have to sell such precious stuff"

"Oh..." Carly started to tap her brother's arm in consolation.

"Collectors' items Carls..." Spencer actually started to cry.

*That couldn't be truth. Benson sold his Galaxy Wars nerd stuff just to take me out? I mean... he loves that crap... and he gave up on them because of me... why?*

"Collectors' items... and props... and action figures..." the poor guy sounded so inconsolable "and he didn't even flinch"

"All that for a date? Don't tell me he took her to a romantic night on the Taj Mahal? Cause it sure feels like it!"

"No. it's not just this date Carls... he is planning to take her out again. Take her to another cool place, so he needs cash" Spencer wiped his tears away.

*Jesus... Freddie loved those dolls... a sudden urge took over me... I ran downstairs and knocked on Freddie's door. He opened and smiled at me. The nub looked extra hot with his unbuttoned and his hair messed up.*

"Hey Sam-" I couldn't hold back any longer, grabbing him by the collar of his shirt I pressed my lips against his.

*The moment I felt his soft lips on mine I shuddered. It was too good to be truth, and that was the moment I knew for sure I wanted him. He had to be mine. I gave him my most passionate kiss, but that wasn't enough, I wanted more. So I licked his bottom lip begging for entrance, which he granted me willingly. Freddie had his hands on my waist while I wrapped mine around his neck. The dork actually had the guts to slip a few fingers inside my shirt to touch my skin. I could feel the heat burning in the middle of my legs; if we weren't standing in the middle of the hallway I would jump his bones! Feeling warmer with our bodies pressed together I couldn't get over how good of a kisser he actually was. He was a mind blowing... eye popping... breath taking kisser. I pressed him roughly against the wall and he bit my lower lip in response. I didn't mean to moan, but at that point my body was reacting to everything he was doing like it had a life of its own. Although the kiss was indeed amazing, I had to stop it, or else bad things would happen.*

END OF FLASHBACK

That is why I'm here gazing at Carly's ceiling like it is the most amazing thing in the world, cause what happen tonight was the most incredible thing that ever happened to me. You would think that this is the kind of thing that happens to Carly... but no... it happened to me. Can I squeal now or it's just a pathetic thing to do?

Carly's POV

I just found out how amazing Freddie actually was. Not that I didn't think he was before, but now I knew for sure. Everything he did for Sam... was so cute! Speaking of Sam... I found her lying on my bed gazing the ceiling.

"Hey bestie! Deets! Give me deets girl! I want them all!" I sat close to her.

"Oh... it was... perfect" she kept looking up.

I feared she was going to say the infamous "but", my hands started to shake a little. I shouldn't fangirl that much about real people... but they are my best friends and I'll ship whoever I want! I waited patiently for the "but" that never came.

"I asked for details, not a definition!" I teased.

My blonde headed best friend turned her head to look at me, she seemed amazed, in some sort of trance and mesmerized.

"I love him" I was not expecting this. She actually said the loved Freddie out loud for the first time ever. Her voice was clear, without hesitation or fear.

Should I fangirl now or it would be too weird? I honestly didn't know what else to do, or to say. I wanted to scream in happiness. I knew she was "in love with him" but I didn't know she "loved him"... wait... there is a difference? Sam loves Freddie... Sam loves Freddie... I had to keep it cool, used my entire strength not to jump on my bed and scream "I knew it!" at her face.

"Oh..." I was actually fangirling myself to death inside, but on the outside I tried to keep my face serious, I guess I wasn't doing a very good job.

"Yeah... oh" Sam turned her head back to stare at my ceiling.

"So?" I poked her arm.

"He asked me out again"

"Oh! That's awesome! So awesome! What did you say? You said yes right? Right?" okay Carly... you sound like a psychopath seddie shipper right now.

"Yes Carly... I said yes" she smiled.

"OMG I'M SO HAPPY!" I stood up and started to make my little happy dance.

Now I could fangirl the whole night! My friend lying on the bed started to giggle, I could tell she was happy, she seemed serene and secure of her decision. She even seemed mature while I jumping up and down like a five years old on a candy store. The roles were reversed... when did that happen?

"You guys make the cutest couple I've ever seen!"

"Okay Carly calm down. We're not getting married or anything. Just chill" she sat on the bed.

"Sorry... now I want deets! And don't forget any... I wanna know how the date went, how you two interacted, if you two made out and how you made out and where. Start talking girl!"

She smiled and motioned for me to sit next to her. I knew she was about to explode with information so I grabbed a pillow and waited for it.

"You should've seen it... it was amazing!" Sam sounded so happy. So was I!

"Did you take pictures?" dumb much Carly?

"Of course" I got excited "because that's what normal people do on their first date!" Aw...

"Well... if your first date is at the zoo..."

"Who the hell takes a girl to the zoo on a first date?" she laughed out loud.

"Hey! Griffin took me there on our first date!"

"Of course he did..." she began to laugh again "man... I like Freddie even more now!" I should be upset, but I had to recognize how lame my first date with Griffin was.

We spent most of the night talking about her first date with Freddie. The whole time I could stop thinking about how happy she was and how they would look cute together. However, another part of me couldn't help being a little jealous. I'll deny forever but I felt a little envy growing inside of me. She had the most incredible first date ever... and I had... the zoo. Wasn't supposed to be the other way around? That was very selfish of me, I knew it... it's just... I felt a little sad that I never had anyone doing for me what Freddie did for Sam. Despite their past, he really put a lot of effort, time, and money on this night... he must really like her. He'll make a great boyfriend. I'm happy for them, but my self-esteem called to say she was going away.

## \*Chapter 18\*: iDon't Wanna Leave

Freddie's POV

I could not sleep. The whole night, flashes of our kiss kept me awake. Later on, the flashes became dreams, sweet dreams about her. Always about her. I woke up feeling great, a little sleep deprave, but relaxed and content. Nothing could make the grin on my face fade away. After breakfast I was ready to go to Carly's when my mother called.

"hey baby!"

"Hey mom"

"So... we wanna know... how was the date... with... that de-... Sam" my mom needed some time to cope with the idea of me and Sam dating.

Getting her to accept this wasn't as easy as I told Sam. Actually it involved a lot of screaming and crying, but at the end Gun Smoke helped me to calm her down.

"Was awesome mom!" I wanted my mom to know how happy I was, maybe this way she would accept the idea better "and she agreed of going out with me again!"

"Oh Freddie... that's... nice" I could tell she was crying.

It was hard for her to see me growing up, and dating. Especially a girl like Sam... well... she is... different from the others. But despite of everything she liked Sam... well at least she liked Sam better than Carly.

"Listen mom... I've got to go now okay? Talk to you later"

"Okay..."

"Bye! Love ya!" I needed to hang up before she went on and on about how I was growing up and leaving her.

"Okay... love you too honey. Bye" I quickly hang up.

Okay... where was I? Oh yeah... heading to Carly's. I checked myself in the mirror before opening the door. I looked pretty decent I guess... time to go. When I reached the doorknob of Carly's place, Spencer opened the door before me and with wide eyes and pushed me away.

"What?" I panicked "did you set fire at the apartment again?"

"No!" he joined me into the hallway and closed the door behind him "what you did to her?"

"What? When? Who?" what the hell was he talking about?

"You heard me!" he stopped to look around "we can't talk here... let's go!" Spencer dragged me into the elevator.

We arrived at the Groovy Smoothies Spencer was weird... well more than usual. He kept looking around to check if we're being followed.

"Spencer... what the hell?" he pushed me inside the Groovy Smoothies.

"We're okay now Freddo..." he took a seat and I nervously joined him.

"What the hell?" I repeated my question.

"I wanna know what you did to her!"

"Who? What? When?"

"Sam... yesterday!"

"Why? What's wrong with her? Is she mad? Sad?" Spencer realized I had no idea what he was talking about.

"Oh... so you don't know?"

"WHAT?" yell at him wasn't on my plans, but he had it coming. What the hell was he talking about?

"Whoa... calm down Freddo!"

"Sorry... but how do you expect me to react when you scare me like that?"

Spencer bought us two smoothies and we kept silence for a couple of seconds before starting to talk again.

"So? What's wrong with her?" I asked concerned.

"Oh... she's... you know..."

"No Spencer I don't" I was trying not to yell at him again but the guy wasn't helping.

"Oh... she's aloof. And polite. And distant. Anyway... she's not herself... so I wanted to know what you did to her"

"I did... nothing... I mean... we went on a date. A very great date by the way... and we ate, talk, danced... then I walked her back to the apartment... and we kissed" I only realized I was grinning hard when my cheeks started to ache. And I also blushed... that kiss... I mean those kisses... I wanted to do that again, and again, and again.

"Freddo! That's awesome! So you're boyfriend and girlfriend now?"

"Whoa... let's not get ahead of ourselves okay? We're taking it slow... baby steps remember?"

"Now tell me... about the date... I want deets" Spencer sounded so much like Carly right now. "Oh... you kissed huh? That must be why she said... thank you for the breakfast Spencer with a dreamy smile!"

She was happy... as happy as me. Wow! That was awesome. I wanted to see her so much... and she said thank you... she never says thank you... she sounded so sweet. But wait... that's not like her... and I want Sam, the Sam I know.... The Sam... Sam! Not some other Sam... a Sam who's not bully and obnoxious is not Sam... it's... Melanie! The thought made me flinch a little bit.

"I don't want her to change her ways... I like her just the way she is..." I was talking to myself, but Spencer responded me anyways.

"Relax Freddo. She's just happy at the moment. It's not like Sam will be this way forever... you'll see I bet tomorrow, or even tonight she'll be manhandling you around again"

I laughed. That's true... that was nothing to worry about. The world can come down... but Sam will always be Sam. Feeling more relaxed I eagerly told Spencer about the date, he asked for deets... so I was going to give him deets... but not all of it... the deets about that kiss in the end of the night were mine to keep. A gentleman never kisses and tells.

General POV

Freddie seemed eager and genuinely happy. The brunette sitting on the other side of the Groovy Smoothies couldn't help but realize his biceps flexing while he explained something to Carly's older brother. He was growing up... that was obvious... he didn't seem so nerdy anymore... actually he seemed pretty hot... his biceps were... nice... she didn't remember him being this attractive. Hum... Freddie Benson was a hottie. He was definitely worthy of a conversation.

"Don't you think Freddie Benson is... you know... hot" the brunette told her red haired friend.

"Whoa... he kind of is..." the red haired girl stopped to pay more attention on him.

"And he's smart... and famous" the brunette was playing with her hair with a flirty look.

"Yeah... but that blonde watchdog is always around him"

"Who cares... she's not there right now... I'm talking to him" the brunette was about to stand up when Freddie and Spencer left the place "damn it! Guess I'll have to talk to him at school"

"Yeah... he has a nice ass though" the brunette glared at her friend "what?"

"Don't even think about it" she coldly said.

"Fine. I don't think you can pass that obnoxious blond and talk to him anyway"

"We'll see..."

Freddie's POV

Spencer was fangirling about my date with Sam, screaming and jumping in the middle of the street. If I wasn't so happy about it myself I would probably pretend not to know him. I had to admit, the date was pretty magical. When we reached the Bushwell Plaza the only thing in my mind was Sam, I wanted to see her desperately. Spencer unlocked the door and I could feel my heart skip a beat. Sam was sitting on the couch watching MMA. She looked so pretty... wearing a blue flannel shirt and black shorts. My eyes were bright and my lips curved into a smile. She saw me and stood up quickly grinning.

"Hey Benson" her voice lightened up my day.

"Hey Puckett"

"I forgot something... at Socko's!" Spencer rushed out the door.

I walked towards her and she walked towards me.

"Hi" idiot! It's all you can say?

"Hi nerd" we tried to reach each other nervously twice then I finally grabbed her both hands interlacing our fingers.

"Hi" I was dazed, almost lost inside her eyes; I couldn't remember any big words to say.

"Dork" she leaned closer, I leaned closer.

Soon our lips met. I brought her closer to me, leaving no space between us. I liked her close to me; I liked the feeling of her body close to mine. I finally could touch her... feel her... taste her... My hands travelled around her back and her sides while her fingers were in my hair and neck. Our tongues met fighting for dominance, but we both gave into the kiss and kept the same pace. I moved one of my hands to lose my finger into her curls; she yanked my hair making me moan. I wanted more, but I couldn't ask for it. I pressed her against me as much as I could. The touch of her fingertips was setting fire at my skin, burning wherever she touched, she was leaving scars on me, scars I would gladly keep forever. I was losing my mind... I was losing myself inside that kiss and I didn't even mind. I know now that this is where I'm supposed to be. And I don't wanna leave.

## \*Chapter 19\*: iMake Out

Carly's POV

They were sitting on the couch, swallowing each other's mouth with their hands all over. I never saw someone make out like that, and by the little moans I could hear, they really enjoyed each other. Sam was yanking Freddie's hair roughly, but instead of complaining he was moaning in pleasure. I wondered if they were going to have sex on my couch. Probably, I should cough or something, but Freddie broke the kiss sticking his head into Sam's curls. Soon I heard her giggling. Those two... they better watch out before this little make out session turns into something more.

Only when I saw Sam's hand leave Freddie's hair to travel somewhere lower I felt the need to break these two apart. I'm not getting any love juice on my couch. I coughed.

"So?" I watched as they pulled away quickly, both surprised.

"C-Carly..." Freddie jumped nervously while Sam laughed.

"Relax nerd" she jumped off the couch and went to the kitchen.

"Freddie..." I approached him slowly "please... don't... have... don't do the nasty on my couch!" his eyes popped and his jaw dropped "I'm asking you because you're the responsible one in this relationship"

"Whoa... calm down Carly... we're not in a relationship yet... we haven't talked about it... yet"

"Don't you wanna date her?" I asked in disbelief.

"I do... I will. Well... I was just going to talk about it with her, but then... we kissed... but I was going to talk to her about it after we finished the kiss" he smiled eagerly.

"Oh boy... if you guys make out like that now... imagine after you become a couple" the poor guy blushed after hearing my words.

Suddenly Sam walked into the living room smiling widely, however her grin faded away when she saw Freddie's velvet red face.

"What now?" she asked annoyed.

"Oh nothing" I smiled.

"Nothing? Okay then..." she looked at Freddie who was back to his normal color now "so nub... lets go... talk"

Before he could answer, Sam grabbed him by the wrist and rushed out the door. I smiled to myself. Those two were going to be a hot item. This might be a problem, or not... as long as they don't do something stupid... what am I thinking? That's not gonna happen! Right?

Sam's POV

My skin was on fire; Freddie's hands were inside my shirt grabbing my waist tightly. I wanted to touch his skin too, so I slipped my fingers inside his shirt, caressing his collarbone and shoulders. Good thing Crazy wasn't home, cause things were getting pretty hot pretty fast. Freddie pulled away to kiss my neck. He bit my earlobe and I moaned loud.

"Nerd" I said between moans. He chuckled.

"I guess calling me a nerd really turns you on doesn't it?" before I could think about a comeback, he pressed me against the wall of the fire escape biting my neck roughly.

"Everything that you do turns me on" I was speaking to myself, but I knew he heard because he chuckled against my skin.

He came back to kiss me. Our tongues met and I felt damp. Dang it! This has to stop before I do something I'll regret.

"Freddie?" I broke the kiss.

"Yeah" he started to kiss my neck again.

"I thought you said you wanted to talk..." I yanked his hair while he licked the sensitive spot on my neck.

"Yeah... sure..." he just kept working his magic against my skin.

"So?" I asked him as a failed attempt to gain some control of the situation.

"So what?" he bit my earlobe and it felt like heaven.

"Uh... are we... going to... talk or not?" he was definitely in charge now.

"Sure"

He kissed me again, pressing me even more against the wall. I couldn't breathe, but who cares? Who needs to breathe anyway? Things were getting out of control... God... we're not even dating yet! That has to stop... soon... probably right now... maybe later. Yeah later is good.

Freddie's POV

I could feel the heat inside my pants; things could get pretty embarrassing if I didn't break that kiss. But it's not like I wanted to do it... in fact, I wanted just a little bit more... maybe go back into my bedroom... God Benson! Don't be a pervert! Jesus, get a hold of yourself! Jerk! Be the gentleman you mother taught you to be and respect the lady! Well... Sam's not exactly a lady... BENSON! Jesus... must you be horny all the time? It's not like it's my fault... she is too... soft, and warm, and beautiful... she's such a tease. That's it... I'm stopping the kiss... in a little while... yeah... in a while... damn her hands are soft!

"Mmmmm" I moaned when I felt Sam grinding her hips against mine.

"Getting a bit too happy dork?" damn it! Was I hard?

"What?" I pulled my head back to look at her.

"You're moaning and everything..." she smirked at me.

"Oh yeah? Well I remember you moaning too... don't you?" I whispered against her neck before kissing her jaw.

She gasped for air and placed her hands around my waist to pull me even closer. I was going to go crazy... she was driving me crazy.

Carly's POV

"Carle Carle!" Spencer walked into the apartment with a paper bag.

"Oh Spencer... this better be food! I'm starving!" I warned him.

"Oh... food?" he asked innocently.

"Spencer! You said you're going to buy food! I'm hungry goddammit"

"Calm down sis... see... the thing is... I was going to buy pasta and tomatoes... but I had the most amazing idea! See I'm thinking about making a sculpture of a house, with toilet paper, then TP the house! With toilet paper! Get it?" he was shaking a pack of toilet paper in front of me.

I loved my brother... don't get me wrong, but sometimes I hated how dumb he is. I can't believe how he ever got into law school.

"Spencer..." I took a deep breath "you better find something for me to eat... or else... I'm TP every single sculpture you've ever done!" I made sure to speak calm but menacingly.

"Okay..." He rushed to the phone leaving his paper bag on the counter "I'll just ask Chinese food and we're cool right?"

"Okay" I liked having someone afraid of me. Now I know how Sam feels when she terrorizes people. Damn! Feels good to be bad! Wow... control yourself Shay!

"So? Are Sam and Freddie joining us for dinner?" my brother asked me after he ordered the food.

"Oh I don't know"

"Where are these two anyway? I remember leaving them right here before heading to Socko's" Spencer looked around searching for my two best friends.

"Oh they were here... eating each other's face!" I sat on the couch.

"What? Oh man... they were doing so great! Why are they fighting now?" he seemed really concerned.

"No Spencer... they weren't fighting. They were literally eating each other's face! Swallowing it!" it's hard having to explain these things to your older brother.

"You mean... oh!" his eyes went wide for a moment "and where are these two right now?"

"Probably doing the nasty somewhere" ick!

"AAAAAHHH" His eyes went wide and he covered his ears. "AAAAAHHH I don't wanna hear about it!" Spencer started to run around the apartment. Oh boy...

Sam's POV

Just when you think you know yourself... something happens to prove you're dead wrong. In all my life I never imagined myself in this position I'm right now. Well... maybe I did a couple of times but I never thought this was going to happen. Just because you dream about it doesn't mean it will happen. In fact I thought this was out of my reach, out of league, never ever happening. Yet again, I always thought I had control of myself, nope, I was dead wrong. And here, I'm gasping for air, almost having an orgasm, feeling like heaven, completely turned on, and who is causing me such feelings? Fredweird Benson... yeah... I'm damp, and it's because of him. I didn't realize things were getting serious until I felt him grabbing my ass roughly. No boy, who's not my boyfriend, can't grab my ass like that. He is no exception, just because his hands are magical and he drives me crazy as hell, doesn't mean he can do that. He has to know that Sam Puckett is not some random bitch he can fool around, but then again I was rubbing myself against him too... anyway, this has to stop. Now!

"Freddie!" I pulled away from him.

"What's the matter?" he asked me trying to come close.

"Don't!" I warned him menacingly.

"What's the matter? Did I do something wrong? Was I out of line?" yeah but... I really liked it... anyway... let's get serious here!

"No. I just think that we should talk now. We've been making out for two hours now and my lips hurt!"

"Sorry" he looked down.

"I have to admit nub... you really know whatcha doing!" I wasn't supposed to compliment him, but that granted me a heart-melt smile, so screw it!

"Thanks... back at you Puckett" he grabbed my hand and interlaced our fingers "let's go talk inside"

## \*Chapter 20\*: iTalk About It

A/N first of all guys, I want to thank you all for your reviews and for reading this thing I'm writing! Here it goes, another chapter, but let me say something first, I don't know if this one is good, it's long, but I'm very distracted cause I just downloaded the new "Owl City" album and I'm going crazy over here! Anyway, about the grammatical errors, my birth language is not English, in fact I'm doing a major effort to write in English, so I'm sorry if you find some mistakes, I never wrote anything before, so I'm kinda new at this. Anyway, thanks you guys! I love ya all, you have no idea how happy I'm everytime I read a review... it makes the worst of my days better!

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Freddie's POV

We were inside my bedroom sitting on the edge of the bed quietly. It's been almost two minutes and neither of us spoke. I was nervous, she was nervous, so none of us really said anything. She kept bouncing her feet and I was just looking at nothing trying not to freak out. I knew one of us had to say something otherwise things could get pretty awkward. I opened my mouth to speak and then closed it quickly not knowing what to say. My only hope was that she would snap us out of it and start a mature conversation, but the blonde haired beauty didn't move an inch.

My mind was trying to form words and arguments to actually start a conversation. When I woke up this morning I had all figured out on my mind, all I would say and how I would say, but then I saw her and nothing else seemed to matter, the rest of the room disappeared and there was only us in the world. Cheesy right? Yeah I know. Now I wished I could remember everything I had planned on say to her, but nothing came to my mind. The only sound in my room was the new James Blunt CD playing. *Calling Out Your Name* was echoing inside my head.

"So?" she was the first one to speak.

"So..." I knew now was the time when I supposed to say something that made sense, but I was too nervous, I don't think I ever felt this nervous before.

"You wanted to talk... so let's talk" she said without looking at me.

"Okay, let's talk" why can't I say anything?

"Listen nerd... I'm starting to lose my patience here okay, cut to the chase!" she snapped, but I was glad she did, it kinda helped break the ice between us.

"Fine Pucket!" I said it with a smirk.

"Fine Benson" she smirked back at me.

"Okay..."

"Dude if you say okay again, I'm going to forget how much I enjoyed our little make out session and kick you in the balls!" I laughed; she knew how to break the tension.

"Fine. Okay... wait!" I raised my hand when she tried to punch me "first of all, you already agreed on a second date, right? So that means we're going places, secondly, I want to know since when you like me, and third why you never told me before. So start!" I tried to catch my breath.

Sam looked to me then to her hands. She was as nervous as I was, maybe even more. This wasn't easy for her, I knew, but if we wanted this thing to work, we would have to talk about it. And to be honest, I was kinda curious to know the whole story, before the lock-in I had absolutely no idea that Sam could have this kind of feelings towards me. Well, she was a good liar, and knows how to hide her feelings very well, so I was curious to know why now? Why she decided to express this feelings now.

She took a deep breath and frowned. That worried me a little, she was thinking... if only I could read minds right now.

"Okay. First, yeah, I want to go out with you again king of the nerds" she gave me a small smile "secondly, I think I started to like you that night in the firescape"

What? Firescape...? Our first kiss... that was a long time ago. Why didn't he say anything before?

"Sam... that was... wow, that was ages ago. Why didn't you say anything?" I was shocked, when I first find out she liked me, I thought it was something new, recent, after all we're both growing up and things were changing... I was so wrong.

"I know okay" she looked at my window "it wasn't easy for me Benson, to feel the way I feel about you... I mean, you are... you" she pointed at me. I should be offended, but I so concentrated in what she was saying that I didn't mind her insult "and let's not forget that you were in love with my best friend, that counts too"

Shit. I was. Damn it! You're such a nub Benson. But wait... I wasn't in love with her, it was just a crush, but back then I didn't know the difference. I realized how much I've hurt her now.

"Sam..." I wanted to tell her something that would make up for everything, I wanted to tell her something that would let her know how I felt but she raised her hand asking me not to say anything.

"Let me finish okay? I was dealing with the fact that I was in love with you, maybe not in love yet, just infatuated. Anyway, I didn't want to like you, it's not like I planned it. I was dealing with so many feelings I never knew before. Come on, I'm Sam Pucket; I'm not a prissy, girly teenage girl, who walks around being silly and acts lovey dovey towards no one. And you are the king of the nerds. Let's face Benson, you didn't look half as hot as you look right now..." her eyes went wide when she realized what she just said.

I decided to let this one pass, for now, I was more interested about what she had to say anyways, but I wasn't going to forget it. She thinks I'm hot... well I think she is hot too, so... we're even.

"Anyway... I was in denial; in fact I didn't know what I was feeling, not for sure, until that stupid girls dance choice, that night changed everything"

Sam's POV

I was going down that road. There was no turning back. I'm not the type of girl who likes talk about these silly chizz, but I had no choice. I asked for it when I kissed him that night, but I don't regret it. Besides, the nerd deserved some answers. Sam Puckett does not talk about feelings, she punches and kicks, but she doesn't stand a chance against these chocolate colored eyes. They are so sweet and deep, that makes her want to drown on them. Of course she is not going to become a weakling, that's not who she is, and she aint changing for no one, but now is time to be honest, for the first time in her life she have to be truth to her feelings. Maybe this time things can actually work out for her. Who knows?

"I saw you dancing with Carly. Until that night I was pretty sure nothing could happen between you two, so I never worried about it. But when I saw you two dancing, my heart ached, and I knew I could lose you. Not that I had you... I just thought in some way you belonged to me, to torture or whatever. But I thought I owned you, until that night. That night I got scared of losing you, and I knew what I felt"

I stopped for air and looked at him. He was dumbfounded. The king of the nerds was speechless. I knew this was too much for him to take. A few awkward seconds later, he turned to look at me again.

"Carry on" he said almost whispering.

"Then you guys dated. I knew it wasn't meant to last, I knew it, or at least I had to believe that" since I was already down that road, I was going to say everything and see what happens.

"I just need you to know that when I said you were Carly's bacon, I wasn't talking out of jealous, I said it because I was worried. She was going to hurt you, and things were going to be awkward between us, all of us. You would be broken hearted and I would hate her for breaking your heart, and I can't hate Carly, she is my best friend. Anyway... I wasn't planning on letting you know about my feelings, in fact I was planning to hide them until they went away. That was my plan. I guess it didn't work"

Yep, it didn't. That night at the lock-in, when I was busted by Carly and Freddie I really thought about what she said, about making a move, I wanted so desperately to know if he could feel the same as me that I lost control and did what I did.

"But why now? I mean, why you kissed me now?" his voice brought me back to reality.

"I don't know. Lately, it's being hard to hide my feelings. Before was easy because we weren't as close as we are right now, was easy when I used to see you as an enemy, now it's different, you're my best friend" he smiled at me. That sexy crooked smile of his melted my heart just a little bit, because I'm Sam Puckett, and I'm strong.

"You're my best friend too" he grabbed my hand.

"It's all your fault" I was looking inside his brown eyes, and I was talking to them, but I guess I said it a little too loud... or louder than I should.

"Excuse me?" he laughed.

"Sorry, I was thinking out loud. This is all I have to say" I looked away trying not to get lost inside his eyes again.

"Sam..." he turned his body so he was in front of me, still holding my hand he touched my chin and made me look at him "Since that night, at the lock-in, my mind is running a mile a minute. I have so many feelings inside of me... and all of them are about you. Since our first date I knew what I wanted and what I felt, now I'm sure. You used to make my life a living hell, but I realized that I couldn't live without your viciousness and your insults, because I know, I always knew you never meant to really hurt me. I don't want to go all romantic and cheesy here, because I know you don't like that and neither do I, so I'll just say this: you mean so much to me, you're funny, and beautiful, and crazy, in a good way, and I don't want things going back to the way they were before, I like the new path we're walking together. That's the way I want... but..."

*BUT*, that damn word made my heart ache. I was starting to feel hopeless, and he must've noticed the pain in my eyes because he smiled at me widely before opening his mouth to speak again.

"But... I don't want to rush into anything, I don't want to risk what we have, and I would never do that. So there's what I think we should do: we should date, once, twice, three times, before we define our status, however let me be clear that we are going out with each other and each other only. Exclusively!" he emphasized the last word.

"Ah Benson! What a bummer! I was planning to ask Pete out while we solved this out!" I laughed and he just glared at me.

"I mean it Sam. It's you and me. You, me and no one else! Got it?" I liked when he acted all bossy, it was sexy, but I'm never admitting it to him, or anyone for that matter.

"Got it" I nodded.

He smiled. A sincere, wide and warm smile that made me want to kiss him. Maybe, just this time, I can actually have something that I want.

## \*Chapter 21\*: iGo To School

A/N: Hey you guys! I'm sorry about the crap chapter, but my 5 years old cousin is here and she is driving me insane! I'm even sending wrong messages to wrong people! Sorry you guys! Good thing is I turned her into a SEDDIE shipper! Anyways, for those who asked, my first language isn't English, in fact I'm Brazilian! I learned English by myself, I had crap classes in school (same as nothing) so I had to learn with movies, music and books. Okay, no more stalling, here's the chapter.

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### Freddie's POV

I was walking down the hallway towards the lockers in the middle of Carly and Sam. Carly was eagerly talking to Brad about something I didn't care enough to pay attention, while Sam and I were silent. Our hands brushed a couple of times, that's wasn't enough for me, I wanted to hold her hand, but I couldn't. We decided to take it slow, and letting the whole school know about us wasn't part of the plan. We agreed on being our usual selves in front of the people, only now, we would look at each other, and we would know how we felt. When we were alone, the fun part happened; we could make out, play silly games and talk. Of course Sam insisted on keep the nicknames she had for me, and once in a while she would punch me playfully. I didn't mind, that was the way we were, and I wouldn't want it any different. Though we decided on keep dating, we didn't decide where we're going or when we were going, but I had plans. When I first asked her out I planned a bunch of things I knew she would like.

We walked to school together, but not in a romantic way. We met with Brad in the Groovy Smoothies and headed to school. The most time we acted normal, like the old Sam and Freddie, because although we were together, we were the same. I wasn't expecting Sam to act all mushy and lovely towards me, I didn't want that, and I knew she didn't either. We had a little argument just this morning, like we did before, only this time our eyes met and we shared what we really wanted to say to each other with one look. Of course, afterwards she punched my arm; I rolled my eyes and tried not to smile. She was the same old Sam and I was the same old Freddie. That wouldn't change.

I snapped out of my daydream when Carly yelled at Wendy.

"Wendy!" she called her name.

"Hey guys!" Wendy walked towards us "Oh I have something to tell you" she told Carly.

"Ok... come on Sam!" she dragged Sam away with her.

I knew Sam didn't want to go, she hated gossip, and all Carly and Wendy did together was gossip about boys or whatever. Sam looked at me over her shoulder and groaned. I chuckled. Sorry Sam... can't save ya!

"You're head over heels" Brad's voice didn't keep me from looking at Sam's back. She had a great butt...

"Yeah" I said without looking at him "I guess..."

### General POV

"She's not there now" the red haired girl told her brunette friend.

"Great! I'll go talk to him" she put some lipstick on and checked herself in the mirror "how do I look?" she asked her friend.

"You look... fuckable" the red haired girl shrugged.

"Great... here I go" the brunette fixed her boobs and walked towards Freddie.

He was leaning against his locker talking to some blond boy. She didn't care about the blond, her eyes were on Freddie. Freddie Benson... who knew he could be so attractive? As she walked towards the boy, she locked her eyes on his torso. He seemed to be growing up just well; she wondered how he would look like without a shirt. That was easy to find out, she thought. Like a lioness approaching her prey, she was careful and fierce. She had her eyes on him, and him only. Her goal was to seduce and conquer. That will be a piece of cake, she thought. He was laughing about something, and she couldn't help but find his smile sexy. She came closer; he didn't notice her at first, so she cleared her throat.

"Hi Freddie" she greeted him eagerly.

"Hi... Patrice" he had an casual tone of voice, but she didn't mind, she was there to take the prize home, not matter what would cost.

### Brad's POV

I saw this girl a couple of times around school. She was a hot brunette, that was no doubt, but there was something off about her. I can't explain, but when she came closer, she had this weird look on her eyes that made me think she was up to something. She complimented Freddie and completely ignored my existence until he introduced me.

"Hi... this is Brad, he is new. Brad this is Patrice" he introduced us.

She gave me a polite and quick handshake. I couldn't explain, but when she looked at me it was like she wanted me to leave. She had this look on her face that said "what are you doing here?" I just acted polite and ignored my instincts. She kept looking at Freddie like he was a piece of meat. I didn't like her. Just then I knew she didn't have good intentions.

"So? I know last time we saw each other things ended up kinda weird" she looked down regretful, but not on a good way.

"It's okay" he shrugged like it was no big deal. Clearly Freddie didn't realize she was up to something.

"No it is not... so I was thinking, that maybe I could make it up to you somehow" she said it with a flirtatious tone.

"No need" he said, again like it was no big deal.

"Oh come on Freddie, let me do something. I feel really bad" she pouted. Damn that girl was cooking something, and it wasn't something tasteful.

"It's okay Patrice, seriously, you don't need to do anything we're cool" he laughed.

"Oh... you're still mad at me don't cha?" she gave him a hurtful look, but I didn't buy it.

"No... it's not that" Freddie was a good boy, like a knight shiny armor he would always come to rescue the damsel in danger. Only this time, the damsel was the danger.

"Then let me do something to make it up to you" she came closer and poked his chest with her index finger. She was flirting with him "come on, I'm sure there is something I can do to make it up to you..."

To make things even worst, Sam was walking towards us with her fists ready for punching. She looked a lot like Chuck Norris before starting kicking some ass. Poor girl, she was going to lose that pretty face of hers. Freddie didn't notice Sam, but he pushed the girl's hand away anyway.

"Wanna do something to make it up to me...? Just don't feel bad anymore and we're cool" he gave her a polite handshake then let go of her hand quickly.

The girl didn't seem very pleased; I guess this wasn't the answer she was expecting. Sam approached us, I could picture smoke coming out of her nose and ears, and she was pissed.

Sam's POV

I was just finishing being bored with Carly and Wendy's conversation when I saw that dirty slut approaching the dork. At first I thought she was just walking by, and then she stopped to talk to him. I saw Freddie introducing her to Brad, and I relaxed a bit, maybe she just wanted to meet Brad, but when I saw her ignore Brad and turn her gaze to my dork I felt a strong rage boil inside of me. I tried to control myself; maybe she was asking something about some class to him, if I acted stupid for nothing I could blow this great thing we're starting. So I waited, patiently to see what her deal was. Carly and Wendy weren't paying any attention; they were very entertained in whatever conversation they were having. I tried to keep my cool, even if my eyes were making holes into her brunette head. When I saw her poking Freddie's chest I lost my cool and walked towards them. Freddie didn't see me, but Brad did and he looked worried. I saw Freddie pushing the girl's hand away and giving her a polite handshake. That's my boy! The damn girl didn't leave though, she stood there being one of those bitches who never give up, I didn't know what the hell she was talking to him, but that didn't stop me from wanting to hit her! She started playing with her hair and I knew; she was flirting with him. Girls, except me of course, do that when they wanted to flirt with a guy, Freddie didn't take the hint though, he was acting very casual and polite. When his eyes met mine I felt my body relax. He gave me one of those heart-melting smiles I used to hate, and I knew that whatever the hell that bitch was trying to get, was already mine.

"Hi" I said, trying to sound as menacingly as I could to scare that slut away.

"Hi Sam" Freddie gave me a goofy grin and I smiled back.

"Hi Sam right?" the bitch acted like she didn't know me. Everybody knows mama! But I knew what she was doing; she was trying to act superior, like my existence didn't matter, well fuck you!

"Yeah. And you are?" I decide to play her little game.

"Patrice" she said looking at me like I was a hobo or something.

"Cool" I looked at Freddie "Let's go dork, there is something I need to talk to you about" before anyone could say anything I grabbed Freddie's hand and dragged him away with me.

"Sam the class is about to start!" he complained.

"I don't care Benson, you're coming with me" I said dragging him out of the hallway with me.

"Where we're going?" why must you make everything so hard Benson?

"We're going to make out under the bleachers" before he could answer I shoved him under the bleachers and attacked his mouth.

He was mine, and mine only. No bitch will touch what belongs to Sam Puckett. If she dared I would break every bone in her body.

## \*Chapter 22\*: iJealous Part I

A/N: Hey there guys! I'm sorry it took me so long to update but TRUE BLOOD is back and I'm freaking out! So anyways, here it goes one more chapter! Thanks to all your reviews and thank for the patience and support! I'm writing non stop and I already have a few new chapters ready!

Obrigado pela review em português "Evanemore" eu pensei em escrever uma fic em português, mas como eu sei que a maioria dos leitores aqui fala inglês eu decidi testar meu inglês. To fazendo um esforço danado pra escrever, mas ta saindo! Espero que goste desse capítulo!

RHrGreatness I love Brad too! I have plans for him here and I hope he comes back to season 5 too! I really did get a skanky vibe when I saw Patrice in iPity the Nevel. I thought about bringing Missy back, but Freddie already knows she is evil, so Patrice works better!

JESSICA LOVES SEDDIE thank you so much, I'm actually reading a lot to write better! I hope you enjoy the rest of the story!

Jesrod82 gotta love Sam right? Fight for your man Sam! I guess you're going to like the rest of this chapter, especially the end!

ilyLisy I didn't even noticed I made Freddie stare at Sam's ass until I read it... lol! I intent to give Brad more room here! And don't worry Freddie will get jealous very soon! And thanks a lot for reviewing, I do speak Portuguese and a little of Spanish too, my friend taught me Spanish since she is a master on it! So you're from Cuba huh? I always wanted to see Cuba! Visiting your country is on my 'to do' list, maybe after I graduate!

Animerose18 hey there! I hope you enjoy this next chapter, and I know exactly what you mean! Sometimes I feel too lazy to log in too!

Anyways I'll stop now...

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Freddie's POV

Sam's hands were inside my shirt exploring my six pack and my back. I had one hand on her back pocket and the other on her ribs, just under her boob. I didn't know if I should touch it, maybe she'll be upset and kick me in the balls. I couldn't risk that. She moved her hands from my stomach to yank on my hair. I groaned. She liked it rough, and so did I. Although kissing her was amazing, I couldn't understand why she dragged me here and attacked me. Not that I didn't like it... because I did, a lot, the problem is; we agreed on leaving our relationship out of the school and now she was attacking me in school property, that was kinda confusing. If I could, I would ask her why she did that, but she wasn't giving me any room to breathe. We never made out like that before, that was something about her kisses and the way she was touching me, that made her seem hungry, almost desperate to prove something. I didn't know what, but I know she didn't have to prove anything to me, I'm already hooked.

I pushed her away just for a little bit so we could talk. I was trying to get her to look at me, but instead she started to suck on my neck.

"Sam... Sam... let's talk" it was a weak request; I didn't want her to stop what she was doing to me.

She grabbed both sides of my face and kissed me again. She sucked my tongue and bit the tip. An electrifying sensation ran all over my body. I had to admit that every time we kissed or touched, I felt this heat burning inside my heart, making me feel dizzy and comfortable at the same time. Not mentioning how hot I felt. She was perfect. Every inch of her curves was flawless, and I was amazed by how good we seemed to fit. When our bodies were pressed together, it was like two puzzle pieces completing each other, in every way. I pressed her against nearest surface I could find. As much as I enjoyed our little hot make out session I needed to talk to her, so I pinned her against the metal bar holding her fists above her head. She had her eyes close and threw her head back almost begging me to suck on her neck. I was tempted by her pale skin, I remembered how soft it was, and for a brief second I lost control and sunk my teeth on that wonderful neck of hers. Sam moaned loud and rubbed herself against me desperately. I kept sucking, biting and licking her until I couldn't take it anymore. I needed to pull away from her now, or I wouldn't be able to stop.

I pulled away quickly and released her fists. She looked at me confused.

"What the hell dork?" she said looking around to see what was wrong.

"I should be the one asking you that. What's the matter Sam...? we agreed on keep this in secret for a while and now you want to make out in the middle of the school?"

"First..." she took a deep breath and fixed her messy hair "we're behind the bleachers. Secondly, we're keeping secret since nobody saw us. And third... well I just felt like it" she shrugged.

"You just felt like it?" I asked her. Something about her excuse wasn't convincing me at all.

"Yeah... you know..." she came closer to me and started to play with the hair on the back of my neck "I just felt like it. You have a problem with that?"

"No... not at all... in fact, I could keep doing this forever" I wrapped my arms around her waist. I knew what she was saying was a lie, but I'll wait until she wanted to tell me what was wrong.

"Uh Benson... don't make promises you can't keep" she smirked.

"Can't keep?" I started to suck on her collarbone. I sucked so hard it made a mark "you're sure I can't?" I asked her.

"Shut up" she kissed me again "now let's go" she grabbed my hand and dragged me out.

Carly's POV

I made up some lame excuse to leave the classroom. I was looking for Sam and Freddie who decided to skip class a week before exams. Sam always skipped school, that wasn't big deal, but Freddie never did, he was a good student and I got scared Sam was going to drag him to the dark side. Don't get me wrong, I love my best friend, but I'm not allowing her to drag Freddie to the bad side, he is a straight A student and as long as I'm alive he'll remain that way. I looked for them everywhere I thought they could be, and nothing. I had to hide from Mr. Howard a couple of times inside the janitor's closet in the process. I began to worry, where the heck could they be? My concerns about their location were replaced by a WHAT THE HELL feeling. I spotted Sam and Freddie sneaking back into school. I approached them suddenly.

"AHA!" I yelled.

"Jesus Shay!" Sam placed her hand above her chest.

"Yeah... Jesus Carly!" Freddie tried to calm down.

"I can't believe you were skipping class Fredward Benson!" I didn't care if I sounded like Mrs. Benson, Freddie couldn't skip class and period!

"Sorry... mom" he gave me a 'are you my mother now?' look. I ignored him.

Little by little I started to realize his features. His lips were swollen, his shirt was wrinkled and he had sex-hair.

"What the hell were you two doing?" I asked them.

"Nothing" he answered.

"Oh... nothing? Then why you have sex hair?" I accused him.

"Sex hair?" Sam asked me.

That was the first time I looked at her, I was really mad he skipped class, to notice her. The first thing I could see was a dark mark on her neck. Evidence... EW! AHICKEY!

"You have a HICKEY!" I screamed not caring about who would listen.

"Shh... shut up Shay!" she shushed me "and I don't have a hickey. Do I?" She asked Freddie menacingly. When he looked away guilty, she ran to her locker and popped a small mirror out "what the hell nub?"

"You were rubbing yourself against me, I lost control!" he defended himself.

"Oh my GOD! TMI" I covered my ears. I don't NEED and don't WANT to know about their nasty make out session "I don't need to know about your sex life!"

"WE DON'T HAVE ASEX LIFE!" they said at the same time. Sam punched Freddie's shoulder.

"What was that for?" he rubbed the spot where she punched.

"For giving me this!" she pointed at the hickey.

"Sorry" he didn't seem a regretful.

"Whatever" I said to both of them, just then the bell rang "Okay, Sam you're coming with me, I'll fix this and Freddie... got to class or whatever"

I dragged Sam out of there with me leaving Freddie alone. I didn't look back to see if he moved or not, in fact I was still pissed at him for skipping class.

Sam's POV

"Is it out?" I asked Carly.

She nodded. She wasn't facing me and I wondered why.

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"You can't do this" she said, putting her makeup away.

What? What she was talking about?

"What? Do what? Make out with the nub?" I asked her annoyed.

"No. That you can do. What you CAN'T do is make him skip class a week before the exams Sam! It's not right. You know how good of a student Freddie is" she seemed honestly concerned.

"I know. I promise to only make him skip class three weeks before the exams!" I chuckled.

"I'm not joking!" she complained.

"I know kid. I'll control myself. I promise!" I crossed my fingers.

"Okay" she gave me a reluctant smile.

Patrice's POV

That blond demon ruined everything! Sometimes I think she has a thing for Freddie, she is always around him and all over him. But if she did I couldn't blame her, he was indeed hot. I watched as he walked into the gym wearing a grey tank top and a pair of shorts. His biceps were showing and now I could definitely take a good look on those babies. He wasn't that scrawny little boy I used to ignore on the elevator anymore. He was almost a man now. Of course 'almost' because I'm pretty sure he hasn't being with a real woman yet, no boy becomes a man until they met a girl like me. My eyes darted to his torso and down his shorts. He had a nice volume there. I'm pretty sure his 'equipment' must be pretty fine, just like the rest of him.

Plan A failed because of that ridiculous tomboy, but she's not around now, maybe it's time for a new approach. I started to walk towards him, shaking my hips and bouncing my boobs on purpose. Every single boy in the gym drooled over me but him; his eyes were searching for something, or someone in the crowd. I threw my hair back in a sexy way and continued my way towards him. He wasn't looking at me at all. Damn boy! But I'm not giving up. I was almost there, almost reaching him, about to make him drool for me like every other guy in this school when something hard hit me on the head. I felt a sharp pain and automatically fell to the ground.

I'm pretty sure I blanked out for a second because next thing I remember was Freddie trying to make me stand up.

"Are you okay?" he asked me.

"Yeah.... I..." I rubbed my head.

"Sorry" I heard a familiar voice say.

I turned my head to look at her. I could swear she had a smirk on her face, but the pain wasn't letting me think straight. Freddie helped me to get on my feet so I could see her face entirely now. Sam Puckett. Damn bitch! She threw a ball on me! Oh... she will pay for this. I leaned against Freddie's muscular shoulder and bent my knees making him hug me in order to hold me still. I could see the rage written all over her face, so I gave her a small smile, without letting him see. That crazy bitch is going to get what she deserved.

Just when I was making myself comfortable in his arms, Mr. Hodges, our gym teacher, grabbed my arm and pulled me away from Freddie's hold.

"Are you okay?" he asked analyzing me.

"I'm fine!" I said annoyed trying to release myself from his hold.

"Nope... there is a bump" he held my arm even tighter "let's go"

"No... there is no need!" I insisted, but the teacher dragged me out of the gym anyway.

The last thing I saw was Freddie Benson's sympathetic eyes and Sam Puckett's mean smirk. She even had the nerve to wave goodbye at me. AH! That bitch! She's not going to stay in my way.

## \*Chapter 23\*: iJealous Part II

A/N: Just because I love you guys so much I'm posting this quick! Hope you like it, I'm stalling, but it's a last minute thing.

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Sam's POV

I was acting cool on the outside but inside I was all like: HAHAHHAHHAHHAH LOL TAKE THAT BIOTCH! Nobody touches Sam Puckett's property and walks away unharmed. Freddie Benson belonged to me, and even though I don't intent to let people know that just yet, doesn't make it okay for random bitches to try to come in contact with him. I spent years having to compete for Freddie's attention with Carly, now that he was all mine, there's no way I was letting anyone come between us. Especially that Patrice girl. I knew her, better yet, I knew her kind. She was a bitch, she plays dirty, well I do too. I'm Sam Puckett for fuck's sake, nobody messes with me.

"Sam?" Freddie turned his head to glare at me.

"What?" I shrugged innocently.

"Did you do this on purpose?" he crossed his arms.

"No... I was going to throw it at you; I guess I got a little distracted by John Simmons's guns" I smirked and watched Freddie's face turn red with anger "relax dork, he is not my type"

"He better not be" he said angrily.

"Uh... getting a bit jealous are we?" I teased, but the truth was, I was relief I wasn't the only one able to feel jealous in this relationship.

"Yes!" he grabbed my arm pulling me closer.

I gasped. It was really hot watching that rage inside his eyes. Freddie was looking at me with a mix of lust and anger in his eyes that turned me on. He had this look that said 'you're mine' and liked that. Not that he would ever know that he somehow had me, but to know he wanted to, made me feel all fuzzy inside. His eyes were making a mental record of every inch of my body and I felt myself melting. The fact he wanted me all for himself made me feel confident and secure. I hated to feel weak and insecure; I hated to feel jealous and scared. I wasn't ready to admit, even to myself, that he meant so much to me that I couldn't bear losing him. I know, I know, this is so unlike me, but this much was truth; I lived so long with the certainty that he would never be mine, that when life proved me wrong I got spoiled.

I was amazed by those chocolate eyes and the way they made me feel. Apart of me didn't like it one bit, but the other just came to believe this was meant to be. He held tighter to my arm, but not enough to hurt me. I wanted to kiss him and let everyone know who he belonged with, to prove to every single girl in this school that Freddie Benson belongs to Sam Puckett. I was about to when Carly's voice reached my ears.

"You guys?" she came closer to me.

Freddie didn't let go of me even when I broke our eye contact.

"Yeah Carly?" I asked.

"I thought you wanted to keep this thing between you two"

"We do"

"Well... then you better let go Freddie, people are starting to notice" this statement snapped Freddie from his daydream and he released my arm.

"You're right... sorry Sam" his cheeks turned crimson.

"Nah... its fine nub, you'll pay me back later" I smirked.

Freddie's POV

I don't know what's gotten into me. I wasn't supposed to act all intimate towards Sam in front of the whole school, but something about her statement made me feel angry almost out of myself. I knew she was joking, Sam would never like John Simmons, he was a brainless jock, he was much more Carly's type than Sam's, but the thought of her attracted to another made me boil with rage. She was mine for Christ sake's! Well... I'm not letting her know that, otherwise she will murder me. Apparently no one can own the great Sam Puckett, but I didn't care. Now that I have her I can't lose her, the slightest thought made me angry. We were building something, I knew that, it could be something great, and I wanna see how this is going to play out.

Mrs. Briggs was talking, like always, about something I didn't care enough to remember when Sam poking my ribs. The slightest contact of her body with mine made me relax a little. Whenever she touched me, my mind was filled with the certainty that it was me she was in love with. Me, not John Simmons! Sam handed me a piece of paper.

**You're such a nub!**

I chuckled. Only Sam would bug me during class to call me a nub, and honestly I didn't care.

**Why don't you use your cell phone?** I wrote and handed her the paper. This is so old school.

**Low battery dork!**

I rolled my eyes at her laziness. I'm pretty sure she forgot to charge, again!

**Let me guess, you forgot to charge? Is that it?** I handed her the paper when Mrs. Briggs turned her back to write something on the black board.

**Don't sassy me Benson!**

She threw the paper at me. Oh Sam...

**Oh... what if I do?** After I handed her the paper a huge smirk appeared on my face.

**"Trust me dork... you don't wanna know?"**

She emphasized the 'don't' with a red pen.

**Try me Puckett** I held the paper with me not sure if I should hand it to her.

She shifted uncomfortable in her seat. Sam started to get annoyed and poke my ribs.

"What is taking you so long nerd?" she whispered.

I chuckled. Getting a bit antsy are we? Huh... good to know... good to know. She nudged me a couple of times but I held the paper just to tease her. Mrs. Briggs turned to the class.

"Something wrong Puckett?" she crossed her arms.

"Nope, just listening to your beautiful voice Francine my dear" Sam used her fakest tone sounding a bit like a British old lady.

"Huh!" Mrs. Briggs's grimace was the ugliest thing a person can lay eyes on, and Sam manages to get her to twist her face and frown every time.

Mrs. Briggs turned her back to us and I handed the paper to Sam. She slapped me in the head.

"What was that for?" I whispered rubbing the spot in head where she slapped.

"For taking too long to hand me the paper!" she whispered close to my ear.

I felt my skin burning. A few seconds later I heard Sam giggling. I knew she read the paper. She was about to hand me the paper back when the bell rang.

"Thank God!" I heard her screaming.

Mrs. Briggs's grimace returned, but it was too late for her to complain, we were already out the door. She still held the paper in her hand when we walked out of the class; I bumped my arm against hers and stole the paper.

"Benson! Gimme that!" she tried to get the paper but I was taller.

"Oh come on Sam I just wanna read what you replied" I smirked.

"Benson. Give. Me. that!" she punched my stomach.

It didn't hurt as much as it used to, it was surprising that instead of hurting it tickled me. I chuckled turning my gaze to her. Sam was holding her hand and frowning. She was in pain, I immediately came closer to her.

"Are you okay?" I grabbed her hand and started to look for any broken bones.

"Yeah... I'm fine... and you are..." she used the hand I was holding to slap my face and the other to grab the paper "stupid!" she chuckled.

"Puckett..." I tried to get the paper back but she stuck it into her shirt, right between her breasts. I swallowed hard. The thought of my hands sliding inside of her shirt grabbing the paper back was tempting, but we were in the middle of the school, and that would be inappropriate.

"If you want it so much why don't you come and get it?" she placed her two hands inside her pocket arching her chest forward.

I licked my lips and tried to steady my breath. 'We are in the middle of the school, we are in the middle of the school' I told myself. I tried to remember everything my mother told me about respecting women and being a gentleman, but it wasn't helping, she was teasing me on purpose, she was having fun torturing me. Suddenly, it hit me, earlier today she was assaulting me under the bleachers with no respect what so ever, that means I have the same right.

"Sam... don't tease me" my voice was low and husky, and she was the only one who heard.

"Why dork? Don't have the guts?" she arched her back a little bit more making me feel uncomfortable in my jeans.

My eyes searched for the janitor's closet, she was asking for it, I was going to take her there and make her pay for her constant teasing and the torture she was putting me through. Just when I spotted the place where I was taking her, someone patted my arm.

"Hey" she smiled at me.

I wanted to curse her for interrupting this moment, but I remembered myself I was a polite person.

"Hi Patrice! How's the head?" I heard Sam growling behind me.

"It's a bit sore" she rubbed the back of her head.

"Oh..." Sam came closer to me, so close that I could feel her breast touching my back "Uh... ah... Sam wants to tell you something" I tried to act cool with the proximity of our bodies.

"What? I have nothing to say!" she complained.

"Yes you have. Say you're sorry about her head" I demanded.

"I already did!" she whined.

"It's okay Freddie. I'm sure she didn't mean it" she gave Sam a smile.

It was one of the fakest smiles I've ever seen. I tried to push the thought away. Why would she do that? Maybe she was still upset about the accident in the gym.

"Yeah. I didn't" Sam's response was filled with sarcasm. Wait... what is going on here?

When Patrice opened her mouth to speak, Carly put her arms around Sam and me.

"Hey my peeps! Ready to hit the road?" she hugged us.

"Yeah. Let's!" Sam glared at Patrice, who glared back.

"Bye" I waved at the brunette who flashed me a wide smile.

"Bye bye Freddie" she winked at me, Sam glared at her once again and Carly rolled her eyes.

Okay... Am I missing something here? Why it feels like I'm the only one who's lost?

"Carly?" Sam removed Carly's arm from her shoulder.

"Yeah?" Carly keep her arm on my shoulder.

"Don't ever say 'peeps' again. It was so uncool" she mumbled.

"Oh... okay" Carly looked down.

"And another thing..."

"What?" she looked up.

"Can you give the dork back to me?" she placed her hands on her hips.

"Sorry" Carly released me and pushed me towards Sam "Here you go. All yours"

"Good" Sam grabbed my biceps and pushed me away.

"What? I thought you wanted me!" I pouted.

"And I do. I want a piggyback ride!" she hopped on my back with no further notice.

"All right. Where to Princess?" I adjusted her weight and started to walk.

"Carly's!" she wrapped her arms around my neck tightly.

"Okey dokey"

## \*Chapter 24\*: iJealous Part III

Sam's POV

That frigging bitch had her eyes on my dork. Now I was sure. She was hitting on him. Slut! Dirty Slut! I hate her so much. I felt my body tense up when I thought about her in his arms, of course I knew that the nub was only trying to help, he was one of those guys who open the doors for you and help you out when you need, and he was mine! All mine. I knew that. I was sure of that.

"Sam what's wrong?" Carly asked me when I almost broke her fork.

"Oh... nothing" I answered.

"Something is wrong" she knew me so well "tell me"

I took a deep breath, there was no point in hiding anything from Carly, and in fact I think that she could help me with this 'little issue.'

"It's Patrice. Do you know Patrice?" I asked her.

"Yeah. What's wrong with her?"

"She's hitting on Freddie"

She laughed. She actually laughed at my problem. What kind of friend does that?

"That can't be truth Sam. You guys just started to date and you're already seeing things?" she chuckled like I was crazy.

"No! I'm not seeing things! It's there, it's real, I swear!" I didn't mean to sound scared but I guess I did because Carly stopped laughing.

"Oh... are you sure?" she asked me.

"Yeah"

I explained to Carly everything; she just nodded and heard me the whole time. I needed her now more than never. I was used to compete with Carly for Freddie's attention, and though it bothered me to when she used to win, I also knew she never had the intention to. This girl was different, she was in for a fight, she obviously wanted Freddie's attention, and I never had to compete with any girl about any guy before, at least not like this. I'm aware she is attractive; she is the kind of girl every guy wants to date, or at least fuck, and I'm... well not as feminine and as hot as her. I was afraid. I just got him; I don't want to lose him for some dirty blonde. And I'm aware Freddie is very fond of brunettes.

I feel so stupid right now, I didn't want to feel this way. The thing is... I may be tough on the outside, but on the inside I'm insecure, especially in the love field. I'm not used to this feeling, I'm not used to feel this weak and vulnerable, I don't like it, I can't help but think that when things are this good, they won't last long, at least not for me. All my life I saw people conquer things, while I had nothing. Carly always got what she wanted, she never had to fight for anything, and everything she had was given to her in a silver platter. Even my sister Melanie, had more than me, she had the brains, the private school, the friends and the brilliant future. I was used to nothing, I was used to have less than everybody else, but not this time. This time was different, this time I wouldn't sit and watch somebody stole the dork away from me. I never wanted much other than food and a good nap; I spent my life being content with what I had, but not anymore, not this time. Freddie wasn't just a thing I wanted, he was everything I wanted, this time I would fight for him.

"Wow Sam! What a slut! But you don't have to worry" she smiled at me.

"And why not?" I asked.

"Because he WANTS to be with you. YOU! I'm pretty sure he doesn't even realized what she was doing"

"Yeah but he's Freddie... and she-" I stopped talking when I heard the door opening.

"Hello ladies! Carly! Sam..." Freddie came closer to me all my worries vanished. He gave Carly a tender smile and turned to look at me.

"Hey Freddie. Listen I'm gonna go... do my homework" Carly turned to leave "and don't do the 'nasty' on my couch please!" she begged.

"Relax Carls, I came here to see if you wanna grab a smoothie Sam" he held my hand and squeezed it.

"Sure, why not?" I stood up still holding his hand and he took me to the door.

"Bye bye!" I heard Carly say before Freddie closed the door behind us.

Freddie's POV

We were at the Groovy Smoothies just hanging, having a good time, but I could help but notice, Sam looked a little off, aloof and distant. I started to worry. I didn't want to believe she was already bored by me. Please God don't let her be! I just got her; I can't lose her, not yet, not ever. I squeezed her hand wanting her attention. She turned her head to look at me, like she just woke up from a daydream.

"Sam what's wrong?"

"Oh... nothing dork, I'm fine!" she gave me a fake smile.

"No you're not. Tell me, what's wrong?"

"Freddie... I'm fine it's really nothing" Freddie? She almost never calls me FREDDIE, something was definitely wrong.

"Okay... I don't believe you. Tell me what's wrong"

"It's nothing... It's just... I haven't been home in a while, I'm worried about my mom, and how she is doing without me you know" she looked away.

"Oh... if you want we can go there to check on her"

"Go where?" she shook her head.

"Your house. To check on your mother"

"Yeah... sure. Let's go" I paid the bill and walked Sam to her home.

Two blocks away from the Groovy Smoothies I looked around searching for a familiar face, no one. I knew no one, so I took my chance and held her hand interlacing our fingers. At first she flinched in surprise than tried to let go my hand, but I didn't let her.

"Nobody will see us, relax Puckett!" I chuckled.

"They better don't nerd, or else... I'll kick your pretty butt!" she laughed.

"Oh... so you think I have a pretty butt huh?" I teased her.

"Oh... you know... I just said because... it was a joke... a... you know" her cheeks were crimson while she tripped in her words.

"Don't worry Puckett, I like your butt too, so we're even!" I wrapped my arm around her waist and squeezed her butt quickly.

The next thing I felt was her hand slapping my cheek.

"Ow Sam!" I rubbed my face with my free hand.

"That was for the inappropriate touch Benson!" she chuckled.

"Well... I don't regret" I shrugged.

A few minutes later we were at Sam's house. She opened the door and told me to wait by the couch. I took a sit and started to look around. Her place wasn't so bad, except for the decoration. Let's just say that Sam's mother likes to mix colors, and not in a good way. But I didn't care, I was actually a bit nervous, maybe really nervous, my hands were sweating and my feet kept tapping the floor. This is the first time I come here as Sam's "boyfriend," well sort of.

"She's not home" Sam came back from the kitchen.

"Oh... do you wanna... what you wanna do now?" I asked trying not to panic because we were alone.

"We can watch a movie. Do you want to watch a movie?" she asked me and I could see she was as nervous as me.

"Sure... why not?" I made myself comfortable at her couch.

"Not here nub. In my bedroom" I shuddered.

I've been in Sam's room before... but was *before*... now I don't know if it is a good idea. Maybe is better just to act normal, I shouldn't make a big deal out of it. Yeah... Benson... just relax. You're watching a movie with your... girlfriend? Uh... I don't know if I should call her that... at least not yet, so just relax and watch a movie with your *girl friend* there is no big deal. I entered Sam's room and my body tensed up, no matter what I tell myself I'm still going to feel weird about this, we're alone, in her bedroom, we're in a dangerous zone.

Sam's POV

When I told the nub I was worried with my mother I was lying. I didn't want him to know the real reason I was worried. Admit to Freddie I'm jealous is the same as admitting I'm weak. Admitting to Freddie I'm weak because of him is the same as admitting that he is stronger than me. Not happening. Is already hard enough to let him know how I feel about him, I don't want him to know how much he is able to hurt me. I was hoping I could use my mother as an excuse to leave and think, but he wanted to come with me. At first I thought it was okay, we would come here, I would talk to my mother and we would leave. Simple as that, however my plan failed when Pam wasn't home. I didn't want him to notice how nervous I was about being home alone with him.

The main problem is that I don't know if I can control myself with him. What can I do? The dork gets me goin'. We've been alone before, but now it's different. The probability of Crazy showing up and freaking out is bigger than my mother showing up at home in the middle of the afternoon. I took Freddie to my room and told him to seat in my bed. The sight of Freddie in my bed woke up all those dirty dreams I always had about him.

"Do you want popcorn?" I tried to sound as casual and carefree as I could.

"Sure" he rubbed his hands in his jeans.

"Okay. There is movie in here, choose one" I pointed at the shelf next to my computer.

"Okay" I watched he walk towards the shelf and went to kitchen.

I made sure Freddie was inside my bedroom when I started to freak out inside the kitchen.

"Omigod... he is in my room... he is in frigging room!" I whispered/shouted at myself "okay Puckett... he's been there before. This is no big deal. No big deal!"

It really shouldn't be a big deal. Freddie has been here before, without Carly, we watched a movie, I picked on him, we ate and he went home, it was no big deal. He has been here a few times before and nothing happened, but then again we weren't an item yet. All I needed to do was calm down; this time wouldn't be any different. We would eat popcorn, see a movie, talk and he would leave, simple as that. Nothing would happen. Now get your shit together Puckett.

I watched the popcorn pop inside of the microwave. With every pop my heart jumped. I kept telling myself 'there is no need to be nervous, there is no need to be nervous' the whole time. Maybe if I told myself too many times it would make it truth. I put the popcorn in the bowl and picked our drinks with no effort taking everything to the room.

There was no need to be nervous.

## \*Chapter 25\*: iSam's Bedroom

A/N: hey guys, this is my first lemon, well... sort of, so be nice! JK! It really is my first lemon, and I have no idea what I'm doing! But I hope you like it! Love ya all!

---

Freddie's POV

I was familiar with Sam's room. In years of friendship I've been here a couple of times. A few months ago when Carly was dating Stephen, we spent a lot of time together. We would watch movies, hang out, talk, play games... it was really pleasant. Being around Sam was always easier when Carly wasn't around. I didn't understand before, but when we're alone she was less abusive and easier to hang out with. Now was different, now I was totally attracted to her, I was a bit familiar with her body, and her scent, and her taste. Being alone with her in her bedroom was something tempting. Not that I didn't find her attractive before, I'd check her out a couple of times, maybe too many times, but she would kick my ass if she caught me. Telling her wasn't an option either.

I walked around, paying more attention at the décor, than I did before. The walls were a soft green, maybe even a baby green. The room wasn't as big as Carly's; in fact I doubt it was even half of it. Her bed was big though, when it comes to Sam, space to sleep in necessary. All her furniture were white, made of wood and with no details. The wardrobe had three doors and six drawers. I wanted to look inside, but I feared for my life. Her computer desk was just as I expected, almost empty. Except for the computer she had a few pictures glued on the wall above it. Next to the computer desk was a shelf full of movies. She had quite a collection; well... she stole half of it. I recognized at least twelve of my movies and a few of Carly's 'Girly Cow' DVDs.

The movies I was sure that belonged to Sam, were the ones with Chuck Norris and Bruce Lee. In between the movies I found something interesting; Boogie Bear – the collection. I laughed. I couldn't believe a girl like Sam would have such childish movies, but then again she read the books, didn't she? Speaking of books, she had a few books there as well, in the shelf close to her wardrobe. I remember being the one that got her into reading, which made me feel really proud of myself. I chuckled.

If she found me sneaking into her stuff she would kick my ass, so I just focused on finding a movie for us to watch. I chose 'The Silence of the Lambs' with Anthony Hopkins since we loved Doctor Hannibal Lecter. I put the movie on the DVD and made myself comfortable on her bed. The weirdest thing was; her bed seemed more comfortable now than ever before. I sat back and straightened my legs waiting for her. Sam's nightstand held a picture of the three of us. We were in Japan, covered in mud, I had a black eye and the girl's hairs were all messed up, but we looked happy holding our trophy.

"What'cha doing nerd?" she entered the room with two cups of coke and a bowl of popcorn.

"Oh... nothing" I stood up and helped her with the snack.

"Which movie did you choose?" she sat close to me.

"The Silence of the Lambs" I pressed play.

"Nice" I wrapped my arm around her and she rested her head on my shoulder. There was no need to be nervous.

Sam's POV

I knew that this would happen. Fifteen minutes after the movie started I picked on Freddie, he tickled me and we started to make out. I knew it from the start that wasn't a good idea to be alone with him in my room. Damn it! Now he was on top of me and I was wet. Not that I don't enjoy getting physical with the nub, but since we were alone in my bed things could get out of control, and I wasn't ready to lose a fight to my hormones.

"Mmmmm" I moaned when I felt his hand on my stomach inside my shirt.

The more we kissed the more I wanted to go further. It was too early to 'go down that road' with him and I knew it, but every time his hands were on me I forgot that. The word 'inside' kept messing with my brain. I kept trying to remind myself we weren't even boyfriend and girlfriend yet, but that wasn't working. His hands were all over and my head was spinning. He broke the kiss to suck on my neck while I tugged on his shirt. I stuck my hand inside of the fabric to claw his back when he bit my neck. Of all things I knew Freddie was good at I never thought making out would be one of them. I dreamed about it, but the Freddie in my dreams was a creation of my head, in real life, Freddie was a nerd, a complete dork. Everytime we made out he surprised me with his skills. I guess I was wrong about him being a pussy all along.

Another thing Freddie was, while making out, was brave. I never thought I would say that, but the dork was bold and a little fierce during making out time. His hands explored my body with no fear and hesitation. The dork grabbed my leg and hooked around his waist. He kept caressing my thigh roughly.

"You're so smooth" he mumbled against my earlobe "so... smooth" he sucked it hard.

"Ah!" I yanked his hair and hooked my other leg around his waist.

The moment my legs wrapped around him, his crotch touched mine. I felt an electrifying sensation taking over me and I started to rub my core against him. There was so much I wanted to do...

"Oh God!" he groaned.

I felt a huge bulge in his pants. He was hard. I was making him hard. I rubbed myself against him more urgently and he tensed up.

"Sam... damn it!" he started to thrust against me.

"Ah..." I threw my head back and gave him full access to my neck.

He did something I wasn't expecting... he stuck his head in between my boobs and traced his tongue to my earlobe.

"God Freddie!" I grabbed his biceps digging my nails into his skin.

"You're perfect!" he moaned against my mouth.

"Ah... ah... fuck!" I yelled when he grabbed my boobs with both hands.

He kept massaging my boobs over my shirt and all I could think about was: hot damn!

"Damn boy... off... take your shirt off!" I screamed.

He pulled back and did what I asked. I got a good look at his six pack and drooled. He was so hot. I scratched his stomach softly and his eyes rolled to the back of his head.

"We better stop" he held my hands when I was making my way to his crotch.

"You're right" I closed my eyes.

I was so hot and wet, my head was spinning and I didn't want to stop, but it was the wiser decision.

"Yeah" he stood still kneeling between my legs.

His torso was flawless. I guess I have Gun Smoke to thank for that. All that work out was making Freddie irresistible. I wanted him now more than never.

"I'm sorry" he said.

I grabbed his hand and pulled him closer to me giving him a soft kiss. His hands were on my thighs and we broke apart slowly. We were inches from each other and the heat between us was rising. He stroked my hair and looked into my eyes. There was something between lust and affection in his eyes, which only made me want him even more.

"I'm not" I mumbled against his mouth before taking my own shirt off.

His eyes locked on my black bra and in the curves of my breasts. Freddie licked his lips and I bit mine. He approached me slowly and carefully took my boobs in his hands squeezing them like they were too fragile. I appreciated being touched so gently by someone, my heart accelerated and my eyes closed. He kept massaging my breasts while his breath changed.

"Come here" I lay back and begged him to come to me.

He lay above me and we continued our little make out session. This time when his bare torso touched mine, my back arched unconsciously. I could feel his erection against my core and I wrapped my legs around him. Freddie kept rubbing himself against me urgently and I started to feel my body tingling.

"Ah... Oh... Freddie" he rubbed his face against my boobs squeezing them together.

The more our hips grinded against each other I started to feel my body tensing up until I could take it anymore, at that moment there was nothing in the world but us, and nothing else mattered. He kept moving and moving against me, touching me, kissing me. By then my body was completely out of control. I grabbed his bare shoulder and bit his collarbone. I felt my toes curl while I had my first orgasm. I held close and tight to him, screaming my head off. After a few moans I felt him tensing up, he stood still before collapsing on top of me, and like that we had our first orgasm together. Hot damn!

"You can't handle me" I whispered into his ear.

"What?" He pulled away shocked to look at me.

"I wrote it... in the paper... in class... but I was so wrong" I breathed.

He chuckled and kissed me softly. We lay there cuddling, trying to catch our breath. I never felt so good before, so appreciated and relaxed. Maybe we should do this more often. Today only led me to believe that when we did "the nasty" it would be mind blowing, but I'm not ready to find out just yet. I was right; there was no need to worry.

## \*Chapter 26\*: iSecond Date

A/N : Hey guys I'll be quick, I have b-day party to go, so I just wanted to thank my PIC-BUDDY "Priincess Starlight", girl you rock! You guys should totally read her fanfic its called iLeft For Love, you won't regret. Sorry for the crappy chapter, I should be gone by now, or I'm going to get late, jesrod82 you got that right, I giggled a lot while writing my first lemon. Hope you guys enjoy this chapter! Oh and I was going to edit, but I promised my friend I was going to post today, and I have no time because of the party. Anyway, gotta go!

LOVE YA!

---

Freddie's POV

A week had passed since Sam and I had that 'little moment' in Sam's room. That was the most amazing day of my life. I never felt so connected with anyone before, so close, so in love. Yes... I was in love with her, but not because that 'little moment', but because everything she was, everything about her amazed me. Since that day I've been thinking about her, we saw each other every day, but that wasn't enough, I needed more, every time we were together it felt like home. It was about time for us to go on our second date, and I had it all planned out.

It was Friday and I went to Carly's, Sam would be there for sure. After school, she wanted to go to the Groovy Smoothies, but I had to run some errands to my mother. Of course Sam cursed my mom, called crazy then eventually let me go. The truth was; I lied. I didn't have to anything to my mom, but needed to go to the bank grab some money for our next date. It would be a surprise date, I was sure she would love it. Our first date was something big and luxurious, knowing Sam; if I took her to a dinner date at the Ritz she would feel uncomfortable. Our second date didn't have to be as glamorous as the first, so I decided to make it easier. I was going to take her somewhere simpler, but I knew it would be like heaven to her. I text Sam telling her to get change and look pretty, of course she told me to shut it, but I was sure she would do what I asked.

I went to the bank, took some money, and then went back at home. Shaved, showered, changed; looking casual and presentable. I was a bit nervous about this one date, but eager, I was dreaming about the look in her eyes when she saw where we were headed. I grabbed my keys and blindfold, yes, that was part of the surprise.

"Hey Fred-o!" Spencer yelled from the kitchen.

"Hey Spencer" I looked around searching for Sam "where is Sam?"

"Here hub" I turned my gaze the most gorgeous blond I've ever seen.

She was wearing long white shirt, black skinny jeans, one of her favorite's pair of sneakers, and her beautiful golden locks rested on her shoulders, around her neck, close to her breasts. My eyes traveled around her figure admiring every inch of her pale and smooth skin. The sight of her half exposed neck brought the memories of our 'little moment' in her bedroom. I wanted to be alone with her so bad. Ever since that day, we didn't go any further; we didn't even repeat the events of that evening. And the lord knows how much I want to do it again, but my affect and respect for her, don't let me ask for it. She would come to when she was ready. No pressure.

"So? Are you going to stay there drooling or you gonna tell me where we are going?" she snapped her fingers in front of my face, making me wake up from my daydream.

"Sure... well... no. it's a surprise!" I grinned.

"Must every date with you be a surprise Benson?" she smirked trying to hide her amusement.

"Yes Puckett and you are going to have to deal with it"

"Well... I guess I can live with this" she shrugged.

"Let's go Princess" I offered her my arm and she grabbed it willingly.

"Aw... you guys... are so cute" Carly squealed a little bit behind us.

"Bye Carls" we said in union, only this time instead of slapping each other we chuckled.

When we reached my car I opened the door for her and she frowned, I guess she isn't used to have someone opening doors for her yet, but I can change that. As soon as I entered the car I put the blindfold out of my pocket.

"What the heck is that Benson?" Sam backed out against the door.

"Calm down Sam" I tried to hold it, but I burst into laugh eventually.

The sight of Sam Puckett cornered and afraid of me was something inexplicably amusing. It was funny and weird. Mostly weird, because Sam is well... Sam. She is strong and fearless. And funny because I'm the one causing such feeling, that made her back away like a frightened little puppy.

"Sam... its part of the surprise okay? If you see where we're going it will ruin it. Now trust me okay? Please? I swear it will all be worth Puckett!"

She glared at me for a long time. I guess she was deciding whether or not to believe me. Sam was the kind of girl who builds protection walls around her heart to keep away pain. The 'tough girl façade' always worked well enough with everyone, but me, I was the only one who went through those walls and someday I just... made the difference. I knew that no other guy ever went where I was now, in Sam Puckett's heart. All her past crushes were nothing compared to what we share. The same happens to me. I never felt so complete and comfortable with anyone before, what she meant to me, no one never meant before.

"Okay... but if you try something... anything... I'll kick your ass!" she warned me.

"Okey dokey Puckett" I smiled.

She caved and turned her back at me. It was another sign that I was breaking down her walls, I was making my way in effortless. I put the blindfold on

her and before pulling away I caressed her neck. I felt her tensing up.

"Does anything include this?" I gave her a wet kiss on the neck.

She gasped and threw her head back giving me full access to her skin. I bit her slowly, over her jaw and collarbone. She placed her hand on my thigh and squeezed it. I kissed behind her ear and upon her earlobe placing my hands on her waist. Sam arched her back even more giving me more access to other parts of her, so I slipped my hand to her ribs right under her breasts stroking her over the shirt.

"Ugh Benson..." she moaned close to my ear.

I took that as a permission to put my hand where I wanted. I caressed her with my thumb one more time before making my way up to her boob, squeezing it furiously. Her grip on my knee tightened while I kissed her neck slowly. My other hand, that was tracing my fingers thru her blond locks, left her beautiful hair to grab her other boob. She was so perfect and I couldn't wait to have her.

"Ugh Benson... the date... we have a date"

She tried to remove my hands from her breasts, but without the arm holding her weight she fell backwards into my chest giving me more room to touch her wherever I wanted.

"We... ahn... mmmmm... ugh... have to go!" she lifted her body pulling away from my grip.

"Sorry... damn it... I lost control didn't I?" Shame on you Benson!

"It's okay... it was really sexy... but now we have to go right? The sooner we get there, the sooner I can take this off." She pointed at the blindfold.

"Sure Puckett. Let's hit the road" I started the car.

Today was going to be a good day.

Sam's POV

I was sitting uncomfortably in Freddie's car. Twenty minutes had passed since we made out and I still felt hot, my body temperature refused to normalize. Part of it was because the damn blindfold. Being so helpless in the hands of a nub was more arousing than I thought. He touched me like I was precious, but with so much hunger at the same time, it made me feel wanted and special. He was a perfect combo of gentleman and sexy, can anyone ask for more? Nope.

Owl City's "The Deer in the Headlights" played when he turned the corner. I could only hope this little surprise of his was as exciting as he made it sound. Not that being around him was a torture for me... I rubbed my sweaty hands on my jeans trying to cool off the heat between my legs. You're not desperate Puckett! You're behaving like a dog in heat! But then again it wasn't all my fault; he was the one to blame for my deplorable state. I felt the car stopping, and then my lungs could breathe again.

"Here we are" he eagerly announced.

"Good! Now I can remove that shit" I tried to take the damn blindfold off, but he stopped me.

"Not yet!"

"Benson!" I protested but he ignored me getting out of the car.

Soon he opened the door for me, grabbing my hand, leading me to whatever place we were.

"Okay..." he removed my blindfold "ta da!" he screamed.

"What... wha..." I was speechless. This place was perfect; it was like heaven to me "Benson..."

"I know right" he gave me his arm which I grabbed, my eyes never left the entrance.

"This is heaven" I mumbled.

"I know Puckett. You should get used to it, I'll be the one to take you all the way to heaven" okay that was hot. He came closer and whispered in my ear "and above"

That didn't help me cool off. Damn nerd... he makes it easy for me to fall in love with him even more.

## \*Chapter 27\*: iSecond Date Part II

A/N: Hey guiseeee! I just wanted to say something first, I already have another three or four chapters ready, I'll post these chapter and after I'm done with them I'll write longer chapters. This is a gift for my PIC-BUDDY Priincess Starlight! She asked for longer chapters, so I'll give her longer chapters! Check out her story 'iLeft for love' it's on my favorite list, it is really good! Okay, now I'll let you find out where they went.

Oh... before I go... did you guys saw the new video on Dan's youtube channel? Man I'm fangirling to death!

---

Freddie's POV

"Meat and Sauce Festival!" Sam screamed "that means... that... here... a lot... of meat... all kinds... of sauce...?" was all I could hear between her screams.

"Yep" I pointed at the entrance "so? Wanna go inside and eat your head off?" I offered her my arm.

She looked at me smirking for a while before throwing herself on me. I wrapped my arms around her waist and held her tight.

"You ..." she kissed my nose "are..." she kissed my cheeks "so..." she kissed my forehead "oh-mazing..." she kissed my mouth "Benson"

"Thanks..." I kissed her nose "back..." I kissed her cheeks "at..." I kissed her forehead "you..." I kissed her mouth "Puckett"

She giggled a little bit before elbowing me. I grabbed her hand interlacing our fingers and dragged her inside.

"Come on... we only have three hours of meat and sauce before we have to go back home"

"Ah! Only three?" she whimpered.

"Yes Puckett, the festival can't last forever!" I looked at my watch "So you have until eight o'clock to taste all kinds of sauces from various countries and regions" we chuckled.

Inside the festival, I saw a vast number of stands, from many places around the world. Sam's eyes looked at each one of them fascinated. I was glad she was so fascinated, man, I know this girl like no one else in the world! The first stand we visited was from Italy. An old lady dressed in typical clothes was explaining a small crowd something about some sauce or whatever, and Sam seemed really interested on that topic. The old lady started to teach how to prepare "*braciolas*" with tomatoes sauce, from Puglia, and I never saw Sam pay attention to anything like that before. I was sure she was taking mental notes while the woman spoke. She was preparing the food in front of us and explaining the process. I know nothing about food, so I kept staring at Sam. We were holding hands, something we couldn't do much in public, and that was enough for me to put up with the gourmet class.

Fifteen minutes later, the old lady replaced the ingredients with a warm plate of *Braciolas* and offered to the crowd. Each person took a bite, but I knew that small amount wasn't enough for Sam, so I gave her my share; she smiled, shoved the meat inside her mouth, and kissed my cheek while chewing. The old lady was selling many things, and one of the items was a handbook about Italian food.

"Hey?" I squeezed Sam's hand.

"What?" she turned to look at me.

"Do you want?" I pointed at the book "a little souvenir"

"Sure... why not?" she put her hand inside her pocket.

"Watches doing?" I asked.

"Buying the book" she pointed at the book.

"As if..." I let go of her hand, grabbed my wallet, took the book and paid "here" I handed to her in a little plastic bag with the Italian flag.

"Freddie... you don't have to" there she goes again... same thing on our first date.

"Sam... please don't do what you did on our first date" I begged her.

"What?" she shook her head confuse.

"This... let me pay for the stuff okay? Like you did before?" I interlaced our fingers again.

"Fine Benson" she gave me a quick kiss "if you want so much you can pay for everything"

I chuckled... oh this girl... "Fine with me Puckett"

Sam's POV

That dork... I can't believe I hated him two years ago... he was so... so... oh-mazing! I dragged him with me everywhere. We tasted various types of meat and sauce, poor Freddie didn't enjoy the pepper sauce. We bought a soda and sat down for a while. His face was red because of the pepper and his cheeks were flushed, but he looked so cute. I rubbed the back of his neck.

"Want some ice Freddiebear?" I talked like Mrs. Benson.

"Thanks. A. lot!" he choked.

"Sorry" I tapped his back.

"I'm fine" he cleaned the sweat on his forehead with the back of his hand.

"Hey... I know what might help... wait here" I stood up.

"Hey wait... Sam... where you going?" he tried to grab my arm but I was already gone.

A few feet away from Freddie, I spotted a stand selling ice cream, MEAT, ice cream. I looked around a little bit until I found the flavor I wanted.

"Okay... I'll take one bacon flavored ice cream and... a steak flavored... that's it" I took a few bucks from my front pocket and handed to the man before me "thanks" I grabbed both ice creams and went back to my dork.

"Hey dork"

"Hey"

"Here... cool off Benson" I gave Freddie the steak flavored ice cream.

"Thanks Puckett" he put some on his mouth and moaned, I felt Goosebumps.

"No biggie"

We ate our ice creams and went off to explore the rest of the festival. We went to the French stand, see... I always liked France, maybe one day I'll finally get to see the Eiffel Tower. And I'll take this dork with me.

"France" I said with a French accent.

"Wow Puckett... that was sexy" Freddie squeezed my hand.

"Well... I'm sexy" I joked.

"Indeed Puckett... indeed" he raised his eyebrows suggestively.

I chuckled and pushed a couple of people out of my way so mama and the dork could get a better look at all that frenchness.

"Oh Freddie... food!" I pointed at the casseroles.

"Okay... let's eat something..." he took his wallet from his pocket "okay... what do you want?"

"Mmm... I guess I'll have... the *boeuf bourguignon*" mmmm...!

"Okay... make it two" he told the vendor.

Behind the stand had a little tent, inside was filled with small white tables, Christmas lights and surrounded by flowers. Everything felt so French and romantic... okay... French is okay; romantic is ew... but whatever. The French decor made me feel like I was there, close to the Eiffel Tower.

"You know... someday I wanna go to France" I told Freddie.

We sat on the table with our plates and he grabbed my hand.

"Maybe one day we will" he kissed my hand than let go of me so we could eat.

It was already six o' clock and we only had two more hours in paradise. We ate our French meat and talked about random subjects. We talked about iCarly, ourselves, life, school and our crazy mothers. And we laughed a lot. I don't remember laughing this much in my life. After France, we went to Japan, I loved how we could meet different countries in one day. Freddie frowned at the raw meat.

"I'm not eating that" he whispered into my ear.

"Oh come on Fredward! Its just sushi!" can't be that bad... right?

"Nope" I shook his head.

"Okay listen..." I didn't want to prove sushi, puke, and feel embarrassed, so I tiptoed and whispered into his ear "if you eat this damn thing with me I let you squeeze my boobs later. Deal?"

"Deal!" he eagerly said.

"Okay Benson... here we go!"

Freddie and I ate the sushi at the same time. It wasn't so bad... actually wasn't bad at all. Freddie enjoyed too, because he raised his eyebrow and smiled.

"This is not bad... not bad at all" he said.

"Told ya nub" I took another sushi into my mouth.

"Yeah... this is good... but later will be better" he smirked.

I gave him a little "what" look.

"You promised that... if I ate..."oh well... what to do... I promised didn't I?

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, pervert nerd" I chuckled.

"Come on" he grabbed my hand and dragged me to the next stand.

Visiting the Australian stand, we tried the "kangaroo" meat and it wasn't that bad... but not the best. Freddie bought me a little stuffed kangaroo holding

a plate of kangaroo meat with mushroom sauce. I laughed my ass off.

"Okay... I'm going to name him... Little Freddie, just like his daddy!" I joked.

"Ha ha Puckett" Freddie wrapped his arm around my neck and kissed my temple "just keep him away from that cat"

"Hey Frothy only likes pigs and chickens okay?" I patted Little Freddie's head.

"I'm just trying to protect my son here. And instead of 'Little Freddie'... can we call him Freddie Jr.? sounds better" he put his arm around my shoulder and I wrapped mine around his hips.

"Okay daddy... Freddie Jr. it is, but don't think I'll let you name the next" I warned him.

"Okay ma'am!" he kissed my cheek and we went to the next stand.

Must you be so cute? Sometime I hate him for being so perfect. Honestly, no one ever treated me like this before, so it might take some time to get used to it. Maybe I'll never get used to it... maybe I will. Man love is confusing!

## \*Chapter 28\*: iSecond Date The End

The was being a bitch and I couldn't update the new chapter, it kept messing the chapters. Sorry guys!

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Sam's POV

We walked around looking for an interesting stand to visit. Freddie dragged me to the Indian stand so we can try out some sauce. The Indian sauce was too good I felt like dying, but that was nothing compared to the *Mornay* sauce we tasted before, back at the French stand. In the Chinese stand, which was really cute by the way, Freddie bought us a small portion of *Shredded beef with carrots and chili*. One word: delicious. He also got me a little china doll.

"Frednub... thanks" I safely put my little fat doll with Freddie Jr. inside the plastic bag and kissed his cheek.

"Where to now?" he held my hand.

"How about... the German stand?" I pointed to the black and white stand.

"Sure"

The first thing I laid my eyes on was the fabulous *German Meatballs*. Jesus Christ I'm in heaven! The German stand had a big flag hanging behind and little decoration. But there were a lot of meatballs. Freddie saw the glow in my eyes and bought us a big portion of my dear meatbabies!

"Mmmm" I chewed slowly to savor the taste of meatballs "mmmmmm"

"You know... that was the sexiest sound you ever made" he drank his soda and shoved a meatball inside his mouth.

"Sexier than that afternoon in my bedroom?" I did on purpose, I knew he would choke.

And he did. I chuckled but patted his back gently.

"Careful there nerd... I don't want you to die before I can properly thank you for today" I smirked.

He looked at me from the corner of his eye while taking a deep breath and regaining his composure.

"You do that just to tease me" he stated.

"And you don't? That little make out session in your car, with the blindfold and everything...? That wasn't teasing?" I put my hands on my hips sarcastically.

"Puckett..." he came closer to me and whispered in my ear "I'm just getting started!" okay that was unfair.

He pulled away slowly and began to walk. When did that nerd learned to be so flirty? When did Freddie Benson, King Of The Nerds, became such a tease? When? And where was I? I watched Freddie walking away, grabbed my bags and followed him. I was longing to see more of that "sassy Freddie" so I grabbed his shoulder and pulled him behind the stands. I spotted the woods behind the festival and dragged him there. Looking around, I found no one, so I pushed him behind a tree, and dropped my bags on the floor, to grab both sides of his face and kiss him.

Freddie's bags fell on the ground too when he put his hand on my waist. I licked his bottom lip and he opened his mouth for me. When our tongues touched I felt a warm feeling taking over my body. He switched places and pressed me against the tree. He kissed me passionately grabbing a handful of my curls and touching his elbow against the tree, on the left side of my head. With one hand, I grabbed his contorted bicep and with the other I caressed his bellybutton inside his shirt. He shivered and pressed his crotch against mine. I kissed him a little more before pulling away.

"What?" he asked frustrated.

"Time to go" I grabbed my bags and walked away.

"What...?" he complained, but grabbed his bags and followed me "you better make it up to me somehow Puckett!" he warned me.

"Oh... what if I don't?" I smirked at him over my shoulder.

"Then I'll just have to go and get it myself!" ouch... that was... hot. My legs got a little weak and I thought I would fall.

He walked pass me and headed back to the stands. Okay how long can I keep my legs closed? I asked myself. I was contemplating that fact when I reached Freddie; he was looking at something completely fascinated.

"What?" I asked him.

"The Spanish stand" he said without taking his eyes off the red stand.

"Let's eat something Spanish boy!" I grabbed his wrist and dragged him there with me.

I loved to see the glow in his eyes when he saw the variety of Spanish meat. Mama is going to turn Benson into a meat lover! His eyes darted around, but he ended up choosing *Pinchitos*. They are like kebabs on a stick, but Spanish! Put some barbecue sauce on, and mama that tastes good! He actually made friends with the vendor. She complimented his spanish, and his cheeks turned crimson. I would get jealous if she wasn't all forty and old. We ate three times there and moved to the next one, holding hands the whole time. It was amazingly comforting holding hands with that nerd, I wish we could do this in public, but not now, it's too soon.

The Cuban stand was small and very vivacious. There was music playing, some rhythm that I didn't recognized. Freddie raised our joined hands to the sky and like an arch making me spin around a couple of times to the sound of the music and I giggled. I hated giggling, but I did it every time we were together. There, this short tanned man encouraged us to try the *Beef Stew with Cuban Coffee Gravy*. Mama likey! The gravy reminded me of Freddie's eyes. He smiled at me and took my hand leading me to the next stand.

We reached the Brazilian stand. It was very colored, blue, green, yellow and white. By then, it was seven thirty and we only had half hour to enjoy. The Brazilian stand was a lot like the Cuban and the Spanish in some aspects, it was warm and fun. Like the Cuban, the Brazilian stand had music, and once again I didn't know what kind of music was.

"Samba!" Freddie moved our joined hands to the beat of the music.

"What?" I asked.

"Samba!" he spun me around again "the music!"

"Oh... simba!" I cheered.

"No... Samba!" he said it slowly.

"Samba" I repeated like a good student.

"That's right!" he squeezed my nose "let's get some dinner!"

He was very excited by the end of the night. The end of the night meant the end of the fun for me and the beginning for him. He took me to the stand dancing that samba thing. It was funny to watch Freddie moving his hips so loose, and not giving rat's ass if he was doing it right. Of course he wasn't shaking his ass, but he was excitedly making a little dance that reminded me of Gibby.

"Mmmmm" he moaned "smell that!" he pointed at a big brown pot.

"Mmmmm, I want it! I want it!" I demanded.

The lady with black hair and cat eyes told us to go take seat at the tables behind the stand and she would serve us in a minute. Like the French stand, there was a tent and Christmas lights, only this time everything was colorful. The tent was filled with football pictures. I don't like football, and know nothing about it, but Freddie lectured me, pointing at the photos, telling me who was who. A few minutes later the vendor brought us two plates of *Brazilian-style pot roast* and orange juice.

"God... this... a thousand times this!" I moaned.

"It tastes... like... heaven... doesn't it?" Freddie said with his eyes closed.

The people around us were dancing that samba thing. They seemed very excited while spinning around to the sound of the beat. After we finished eating Freddie held his hand to me and I grabbed. When I was reaching for our bags he pulled me.

"Leave it! We're going to dance!" he smiled and dragged me where everyone else was dancing.

"But... I don't know... how to..." I hissed embarrassed.

"Follow me" he spun me around.

"And how do you know Fredmame?" I mocked him.

"No..." he pulled me away "but..." he brought me back to him "I..." he turned my back to him "don't..." he grabbed my free hand and spun me to the other side "care..." he brought me closer pressing our bodies together "Pucket!" he kissed me.

We danced a little bit more and laughed deciding that would be our little secret. After that little freak show, Freddie and I headed to the last stand. That stand I knew all about... the USA stand. The guy with a mustache and a cowboy hat was barbequing and the smell was awesome. While the barbecue was getting ready the costumers could wait behind the stand. Freddie told me to drop our bags in the table and dragged me to a small dance floor. Hanging behind the stand was a two sided USA flag, the décor was Texas-style, everything very country including the music.

"What's up with you and dance?" I asked placing my hand on the back of his neck.

"I just like any excuse to be this close to you" he whispered in my ear, placed his hand on my hips and grabbed my other hand.

"Pervert!" I chuckled.

We slow danced the end of *Out Of Goodbyes* by Maroon 5 and Lady Antebellum. It was really comforting having him so close to me. I closed my eyes and rested my head on his shoulder. I could feel his warmth; I could feel his scent, cinnamon mixed with meat. It was extremely comforting. The slow song was replaced by a more agitated one. *Something 'Bout A Woman* by Lady Antebellum started to play and Freddie used our joined hands to pull me away and bring me back. We joined and then raise our right hands. I stepped forward and did a left-face, then turned back under the raised joined hands, as he walked forward and around me while doing a right-face and turning back. We went back to our previous position dancing a little bit faster this time.

*"She's like fire on the mountain, like some kind of heaven that's pouring down on me, she's a child, she's a lady, she's got everything that I could ever need. Yeah there's something 'bout a woman and me"* he hummed into my ear.

I pulled away and kissed him. I didn't see the time passing; it was like everything just went into slow motion. Even though our first date was much more glamorous, our second date was better. I was nervous wondering whether or not he likes me, now I know for sure. This time we were carefree, just enjoying each other.

"Where did you learn to sing that song dipwad?" I asked touching his nose with mine.

"My mom likes them"

"Crazy actually likes music?" I was shocked.

"Yep!" he kissed my nose and hummed again *"yeah there's something 'bout a woman that makes me still, something 'bout a woman that always will"* he spun me around one last time, bent me with the arm he had around my waist, my hair almost touched the floor then bring me to a hug.

How the hell did he went from "*Freddie the dork*" to "*Freddie who hums sweet words into my ear?*" He kissed my cheek and grabbed my hand leading me to our table where the vendor was serving our barbeque. What's barbeque without barbeque sauce? I had to fight some jerk for the sauce but I got it at the end. We danced in our chairs while we ate and laughed when a drunken guy fell and spilled barbeque sauce all over him. We ate a lot, even for me. I was already full when we walked to Freddie's car. He put the bags on the backseat and opened the door for me. He drove away while I said goodbye to the meat and sauce festival. Bye heaven! Sammy here needs to go give little Freddie his little reward for literally taking me to paradise.

## \*Chapter 29\*: iWOW

A/N: HEY GUYS! I made a deal with my PIC-BUDDY, Princess Starlight, and I'll be posting two new chapters before Monday. Here is the first one, and the second one is coming soon AFTER I WATCH HARRY POTTER! Who else is freaking out right now about the end? Anyways, I'm sick, my head hurts, and the medicine makes me sleepy, so I'm gonna go now and watch The Suite Life On Deck movie (I love Cody Martin!) and get some sleep! Oh for the people who asked for the lemon, there it is, my friend stopped by and helped me write it!

*IluvSmallvilleDBZSailormoon: I'M CRAZY ABOUT MAROON 5!* Hands All Over is one of the bests CDs I've ever heard. Heck I love every Maroon 5 music and every CD!

**SAM-seddie-FREDDIE:** it had to be 'running away' no other song would be so perfect for a Seddie dance!

**jesrod82:** it had to be something Freddie knew she loved. The next date will be something that will blow her mind, and finally her walls will come crashing down! I'm already planning it!

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Sam's POV

On the way back home we stopped to get some ice cream, sweet ice cream this time. It started to rain and we closed the windows turning on the heater and the radio. I connected Freddie's pear pod at his stereo. I chose the top 25 songs list to play while he drove. I have to admit; the nub has a great taste. The first song on this playlist was John Mayer's *Your Body is a Wonderland*. When the song started he blushed, I guess he's been thinking about me a lot since that 'little moment' in my room.

The whole time we kept talking about our amazing evening, everything was perfect and we couldn't shut up about it. We laughed at the guy with the barbecue sauce all over him, we laughed at random crazy stuff that happened, and we laughed at strange people on the street. We just laughed a lot. The only time we have this much fun together is when we're doing the "wake up Spencer" thing. I'm getting more comfortable with the nub every day.

That used to scare the hell out of me, still does sometimes, but not like it used to. Everything about that wimp little nerd used to irritate me. I couldn't explain why, but everything he did used to upset me. Little by little this irritating feeling was suppressed, and I started to notice every smile, every eyebrow raise, and every eye roll, suddenly I got scared. Scared of the feelings taking over me. Scared of the weakness inside my chest. Scared of the way that stupid butterflies seemed to agitate whenever he was around. I reached a point where I couldn't hide it anymore, I was no desperate to let him know, to show this dweeb how I felt, that I kissed him in a surprise attack that night at the lock-in. Well... things turned out for the best and now we are here, so I don't regret it, not, one, bit!

Freddie turned around the corner and I spotted a small park three blocks away from my house. I remembered I still had to thank Freddie properly for the amazing date he provided me, so I had an idea.

"There!" I shouted.

"What on earth?" he jumped and winced in his seat.

"Turn there" I pointed.

"What for?" he slowed down the speed.

"Just do what I say Benson!" I slapped his head.

"Fine!" he turned around to the park's direction.

"Okay... see that little trail over there?" I pointed at a trail between the trees.

"Yeah" he responded.

"Okay... drive there" I told him.

"Sam... that seems a bit... desert"

"I know, just do what I say"

"Okay" he entered the trail between the trees.

Behind the park was an abandoned parking lot that couples use for 'fun time'. I know that because my mom told me and because I used to come here to bury Melanie's dolls.

"It looks like... a parking lot" no shit Benson!

"No shit" I chuckled.

"Okay. Why are we here?" he turned to look at me.

"Because I want to properly thank you for the amazing evening we just spent together dork!" I saw the suspicious look in his eyes being replaced with eagerness.

"Oh... it's that so?" he smirked at me.

"It is so Benson... now come here" I grabbed his collar and kissed him gleefully on the lips.

He kissed me back placing his hands respectfully on my knees. Okay Benson if I wanted to be respected, I wouldn't drag you to an abandoned parking lot in the middle of the woods! I removed his hands from my knees to put them on my thighs making him let out a low groan. He panted when my tongue caressed his as I started to run my fingers through his hair. I remembered the promise I made for him at the sushi tent and pulled away. Freddie was too much of a gentleman to remind me, but I didn't forget.

"What? Did I do something wrong?" he asked looking scared at me.

"No... do you remember the promise I made you-" I was explaining myself but he cut me off with a slow whisper.

"Yeah"

John Mayer was silenced and replaced by Maroon 5's *Secret*.

"I remember" Freddie slowly caressed my shoulder tracing his thumb over my shirt.

"Well... now it's the time Benson... have fun!" I said arching my back pushing my chest forward.

"You're perfect. Do you know that?" the honesty in his words made me feel special, like I've never felt before.

"Yeah. Now let's get it on"

I closed my eyes waiting for him. I was waiting almost desperately to feel his hands on me. Freddie caressed my face, kissed my cheeks, my eyes, my forehead my nose and my mouth before sliding his hands to my breasts. The dorkhead grabbed my boobs firmly squeezing them and I loved the arousing feeling it caused me. He kept touching them, caressing, squeezing, but wasn't enough for me, I needed his hands in contact with my skin.

"Not enough" I murmured pulling his hands away.

"What?"

"This... I need more" I took off my shirt and heard him gasping.

"Sam... what... you..." he was almost drooling over my bra.

"Shut it Benson!" I kissed him again, this time moving from my seat to his lap.

I straddled him and he put his two hands back on my breasts. Freddie had the balls to slip one finger inside my bra almost touching my nipple. If I hadn't almost died at the contact, I would slap him in the face. This situation wasn't fair, I was the only one shirtless and expose while he was fully dressed. No fun. I tugged on the collar of his shirt and lifted it trying to get rid of it. He helped me take his shirt off, breaking the kiss. Freddie kept looking at me; at my stomach, at my boobs, my shoulders, my hair, my face, and I started to feel goosebumps. He traced his thumb through the crook of my shoulder and my collarbone.

"You're perfect" he whispered before kissing my shoulder "beautiful" he kissed my collarbone "sexy" he kissed my neck "hot" he kissed my earlobe.

"Damn it Benson!" I moaned.

Freddie licked my ear and grabbed a fistful of my hair running his fingers thru my curls. His other hand kept massaging my boob.

"I love your hair" he said before kissing behind my ear, a place that I just found out was extremely sensitive "I love your eyes" he kissed my eyebrows "and your nose" he kissed the tip of my nose "and your mouth" he kissed me on the lips pushing his tongue inside.

I rocked my hips against his and he panted loudly. Freddie's hands left my hair and breasts to grip on my hips trying to keep me from moving. He took a deep breath before closing his eyes.

"Don't" he said.

"Why?" I leaned to kiss his chin.

"Because... if you do this... I'll..."

"Get a boner?" I chuckled against his neck.

"Yeah" he confessed guilty.

"And that's bad because...?" I licked his jaw line.

He looked at me with wide eyes before raising his eyebrow suggestively. Kings of Leon's *I Want You* started to play. Man! He's been thinking about me!

"Puckett... don't tease me... we're alone in here..." he was smirking now.

"I know... why do you think I brought you here Benson?" I whispered into his ear.

I heard him laughing before grabbing my ass and tossing me back to the passenger seat.

"What?" I yelled.

"Back seat. Now" he jumped to the back seat so fast that when I blinked he was already pulling me with him.

Freddie's POV

I grabbed her hand bringing her with me to the backseat. I threw the bags on the floor of my car, to make room for us. I couldn't control my hormones anymore, I wanted her so bad. Sam fell onto me, and I shifted her, so she was lying underneath me. I looked at her for a long time. I couldn't get over how beautiful she was, how flawless, how amazing. Puberty was good to her, she filled out really well. God... more than well... she was fucking hot!

"Damn it Benson... what are you waiting for?" she gripped the back of my neck and crushed my lips against hers.

She forcefully stuck her tongue inside my mouth and I gripped her thighs. My hands unconsciously slid down to grab her ass. The first thought on my mind was *holy fuck she's going to kill me*, but she didn't, instead, she let out loud whimper. I took that as a good sign. Her tongue curled against mine. Damn this girl! I could feel my erection stealing most of the blood in my body. I was hard rock now. Fighting against the urge to rock my hips against

hers, I pulled away to kiss her neck. Her skin was smooth and warm, it was like torture to me. Sam, on the other hand, was clawing my backs, with this renewed energy, lifting her hips, trying to grind them against me. If she did, she would find out I was already throbbing. I slid my hands up to her stomach, ribs and finally her breasts. Holy fuck! She was so warm and smooth, that drove me to insanity.

"Damn it Freddie!" Sam ran out of patience and wrapped her legs around my waist pulling me closer.

When our hips met, we let out a loud, sexy, moan. She was definitely feeling me now. I was lost into an amazing bliss and I almost didn't hear when Nine Inch Nails' *Closer* started to play on the speakers of my car.

"Good God Freddie!" Sam cried out writhing underneath me.

Jeans. The only thing keeping us apart was that stupid piece of clothing and some underwear. My brain started to picture a thousand scenarios where I would rip off her skinny jeans while she moaned my name. I'm a pervert... I know... but this girl is driving crazy, with every kiss, every touch, every moan, it's almost impossible not to want her, no IT IS impossible. She tightened the grip her legs had on my waist crushing my erection against her. Damn it! Damn it!

"Sweet baby Jesus!" okay... that was ridiculous, but I couldn't help it, I almost came in my pants.

"Wow Benson! That's some dirty talk!" she mocked me.

"Oh... you're mocking me Princess..." I pulled away making her growl in discontent "you shall pay for your mockery" I slid my hands down her stomach and touched her warm sex. I was walking on a dangerous path, but I wasn't the one to blame, my dick was speaking for me. I tightened my grip on her making her cries louder.

"Oh... my... oh" she groaned other things I couldn't understand while I kept rubbing her thru the jeans.

Sam grabbed a fistful of my hair and kissed me urgently. Tongues touched, fought for dominance, tangled on each other, she bit me, I bit her, and suddenly the longing for contact I had, took over me and I replaced my hand with my erection. I was too close already.

"Don't... stop" she begged.

"I won't... I can't" I started to rock my hips against hers furiously.

"Oh... ah Benson! Your belt!" she cried in pain when my belt scratched her lower stomach.

"Sorry" I pulled away quickly sitting between her legs.

"Which part of *don't stop* you don't understand?" she used her elbows to hold her weight when she lifted her body to look at me annoyed.

"But you said..." I pointed at the red scratch on her skin.

"I know what I said... and I also know what to do to solve this... little issue" she shifted and crawled over me, straddling me again.

"What are you...?" I had my answer when she undid my belt buckle opening my jeans "Sam... I don't even have a..."

"Shhh..." she kissed me, and then pulled away lying back into the back seat "come here dweeb" she opened her arms for me to join her.

I did what she asked, I was already out of my mind and my senses weren't working right anymore. Sam used her feet to push my pants down to my knees, I thought I was going to explode, she was so damn flexible... sweet Lord... help me!

"It's not fair if I'm the only one in this position" I pointed at my boxers.

"Nice tent Benson" she unbuttoned her jeans sliding them down a little bit.

We tried to resume our position, but her jeans kept getting in the way. She couldn't open her legs and I couldn't lay between them, because her jeans were too tight. I was already losing my mind when some caveman instincts took over me. I sat on and grabbed her ankles.

"Fuck this!" I yanked her jeans off along with her sneakers.

"Holy... shit!" she gasped, gripping at the back seat and arching her back.

I lay between her legs feeling her warmth; I almost came there and then. She cried out and bit my shoulder. We didn't move for a few seconds, I was trying not to explode and she was trying to breath. My senses left me when *The Sam Song* started. After I touched her skin for the first time one single thought came into my head: SMOOTH! And now, *Smooth* by Santana and Rob Thomas became *The Sam song*. Feeling ready, I stick my head into her cleavage and started to lick her soft skin. She rocked her hips against mine and I cried out between her boobs. I started to respond at her actions by copying them, moving my hips against hers. After a few seconds our moves started to get frantic, urgent and faster. The windows were blurry, and my car was swinging, that was the sexiest thing we've ever done.

My hand slid thru her perfectly arched backs to grab her ass. My other hand, gripped her breast, squeezing and massaging it. I was almost there, almost ready to explode, and I knew she was too. Sam was writhing underneath me, breathing heavy, and moaning loud. Her moans scared little birds, and maybe even some owls. We started to sweat, and to make things even hotter, I could feel her wet core against the fabric of her boy shorts. My desire was begging me to rip off that little piece of underwear, but the part of my brain that still worked properly told me it wasn't a good idea. I wanted to touch her there, with no barriers, but I couldn't, it was too soon... We need to wait, just a little bit longer. But I wanted to feel her warmth in contact with my hands, my fingers, I wanted to feel how wet she was, I wanted to feel her walls tightening around me, around my fingers, around my manhood. I was dying to have her, every bit of my body wanted to just slid my hand inside her boy shorts and touch her there, just once. I just wanted to feel what I was doing to her, but it was too soon. *Just wait a little bit longer*, I told myself, *just a little bit longer*. I buried my head on the crook of her neck to suck her skin.

"Ugh... Oh God!" she yanked my hair strong enough to lift my head up.

"God has nothing to do with this Puckett" I groaned against her mouth before kissing her.

"I... I..." she let out a high pitched sound and wrapped her arms around me tightly.

"Ugh!" I grunted feeling her body spasm beneath me violently.

She reached the edge and dragged me there with her. I could feel my own release filling my boxers. My body tensed up before collapsing on top of her. I didn't want to crush her, but I couldn't move, I was too tired, too dumbfounded, and too weak to make any movement.

"Wow Benson" she kissed the top of my head and stroked my hair.

"Wow Puckett" I managed to let out a lazy chuckle.

We held each other until our bodies regained the strength we needed to get dress and leave. I drove to Sam's house and parked in front of it. I kissed her urgently one more time before letting her pull away.

"I wish you didn't have to go" I confessed.

"Me too sir nubs a lot... see you tomorrow?" she rubbed her nose against mine giving me an Eskimo kiss.

"Tomorrow" I kissed her one more time before watch her go.

That whole evening was overwhelming. I was getting close to ask the big question, I could already picture how I would do it, so I could finally let everyone know she was mine. While I drove home, my mind kept replaying the events of today. Our 'little moment' in my car never left my thoughts, but the thing that amazed me the most was the Eskimo kiss she gave me before leaving. Something so sweet coming from Sam? I must've done something very right to deserve it. I drove home listening to *The Sam Song*, and singing along.

## \*Chapter 30\*: iBeach

A/N: Hey guys. I'm still crying over Harry Potter, but as I promised to my PIC BUDDY, I'm updating today. I'm very sad, so I'll be quick.

Enjoy the chapter.

:)

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Sam's POV

*His hands were grabbing my ass and his tongue licked my center slowly. That was torture. I grabbed a fistful of his Galaxy Wars bedspread and moaned loud. He chuckled against my skin and I felt his breath warming me. He was having tons of fun torturing me, but I didn't care, I was already too high to give a damn!*

"Oh Benson... God... damn!" I screamed when I felt his fingers inside me.

"Having fun Samantha?" he teased curling his fingers.

"Jesus, boy...!" I couldn't form phrases when he touched me like that.

*He removed his two fingers to insert three fingers inside of me and it felt like heaven. I gripped on his shoulder panting helplessly, everything he did felt so good, and I needed more, so much more.*

"More..." I begged.

"More...?" he asked me "how much more?" he whispered against my ear.

"Everything" I assured him.

"Everything is too much. Are you sure you can take it?" holy mother of... hearing him say that, made my backs arch even further.

"Yes please" I wanted it so much right now... I couldn't wait any longer.

*"Since you're asking so politely" he removed his fingers from me and positioned himself at my entrance. I felt the tip of his manhood playing with my clit before putting it in slowly.*

*Good God it felt good. Too good... so good. He slowly put it all the way in and held still looking at my eyes.*

"It's this good enough for you?" his voice was deep and low, it sent shivers down my spine.

"No" it was an overwhelming sensation having him inside of me but I needed more than this, I needed everything.

"Okay then..." he pulled out and then thrust back in.

"Yes... like that, just harder" I held him close to me feeling his firm torso pressed against my belly.

"Harder it is" he pulled out and thrust back in harder this time, slamming his hips against mine violently.

"Yes! Oh... damn it... just like that"

*We kept a frantic pace, slamming against each other's hips, letting out animalistic groans. His thrusts were faster and deeper; the sound of his bed rocking was music to my ears. I was so close, I was losing my mind, screaming my head off, clawing his back, leaving bloody marks. He kept going, harder, faster, deeper until I couldn't take anymore. My walls tightened up around him, and my body started to spasm violently while I reached my orgasm. It didn't stop him from keep going, letting out wild sounds that messed with my brain. He kept thrusting urgently and we came together. I never felt something so perfect before. It was mind blowing, eye popping, and body shocking.*

"Good lord Freddie!" I screamed, sweat running down my face and neck.

I gasped for air gripping at the sheets. Holy crap... good lord... goddamn!

"What? What the hell?" my mother entered the room with a baseball bat.

"Mom?" took me a while to realize I wasn't in Freddie's room, lying over his Galaxy Wars sheets, beneath him, moaning my brains out.

"Yeah... are you okay kid?" she put the baseball bat down and sat on the edge of my bed.

After that therapy Carly took us she really did some improvement as a mother. She's not the parent of the year, but she's much better.

"Yeah... I guess" I wasn't going to tell my mom I just had a sex dream about Freddie Benson.

"Hey I have a gun!" Marvin entered my room wearing a Red Sox's shirt and boxers.

"Oh Marvin... EW dude! Put some pants on!" I covered my eyes.

Marvin was mom's new boyfriend. She had hundreds of boyfriends, but I actually liked this one. Marvin was a man in his late forties, tall, gray hair and rounded cheekbones. He owned a themed bar three blocks from the Groovy Smoothies. He moved from Miami, but wanted to bring a piece of home with him, so he bought a place and opened one of those bars you only see in CSI Miami with the orange day light and everything. He didn't really have a gun, at least not here.

"Oh sorry Sam... are you okay? What happened?" he was nice and considerate to me and always treated me with respect and affection.

"Nothing baby, she only had a bad dream, right kiddo?" my mother stroked the hair out of my sweaty forehead.

"Yeah... just a dream" I told him.

"Okay. I'll go back to bed. Shout if you need anything" he waved goodbye and laughed.

"So?" my mom closed the door of my bedroom and sat next to me on the bed "wanna talk about it?" I knew she didn't really want to talk about it, my mom wasn't good in giving advices and shit.

"Not actually" how to tell your mom you just had the most amazing sex dream in your life?

"Hey kid... there is no need to be ashamed, sexual dreams are very common in your age" she patted my head "I had them all the time when I was your age... actually I still have them"

"What...? What?" how... the hell.... She found out...? I guess years of experience do this to a person.

"You don't wake up from a nightmare screaming good lord Freddie kid" she laughed.

"Well... I don't wanna talk about it" I flinched in my bed.

"So... Freddie is that brunette nerd who holds the camera on your web show right?" she gave me a smug smirk.

"Yeah..."

"He is pretty handsome. Hot stuff" she smirked. EW... my mother had the hots for Freddie! "So you like him?"

"Yeah... we're sort of dating" my cheeks turned crimson.

"Huh... and he's good in the sack? He looks like he is" what the hell mom?

"What...? Mom... no... we haven't... done anything!" that wasn't quite truth...

"Oh... too bad, he is pretty hot..." she smirked "do you need condoms or pills? Cause dating a hottie like that... you won't keep your legs closed for too long, trust me. You'll do him sooner than you think... and if you don't, I might as well do it for ya!" she winked at me. EW!

"Mom..." I took a deep breath; I knew she was only trying to help, in a very twisted disturbed kind of way.

"I'm just saying... you're a teenage girl... and he is a hot teenage boy, these things are bound to happen. I have pills, if you want I can give you some"

"Mom... honestly?" I crossed my arms.

"Yeah... you're right... probably I should take you to the gynecologist to get your own pills, I can afford to waste mine..."

"Mom..." I took a deep breath, what kind of conversation is this? "Okay... listen, when I decide to have sex with Freddie, or anyone else for that matter... I'll go to the doctor and get myself some pills okay?"

"Okay... now back to sleep" she kissed my head, grabbed the baseball bat and stopped at the door "good dreams" she winked at me and left.

I smiled and lay back in my bed. It was nice having a mom to talk about... stuff. I drifted back to sleep, praying not to have any more dirty dreams, that was way too embarrassing, but my subconscious was too stuck on what happened, a few hours ago in his car, to think about anything else.

Freddie's POV

The orgasm I had on the backseat of my car left marks... well left stains. I put my clothes on the wash machine without waking up my mom. Letting her see the evidence of my latest make out session on my black boxers was out of question. When I entered my room I realized I still smelled like Sam, and that was enough to wake "him" up. I had to solve my problem in the shower with some hand work. I kept imagining her there with me, all wet and naked... holy... shit. I cleaned up and lay in bed to sleep. My mind kept wandering back to our make out session inside my car, and I felt myself getting hard again. Ignoring my dick I tried to get some sleep. My dreams were all about her, all involving the backseat of my car and tons of wild positions. I gotta learn how to control my hormones.

I woke up a little later than usual; it was past eight when I went to the kitchen to eat my breakfast. My mom was frying bacon and Gun Smoke was sitting at the table eating pancakes and eggs. I try not to think about my mother's sex life, but every time I wake up and see Gun Smoke here, early in the morning, it disgusts me a little bit. I really like him, I do; it's just the thought of my mom and a man that's too unbearable.

"Morning dear" my mom said over her shoulder.

"Morning mom" I smelled the bacon.

My mom hates bacon, but Gun Smoke convinced her that I needed all the meat I could eat because of all the work out we were doing.

"Morning Gun Smoke" I smiled.

"Morning Freddie" he ate another piece of waffle before looking at me "so? When you're going to resume training?"

"Oh... I don't know"

"The competition is next week, we have to get you ready" he snorted.

"Okay" I had a fencing competition coming up.

I was just finishing my breakfast when I got a text from Sam.

**From: Sam**

**To: Dorkwad**

**Hey nerd...**

**Come to Carly's ASAP! :)**

"Sam... Sam..." I sighed.

"You really like this girl don't you?" Gun Smoke asked me.

"Yeah, yeah" I confessed "I do" I heard my mom sobbing softly.

After breakfast I knocked on Carly's door. I was dying to see Sam, I can't stop thinking about her, since yesterday... heck, I can't stop thinking about her since the lock-in! I was looking forward to put my hands on her again.

"Come in!" I heard Spencer yelling.

"Hey there" I noticed he was working on a sculpture "what's that?"

"Ahouse... made of toilet paper!" he responded eagerly.

"Oh..."

"And... the final touch" he threw thin pieces of toilet paper on top of the house "tada!"

"Okay..."

"I just TP a toilet paper house" he smiled gleefully.

"Oh sure" I laughed.

"Hey dork!" Sam whispered into my ear from behind.

Holy mother of Jesus! I just shuddered. I turned around to face her. She was wearing a white beach dress and I could see the blue straps of her bikini. I thought I was seeing things, maybe I was still asleep and this was all a dream, a few minutes from now I would wake up facing an erection that I had to get rid of. But wait... if this was a dream... would Spencer be in it? Nope! Not at all! It was real.

"Speechless much?" she smugly asked me.

"Yeah..." I was speechless staring at her breasts.

"Okay... I'm going to get more paper and make another house for Socko!" Spencer ran out the door eagerly.

"Hey there..." I took her hand.

"Hey dork..." she kissed me quickly and pulled away "grab your swim trunks Fredbag!" she kissed my cheek.

"What for?" some dirty sex fantasy Puckett?

"Cause we're going to the beach! Now go... go go go!" Carly squealed behind me.

"The beach... that's a bit random" I told her.

"No it is not! Wendy's granddad has a house at the beach and we're going there, now got get ready and tell your mom we're spending the night!" Carly pushed me out of the apartment.

Beach with Sam... in a small bikini? IN NOTHING BUT ABIKINI? Okay... I'm in!

## \*Chapter 31\*: iBeach Part II

A/N: Hey guys. So I'm on this post Harry Potter depression, that's why it took me so long to update. I wanna thank you all for your reviews and patience.

Gohanroxme – Thank you! Actually I was pretty nervous about that chapter, I'm not good in lemons, but my friend, who had the experience, came over to help me write it! I'm glad you liked it!

RHrGreatness – I'm so sad about Harry Potter. I've been a fan since the first movie, I have all the books, I'm so in love with Ron Weasley... now it's over and I feel... empty, what am I supposed to do now? And I'm also depressed about Fred's death, in fact, I refused to accept it, I created a happy Weasley bubble where he is alive and happy!

MissSeddie – Thanks! I had help, but I tried my best!

renzooboi – I'll begin to write longer chapters soon don't worry!

jesrod82 – I tried to write Sam's mom in a way I always imagined her to be. I never imagined her as an abusive parent, but careless, she doesn't know what she is doing, but she's not evil. I say this because, my mom is kinda the same, except for the vast number of boyfriends and the alcohol. My mom doesn't think twice before opening her mouth, and I kinda used her as a base for Sam's mom. Thank you so much! I'm trying so hard to write the lemons! My friend is helping me, without her I wouldn't know what to do. She tells me how things are like and I try to write them in a way that makes sense. Did you see the Romione kiss? MY GOD of course you did! I'm still dying over here!

Hackingofthedead – Thanks! She is my PIC BUDDY and her fanfic is great! I'm glad you enjoyed, keep reading!

clarksonfan – OMG thank you! You had no idea how much I giggled while writing this. It's so uncomfortable to me, and when I have to read and edit... more giggles.

kryodyne – Thank you so much! My PIC BUDDY it's really awesome! And I hope you keep reading it!

Okay I need a little help here you guys, the thing is, I'm thinking about making sequels to this fic, but do you think I should just continue with this fic (this is not the end, I still have at least twenty chapter to come) or write a sequel? Tell me what you think. I'm also working on a new Seddie fic, called "By Accident" that has nothing to do with this one, I'm on the middle of the first chapter, I hope you guys enjoy as much as you enjoyed this one. I also ask for a little more patience, I already planned the "Seddie first time" and if I rush things now it will ruin the plot.

Thanks!

---

Freddie's POV

I love my mom. I love my mom. I love my mom. I really do. She is good to me and she takes care of me. But see... that's the problem, she protects me so much it's ridiculous. For some awkward reason she has the need to protect me like I'm a premature one-legged new born baby. I don't know if she acts like this because she is a nurse and have to see sick people every day or because of my dad. I never quite figured it out. I love my mom, but sometimes I wish she would just leave me alone.

"Mom!" I protested.

"Marissa" Gun Smoke protested.

"No!" she had her hands on her hips and her backs turned to us.

"Mom come on! It's just the beach!"

"No Freddie!"

"Marissa" Gun Smoke put his hand on my mom's shoulder and turned her around "let the boy have some fun"

Part of the reason I liked Gun Smoke was because he always had my back when my mom was being too overprotective, which was... all the time.

"But... he..."

"No! You have to trust your son. He is a responsible boy who deserves to have fun with his friends" he told my mom holding her shoulders making her face him.

"Ah... fine" she gave up "but be careful!"

"Yeah!" I celebrated "I'm gonna pack now!"

"Wait dear..." my mom held my arm.

"I know mom. Sun block. Mosquito block. Sand block. Everything block..."

"Don't mock me boy! The beach can be dangerous with all that sand, water and... Those bugs!" she released my arm looking more confident "go pack your clothes and I'll pack you an emergency bag" great... just great! Now I'm going to take a hospital to the beach!

"Okay mom" she kissed my cheek and went away to pack my emergency bag. Fuck.

"Sorry boy" Gun Smoke patted my back.

"Yeah, it's alright" I was already used to it "thank you"

"Don't thank me. We start your training Monday" he warned me.

"Sure"

I was just finishing packing when my mom entered my room holding two cans of spray.

"Those are new. This one..." she held the green can up "is for mosquito bites, apply it over the mosquito bite and wait five minutes. This one..." she held the black can up "is for bacteria, flesh eating bacteria, apply every day twice, first thing in the morning and before you go to bed. Okay... now that you know, I'm going to pack the rest" good God...

I shoved three pairs of swim trunks in my bag. God... what did I do to deserve this? I'm a good person, I help people, I have good grades... why do I have to go through this every single day?

"Hey boy" Gun Smoke knocked on my door.

"Hey... come in" I motioned for him to come in.

"I just came by to give you something" he tossed a black box into my chest and I held it "pack on your bag before your mother can see it and cover it with your clothes" he ordered me.

"What exactly is this?" I looked at the box.

The box he gave me was black and had big and bold golden letters in the front. I read it. I shuddered. My cheeks burned. My face was red.

"I'm not going to need it" I whispered desperately.

"You never know" he winked at me and left.

I shoved the box inside my bag covering with my clothes. Holy mother of Jesus... only the thought turned me on.

Sam's POV

How long does it take for a nub to pack? Apparently... ages! Not even Carly took this long to pack, and she is... well, Carly. I had to go check if the nub was bringing his baby blanket and his galaxy wars props.

"Dude!" I opened the door "what's taking you so long?"

Freddie and Gun Smoke were sitting on the couch looking at the wall slightly bored.

"Sorry... I'm all done..." he pointed at his blue bag "but my mom's not"

I was looking forward to make out with him all weekend, and drive him completely crazy whenever no one was around, and he invite his mother to come along?

"WHAT? You invited CRAZY? Are you INSANE?" Gun Smoke raised his eyebrow at me "sorry"

"No, I did not invite her. She's not coming along... she's just..." he muttered something I couldn't hear.

"Come again?" I walked over him.

"She's packing me an emergency bag!" he said ashamed.

"Oh my..." I started to laugh and he rolled his eyes at me "dude..." I couldn't stop laughing, Mrs. Benson was a nuts!

He walked over me and looked at Gun Smoke, who nodded and ran out of the living room leaving us alone. I was still laughing and he grabbed my hips bringing me closer, crashing my body against his violently. I gasped... Jesus Christ!

"Everytime you mock me" he whispered into my ear "I'll make you pay... just like I did, yesterday... in my car"

Hearing those words made my head spin. I always found so sexy when he stood up for himself; it was so hot, especially when he did that way. He grabbed my ass with both hands slamming my crotch against his. I shuddered and gripped his shoulders.

"And I have the whole weekend for that" I rolled my eyes to the back of my head "are we clear?"

I didn't move, just nodded. He let go of me and walked towards his blue bag. I was still there, mouth open, eyes wide, body burning.

"Here you go... Samantha" Mrs. Benson handed Freddie the black bag and turned to look at me "are you okay?" I saw Freddie's smug smirk from the corner of my eye.

"Sure Mrs. B. just fine" I forced a smile "We should get going Freddie"

"Okay... bye mom, bye Gun Smoke" he waved goodbye at them.

"Bye honey! Be careful!" Mrs. Benson sobbed.

"Yeah boy... be careful" Gun Smoke gave Freddie the exact same advice as Mrs. Benson, but something in his tone was different... weird.

Brad's POV

I was putting Carly's bags on the trunk of Freddie's car, while Gibby and Tasha took off to get Wendy. Sam and Freddie were upstairs, apparently, Sam needed a last minute extra large ham sandwich, but was too lazy to make, so she made Freddie do it for her.

"Hey there luggage boy!" Carly poked my ribs.

"Hey Carls" I put the last luggage inside the car.

"I can't believe they let you do it alone... Where is Freddie and Gibby?" she asked me checking herself on the review mirror.

She looked so pretty, with that brunette hair and those cheekbones... wait... what?

"Yeah... Gibby went to pick Wendy and Freddie is making Sam a ham sandwich" I explained.

"Oh..." she fixed her black and smooth hair and...

"Hey Carls..." a brunette tall guy passed by me and smiled at Carly.

"Griffin" she put her hands on her hips "hey"

Freddie's POV

"So...? Is that good enough for ya Princess?"

"Mmmmmmm" Sam moans were music to my ears "its perfect Benson"

"Good... because I can do it whenever you want"

"Mmmmmmm..." she moaned again "I'm going to... very soon!" she took the last bite from her ham sandwich and moaned again.

"What do I get? Don't I deserve something?" I smirked.

"Oh yeah... I'll let you feel me up as soon as you make me another one for the trip! With extra-extra ham!" I love this girl's mind!

"Okey dokey!" I hurried up and made her another sandwich "here, here!" I gave her the sandwich packed and ready to go.

"Thanks Benson!" she jumped off the bench stopping right in front of me "go ahead, take your prize!" she arched her backs pushing her chest forward.

"Okay..." my hands were a little shaky "okay..."

"Just do it!" she grabbed my hands and put on her breasts.

"Oh.... My..." I tried not to bend my knees and stick my head into her cleavage.

"Better than ham..." she whispered.

I squeezed her a little more, massaging her breasts, feeling her up, before she moaned loud and removed my hands from her boobs. She looked around a little bit, then she pushed me towards the kitchen. I thought she only wanted another sandwich, but she sat on the counter and pulled me close. She opened her legs and pulled me even closer so my lower stomach was touching her core.

"Good Lord Sam... we don't have time!"

"Ten minutes" she whined before kissing me hardy on the lips forcing her tongue in.

I gripped her thigh with one hand squeezed her boob with the other. Man, Oh man! This weekend is going to be fabulous! Amazing! Perfect! Sam started to run her fingers thru my hair, while her other hand slid inside my shirt to softly claw my backs. The blond haired hurricane wrapped her legs around me and I growled. Damn it! I was going to get a boner! She gripped my hair with her two hands and rubbed herself against me. I loved when she did that. I gripped her ass and carried her to the sofa. I sat down with her on top of me. If someone showed up... we were screwed! Screwed... screw... I remembered that little black box inside my bag.

Sam moaned and rocked her hips against mine. I wondered when we would finally do that naked. Bad thought... bad, bad Freddie!

"Mmmmmmm" she groaned loud when I squeezed her breasts inside her dress.

She sat further into me, feeling my now growing erection. Smirking, Sam started to make circular moves on top of my thing and kissed me. My shorts were three sizes smaller now. I broke the kiss and threw my head back. My eyes were closed and my hands kept massaging her breasts with a frantic pace, while she kissed my neck. I was aware that the only thing separating me from her warm core was the blue bikini. I thought about removing it... should I? Will she slap me? Is that too much...? Don't care I'm doing it! I was almost there when my pear phone started to ring.

"Shit Benson! Don't answer it!" she yelled before kissing my neck.

"Oh... I have to... and we have... to go... yeah... trip... go... to trip..." I was trying to get logical, but she was nipping my earlobe.

"Fine" she punched my arm, got off the couch and looked at me annoyed "answer it"

"Oh... yeah..." I looked at the display before answering "Gibby... what's up?" I tried not to sound annoyed "Okay... we're going. Bye. He says we have to go now"

"Sure, sure" she grabbed my hand, her sandwich, and we left.

Brad's POV

"Hey... you look great" he seemed not to notice me so I cleared my throat "Oh... is this your boyfriend?"

"What? No! This is Brad... our intern, for iCarly" she patted my shoulder.

"So where you're going?" he asked.

"No place there is any of your business" Spencer suddenly appeared behind me.

"Hey Spencer" he smiled.

"Don't *hey Spencer* me" he took a step forward but Carly stopped him.

"Upstairs!" she told Spencer "NOW" he whined, but left "We're leaving!" she announced "where are Sam and Freddie?"

"Here, here *Shay*" Sam greeted Carly with a ham sandwich in her hand.

"And ready to go!" Freddie smiled widely.

"Nub... this sandwich is supreme!" Sam took a bite.

"Well thank you Sam. Shall we?" he answered opening the door for her.

"Oh... shotgun!" she passed by Freddie and got into the car.

"Let's go people!" Freddie got into the car as well.

"What's up with them?" Griffin asked.

"What do you mean?" Carly freaked out a little bit.

"They are not fighting..." he pointed at Sam and Freddie laughing inside the vehicle.

"Oh... it's a truce... because of the trip. We gotta go. See ya!" Carly grabbed my hand and shoved me into the car.

As we left, I looked back to see if that Griffin guy was still there. I have a bad feeling about this dude. I don't like him. I get the same vibe I do when Patrice is around. I don't like them.

Sam's POV

"Finally!" I yelled jumping off the car.

"Sam, we've been driving for fifteen minutes" Freddie told me.

"Ah! I need to pee!" I grabbed Carly's hand "Let's go to the bathroom *Shay*"

I dragged Carly to the bathroom with me. Gas stations bathroom weren't the best place in the world, but I really needed to pee before we hit the road again. This one was actually clean, but you can't ever trust them. Ever! I rushed into the bathroom and Carly kept checking her makeup. Why would you need makeup to go to the beach?

"So...? You didn't tell me where Freddie took you yesterday" she yelled.

"Oh... right" I used my two hands to grip the walls not to touch the vase "to heaven"

"EW...! But did you guys do it? How was it?" she sounded curious and eager.

"Dude! That's all you think about?" I finished peeing, cleaned myself and left the booth.

"No!" she complained "but you said heaven... so I thought..."

"Never mind. He took me to the meat and sauce festival" I washed my hands.

"Oh... how cute" she squealed.

"But we made out after... it was awesome!"

"How was it? Tell me, tell me, tell me!" she clapped and jumped.

"Okay... we're at this abandoned parking lot..."

"The one you used to bury Melanie's dolls?" she took a step forward.

"Yep! And we're inside his car..."

"Back seat?" her eyes went wide.

"Yep!"

"Did you guys went to second base?" second base? Dude what we do is beyond the third base and close to homerun!

"Yeah... and beyond" I shook my fingers in front of her shocked face "we didn't... we didn't have sex or anything, we just made out... and it was... oh... my... god"

"Oh my! So? Is he a good kisser? Well... I've kissed him before, but I don't know, did he change?" she asked me eagerly.

Her smile faded when I raised my eyebrow at her. Bitch... he is *MY man!* *My man!* Got it?

"Hey I'm asking out of curiosity! No need to get feisty!" she raised her hands to the air, gesturing for peace.

"Yeah, yeah... anyway... he is a great kisser, I gotta admit. And he is also great with his hands... he know just when and where-" I heard a knock on the door.

"Girls? Are you done?" Freddie asked.

"Yeah, we're good" I yelled "let's go... I'll tell you more later" I grabbed Carly's hand and walked out of the bathroom.

The boys were standing close to the car. Freddie was filling the tank and Brad was talking to him about something.

"Hey there nubs" I patted Brad's shoulder.

"Hey Sam" he laughed.

"We're all set" Freddie walked over me, removed my arm from Brad's shoulder and wrapped his arm around me. Jealous huh? Good to know... I was still amazed by his possessive action when he turned to face me. I love when he had that look on his eyes that said "you're mine." It made me feel so... turned on... and especial at the same time.

"So?" Brad had to shake his hand in front of us to get our attention "Freddie... do you want me to drive so you guys can cuddle?" he chuckled.

"YES!" Carly screamed "he wants!" she yanked the keys out of Freddie's hand and gave it to Brad "and I call shotgun!" she rushed and got into the car.

"Okay..." Brad shrugged confused and got into the car.

"Hear that? Carly is the honorary Seddie shipper" Freddie poked my ribs.

"Yeah... she is..." I chuckled.

"Let's cuddle Princess" he kissed my cheek and dragged me to the car.

## \*Chapter 32\*: iBeach Part III

**A/N:** Hey guys, thanks for all your reviews, I'll be quick today. I'm so excited because the new iLMM promo! Sam says she likes Freddie! But I didn't update before because mourning, one of my favorite singers died, R.I.P. Amy Winehouse. Anyway, enjoy the new chapter, and BTW check out *iLeft For Love*, it's my PIC BUDDY'S fic and it's awesome!

Bye!

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Sam's POV

We arrived at Wendy's granddad's house. It was huge! The boys carried the luggage inside the house. Man... that place looked like a hotel! I could see the beach from the porch. The decoration reminded me of one of those old houses from vampire movies, like Dracula and such. I could hear the sound of waves crashing, the birds singing... or whatever they do, and if it's possible, of the wind. This is not like anywhere I've ever been before.

"So, there is room enough for everyone, so no one need to share" she looked at Gibby and Tasha, I looked at Freddie, who looked at me.

Not that I was planning on have sex with him this weekend, or any time soon, but a hot make out session during the night seemed like a good idea to me. The truth was, since that 'thing' on the kitchen, I couldn't wait to put my hands on him. Hell, since yesterday at the parking lot, I can't wait to put my hands on him. Being together... alone, was all I wanted. He wanted it too, I knew it. His eyes were full of lust and desire for me. I bet that when Wendy told nobody could share a room, he had the same dirty thought I did. And I don't blame him; things are getting pretty hot between us. BUT is not going anywhere yet! At least not now. He is not my boyfriend, and even if he was, we're not together long enough to go there. However, I don't trust myself one bit. I may change my mind and fuck his brains out when I have the chance, but this is not how I want our first time to be. Not that I've imagined something romantic, involving flowers and candles, but I don't want our first time to be a lust fuck either.

"Okay, the rooms are upstairs. The master suite is mine of course, and the rest of you can choose the rooms" Wendy announced before heading upstairs.

Everybody ran to find the best room. It was a war, but I ended up getting the room with the big balcony and the better view. Freddie had to knock Brad down to get the room in front of mine. He wanted to be close... oh lord; he was a door away from me... so tempting. Carly got the room next to mine and Brad was right next to Freddie. Gibby and Tasha found their rooms, but I actually don't give a damn where they're sleeping. The only person I care about is sleeping right in front of me. Sorry Carls can't make out with ya. I tossed my bag on the floor and ran towards the bed. I jumped to test its resistance... not that I usually do this... because that's childish.

"Hey Puckett, having fun?" I saw Freddie leaning against my door, smirking.

"Oh..." he saw me, jumping on a bed... I might as well turn this situation to my favor "I was testing... the resistance" I gave him my sexiest smile.

"Oh..." he choked a little bit, before smirking again "I have a better idea of how you might test it" backfire... he was in control now.

"And how?" I raised my eyebrow, trying to act cool.

He closed the door behind him and approached me.

"Like this" he grabbed my ankles spreading my legs and jumping on top of me. Oh Lord!

I thought of all the sexual kinky stuff he would do to me, and my body tingled longing for his touch, but instead he did something I wasn't expecting; he tickled me. He stuck his head into my curls and tickled me with the tips of his fingers. I shifted violently under him, trying to release myself from his touch. An unconscious laugh escaped my lips while he kept squeezing my hips on a playful way.

"Stop... Freddie... no... ah.... Please... ah..." I stuttered between my giggles.

"Oh... Samantha Puckett asking please to me?" he faked a shocked expression and proceeded to tickle me wherever he could touch "that's new ladies and gentlemen!"

"No... ah!" I laughed loud trying to release my body, and failing once again "can't breathe... Freddie... can't breathe!" he laughed and finally let go of me.

"Sorry" he kissed the tip of my nose.

"I would... should kill you... but I'm too tired" I was trying to regain my breath when he rolled off me.

"Sorry" he didn't sound sorry at all "Princess Puckett"

He laughed and kissed my neck gently. That little action made my body wake up from its fatigue and react to his touch.

"Come here dork" I grabbed his arm pulling him on top of me.

"As you wish Princess" he bit my chin slowly, making his way to my neck, licking me in the process.

I arched my back and opened my legs. That boy was going to make me lose my mind... wait he already did. Freddie lay between my legs and shuddered. The contact of his hips with mine always felt so heavenly good. I wrapped my legs around his waist and lifted my hips a little bit to meet his. He immediately thrust against me

"OH!" he screamed.

"Oh God..." I lifted my hips again meeting his thrust.

We moved together, synchronizing our thrusts, causing us to moan at the same time. Freddie started to squeeze my boobs and I sneak my hand inside his shirt clawing his back.

"Yeah..." I grabbed both sides of his face and kissed him with full force.

"Guys? Are you in there?" Wendy's voice ruined my moment! DAMN IT!

Freddie panicked. He got off of me and went straight to the floor. I heard the sound of his body hitting the ground and rolled my eyes. He regained his composure quickly and sat down fixing his hair.

"I'm okay" he announced.

"Just stay there" I told him and went to open the door "hey Guys!"

"Hey... Freddie?" Wendy looked at the dork who was sitting on the floor close to the bed "are you okay?"

"Yep" he was quick.

"What you guys were doing?" she asked suspiciously.

"Fighting. I bet!" Carly said right behind her "it's all they do!" she smiled nervously.

"Yeah..." I followed her lead "I was giving the nub a headlock!" I crossed my arms looking all cocky.

"Okay..." she looked at him then back at me "we're going to the beach, are you guys coming?"

"Yep... let's go!" I walked away not waiting for Freddie.

The beach wasn't crowded, I thanked God for it. I hate crowds, too many people rubbing against each other almost naked is not my idea of fun. The only person I want to rub myself against is Frednerd Benson. And there is also the perverts, when the beach is too crowded; people fail to notice the creepy pervert guys drooling shamelessly over girls and women in general. I was, once again, thankful for the lack of people in the shore. A few couples were sitting a few miles away from Wendy's house and a few kids played around their parents a good distance from us as well. We ran to beach together. Me, Carly, Tasha and Wendy rushed out the door, while the boys carried the things outside. A few seconds later, we're all set in sand and the boys decided it was too hot and took their shirts off.

I analyzed each one. Gibby was... well Gibby, there is really not much I can say. Brad on the other hand was a bit skinny, and pale, but cute. He threw his green shirt on the floor next to Carly, who smiled at him and grabbed his shirt, safely putting close to her bag. He smiled back at her, and continued to do so, when she turned her head to the side to talk to Wendy. Suspicious. New couple alert? Maybe... the thought wasn't so bad; Carly deserved a good boyfriend too after what happened with Stephen. Besides... BARLY would make a cute couple. BARLY... well, we have SEDDIE, so BARLY doesn't sound so bad after all.

My thoughts about Carly's love life suddenly vanished when, the hottest techy nub in the face of earth, also known as Fredward Karl Benson, took his white shirt off, tossing it on the floor next to me. His body was the most attractive of all three. He was tanned and muscled. His abs were flawless. He flexed his biceps when he took his shirt off and I drooled, BUT I was allowed to drool... as for Carly, Wendy and Tasha... well, not so much. I glared at Carly who smiled nervously and looked away. I did the same with Tasha, who got scared and hid behind Gibby. Wendy was the one who didn't get my hint. Her eyes were locked on Freddie's perfect body and she failed to acknowledge my anger.

"So dork... carry me to the water" I stood up getting rid of my beach dress tossing it on the ground.

Freddie's eyes darted over my curves and I felt satisfied to know I was the only one he had eyes for. The lust playing in the corner of his brown eyes made me proud of myself. I wasn't so bad after all. Puberty was kind to me, and although I haven't grown (in height) that much, the rest changed a lot. I once was a scrawny little tomboy, and now I'm much better. My breasts grew enough to fill a bra, they were bigger than Carly's and that was something to be proud of. Also, unlike her, I had curves, too many curves. And I knew the nerd standing across from me liked it too. My stomach was flat, even though I eat for three; somehow I managed to stay skinny. My rear wasn't something I could complain about either; it was bigger than the average, but not too big. Long story short, I was okay.

But Freddie's eyes made me feel like I was more than just *okay*, to his eyes, I was *hot*. He licked his lips, and I knew was time to go. I always felt flattered when he looked at me like that. We weren't lust all the time, it wasn't just the physical attraction that we shared, it was much more. Sometimes, he looked at me in a way that made the butterflies inside my stomach dance and my heart skip a beat. His chocolate brown eyes had an effect on me that I couldn't explain.

"Yo turn around nerd" Freddie smiled and turned around.

I hopped on his back and felt his, soft yet firm, skin against me. It sent shivers down my spine. I heard him moaning low and adjusting my weight, to make me comfortable. Freddie grabbed my thighs and I wrapped my arms around his neck. He carried me to the water, and when we were far from everybody I bit his earlobe. He cursed me in a whisper and I chuckled. We entered the water together, he didn't let go of me, nor did I want him to.

"This sucks" he complained.

"What sucks?" I licked his ear.

"Mmm... this... being so close and not being able to touch you. I hate Wendy!" he complained again.

"Me too nerd, me too" I continued my work biting and licking his ear.

We had our backs turned to the sand so no one could see what we were doing. I could feel Freddie moving uncomfortably close to me, he was longing for contact just like me; we needed more but with Wendy around it was impossible. If she saw us, she would tell the whole school, and by Monday even the population of Canada would know about us. We were trying to take things slow, having random people opinioning on our relationship wasn't on our plans. And neither the seddie/creddie fans. Those were the ones we were hiding from. Especially the creddiers. I felt the grip he had on my thighs tightening while I licked behind his ear.

"Let's go inside" he growled.

"But we're having so much fun here" I teased him.

"Puckett... don't tease me..." he glared me over his shoulder.

"What if I do?" I bit his earlobe harder this time.

"Sam..." he moaned.

I loved when he moaned my name, it made me feel powerful. I'm already powerful, I'm Sam Puckett, but something about the lustful way my name escaped his lips in a moment of pleasure made me feel dominant and sexy. It was like I owned him; his was mine to do whatever I wanted to. And I wanted a lot of things. He was on the palm of my hands. The poor dork was doomed.

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Wendy's POV

Freddie Benson... who knew? He was definitely hot! Really... really hot! But I'm not into him or anything; actually I'm a hardcore Seddie shipper. Yep. Seddie for the win! Talking about Seddie... Sam and Freddie are acting weird around each other. And they were awfully quiet inside the water. God I hope they're dating or something! Maybe they are going out secretly, or maybe I'm the only one here who doesn't know that. By the looks Carly and Brad were giving them, I could tell there was something going on between them. I know Carly, and every time she's fangirling in secret she bites her lip, like she is using all her strength to hold back, and has this half smirk on her face. I knew she was a Seddie shipper too. I feel so left off, I mean, as the biggest Seddie shipper, I just think it's unfair to be the last to know... but wait they didn't even tell me! I'm sad. I have to do something to get them to confess...

I stood up and walked towards those traitors! Carly stood up too and nervously followed me.

"Hey Wendy... where are you going?" she asked me.

"To the water. It is really hot, I'm joining Sam and Freddie" I told her, smirking.

"Oh... okay..." she started to follow me and I stopped "I'm joining you" Carly smiled.

I turned my back to her and she was calling Brad to join us. I couldn't understand why they didn't tell me, it's not like I was going to tell everyone. They don't give me enough credit.

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Carly's POV

Damn it! Why they have to turn their backs at me? I'm trying to be a good friend and warn them. Wendy is going to catch them doing whatever the hell they're doing. Ew... I'm pretty sure it's something nasty that they don't want us to see. I totally agree with them, they really should keep this on secret for a little bit, at least until they figure everything out. I motioned to Brad to come with us and let Wendy go, while we stayed behind.

"Do something or else she will catch them" I whispered to him.

Brad shrugged and gave me one of those 'what should I do?' looks.

"Just... I don't know, scream or something" I pushed him towards the water.

"Fine" he ran, passed Wendy and jumped into the water, Freddie threw Sam in the water and jumped scared. She got up, smacked his forehead and stormed out. He groaned and rubbed his forehead. I saw Wendy stopping, putting her hands on her hips, then turning to look at me. I just shrugged, giving her my most innocent look. Wow... that was close.

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Freddie's POV

"What the hell man?" I glared at Brad.

"Sorry, but Wendy was coming and Carly told me to warn you" He pushed his soaked hair back.

"Oh... thanks" I looked around trying to find Sam. She was already out of the water walking towards the girls.

"What you're guys were doing?" Brad asked me smirking like he knew my deepest and darkest secrets.

"Oh... nothing" my cheeks flushed.

"Okay... nothing" he chuckled.

"Oh shut it!" I laughed and walked away from him.

I walked towards the girls standing under a big yellow umbrella. Carly was helping Tasha with her bikini straps, Wendy was drinking a can of wahoo punch and Sam was glaring at me. It wasn't my fault I dropped her on the water, Brad scared me! I thought of ways to make her forgive me. Usually a simple "I'm sorry" would smooth any girl, but this is Sam we're talking about, nothing is simple about her. I love her complication, her mood swings, and her viciousness; it gives chills down my spine. I smirked at her and her glare turned into a lustful look. She was checking me out... good. I allowed my eyes to roam to her body, the perfect curves, the perfect breasts, the perfect legs... man she had nice legs... who am I kidding? Nice is not even close, they're amazing. Even her tiny feet were perfect. I had to fight the urge to grab her ankles, there and then, spread her legs as far as they could go, and do something dirty. Suddenly a big potato blocked my view.

"Hey Freddie. Let's play football!" Gibby eagerly threw the ball at me.

"Sure... why not?"

We were three, that wasn't enough to complete a team; we needed at least one more person. I looked around trying to find someone else we could play with. A few miles away from us were some couples, but they were too far. Kids were out of question, I didn't want any parents on my back if Gibby crush one of their kids.

"Sam" Brad pointed at the blond headed demon who seemed bored with the girl's conversation "she sure can beat the crap out of us... I think she can play football" he suggested.

"I don't know man..." I had my doubts.

Of course Sam was different from the other girls, and she could win with her eyes closed, but I don't know. Now that we're 'together' I have this protective instinct towards her, not that she needs me to protect her, but still, I have the urge to do it. I don't want her to get hurt or anything. Not that she couldn't take Brad and Gibby, and maybe even me. In the end, I thought it wouldn't be that bad after all.

"Okay" I walked towards her "Hey Sam"

"Sup nerd?" she was drinking wahoo punch.

"We need one more person to team up. Wanna play football?" she looked at me for one second, her eyes roamed around my figure.

"What kind of football?"

"English football, you know... with the round ball" I showed her the ball.

"Sure. Let's do it" she grabbed the ball out of hands and walked away from me.

I followed her, my eyes never left her ass. Puberty was really good to her. Of all girls, she was the one who was gifted with a perfect body. She wasn't tall, but she sure was hot. Unlike Carly, Wendy and even Tasha, Sam had impressive curves. I

had to snap out of my daydream when Brad waved in front of my face.

"Dude... wake up!" he snapped his fingers.

"Sorry" I saw Sam chuckling a few feet away from Gibby.

"So... let's team up. I'll pick-" Sam threw the ball at me.

"Nope! Me first. I pick Gibby. Potato, you'll be the goalkeeper" she motioned for him to take his position.

Brad looked at me and I could tell he was a little bit scared. He wasn't used to Sam's viciousness like me.

"Fine... Brad... you'll can be the goalkeeper" he sighed in relief and took his position "this is between you and me Puckett"

"You're going down nerd" she smirked.

"We'll see about that" I put the ball in the center "Carly... say when"

"Fine... 5, 4, 3, 2... go!" Carly yelled.

The moment I heard "go" Sam was already taking the ball out of my sight and running towards Brad. I saw my teammate shudder. Poor Brad. I had to run to catch up with her. With one single kick I took the ball away from her and ran towards Gibby. Sam can beat me in many things, but this is football my friend, there is no way I'm losing this time. Gibby opened his arms and legs trying to protect what should be goalpost. I saw Sam running after me and speeded up my pace. I spotted a corner between Gibby's left leg the sandal he used to mark the goalpost. She grabbed my shoulders and tried to steal the ball away from me, but before she could, I kicked. Gibby threw himself at the ground, to the right, I kicked to the left and watched my first goal.

"Ha ha! In your face Puckett!" I celebrated.

"Ha ha Benson... don't get too happy just yet" she shrugged "Gibby! Pay attention you potato!"

I walked over Brad and gave him a high five. We continued playing, the girls cheering under the umbrella, Sam yelling at Gibby and every five minutes and me and Brad chuckling. I was winning by three points when she made her first goal. She scared Brad and he closed his eyes, so the ball passed by him. Fifteen minutes later, the game was tight, 5x4. I was winning, but Sam was close. Losing to her in football would be the ultimate humiliation for me, so I decided to forget my gentleman side. I'm in it to win it. Of course I had no intention to hurt her, but I started to play pretending my opponent was a guy, not the girl I have feelings for. I stole the ball from her when she was ready to kick; she got very annoyed and started to follow me. I started to play with ball, kicking it in between her legs and getting the ball back, Sam started to get angry and I laughed. I was teasing her to a point that her face turned red. I made my sixth goal and she growled behind me. Two goals later, Sam was very upset, she ran towards me, and when I was ready to kick, she kicked at the same time. We kicked each other. I felt no pain, but Sam fell to the ground.

"Sam? Are you okay? I'm sorry!" I panicked.

"It's okay" she rubbed her foot.

Everybody ran towards us and I kneeled taking her foot in my hands. I massaged it with my thumb and she frowned in pain.

"Are you okay?" Carly stroked her hair.

"Yeah... I need some ice" she tried to stand up but failed.

"Here, let me carry you" I took her in my arms, bridal style, and walked inside the house.

Wendy started to follow us, but Carly stopped her. Soon we were alone in the kitchen. I grabbed a bag of ice and put over her foot. I felt like an idiot, I guess she noticed, because she poked my arm, making me look at her.

"Take me upstairs dweeb. I wanna wash my feet" she opened her arms waiting for me to carry her.

"Sure" I gave her the bag of ice and took her in my arms.

I helped her get into the shower and wash her feet and shins. I would get turned on if I wasn't feeling like a jerk. She was hurt and it was my fault. I made her sit on the toilet and grabbed a towel to dry her wet legs. I swallowed hard when she moaned. The last thing I should be thinking about now was her small blue bikini, but I couldn't help it, she was so hot. Sam held on to my shoulder and leaned to kiss me. We kissed for a while before I pulled away. I was feeling bad about this whole situation, until she opened her mouth.

"Take me to bed nerd" and then... I wasn't anymore.

"Sam..." I wanted to say *don't say that please* but she glared me so I did what she asked.

I carried her and carefully placed her on her bed. I was pulling away when she grabbed my arm and kissed me again.

"Massage me internet boy" she pointed at her foot.

"Yes Princess" I grabbed her foot carefully and started to rub.

Sam threw her head back, giving me goosebumps. I started to carefully rub her soft foot. Her feet were so small and delicate; the skin was smooth and warm. If my mom saw this she would say *this is not sanitary* Freddie or faint. I used my other hand to caress her shin and she groaned. This girl is going to kill me. She is so sexy... she is lying on a huge bed, wearing a tiny bikini, that allows me to see parts of her I never saw before.

"Up..." she panted.

I caressed her shin and underneath her knee. The response I got was the sexiest thing I've ever saw, she arched her backs away from the bed and gripped the sheets. Who knew that one day I would be the one making Sam Puckett horny? I sure didn't!

"Up..." she moaned.

My hand slid thru her thigh and my other hand massaged her foot. I planted a small kiss on her foot, then licked her shin, and underneath her knee. She moaned louder this time, writhing and tightening her grip on the sheets. The moans that escaped her mouth, when I nibbled her thigh, echoed around the room and inside my head. I nibbled my way up to her blue bikini hearing her cries get louder. Caveman Freddie took over me and I kissed over the fabric, of that tempting thing, she called a bikini. I growled loud, when she bucked against my mouth. How long could I take this sweet torture? I licked over the waistband of her bikini and she grabbed a fistful of my hair. The lord knows, I had no idea what I was doing, they don't teach you that in health class. But I was doing it anyway. I couldn't help but feel like a blind walking thru fire, so I licked her stomach, giving an especial treatment to her belly button. I nibbled around that perfect placed belly button and licked the center. Sam writhed underneath me panting out loud. This girl will be the death of me.

My dick was made of iron now, I couldn't take anymore of this, I need something or else I would have a convulsion. Not mentioning the swim trunks cutting my circulation. I opened the button of my swim trunks and felt relieved. Continuing my way up, I tasted her salty skin, bit her ribs and finally reached my favorite spot... her breasts. I squeezed them before licking the spots where the bikini weren't covering.

"Freddie... ah..." she wrapped her legs around my waist.

I love making out with Sam, but I was getting tired of all that dry humping we always did. Just for today, I needed more, much more. I slipped my tongue inside her bikini feeling her hard nipple.

"What are you...? Ah!" she moaned when I licked her nipple again.

She was very sensitive there; I liked feeling powerful, like I was in command. I'm the boss! I'm the man! I'm the... holy fuck... she just grabbed my dick in her hand. Any rational thought I had left vanished from my head when Sam's small hand slipped inside my swim trunks and grabbed my manhood. This girl will be the death of me; this girl is going to be the death of me; this girl is going to be the death of me...

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#### Sam's POV

Holy shit! He was so... thick. I allowed my hands to feel the rest of him while he moaned on top of me. I slid my hand down to reach his tip, but I never got there... it was a never ending cock. I gasped. How long can he be? I haven't had any experience with dicks before, because movies or pictures don't count, but that thing scared the hell out of me. I wasn't seeing it, but I was feeling it... and man... it was... big. And thick... how the hell Freddie Benson...? I don't even know what to think. So, the dork was well-endowed... I never picture that. He always had a nice tent when we made out, but this is entirely different.

What should I do now? I mean, I'm touching his thing... I better find a name to it... I'm not going to call it dick, or cock all the time... let me see... Freddie... nerd... technology... space... galaxy... ROCKET! I'm going to call it... ROCKET! So... now that I'm touching his *Rocket*, what should I do? I started to stroke it very gently, tentatively, cause God knows I have no idea what to do, and he moaned.

"Am I doing this right?" I dared to ask.

"Oh... yeah..." his voice was husky and low.

His rocket started to throb on my hand, which must be a good sing. I kept stroking it, but I wanted to try something, so I gripped it tightly and Freddie shuddered letting out an animalistic growl.

"Oh... shit!" he stuck his head into my curls "Sam... this is... so good... fuck!" he cursed louder.

"How good?" I'm on command now Benson!

"Too good... Jesus!" I felt completely satisfied knowing that I was the boss now.

He kissed my neck, my jaw, then my mouth. The dorkwad nibbled my bottom lip and licked my teeth, making me quick my pace on his manhood. He let out another animalistic growl and caressed my lips with his thumb. I bit the tip of his finger, and he put it into my mouth. His thumb was salty, because of the ocean water, but it tasted good. I licked his finger imagining it was his rocket. My tongue made circular moves around his finger, and I bit it before releasing it.

"Sam... my God..." he groaned against my mouth.

With one hand, I grabbed the back of his head and kissed him, doing something I knew he liked; I sucked his tongue and bit the tip. He winced and got even harder. Is that even possible?

"I... think... I'm going... to... God..." he screamed.

I used my thumb to make circular moves on the tip of his rocket, then gripped the thing in my hand again stroking it urgently. His rocket started to throb again and I felt he was close to the edge, but I didn't care, I wanted him to explode.

"You better stop... I'm gonna..." he gasped against my chin.

"Come?" my voice came out sexier than I planned.

"Oh!" that was the last straw for him.

He buried his head on the crook of my neck, and soon I felt his warm release falling on my lower stomach. I should be disgusted, but something about giving him pleasure, felt delicious. After a few seconds he rolled off me breathing heavy. I stood up and went to the bathroom to clean myself. When I got back into the room, his swim trunks were buttoned again, but he was lying on his back, still trying to catch his breath. The sight of his pleasure reminded me I wasn't satisfied yet. I lay beside him and he turned to look at me. His eyes were filled with happiness and he seemed light, carefree, and relaxed.

"Your turn" before I could say or think anything, he was already on top of me.

Good lord... my turn... what does that mean?

## \*Chapter 33\*: iWant It Now

Sam's POV

My turn? Gosh... what does that mean? I mean, I know what it means... but honestly... what does that mean? Freddie got on top of me and started to kiss my neck. I could feel his left hand on my breast, squeezing it with no mercy. I stood still for a moment, trying to figure out what to do, which is stupid since we've made out before. We went to third base before, but every time we reached our peaks we were together. Now it was only me. He was going to satisfy my needs, which means I would feel pleasure while he watched. When I had my hand on his... rocket, I couldn't see him entirely, because most of the time he had his face hidden from me, on my neck or breasts. Now the dorkhead would be watching me get some.

"My turn...?" I whispered before he kissed me.

"Yeah... what do you want me to do Princess?" he whispered into my ear.

"I-I don't... k-know" I honestly didn't.

"I can do this..." his hand traveled down my stomach, until he reached my core caressing me thru the fabric of my bikini.

A soft moan escaped my lips when he pressed his fingers over my bikini right above my clit. I dig my nails into his bicep, the one next to my head.

"Or this..." Freddie kissed the valley of my breasts, my ribs and my stomach, licked my belly button and finally kissed my covered center.

My backs arched away from the bed as I gripped the sheets tightly. The warm feeling coming from my core was clouding my mind; the dipwad gripped the back of my knees and opened my legs as far as they could go. Freddie started to kiss and lick my thighs, nibbling his way up and down. Beats me where the dork learned all that stuff. He touched me with so much hungry and experience, which made me question his virginity. Was Freddie Benson already a man? Did he have sex with somebody? Who? Was it Carly? The possibility made my heart ache. I pulled Freddie's head up, so he could look at me.

"Nub?"

"Yeah?" he licked my stomach, kissed my breasts and then my mouth.

"Can I ask you something?" I didn't want to feel vulnerable and weak, but curiosity took over me. He nodded and I proceeded "Where did you learn all that... that you're doing? Have you ever...? you know..."

He frowned, and then let out a loud and happy laugh. Freddie traced his index finger from my forehead to the tip of nose.

"No Sam... I never did... the nasty" he planted a soft kiss on my lips and chuckled "and I don't know what I'm doing... I'm just stalling"

"Seems to me you know what you're doing damn well"

"Well, I'm a fast learner. I do it instinctively once, pay attention to whether or not you like what I do, then I repeat my actions. Long story short, I'm studying your body" he kissed my chin.

That should sound really nubish and sappy, but it actually sounded pretty sexy. He wanted to learn me, he wanted to know what I liked so he could satisfy my needs. Nobody ever took the time to learn about me. Nobody ever bothered to know what I liked or when I liked it. I guess the nub is a keeper after all. And as far as I'm concern... he is doing it pretty well. He is a good student.

"Oh... that's pretty lame Benson" I lied to keep my rep.

"Call it what you want, but when we're making out you seem pretty thrilled about it" he chuckled and I slapped his shoulder "So? What about you? Have you ever-"

"No" I cut him off "I have never. And that's one of the few things I'm not ashamed of" he gave me a confused look "I don't want to be like my mother and brag about every guy that she have ever been with. And only God knows how many. It's not like I'm saving myself for a special guy, it's just... I don't feel the need to sleep with a lot of guys to feel good about myself. I don't feel the need to have sex just to raise my self-esteem. I'm Sam Puckett for fuck's sake! I'm a B.A.M.F."

Freddie smiled at me, and then kissed me passionately. I felt his crotch touching my core, and even though he wasn't hard, I still felt horny. Something about the way he moved his hips while kissing me was extremely exciting. Maybe my words had a good effect on him. But they weren't entirely truth. I didn't lie when I told him I never did it, that much was truth. And it was truth that I didn't need to whore around to feel good about myself, I would never do that. But the part where I told him I wasn't saving myself for someone special wasn't truth. I'm not sappy and romantic, but if I'm going down that road, I want it to be with someone who deserves me. I wouldn't waste that with some random jerk. I'm too good to be wasted. I'm Sam Puckett, not some random bitch. And besides... the only guy who I ever had true feelings for is right here, on my reach, willing to learn me.

I thought about it. Freddie frigging Benson was willing to learn me, so he could satisfy me. He was taking the time to actually do something for me. But then again, he always did stuff for me. The nub was really nice, painfully so. Sometimes I hate him for that; his good guy act annoyed me, most of the times. But he was genuinely kind, good hearted and sweet... which I don't dig but... whatever! Not mentioning hot. Maybe he is that someone special I should be waiting for, but I'm not... cause I'm Sam Puckett, and I don't do that. Maybe he was the one. Maybe he was worthy.

I pulled his head up and held him there for a while. I wanted to look at him, look into his chocolate brown eyes, I wanted to make sure this was the right thing to do. I was feeling his warmth, and it was very arousing, maybe it was only my desiring talking, but I felt ready. It was too soon, but I didn't care, I wanted this. I wanted him.

"I know what I want you to do" I whispered to him.

"What?" he brushed my bangs to the side.

"I want you to do me" his eyes popped right out of his head.

"What..? Wha-what?" he pulled away from me, still on top, but I couldn't feel his warmth anymore.

"You know... I want to... do the nasty. With you" I tried to pull him closer, but he pulled away from my arms sitting between my legs "don't you want me?"

"Trust me Sam... that's not the problem. It's just... are you sure? Don't you think that we're moving too fast? Isn't this early? I mean... I want our first time to be special, not something to regret when it's over or feel bad about it. I want it to be complete... to be perfect. I know, call me sappy, but this" he motioned between us "is too important for me, I don't wanna do something that will ruin it" I used my elbows to support my weight so I could look at him.

This was sweet... not that I like sweet AT ALL. He was sweet, and maybe right. Maybe he was right, maybe we were rushing things, but at the moment that didn't seem too important to me. I knew I couldn't ever regret doing the nasty with the nub; I'm in love with him after all. Sappy... ew... I'm being sappy... dang it!

"I know, but listen. I could never regret doing this with you... I know you can make this worth the ride" I poked him playfully "maybe it is just my desire talking, but right now... I want you... all of you" I watched his eyes roll to the back of his head "so? Don't you want me?"

"Are you kidding me? You're all I want Puckett"

"So? You think you can relaunch this rocket?"

"What?" he chuckled "you have a nickname for my penis too?"

"Eh well, I wouldn't be me if I didn't. You think you can..." I pointed at his rocket "you know... get all happy again?"

"You tell me" he crawled towards me and touched his crotch on my core "can you get me all happy again?"

"I can do something about it" I grabbed the back of his head and kissed him.

Freddie's hands went to my boobs, inside my bikini, rolling my nipples with his fingers. It felt like he was tuning a radio, but in a sexy way. I moved my hips to grind against his, he growled and smiled satisfied. My hands kept wandering around his body while he explored mine. I grabbed one of his hands and broke the kiss, inserting his middle finger inside my mouth. I licked and sucked it looking straight into his eyes. The lust was shinning inside his chocolate brown eyes while I let my tongue sweep every bit of his finger before releasing it with a devious smile.

"I want you so much" he moaned against my lips before kissing me passionately.

I could feel how much he wanted me, his desire was pressed against my center, grazing against me when he moved. He was almost fully erect, but I wanted him to be rock-hard, so I switched places, and started to make circular moves with my hips above his rocket. Freddie moaned and gripped my breasts so hard it caused me pain.

"God!" he screamed.

The dork threw his head back giving me full access to his neck. I kissed and licked over his Adam's apple while one of his hands gripped my ass. His rocket was probably made of iron now. Freddie grabbed my hips, in a very dominant kind of way, and switched places again. His hand travelled to my core while he kissed me. I felt him playing with my bikini before slipping his fingers in. His soft hand caressed my folds as I shuddered.

"Oh... my..." I arched my backs panting for more.

Freddie rubbed my clit applying pressure, making me spread my legs even more. I wanted him, inside of me; I couldn't help but feel that was where he belonged. He slipped one finger to reach my entrance.

"My God Sam... you're so wet... what got you like this?" he breathed.

"The size of your dick" damn it! I wasn't supposed to say it out loud. I never work right when he had his hands on me.

"Fuck..." he growled and pushed his finger inside of me.

"Freddie!" I gripped his hair "It feels... so good!"

He crooked his finger and applied pressure over my clit with his thumb, over and over again. The fact that I was soaked wet, made it easier for his finger to pump in and out of me deliciously. I kissed him passionately, I was so ready for this, I was so ready for him. His finger started to move quickly inside of me, but he wasn't hurting me, it was in fact, quite the opposite, he was pounding me frantically. This was heaven, it was much better than anything we've ever done before, heck this was better than anything I've ever experienced. He also kept rubbing my clit furiously.

"Oh shit... you're so tight... and wet... and warm... God I can't wait to have you!" he groaned loudly, louder than I ever heard him groaning before "I can't wait to fuck you, I want you so much, so, so much"

Those words drove me crazy. I felt my body tingling and tensing up, that was enough to give me an orgasm. That was so sexy, so frigging hot!

"Good God!" I heard his moans masked by my own screams of pleasure.

"God!" he pressed my clit with his thumb until I came "Freddie... my God!"

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Freddie's POV

She was so tight it made me want to scream, and I wasn't even penetrating her yet. My God... my cock started to throb at the sight of her having pleasure. I would give anything to feel her around me. Sam writhed underneath me, letting out a guttural groan, I felt her coming in my hand, and honestly, I never felt so aroused before. After removing my finger off her, I hoped she would give up this whole sex thing. Not that I'm not interested... which I'm... very much, but I was worried about her, maybe she was rushing into things, and I wanted her first time to be perfect.

I watched her body calm down as I lay beside her. Sam turned her head to look at me. Her eyes were sparkling and she had a lazy smile on her face. I used my clean hand to brush her bangs out of her sweaty forehead.

"You're so beautiful" I rubbed my thumb on her cheek making circular motions.

"I know" she let out a lazy chuckle "this was very... nice and all... but... I want you inside of me dork" I felt my cock throbbing with desire for her.

"Sam... are you sure?" I had to ask.

"Yes. Now more than ever!" she straddled me and licked over my lips.

This girl is going to kill me. She's going to destroy me. I felt her hand grab my dick thru the fabric of my swimming trunks. Sam stroked it before biting my neck, I growled. Grabbing her breasts, I moved to a sitting position with her on my lap. I took her hand off my dick and put both of them on my shoulders. If we're going to do this it, we better do it right. I wanted it to be perfect, not lust fuck. I caressed her cheeks and kissed her slowly. She deepened the kiss and wrapped her arms around my neck.

"I never wanted anyone like I want you" I told her.

Sam looked into my eyes, and for a brief second I thought I saw a glow in her eyes. It is gratifying to be the one who owns Sam Puckett's heart, to be the one able to make her feel this way. Taking my time, I made a mental record of her features. The blond headed demon's cheeks were flushed, she had love bites around her neck and breasts, and her hair was a mess, but her eyes were as clear as a sunny day sky. They looked at me with affection and certainty, for the first time in my life; they looked at me with love.

Love. I felt the crazy urge to tell her that I loved her. But do I? I kissed her once more. It was pure, innocent, loving kiss, much like the one we shared on my fire escape. We didn't use tongue, only our lips. After we pulled away I looked into her eyes, and my heart was filled with the certainty I found in her eyes just a few moments ago. I loved her. It was pure, unselfish kind of love that I've never experienced before. Although I felt this way, I chose not to tell her. I didn't want to scare her away, or worst, I didn't want her to think I was just saying this because we're about to have sex.

I saved this declaration of love to a better moment and just touched her forehead with mine.

"Are you really ready for this?" I didn't want to do this without making sure she wasn't rushing into anything.

"Stop asking that dork! You're starting to annoy me!" she chuckled, and I knew she wasn't being serious.

"Just checking" I kissed her again.

Sam deepened the kiss and started to move above me. God it felt so good, she used her hips to tease me, her hands to explore me and her tongue to taste me. My hands travelled around her body as well, mostly on her lower back and ass. I lost my fingers on her beautiful curls, and stick my head on her cleavage, to suck and lick her breasts. She was so perfect; I thought I was going to explode. Just the thought of having her was enough to make me wanna cum. She was mine, all mine. I could hear the sound of the ocean and the birds singing. The soft giggle from some kid in the beach, and the wind blowing the curtains. And most important, the sound of my heart, beating desperately.

"Ah Benson... do you have a condom?" Sam threw her head back.

"Let's not rush anything Sam, and yes I do" I sucked her neck gently while she dig her nails on my shoulder blades.

"Ah... mmmm... I want you inside... I want you now" she panted moving her hips against mine.

"God Sam! No foreplay?" she pulled away to grab my covered cock "no foreplay"

"I guess we had a lot of foreplay today Benson... let's get to business" she removed her hand off my manhood and sat on me, hard.

This girl is going to be the death of me. She started to crush my erection against her core. I threw my head back, with my eyes closed as she started to suck on my neck.

"Okay... I guess... you're... ugh... right..." I was speechless and breathless.

We kissed again, this time full of passion and desire. Moving against each other almost frantically... who am I kidding? Almost? We were rubbing our bodies against each other like crazy. Sam was tugging on my hair, which I loved, and clawing my backs. My left hand squeezed her boob and the other gripped her perfect thigh. The lack of clothing was making us more and more and more horny. Sweat began to drain thru my forehead and in between her breasts. I could feel her wetness thru the fabric of her bikini, and I immediately wanted to rip that shit off. Sam started to lean forward making me lean backwards onto the bed, just then, somebody opened the door.

"OH MY GOD!" I heard someone scream, someone who wasn't Carly "OH MY EFFING GOD!"

Sam froze with fear. I dared to pull away to look at whoever caught us. She stood still on the entrance of the room, with her hands on her mouth and her eyes wide open. Wendy. FUCK! We're so screwed!

"Sam...? Freddie...? Seddie...? OHMIGOD!" she squealed loud.

"Wendy.... We can explain..." I tried to say.

Who was I kidding? I mean... she saw us, in this position, making out like two cats in the heat... there is nothing I can say to make her think we weren't doing anything. Sam got off me and I immediately noticed Wendy's eyes on my lower areas... shit! I grabbed a pillow and covered my erection.

"Can you give us a moment?" Sam asked.

"S-Sure..." Wendy still had her eyes wide, but she got out of the room and closed the door behind her.

"Fuck!" Sam got off the bed "Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!"

She grabbed her white dress off the floor and covered herself. I got off the bed and went to the bathroom. I washed my face in an attempt to cool off. I was trying to normalize my body temperature, good thing my dick wasn't hard anymore, the shock and embarrassment were enough to make my erection disappear. I came back inside the bedroom and saw Sam walking around the place.

"Sam, calm down. This isn't as bad as it looks" she turned to look at me with a frown.

"Not as bad? Not as bad? This is terrible Benson!" she looked like she was going to attack me.

"No it is not. Someday people will find out we're together. We can't hide forever" I was only trying to calm her down.

"I guess you're right. I just didn't want it to be so soon" she sat down on the chair next to the dresser.

"I know. Me either" I kneeled in front of her "but, it doesn't matter. We're in this together" I kissed her hands.

"Okay dishrag" she smiled and kissed my lips "let's talk to Wendy. I bet she has her ears pressed against the door as we speak"

I chuckled and grabbed her hand making her stand up. We sat on the bed, side by side, still holding hands.

"Wendy... you can come in now" I yelled.

Wendy got into the bedroom, with a weird look on her eyes. It was like she's was trying not to squeal, she was actually biting her bottom lip really hard. Our personal Gossip Girl grabbed the chair Sam was sitting on just a few seconds ago and dragged towards us. She sat on the chair in front of me and Sam, facing us, still biting her lip.

"So?" Sam said awkwardly.

"So? Do you have any questions?" I asked her.

Wendy let go of her bottom lip and for the first time since she walked into the room she sighed. She breathed; it was almost like she was holding her breath for a long time.

"I don't get it" after a few awkward seconds she finally spoke.

"What you don't get?" Sam asked annoyed.

"Why you guys didn't tell me?" Wendy seemed a little disappointed "I thought we were friends"

"We are... it's just that..." I tried to make this less painful for her.

"You're a blabbermouth and we need privacy" Sam snapped. Way to go Sam!

"Sam!"

"No Freddie she is right" Wendy looked at the floor "I get it. You guys thought that I was going to spread the word right?"

Poor Wendy, I was actually feeling sorry for her. She is a good friend.

"Yeah. Sorry Wends" I offered her a smile.

"It's okay. But you know... I'm not going to tell anyone. I always thought you guys belonged together, I don't wanna ruin your relationship"

"Thanks kid" Sam stroked her knee.

"I can't believe I only noticed it now! You guys must be together for so long and I only notice this now!" she was little mad at herself. Wendy was a great observer.

"Oh... if it makes you feel better, we're not together that long" Sam smiled "we're not even boyfriend and girlfriend yet"

"No? Really? And how come you're already..." she pointed at the bed "never mind"

Sam's smile faded and she fell into deep thought. I began to worry. Wendy must've noticed she said something wrong, because she looked at me a little desperately.

"Listen, I promise I'm not gonna tell anyone okay?" she stood up "I'll keep your secret. And I'll leave now"

Wendy rushed out the door, faster than Carly when she wanted to leave us alone. I turned my attention to Sam, who was now frowning. The blond headed demon let go of my hand and stood up. She walked to the balcony and leaned against the door. I knew something was wrong, so I marched towards her and wrapped my arms around her. I couldn't see her face, but I knew she was in deep thought.

"What's wrong Sam?" I rested my head on the crook of her neck "tell me"

"Why haven't you asked me yet?"

"Asked you what?" I had no idea what she was saying.

"To be your girlfriend"

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#### Sam's POV

The talk with Wendy made me think. Why haven't he asked me yet? I mean... we've went out twice, we make out a lot and we have feelings for each other, so why haven't he asked me yet? Or maybe I was seeing things, imagining feelings that didn't exist. Maybe the strength of my feelings masked the lack of his feelings. Maybe he was having second thoughts about us. I felt so stupid, there I was, just a few minutes ago, giving myself to a guy that might not have feelings for me. I felt so frustrated. But then again, what should I expect? Good things don't happen to me every day, and when they do, they never last. Aside from iCarly, good things don't fall from the sky on my lap. I needed to stay away from him for a while; our close proximity reminded me how stupid I was.

I walked over to the balcony and leaned against the door. The sky was bright blue and the air was so clean, so pure. The sound of the ocean and the birds singing almost made me feel peaceful, except for the melancholy of the moment. Soon, I felt a pair of strong arms enveloping me into a loving embrace. I felt his scent, and my chest ached. I loved him so much, was possible that my feelings were so strong that blinded me? How could I ever allow myself to be so stupid?

"What's wrong Sam?" he rested his head on the crook of my neck "tell me"

"Why haven't you asked me yet?" I regretted the words as they came out of my mouth, but I needed to know.

"Asked you what?" this boy was so clueless.

"To be your girlfriend"

I felt Freddie's breath against my neck, right before he turned me around, making me face him. When our eyes met, I knew why I loved him. But why should he love me?

"Want the truth?" he had his hands on my shoulders.

The moment he asked, my legs grew weak and I was taken by fear. He was having second thoughts about us, he wasn't sure if I was the one for him.

"Yeah" I needed to know the truth now more than ever.

"I already have it all planned out. I'm going to blow your mind... it's going to be so awesome, you'll see, it's going to be awesometacular!" he smiled.

"Ever occurred to you that maybe I don't need something awesometacular?" I watched as his smile faded away "maybe I just want something simple"

"Sam..." he sighed.

"No Freddieinstein! If you're having second thoughts about us, just say it! If you're not sure, I can understand. If you still need some time, it's fine. But don't give me a lame excuse, just because you don't want to hurt my feelings. You hurt them even more, by lying to me" I snapped and walked away from him.

Freddie paused for a moment. He was shocked, but his eyes were hurt. I wondered why. I'm the only one who has the right to be hurt right now.

"You know Sam... you never give me enough credit" he said coolly "If you did, you would know that's not what I'm doing"

"Then *what* are you doing?" I faced him angrily.

"I always think about us, you know. I think about you and your mother. I think about the lack of romance in your life, and in mine too. When I think about us, I think about how much I want to give you everything you deserve. You think that unlike the other girls in the world you don't need romance, but you do, and I wanna give this to you" I wasn't expecting that at all.

He moved closer to me and grabbed my hands interlacing our fingers. Freddie looked into my eyes, with those dazzling gray colored eyes, and I remembered why my favorite color was brown. My heart raced waiting for what he was going to do or say. I felt so weak at that moment, so out of myself, so depending.

"You're wrong Sam. You're a pretty smart girl, but sometimes you can be very stupid. You think I'm having seconds thoughts, when in fact you know how I feel about you, and how much I wanna be with you, but you're insecure, and you need to be reassured, because you think good things don't happen to you" this boy knows me so well.

"Stop it! It's like you're inside my head right now!" Freddie chuckled.

"If we're going to be in a relationship I need you to trust me. Trust is one of most important things in a relationship. It comes right after love and before companionship and respect. I need you to trust me when I say it's going to happen, and it's going to happen soon, in a way that you'll never forget. It's going to be so special, Sam... I promise you" he traced his index finger from my forehead ending on the tip of my nose "And don't even for a second doubt that I have feelings for you. You have no idea how much you hurt me when you do that"

Does he really have to be so perfect? I nodded in agreement and let him kiss me. We shared a very simple kiss, which turned into a demonstration of love and affect. He held me in a loving embrace for the second time today and I felt safe. This boy is going to turn me into a prissy, but what the heck... I love the feeling when he holds me in his arms, with his body close to mine and his scent all over me. We pulled away at the same time, resting our foreheads against each other. He kissed the tip of my nose and I giggled. Man... I need to get a grip and be my old self again.

"Okay Freddie... but you're not getting any until we're dating for real" I warned him.

"Okay Sam" he chuckled and kissed my cheek "Whatever you want Princess Puckett!"

After he left the room, I took a shower and got dressed. Just to make sure, I checked my cell phone, the and every other gossip site. Looks like Wendy kept her promise and kept her mouth shut. I went downstairs to find Carly and Brad engaged into a conversation, Tasha making Gibby a peanut butter sandwich and Wendy washing the dishes. But the only person I really wanted to see wasn't around. I wondered where the nub could be.

"Hey Sam" Carly came close to me "wanna play mime?"

"Yeah" I didn't really hear what she was talking, my attention was on finding Freddie "Where is Freddie?"

"Oh... he is in the balcony"

"Okay..." I patted her shoulder and walked away.

I found Freddie walking around the balcony talking on the phone. I hide behind the door to hear his conversation. Only a few minutes ago we were talking about trust, and I was doing the exact opposite. I was sneaking on him to hear his conversation, which was pathetic and wrong in so many ways. I felt guilt, and even more after I heard his conversation.

"No mom... yes... please can I talk to him now? Yes... I'm... okay... okay mom... mom... thanks" he sighed "Gun Smoke? Yeah... listen, that thing I asked you... yeah... that, I need it tomorrow. Yeah. Uh-huh. Thanks. And can you talk to mom about that other thing? Yeah... I wanna take Sam there on our next date and it will be nice if you can convince her to help. Yeah... yeah I know. Thanks man. Bye" he hung up and turned around. I hide quickly.

Sam... that's not nice, but then again, I'm not nice... but I have to trust him, he is right, I owe him that. I took a deep breath and went to the balcony. Freddie's back was turned to me. He was watching the sunset. The wind was blowing his messy hair when I wrapped my arms around his waist.

"Hey dork" I kissed his neck.

"Hey Princess"

"Carly wanna know if we want to play mime" I nuzzled his neck and felt him shivering.

"Sure, why not?"

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Freddie's POV

We all went to bed around midnight. Sam actually wanted to go to bed, because she had woken up early that morning. Sam never wakes early. Carly and Wendy were the first ones to go, followed shortly by Gibby and Tasha. Brad washed the mug he used to drink hot chocolate and said goodnight to us. I grabbed Sam's hand and walked her to her door. We kissed goodnight and I watched disappear inside her bedroom. I changed to my pajamas pants and a white tank top. As I lay in my bed, I couldn't help but feel a little agitated and uncomfortable. That was nothing wrong with my bed, nothing at all, but still I felt cold and lonely. Deep inside I knew what I was missing.

I marched towards the room in front of mine and knocked on the door. I waited patiently until a hot blond opened the door. She was wearing only a striped blue shirt that was too big for her size. I frowned and recognized the shirt, it was mine.

"Is that my shirt?" I pointed at her.

"Yeah. So?" she started to play with my shirt, the one she was wearing "You have a problem with that?"

"Not at all. In fact, it looks a lot better on you" I grabbed the hand she was using to provoke me and interlaced our fingers.

"I know. But that's not why you came here"

"No... I just... can I come in?" I pouted.

"Yeah, why not?" she dragged me inside and I closed the door behind me "what'cha want?"

"This is going to sound a bit weird but... can I sleep here?" I hoped she wouldn't take this the wrong way.

"Benson... you're not getting any! Not yet" she crossed her arms.

"No... I'm didn't mean that way" I could feel my cheeks flush with embarrassment.

"Then what?" she sat on the bed "what do you mean?"

"I mean... snuggle, and sleep" she laughed.

"Snuggle...? Dude you're a nub"

"Yeah, but you love me"

"Whatever... I guess it's okay... but don't try anything!" she covered herself with the bedspread and motioned for me to join her.

I snuggled with Sam feeling her scent. I wrapped my arm around her waist and she rested her head on my chest. She's not going to regret waiting just a little bit longer, when I asked her to be my girlfriend it will be perfect. I planned the whole thing in my mind, and hopefully, my mom will help me with the rest. She is not a big fan of me growing up, but she loves me and I know she likes Sam. I can't wait to our next date; I'm finally going to sweep her off her feet.

## \*Chapter 34\*: iThird Date

Freddie's POV

Despite the whole I wanna do the nasty with you moment with Sam, my favorite part of this whole weekend was waking up next to her. It gave me this sense of closeness, made me feel complete, made me feel whole. I woke up thirty minutes before her, not sure if my mind was programmed subconsciously to wake up just to watch her sleep, or it was plain fate. All I know is that when I opened my eyes, there she was... sound asleep, with her head resting on my chest, her hair tickling my bare skin, because somewhere during the night she decided that she wanted me shirtless, and I didn't complain. Her beautiful features always amazed me; she looked like an angel right now, so serene and relaxed. I started to play with her curls, carefully adjusting her head so I could take a better look at her pretty face. She had a small grin on her lips and I traced my finger thru the curves of her mouth. My mind wondered what would happen if she didn't kiss me that night in the lock-in. Would we be here right now? Probably not, but I like to think that when two people are meant to be they eventually find their way to each other. Besides, I was too blind to see anything other than our friendship, or maybe too scared.

All those years crushing on Carly and being rejected would be nothing compared if I stepped out of my comfort zone to walk on the *Sam Puckett path* just to get turn down by her. Carly always had a nice way to turn you down, she did it with a sweet and pitiful smile, letting you know that she cared about you just not that way. It wasn't so hard to take. But Sam was different, I watched her kicking and humiliating guys that wanted to date her (Reuben, poor guy got his balls kicked and Gibby who got his thumbs broken) so I wasn't willing to risk it, even if I found her attractive, it wasn't worth to lose my balls, or my thumbs. Funny how life works, right now I would rather have my two thumbs broken than be without her... heck I would crawl to the depths of hell with my two legs broken if she asked me to. Oh well... I'm doomed!

I played with her hair and caressed her face. If she was awake she would probably call me sappy nub and punch me playfully. My hands explored every part of her face while my eyes made a mental record of her features. She was such a catch, and I don't know how she would want anything to do with a dork like me, and still, here she was in my arms. I smiled to myself finding life just too ironic, if you asked my thirteen year old self if I would ever love this girl, I would laugh at your face and say *she is a demon, I would never want anything to do with her...* and I'm pretty sure if you asked Sam she would say *no one will ever love a nub like him*. I couldn't help but chuckle, and the way my chest raised up and down made Sam shift in my arms.

"What'cha laughing at dork?" she asked with her eyes closed.

"Just how funny life is" I drew lazy patterns on her back.

"Huh... what time is this?" she opened her eyes and I could finally see those amazing blue beauties.

"I have no idea" she laughed and moved even closer to me.

"How long have you been awake?" she traced the curves of my six pack with her fingers.

"I don't know, half an hour maybe" I held her closer and kissed her head.

"Why haven't you wake me up so we could make out a little bit before having Carly knocking on the door?" she sounded annoyed.

"Jeez I don't know... I guess I just wanted to watch you sleep" I confessed.

"Wow... that's creepy dork!" she laughed and reached for a quick kiss.

"But if I knew your plans, I would definitely wake you up!"

"Well... just make sure you'll do it next time instead of stalk me like a creepy nub" she laughed.

"Noted Princess!" I kissed her one more time.

She lifted her head allowing me full access to her mouth while I slowly rubbed lazy circles on her back and tangled my fingers in her hair. Sam moved again, now straddling me. I moved my hand to the front of her/my shirt and cupped her breast, she let out a loud and happy moan against my lips and started to rub herself against me... oh Lord this is the best way to wake up and I want to wake up like this every fucking day until the end of my life. My other hand traveled down her back and inside her shirt, I grabbed her ass and she gasped. Not able to take anymore of her dominant position, I switched places lying between her legs. Her palms roam on my backs and down until they reached my ass. She pinched me and somehow managed to sneak her hand inside my pajama pants very quickly giving my rear a hard squeeze thru my boxer briefs.

"Sam? Are you awake? I can't find Freddie... do you happen to know where he is?" Carly asked opening the door.

I got off Sam and landed on the floor in one quick move.

"Never mind, just found him. Could you guys hurry up so we can go back home?" she said and closed the door leaving us alone again... sometimes I hate Carly she was an awful timing.

"Oh well..." Sam sounded very amused "you should've wake me up earlier" she shrugged and got off the bed "I'm going to take a shower and get ready..." she saw my smirk combined with my raised eyebrows and told me "no you can't come with me dork" she laughed and got into the bathroom.

"Oh... well" I left her room to get ready to leave.

Not much happened after we arrived from the beach, Sam went straight to the couch to get some sleep. Carly went to the kitchen to make her special lemonade for her and Brad. The poor Brad choked twice, but she didn't notice. Gibby and Tasha went home with Wendy. I went straight to see if Wendy kept her mouth shut, and she did. Sam slept most of the day, so I took this time to go home and arrange our next date. Gun Smoke called an old friend of his to make sure the gift I ordered for Sam would be ready by Monday while I talked to my mother.

Convincing her to call an old friend for a favor it was easier than I thought. I asked her a yesterday, and today she finally had the answer from Todd, her friend from New Jersey, who just got transferred here. I'm starting to think that mom actually likes Sam, I mean... really, really likes her. My mom is not an easy person, but since she met Gun Smoke something about her changed... for better. I was happy that finally, after all these years she found love. Now I found love, and maybe we could all be in love and happy together. Mom deserves it, she went through a lot with my dad and for once she deserves someone who will treat her good, with love and respect. I chose not to think about him, to ignore his emails and phone calls. Over the years

he stopped trying. He still sent me money every month, and birthday cards, but other than that we don't have much contact, and honestly, I don't care.

"Todd says that you can be there first thing in the morning" my mom snaps me out of my daydream.

"Sure... thanks mom" I gave her a quick hug

"I'm still not sure about you missing school Fredikins" I hated my mom's nicknames for me more than I ever hated Sam's.

"Is going to be one day mom, I have a perfect record, that's not going to change anything" I rubbed her shoulder.

"I don't know Freddie" she crossed her arms stubbornly.

"Marissa, at least he is not doing this behind your back" Gun Smoke came and put his arm around my shoulders "don't worry about him, he will be fine"

"You two are always against me!" my mom whined.

"That's not true" we said in union.

"Ah! Whatever! I promised I would try to give you space and be less protective, and I'll keep my promise, even though I don't agree with this one bit"

"It's okay mom, I understand, but could you please try to understand me too?" I pouted.

"Okay" she came to me and gave me a hug.

"You're doing the right thing honey" Gun Smoke gave her a tender kiss on the forehead.

I smiled. Who would know that a guy like Gun Smoke could be so kind and soft towards someone? He wasn't just good to my mom, he was good to me too and for that I was thankful. He made her happy and there was nothing that made me happier. She deserved to be happy, because even with all her failures, she still manages to be the best mother in the world. I walked into my room feeling happy how things are turning out for me. I had great friends; I actually had a male friend who is not a weirdo, aka Brad. I was doing great at school, but then again I always did. I had what you can call a father, a real one, not some guy who calls me twice every year. And now I had a great girlfriend. Sam and all her viciousness, somehow she managed to wrap me on her net, and now I'm totally hooked. Things are not so bad after all.

I woke up the morning feeling enthusiastic, today will be the day Sam and I would finally make it official. I was going to pop the question. After I showered, I shaved and brushed my teeth. Looking into the mirror I tried to find a better way to ask that crazy blond to be my girlfriend. What should I say? How should I say it? Man... I'm such a perfectionist! Is that normal that I want so bad to make this moment perfect? Maybe Sam is right... I'm such a girl.

"Samantha Puckett... do you...? Do you want...? Would you...? No...no Freddie, don't be a nub... Samantha...? No... Sam would you give me the honor...? No! Fuck!" I threw my tooth brush in the sink.

"Hey boy!" Gun Smoke called me making me jump.

"Dude! You scared the hell out of me!" I held my towel that almost fell on the ground.

"Sorry boy, I came to give you this" he handed me a bag of fatcake.

"Oh... is it inside?" I looked around the bag.

"Yeah. And you don't have to worry about what to say... the words will come to you in the right moment" he patted my shoulder "did you call Todd?"

"First thing I did when I woke up"

"Okay... don't curse out loud, your mother might hear you" with that, he left my room.

I changed into a white v collar t-shirt, a black pair of jeans, black jacket and white sneakers. I grabbed my keys and my wallet before going to the kitchen. I left my backpack in my bedroom, cause I'm not going to need it. My mom tried to talk me into giving up, but I stood my ground, and eventually she gave up. Today was an important day for me, I was finally asking Sam to be mine, and nothing is going to stop me. This couldn't wait any longer.

I went downstairs to wait for the girls and called Carly. I had to explain my plan so she wouldn't freak out when I told her I wasn't going to school. Her phone rang three times before she picked up.

"Carls? Is Sam around?"

"Nope... she is downstairs eating. Want me to go get her?"

"No! Just listen... and don't tell Sam!" I explained my plan to Carly, who squealed at least five times.

"This is so sweet Freddie... but miss school? Are you sure?" she sounded a little bit concern.

"Yeah I know, but trust me... this has to be in the morning, so please collaborate with me Carls" I asked her. Just for today I need Carly to be... well, not Carly.

"Yeah, yeah... by the way, I guess she is going to love it... no, I know she is going to love it" she squealed.

"Yeah, I hope so... oh Brad is here" I waved at him "we're waiting, don't take too long"

"Okay... we'll be right there!" she hung up.

"Hey man!" Brad leaned against the hood of my car, by my side "what's up?"

"Hey dude" I put my phone in my pocket "I'm nervous"



*Boom badoom boom boom, badoom boom boom the beat of the music echoed inside Freddie's Volvo and my heart was beating exact the same way. Boy you got my heartbeat running away, beating like a drum and it's coming your way.*

"This better as good as you make it seem dork" I warned him.

"Yes ma'am" he laughed.

Until now I never realized how much I liked his laugh.

"Hey" I caught a familiar scent in the air "I know this smell"

"Of course you do" Freddie told me, then I heard him calling somebody.

"Hey Todd... its Freddie, we're here. Okay, thanks" then he hung up "take off your blindfold and look out our window"

I removed that shit quickly, and as my eyes spotted the place where he was taking me, they popped right out of my head. Nah... that's not possible... maybe we're just passing by... yeah, that's it.

"Amazed Puckett?" he smirked.

So he was taking me there. But how? What? Why? We passed by two big gates and went straight to the parking lot. I saw an average looking middle aged man, who waved at us. Freddie got off the car and opened the door for me.

"Ready?" he asked me, but I couldn't answer... I was too, dazed. I didn't even know what the heck we were doing here.

Freddie dragged me towards the man and gave him a handshake, but the guy grabbed Freddie's shoulders and hugged him, very tight.

"Good to see you Freddie! God... you look a lot like your father" I felt Freddie's hand sweat in the mention of his father, so I squeezed his hand and smiled at him. He smiled back at me for a brief second.

"This is Sam" he introduced me "Sam, this is Todd"

Todd gave me a friendly handshake, and I was thankful he didn't hug me.

"Are you ready for your tour thru the brand new Fatcake factory?" Todd motioned for us to follow him inside.

He walked past us and when Freddie started to follow him, I yanked his arm, making him stop and stare at me.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"You're taking me to a fatcake factory?" I whispered.

"Yes. You will get to see how they make your beloved fatcake, taste the new flavors and eat as much samples as you can" he smiled.

This boy... I love this boy! I stared at him for a moment while he explained to me that Todd was Mrs. Benson old friend and she called him for a favor. I didn't pay much attention to what he was saying, because I got lost inside those dazzling eyes that reminded me so much of fudge balls. Freddie Benson went out of his way to give me a perfect date... no, three perfect dates. I seriously didn't know why I didn't confess my feelings for him earlier. He was making me so spoiled, but it's such a great feeling. Maybe he was right, maybe I wasn't giving him enough credit, maybe I had no idea how much he wanted me; maybe I was just that stupid. I kissed him and wrapped my arms around his neck. It wasn't a passionate kiss, like the ones we shared in the beach house; it was more like a sweet kiss, a *thank you for being alive kind of kiss*. I wanted to scream I love you, but I'm Sam Puckett, not Carly Shay, so I just kissed him sweetly and when we pulled away he was smiling.

"You're welcome Princess Puckett; I'm forever your loyal servant, your highness" he kissed my hand.

Like he could read my mind, he dragged me into the factory where Todd was waiting for us. He motioned for us to stop in front of a big glass door.

"Here we'll be sterilized. It has these jets..." he pointed at the ceiling "that will clean us up before we can properly enter the factory"

"Wow... that's new technology..." Freddie had to make his nerd comment "we'll be completely clean?"

"Yes" Todd answered.

"Don't tell this to your mother or she'll buy one of those and dry clean you everyday" I told him. Todd laughed and Freddie rolled his eyes at me.

Freddie got into the glass room and I followed right behind, the door closed and suddenly I felt a little weird... trapped into a glass box. To make things even worst, I felt this wind coming out of the jets Todd told us about. The strength of the jets tingled my neck and I winced giggling. Freddie let out a small laugh and the wind stopped.

"Now that we're clean... welcome to the Fatcake factory!"

My eyes eagerly darted around that beautiful place. Everything was a mix of pink, green and white, just like a fatcake. I saw a lot of people working on big machines and others only supervising.

"So Sam... Freddie told me you love fatcakes"

"Yeah... you have no idea" I tried not to drool, I was n't seeing any fatcake around, but I could smell it.

"Well, here is where we make the package for the fatcake. This is our new model it must be hitting the stores next month" he showed us a pink and green package.

"Wow... it's beautiful!"

"Oh, I'm glad you liked it" he laughed "let's go!"

"Sure" we aid in union.

We followed Todd, to a big silver door.

"What you're about to see here is confidential, are you ready?" we nodded "now come with me" Todd pressed his thumb against a machine and the door opened.

We followed him thru a white corridor. I felt like we were being abductees or something, until he reached another big door. I held Freddie's hand, my palms were sweating with the anticipation of the moment, I didn't know what to expect. Freddie smiled at me and Todd opened the door. The mix of smells filled the air and I thought that this was how paradise should be like. I saw at least thirty persons dressed all the same, white coat and white pants everyone was wearing a hairnet and they worked together. I took a better look around the white room we were in. everything smelled so good, there were big machines and the other side looked like a chemistry lab. By my side, Freddie smiled when he spotted the chemistry lab, he was such a dork.

"So here is where we come up with new flavors and products" Todd explained to us "this is Lance and he is responsible for this department. Lance these are Freddie and Sam"

"Hello kids, I'm Lance Barnes and welcome to the fatcake factory" he shook our hands "now this is something we are working on recently" He opened a big fridge and took a white pot showing it to us; it smelled like... coconut and blueberry

"This is the recipe for the new fatcake well be releasing next month, it's a mix of coconut and blueberry" I knew it "go ahead, prove some"

He gave us two spoons and told us to dive in. After I got a taste of it I thought I would die.

"Man this is so good!" I moaned.

"I'm glad you liked it, we've been working on it for six months just to find the perfect combination" he put the pot back into the fridge much to my disappointment.

"So you say next month huh? Can it be like... next week?" I asked him.

"No, unfortunately, we have a few things to improve until the releasing date, besides; the designer department is working package for it"

"Too bad" I said.

"Okay, now follow me" Lance guide us to the chemistry lab I saw Freddie's eyes lighting up, what a dork!

"Here is the chemistry lab where we test the components of the recipe" Todd gave us two masks and we put it in. He passed his key card in the glass door and it opened.

"This is Simon, he is the chemistry chef here" Lance introduced us to this short old man with a white coat and a mask. Simon removed the mask and complimented us.

"Hey kids" he shook our hands "like it?" he asked Freddie, who was completely dazzled looking at some machine I have no idea what it is.

"It's amazing..." okay nub... don't drool.

"It's brand new" Simon caressed the machine.

"Aw nerd bonding" I said and everybody laughed, except for Freddie who rolled his eyes.

"Here is where we test all the chemicals products, like the pigment we use to make the fatcake pink, to make sure they're not danger for the public health" he explained.

"Nice" Freddie said.

"Okay follow me" lance took us thru another door "this is the tasting room" He opened the door revealing a beautiful pink paradise. There were thousands of fatcakes painted in the walls it seemed a bit like kindergarten.

"Oh... wow" I said.

"Samantha would you like to be our lab rat and taste some of our new flavors?" Todd asked me.

"Oh my God yes" I dragged Freddie with me.

"Okay... close your eyes, if you guess these ten flavors you'll get a basket full of fatcakes and fatshakes" Lance picked up a blind fold and put it on me.

"I'm so winning this thing" I sat eagerly on a chair, but I didn't let go of Freddie's hand.

"Here is the first" I heard Lance say "do the honors Freddie"

A second later I felt a spoon brushing against my bottom lip. The dork was feeding me... in a place surrounded by fatcakes... how sexy.

"Open up" I heard Freddie say.

I opened my mouth and tasted what he was giving me. This was going to be so easy...

"Nuts and mint" I said before swallowing.

"Good!" Lance said "here is the next"

"Open up" Freddie said.

Ha Ha I'm winning a basket full of fatcakes!

"Limon and raspberry!"

"Orange and cranberry!"

"Apple and grape"

"Coconut"

"Mangoes!"

"Strawberry!"

"Watermelon and whipped cream!"

"Grape jam!"

"Lima and banana!"

"Chocolate and mint!" I finally took my blindfold off.

"Okay I guess we're dealing with a professional!" Lance said.

"Yep!" Freddie agreed.

"My basket?" I opened my hand.

"I give you on the way out" Todd smiled.

"You better!" I warned him.

I was have so much fun, Todd was showing us things I never even knew existed, but I couldn't help but notice Freddie was awfully quiet, sometimes he nodded, sometimes he joked, but in the end, he was really quiet. When Todd started talking with some guy from the security I turned to Freddie who was in deep thought.

"Hey nub... what's wrong? Not having fun?" I asked him

"No I'm... I'm just, watching you" he is such a bad liar.

When I was about to say how bad of a liar he was and force him to tell me the real reason why he was acting that way, Todd came back.

"And now Sam, this is where the magic happens" the security guard opened the door for us. We finally entered the wonderland.

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#### Freddie's POV

Sam was having the time of her life, but I was a bit too far away from here. Unlike our other dates, I couldn't relax, I was nervous the whole time we were there. I tried not to seem so freaked out but I guess Sam knows me better than I think. She noticed something was wrong, but let go as soon as she saw where her beloved fatcakes were made. Todd led us to where all the magic happens. The machines I saw there I never saw anywhere... everything was so technological, and if I wasn't so nervous I would be fascinated. I kept tapping my jacket to make sure my fatcake was there, I wouldn't wanna lose a fatcake on a fatcake factory that would be bad. I was extra nervous when Sam started to drag me further into the factory, I saw this light in her eyes, this happiness in her smile that only made it worst for me.

I was having a nervous breakdown, I began to sweat... Sam let go of my hand to taste something Todd offered her and I took this time to wipe the sweat out of my forehead. I kept playing Kevin Shields remix of *I Want Candy* in my head to try to relax, but it wasn't helping. Sam got too distract to actually notice how nervous I was. Dang it! There is nothing to be nervous about, she likes you, you already know that, so why are you freaking out? There is no reason... it's not like she is going to say no! Or will... no she won't... she wont... she cant... man... why do I have to be so nervous? Shit!

If I was going to make it official I didn't want it to be all covered in sweat and shaking, so I forced myself to calm down, there was no reason to be nervous in the first place. Sam and I like each other and how Carly said before we're meant to be, the rest we can figure out later. Of course I don't expect Sam to change her ways for me, but still, I could use a little more respect and affection from her. I know, for sure, she is going to keep her attitude, and the nicknames, maybe even some playful punches, don't the rest wouldn't miss at all.

I patted my jacket one more time to make sure my gift was inside, and when Todd announced we were going to see where the fatshakes were made my heart race. It was time, to tell her how I felt and how much I wanted to be with her. She was the one for me and I don't have a doubt. Who knew that Sam Puckett and Freddie Benson were made for each other? Amonth ago if you told me this I would probably call an ambulance, now I can't think of anyone better to be my girlfriend. I seriously can't believe how much time I've wasted crushing on Carly. If I could go back in time and fix this, maybe Sam and I would be together but now, if I knew then what I know now...

I watched as Todd explained to Sam what every machine did, she didn't really care, but since we were surrounded by fatshake she held a smile that could light up the room. Making Sam happy was one of the things I could never get tired of. I have to do my best to keep this up, even though a relationship with Sam won't be that easy, but I guess I already knew that, it's not like I expected this to be all roses and paradise. In the bottom of my heart I knew that this love and hate relationship we shared brought light to my life, honestly my whole existence would be pretty boring without Sam and her vicious attitude. Speaking of the devil, she turned around to look at me with a smile that made my heart skip a beat. I couldn't get enough of her smile, she was so damn pretty and for a girl who spent years without going to the dentist she had amazing teeth. And fresh breath. I guess I have to thank Carly for that; she has been taking Sam to the dentist with her every four months.

Todd looked at me and nodded before opening a door. This was the place where I was going to ask Sam Puckett to be my girlfriend. My mom talked to him over the phone this morning and he said he had the perfect place for me to pop the question. I just hope it is perfect. The whole reason why I wanted to wait to ask her was to make it perfect. I had it all planned out since before our first date. I knew my girl and what she liked, the only thing I needed was money to make it happen. I sold a bunch of galaxy wars stuff, and even though was hard for me to give up on things I've been collecting

since I was five years old it was all worth. Our first date was a fortune, the second not so much and the third, that even though was for free, was the most expensive. The tour thru the fabric was courtesy of Todd, but the gift I bought Sam was really, really expensive. Speaking of Sam... Her eyes went from dark blue to light blue when she saw what Todd was pointing at. He turned around and looked at me. That was the perfect place.

"This is where we mix the fatshake. I'll let you cherish this moment, if you need me I'll be outside" Todd said and left.

It's now or never.

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Sam's POV

**(A/N: I wrote the next scene to the sound of Coldplay's *Every Teardrop Is A Waterfall*, and it was perfect! I recommend you listen to it while reading it)**

My eyes went wide when I saw that thing. I thought the meat and sauce fest was paradise... but this is paradise. When I die I want heaven to be just like this... or hell, cause I'm not really sure where I'm going. The tour thru the factory was amazing, but until now I never saw something so beautiful... it was... so pink... so perfect. It was like I was hypnotized when I walked over there. I got lost in that dazzling pink wonderland and forgot about everything and everyone else. I closed my eyes for a second and took a deep breath inhaling the scent that surrounded me. This was the second best smell I've ever felt... because the first was the smell of Freddie's skin. I opened my eyes, capturing that moment in my head, memorizing it... so I would never forget.

"It's like a waterfall... a fatshake waterfall" I said.

In front of me was a big Fatshake waterfall, falling spreading its scent in the air, making me dizzy with happiness. When Todd said that here was the place where they mixed the fatshake I didn't know he meant it... I could see a big tube sucking the fatshake from the bottom and releasing it from the top, making it seem like a waterfall... so beautiful. I didn't turn to look at Freddie; I didn't want to take my eyes off that marvelous vision. A fatshake waterfall... a pink waterfall... I inhaled the scent once again. That dork... he was right, I didn't give enough credit... he is perfect, sometime it annoys me...but not today, not right now. I turned around to kiss him, but what I saw there made my heart go boom *badoom boom boom boom*. Freddie was down on one knee looking at me with those chocolate brown eyes filled with love. He gulped and grabbed one of my hands.

"Sam Puckett... you're all I want. Since that night in the lock-in you've wakened something in me that I can't overlook. You make me feel like no one else ever could, around you I'm just happy, there is no other word that can define it better, you make me happy. I want to date you, kiss you, hug you and be around you all the time. You turned me into a selfish person, because I want you from myself and no one else is entitle to have you. I don't know how this is going to be but in my heart I'm sure this is right, this is what I want, because I never felt this way before, and I don't think I ever will. I know I'm not any prince charming or whatever but, would you make me the happiest man in the world by being my girlfriend? If you do it I promise to try my best to make as happy as I'm with you, and even more"

I couldn't believe this, the nub was down on one knee asking me to be his girlfriend... this is the happiest day of my life... until now I didn't think I needed romance...now I not so sure. My heart was beating with a frantic pace and I knew my answer.

"Yes... yes I will"

His eyes lightened up and he stood up putting his arms around me spinning me around. Oh I love this dork... with me in his arms he pulled back just a little bit, not letting go of me and kissed me. My feet weren't touching the ground, I had my arms wrapped around his neck and he had his arms around my waist. This was so perfect I never wanted to let go. He was so perfect. Freddie kissed me one more time before letting go of me. I felt a sudden rush of cold when he took his arm off my waist. He kissed my both hands before letting go of me completely and I wished he never did. Freddie reached the pocket of his jacket and took a fatcake out of it, handing it to me.

"It's for you princess"

"Freddie you didn't have to..." I was going to win a basket anyway.

"Don't swallow it in one bite... eat it very carefully" he told me.

I didn't know why he said it, but I did what he asked anyway. I took the first bit and felt something hard inside of it... it almost took my tooth off.

"Ouch Benson!" I saw something shining wrapped up in plastic inside my fatcake.

Freddie smiled at me and I pulled that thing off. It was a bracelet... a silver bracelet inside a plastic... I looked at him.

"Here...let me help" Freddie ripped the plastic open and grabbed my wrist "there"

"What...?" I took a good look at the bracelet in my arm...it was beautiful.

"This is to make it official princess" he kissed my hand "look... here I'm going to put everything you love... for starters a little fatcake to celebrate us being a couple, you get one charm for every month we spend together, and eventually I'm going to have to buy you another bracelet, because I intend to be with you for a long time Princess" he kissed my hand again.

"This way I'm going to run out of things to love" I told him.

"Well, I can always find a new type of food for you to love" he traced his finger from my forehead to the tip of my nose and my eyes slowly closed.

"I'm sure you can dork" I opened my eyes to see him smiling at me.

I couldn't believe him... I looked at my silver charm bracelet and noticed a few little diamonds there. This must have cost a fortune. I looked at that piece of jewelry and at the dork in front of me. I threw myself at him and kissed him like it was the end of the world. I love you I kept saying in my mind. I love you I love you I love you... he held me in a loving embrace as our mouths danced together. This was the best day of my life.

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**A/N: Hey guys, that's it, that's the chapter... so if you think it was short remember that I know nothing about factories!**

## \*Chapter 35\*: iOfficial

Sam's POV

After we got out of the fatcake factory, Freddie took me to an *All You Can Eat* buffet. I was so happy I couldn't eat as much as I would in a normal day, but this is just temporary, soon enough I'll be my old self again. He drove to the Bushwell Plaza to the sound of Parachute's new CD, *The Way It Was*. We sang every song together, but the one song he really gave an eager performance to was *White Dress*. I shut my pie hole to listen him singing, so excited he didn't even noticed when I stopped. He kept singing *I wanna love you more, than all of the things you wanted, than all of the things you're not* and I couldn't help but think he was singing it to me, maybe I'm just that crazy. *Love's right behind you*, well in this case, love is right beside me.

We're official... me and Freddie, we are official... I couldn't wait to tell everyone, especially Patrice, I couldn't wait to rub it on her face. I couldn't wait to say *bitch, he is mine!* First thing I'm going to do when I get to school will be kiss him in the hallway when everybody is looking. I kept gazing my charm bracelet all the way to Freddie's floor. He smiled at me and kissed the top of my head. I didn't bother to look at him, or to take my eyes off my sparkling bracelet. It was so perfect, he was so perfect. I couldn't bring myself to believe this was real, maybe it was one of my many twisted dreams, and in the morning I would wake up with the sunlight on my face and the realization that I could never have him. I put my hand in my chest when I felt the heartache that little thought brought me. My eyes closed for a brief second; like I was trying to make sure this wasn't a dream, when I felt a soft hand take mine and brings me into a warm embrace. He put his index finger underneath my chin and lifted my head touching his nose with mine. He caressed my face and planted a soft kiss on my lips.

I melted into his touch, into his scent, into his taste. Normally, I wouldn't allow myself to be so weak, but today nothing seemed to matter. So what if I'm Sam Puckett? Doesn't Sam Puckett deserve to love? Just because I'm tough doesn't mean I'm heartless... I have feelings too, and right now I have feelings for this nub, this one over here, kissing me. I felt his hand on the back of my neck, caressing the skin softly. Everything about this kiss was soft and sweet, the way he held me close, and the way his hands would touch me softly, made me feel appreciated. Maybe it's not that bad to get lost into the feelings he wakes up in me, just for once, maybe I can give myself entirely to someone. I felt his tongue slowly caressing mine and I knew this sweet little display of affection would soon become a full-blown make out session.

Soon enough, he's pressing me against the elevator wall and I'm gripping his shirt with all the strength I have. Freddie's right arm is wrapped around my waist and the other is grabbing a handful of my hair. Now that we're official... things can get really hot really soon. He kissed me one more time before pulling away to suck on my neck. I know he's going to leave love bites there, but honestly... who cares? My mother sure doesn't, that's for sure. Mrs. Benson might... that's one more reason why I don't care. Unintentionally, I began to moan and the grip I have on his shirt is stronger with every touch of his lips and tongue. He nibbled my neck and I lost control completely, I hold tighter to him. Freddie's licks all the way up to my ear and I hear something rip. Freddie pulled away immediately.

"Got a bit too carried away Puckett?" he shows me his ripped shirt.

"Well..." I try to think of a good excuse "It's your fault"

"Your rip my shirt, and somehow it's my fault?" he is trying to be serious, but I can see he is deeply amused.

"Because you're a nub!" I smirked.

"No..." he pulls me closer; wrapping his arm around my waist "because I drive you crazy" he kissed the corner of my mouth.

"Whatever dork" I smiled and kissed him on the lips.

Just when things were getting good again, the elevator doors snap open. Great! We pull away, but hold each other's hand and walk away smiling. When we reach Carly's door I try to pull him with me but, he yanks my hand making me turn to him. Once again he wraps his arm around my waist bringing me closer.

"I have to go home and change this shirt, but you go ahead, and I'll meet you in a minute" he brushes a strand of my hair behind my ear.

"Yeah, whatever. Don't take too long" I normally wouldn't say that, and especially not in a sweet voice, but today is *exception day*.

"I won't, I'll change and be with you in a minute, besides, don't you need some girl time with Carly to squeal and talk about today?" he joked.

"No! I don't squeal Benson! I can't squeal, it's not humanely possible to me" I punched his arm softly.

He laughed and kissed me again, this time very quickly, then he kissed my cheek until he reached my ear, brushing my hair out of the way, Freddie caressed my neck.

"Je t'adore" he whispers, making me giggle, I happen to know what that means "you can't squeal, but you sure can giggle"

"Oh shut up!" I pushed him away "now go change your stupid shirt!"

Freddie's laugh is the last thing I see before he disappears behind his door. I smile and walk into the Shay's apartment. Carly is sitting in the couch watching Girly Cow, she didn't notice me, and she seems pretty focused on the show, maybe it's a new episode. No Shay, today your attention will be on me and what I have to say.

"We're official!" I screamed.

"Ah! What?" she jumped off the couch landing right on the floor, making a loud bang.

Spencer came running from his room, holding a milk box... man; sometimes I think Spencer is more stupid than Gibby. At least the potato... no he does that too... well but he... no, they're equally stupid.

"What's the matter?" he asks.

"Sam!" Carly got on her feet "What the hell?"

"We're official Shay!" I squealed, but Freddie doesn't have to know "he asked!"

Her eyes went wide; she grabs my arms and starts to jump. I jump with her and Spencer starts to jumps behind us.

"Oh my God Sam!" she screams.

"Okay... I'm lost" Spencer stops the jumping, and so do we "I have no idea what you're talking about!" he puts the milk box in the coffee table.

"Then why were you jumping?" we ask in union.

"Because I don't like to be left off!" he crosses his arms.

Carly and I turn to each other and shrug, then we jump a little more, making a little happy dance. We turn to Spencer and grab his arms pushing him into the couch.

"Freddie asked me to be his girlfriend!" with every word I squeal a little more.

"OH MY GOD! YAY!" Spencer starts to scream and clap. He is such a girl.

"Speaking of Freddie... where is he?" Carly asked me.

"Oh he went to change his shirt" I said like it was no big deal.

"Why?" both Shays ask me.

"Cause I rip it" I smiled.

"What?" they ask at the same time, again.

"Well, let's just say we got a bit carried away in the elevator. Long story short, he nipped this special place in my neck and things got a little wild..." I said smugly.

I could see the disgust in the faces before me.

"I don't wanna know! That's your department, I'm outta here!" Spencer got his milk box and ran back to his room.

"So?" Carly eagerly grabbed my hand and made me sit on the couch next to her "tell me everything!"

"So... we went to the fatcake factory. He took me there, can you believe it? Oh, everything there is perfect! It smells like heaven!" I smiled "and I got a basket full of fatcakes!"

"Where is it?" Carly looked around.

"I ate them all!"

"Sam!"

"I shared with the dork!" I explained myself "Well, when we're in the elevator, we started to kiss. Things got a little bit out of control, and now he has to go home and change" I told her.

"Oh Sam!" she laughed "I'm so happy for you!" she gave me a hug.

"I'm happy too kid! And check it out" I showed her my shiny charm bracelet "he gave me to make it official"

"OH MY GOD SAM!" Carly stood up and took my arm with her "this is beautiful!" she came closer to take a better look at it "are those real diamonds?" her eyes went as wide as they could.

"Yep babe!" I sounded a bit like Spencer "And he is going to give me one charm for every month we spend together, he is going to fill this bracelet with things I love"

"OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD!" she squealed "Sam this is so romantic... so cute, so... so... perfect! AWWWW"

"I know right! Only for today, I'm allowing myself to be a girl and squeal about my boyfriend, but only because I'm extra-extra happy!" I squealed "is not going to last, I'm not going gaga over him every day, I happen to have self respect" I used a more serious tone.

"Okay, now let's get some soda and celebrate!" Carly ran over to the kitchen, I followed right behind.

"Not diet right?" I asked her leaning against the counter, still admiring my silver bracelet.

"No, Sam... of course not!" she giggled.

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#### Freddie's POV

I entered my apartment trying my best to hide my ripped shirt from my mother. Sam got a little carried away and I lost my favorite shirt. But today, it doesn't matter; I was looking forward to spend the rest of the evening with my girlfriend. Feels good to say it, Sam is my girlfriend... my girlfriend... God, this feels good! I got into my room tiptoeing and changed my shirt. After I grabbed another shirt, I saw the little black box I bought the other day, and opened it. The charms for Sam's bracelet were sparkling in there. I bought her thirteen silver charms with diamonds embedded, one for each month of your first year together and one for our first day as a couple... shit, we've been dating for a few hours and I'm already thinking about it... the truth is, as soon as I had the idea of the bracelet, I ordered the charms. Gun Smoke said it was too unwary of me to buy them all at once, but I didn't care, I ordered the thirteen charms pronto. The fatcake was the first to go, since we were in a fatcake factory, the other twelve will be safely waiting for their time to come.

"Hey Freddie" Gun Smoke knocked on my door.

"Hey" I smiled, I was in a great mood today.

"How was the date?"

"Perfect" I felt my smile spread all over my face.

"Good, good" he patted my arm.

"Okay, now I'm gonna go and be with my girlfriend for the rest of the day" I tried to exit my room, but he bragged my arm.

"No you're not"

"Why?" I frowned.

"Because you have to start your training, you're getting out of shape" he let go of my arm.

"But, but..."

"No buts, you have to take this seriously, or do you wanna get beat up in front of your girlfriend?" he crossed his arms and smirked.

"No" that would be humiliating...

"So?"

"Okay... let me just tell Sam okay?"

"Okay" he motioned for me to leave.

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Sam's POV

I was waiting for the nub in Carly's couch. I was eager to spend the day with him, just us, together, alone. Carly was admiring my bracelet, and I was feeling so cocky. I had the most beautiful thing in the world, many, many girls will be so jealous. I can't wait to rub this on those bitches faces. I'm pretty sure this little piece of jewelry was really expensive, it must've costed a fortune, but as Freddie asked me many times before, I won't talk about it, I won't talk about money. Today is a special day, so I'm in a great mood. I was laughing with Carly when I heard Freddie's voice. I really like his voice; it's so deep and low...

"Hello chicas!" I was dying to put my hands on him.

"Hey" we said in union.

"Carly" he nodded at her "blondie" he grabbed my hand and I stood up.

"Nerd, and don't fucking call me that" I wrapped my arms around his neck and smiled.

"Aw, you guys are so cute!" Carly squealed.

"We know" Freddie said.

"So nerd? What you wanna do today?" I wanted to go somewhere and make out until my eyes rolled to the back of my head.

"Uh... I can't do anything today" he played with one of my curls.

"What? Why?" is this some joke?

"I have a fencing competition coming up, I have to be prepared" he brushed a strand of my hair behind my ear.

"Oh... I thought we would be together today" I said disappointedly "I was hoping we could celebrate... you know..." I whispered in his ear, playing with the buttons of his shirt.

"Crap!" he brought me closer "you wanna come and watch?"

"Yeah, yeah... is not the same thing but..." I unbuttoned the first button of his shirt.

"We can make out in the showers..." he suggested.

"Ew... disgusting! I'm still here!" Carly cleaned her throat.

"Then leave!" I told her.

"This is my living room!"

"So? Go to the kitchen or something!" I motioned for her to leave, she rolled her eyes and left.

"Sam, Sam..." Freddie laughed and rolled his eyes "So? Wanna come and watch?"

"You kicking some butt?" I smirked.

"No... this is fence not kickboxing" he laughed.

"Whatever. By the way when do I get to see you kicking some butt?" I unbuttoned a second button of his shirt.

"Next month, I have the fencing competition, and then I'll pick up where I left off in kickboxing" he sneaked his fingers inside my shirt.

"Okay I guess I can wait..." I unbuttoned a third button

"So let's go? And we can hang out a bit after" he sneaked his entire hand inside my shirt caressing my lower back.

"Let's" I kissed him "Carly? Wanna go? I'm going to need company while the nub is fencing" I yelled.

"Sure!" she yelled back "let me call Brad, I'm going to need company when you guys start to eat each other's face" she grabbed her phone to call Brad.

"So... these showers... are they crowded?" I asked him.

"Not today... and not in the afternoon. The guys usually work out at night" he kissed my neck.

"Mmmm... nice" now his hand was under the clasp of my bra.

"Yeah..." he nuzzled my neck "it's really nice"

"Let me put on a skirt" I pushed him away and run upstairs.

"Askirt? What for?" he yelled.

"I'll tell you in a minute" I yelled back.

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#### Freddie's POV

Askirt? But why? Sam is not a big fan of skirts, she wears them, but she likes pants better. A skirt? Is it because it's easier to take it off? Oh my... she said I wasn't getting any action because we weren't dating, so now that we are does that mean that I get some real action? Well... she is putting on a skirt... how am I going to focus with these dirt thoughts on my mind? A minute later Sam came downstairs, wearing a black and red kilt-skirt and a white cotton tank top. She never looked so hot before... expect in her underwear. To complete my fantasy, she was wearing black ankle boots... this is so not Sam... but this is so frigging hot! The skirt was two palms above her knee... my God... this girl is such a tease! (link to the skirt and boots on my profile!)

"Oh... I like it!" I walked towards her.

"I know you do" she laughed and punched my shoulder "Fredperv"

"But... why?" I grabbed her hands and kissed her knuckles.

"It's easier for everything" she whispered into my ear, grabbed my hand and put on her thigh "see, easier" my eyes rolled to the back of my head.

"*Yo te quiero mucho*" I whispered with my eyes closed.

"I don't know what that means... but it was sexy" she leaned closer and licked my lips.

"Okay guys, Brad is on his way there" I removed my hand of her thigh "and he is taking Gibby with him"

"Why?" Sam asked.

"Because they were together" Carly grabbed her purse and frowned "Freddie why are you shirtless?" she pointed at my unbuttoned shirt.

"Oh... I don't know" I fixed my shirt and Sam laughed.

"Oh my God... first you guys can't keep your hands off each other, and now you can't keep your clothes on? Oh boy..." Carly sighed "and why are you wearing a skirt?" she asked Sam. Just when Sam opened her mouth to respond, Carly cut her off "never mind. I don't wanna know"

"Then let's go people" Sam grabbed my hand and dragged me out of the apartment.

We met with Gun Smoke in the lobby and he drove us to the gym. Carly went shotgun, because Sam and I wanted to sit together. Brad and Gibby were already there waiting for us. I told Sam to go sit by the bleachers while I changed my clothes. She wanted to come with me and *help me* get dress, but Gun Smoke dragged me out of there before I could even think about *the help* she was going to give me. If I wanted to impress her I had to forget that tempting thing she called a skirt.

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#### Sam's POV

When he came back dressed in his fencing clothes and holding a sword, I had to add that to my sex fantasy list. He smiled at me and put his helmet on. Okay... I have to bang him with nothing but that helmet! And I'm going to do it in his kitchen table. Great idea! Brad and Gibby joined us; making themselves useful they brought us popcorn and soda. Brad rushed to sit next to Carly and Gibby came to sit next to me.

"So? Are you guys already together, together?" he asked "Freddie told me he was going to ask today" Gibby offered me a bag of jellybeans.

"He asked. We're together" I smiled at the nub getting ready for battle and grabbed the bag of jellybeans.

"Great!" he said it on his Gibbish way.

The first round began. I know shit about fencing, but seeing the nub dressed like that and holding a sword is such a turn on. He has to bang me wearing that helmet! I have to give him a head while he wears this thing.

"Kick his butt Freddie!" I yelled, then shoved a handful of popcorn inside my mouth.

He didn't turn to look at me, but I know he heard me. Man... he looks hot with those clothes!

"So? Did you like the bracelet?" Gibby asked me.

"I loved it!" I didn't bother to look at him "go Freddie!"

Freddie was taking instructions from Gun Smoke and fencing at the same time. That's my dork! Everybody was cheering, but I was screaming, I wanted to make sure he was listening to me.

"Man... he looks hot with those clothes!" I took a sip of my soda.

"Which one is he?" Gibby asked "they're all the same!"

"Nope... he is on the left, facing us... how can you not know which one is he?" I slapped Gibby's head.

"Ow! He is your boyfriend not mine! Besides... how can you know for sure?"

"Oh... I know that dork's body, and I would know him it even if he was wearing a bear suit" I eye-sexed Freddie's body "Good Lord! He looks so hot with those clothes!" I took another sip of my soda.

"Yeah Sam, he looks cute, now stop having sex with him mentally in front of us, and if you do that at least be quiet about it!" Carly said.

"I can't, I'm loud!" Brad and Gibby turned to look at me with wide eyes "hey, it's not my fault! That dork over there has magical hands!"

"Ew... okay... please don't share this sort of information with us!" Carly begged.

"Kick his butt babe!" I yelled louder this time.

Freddie won the first round and some guy announced the second round. He took his helmet off for a second and smiled at me. Nirvana's *Smells Like Teen Spirit* started to play in the gym.

"Go nerd!" he waved and put his helmet on "kick his ass!" I could hear Freddie laughing and saw Gun Smoke glaring at me from the corner of my eye.

"Sam?" Carly called me.

"Yeah?" I didn't take my eyes off Freddie.

"You should keep it down" she whispered.

"Why?"

"Cause you're distracting him!" Brad agreed with her nodding.

"Bullshit!" I ignored them "go hot stuff!" Freddie got distracted and the guy poked him in the chest with the sword.

"See?" Carly pointed at Gun Smoke, who looked furious.

"Oops" I gave her my most innocent smile.

The second round was over and Freddie took his helmet off and wiped his sweaty forehead with his glove. Gun Smoke told him something, he nodded and grabbed a bottle of water, that was when Gun Smoke started to walk towards us.

"Sam?" he motioned for me to come closer.

"Yeah?" I did as he asked.

"Stop distracting the boy, he is luck today is only a training, but in the championship this could cause him the trophy" he was a little angry, I could tell.

"Fine, I'll shut up, but after this shit is done, he is all mine got it?" I needed some time with the dork too.

"Huh..." he looked at Freddie, who was engaged into the fight then back at me "fine, but be quiet!"

The rest of the day I saw Freddie training and kept my promise to be quiet. I had to bite my lip a few times to control my urge to scream. He was so frigging hot with that outfit... damn! I wanted to scream, I wanted to moan, I wanted to... okay. I just kept doing all that in my head. I kept picturing a dozen scenarios where we're alone here in this gym and he was wearing nothing but his helmet and his sword, while I was wearing nothing at all. Around five he was done, took his helmet off and came talk to us. I almost ran towards him, when I threw myself at him, Freddie caught me with one arm and lifted me off the floor. I wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist.

"Nice moves dork!" I leaned down and kissed him.

"Thanks! And next time you're cheering for me... make sure you're wearing this skirt, my God you're sexy!" he said looking at my boobs.

"Noted! And you're not so bad yourself Benson... you know, I kept fantasizing a bunch of wild things I would do to you" I whispered.

"Oh... tell me one" he smirked.

"You and me, over there" I pointed where he was fencing before "you were wearing nothing but this helmet" I pointed at the helmet in his right hand "and I was wearing nothing at all" I heard him moaning and his eyes rolled to the back of his head "sometimes you were holding this sword"

"God I love your mind! And it's a mask, not a helmet and it's a saber not a sword" he kissed me again.

"Whatever floats your boat Benson. I don't care what's called, all I care about is that it's sexy and I want you to bang me wearing it! Whatever it is" his jaw dropped.

"Hey congrats man, you did great!" Brad approached us and patted Freddie in the shoulder.

"Thanks man" he gulped, still feeling uncomfortable about what I said before, and adjusted my weight.

"You totally going to win this thing dude" Gibby told him.

"I hope so" I leaned down and kissed his neck.

"I know you will dweeb" I whispered.

"You were really good Freddie" Carly patted his shoulder, she looked at our position and laughed "are you going to let go of him?" she asked me.

"Uh... let me think... nope!" I kissed him again.

Freddie gave Brad his fencing mask and his saber to hold my thighs with both hands. He pulled away smiling and I saw three guys approaching us laughing. I didn't like those dudes... they looked like jerks to me. I pulled away with a suspicious look when I saw they were walking right to us. Freddie looked at me and frowned.

"What's the matter?" he turned to see what I was looking at and his frown turned into an annoyed face "just great"

"Who are they?" I asked.

"The gym jerks" he made a disgusted face.

"Hey Benson" the jerk in the middle said.

"Hey Tyler" Freddie gave him his fakest smile.

"Is this your girl?" the jerk on the right side asked.

"Yeah" he put me on the floor "Sam... this is Tyler, this is Armer and this is Olsen" he introduced us.

"Hey Sam... so you're dating him?" that Tyler guy asked in disbelief.

"Yep, proudly" I wrapped my arms around Freddie's neck "what about you? Which one are you dating?" I pointed at his little friends.

"Oh... feisty... I like it" he laughed "good luck in the tournament Benson, you're going to need it" with that they walked away.

"Jerk" Freddie's face was red with anger.

"Hey dork... relax, you'll kick his jerky butt easily, then I'm going to give you a head in reward" his eyes popped right out of his head.

"Ew Sam!" I heard Carly say.

"Just kidding!" I told her "no I'm not" I whispered to Freddie, who was still red, but for other reasons now.

"Okay..." he leaned closer and whispered into my ear "I'm going to take a quick shower, keep your cell phone close, when no one is around, I'll text you" he kissed my cheek and pulled away.

"Alright, go take your shower nerd" I pulled him away.

"Fine Princess" he kissed me one more time and walked away.

"Let's watch those guys fighting karate!" I pointed at two guys engaged in a fight a few feet away from us.

"I don't wanna see karate!" Carly whined.

"Let's go Shay!" I grabbed her arm and dragged her with me "it will be fun! Right boys?"

"Yeah" they said in union.

We bought more popcorn outside and soda. The fight began, and the boys were fascinated. I wasn't paying any attention, because I was too busy checking my phone every five seconds waiting for Freddie's text. The bigger guy punched the smaller guy in the face then kicked his shin, I laughed out loud and Carly winced. She is such a prissy. Ten minutes later I was already getting impatient, I wanted to make out with that dork!

"Why do you keep checking your phone?" Carly asked.

"No reason" I took a sip of my soda.

"Check this out!" Brad patted my shoulder.

The smaller guy kicked the bigger guy in the shoulder and he fell to the floor. I laughed one more time and Carly closed her eyes. That was when my phone rang. THANK GOD!

**From: Fredeinstein**

**Hey Puckett... come over**

**And wait by the door**

**:P**

"Who is it?" Carly asked.

"I have to go over there and do something... wait for me here, don't call or look for me, I'll be back when I'm back" I told her.

"Are you going to make out with Freddie in the showers?" she put her hands in her hips.

"Maybe... so don't come looking for me!" I turned my back to her and walked away "I'm gonna get getcha good Benson"

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#### Freddie's POV

I took a quick shower and practically kicked the guys out of the showers. I made up a lame excuse to make them leave and texted Sam. I couldn't wait to be alone with that blond headed hurricane. I put on a clean pair of boxers and my old black jeans. I didn't bother to put on a shirt, because I knew Sam would rip it off anyway, and didn't dry my hair either. My shoulders were also wet and little drops of water were running down my chest and backs. I walked around in circles waiting for her to get her pretty ass in here.

#### From: Sam

I'm at the door

Can I come in?

I walked over the door and grabbed her hand, pulling her inside in one quick move. I dragged her further into the showers and pushed her against the lockers grabbing her boobs.

"Fuck!" she screamed.

"Quiero arrancarte la ropa" I whispered into her ear.

"I have no idea what you just said, but... say it again!" she moaned.

"I said I wanna rip your clothes off" I licked her ear and stick my hands inside her tank top.

"Oh God... please do it" she started to claw my backs "say it again"

"I wanna rip your clothes off!" I squeezed her boobs.

"NOO, in Spanish!" she panted.

"Quiero arrancarte la ropa" I sucked her neck.

"Oh God!" she moaned loud.

"Yo te quiero, te quiero mucho" I bit her neck "I said, I want you, I want you so much"

"I want you too" she grabbed both sides of my face and kissed me.

I sneaked my hand into her skirt to caress the smooth skin of her thigh.

"Say it again" she arched her backs and hooked her leg around my hips "say it again"

"Yo te quiero" I grabbed the thigh she had hooked around my hips and gripped it hard kissing her neck "yo te quiero mucho"

"I want you too" she threw her head back and groaned "God I want you now!"

I caressed her thigh one more time then slid my hand to her core. Her leg fell to the floor and she bucked against my hand letting out a whimpering sound.

"God!" she cried out as I began to rub her folds.

I pressed my thumb gently against the little mound of nerves in between her legs making her shake, from head to toe. Sam grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked, I felt pain and pleasure at the same time. I was pretty sure she just hurt my scalp. I slipped my fingers to her entrance and felt her wetness. She was always so warm and wet... I rubbed her a little more then removed my hand quickly.

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#### Sam's POV

He was doing a great job, until he removed his hand from me. Man! What the heck? I never wanted to murder him as much as I want now. Why on earth would he stop doing that magical thing he was doing? WHY OH WHY? I opened my eyes and sent him a killer glare. He was looking at my breasts, analyzing me, like he was studying me or something. He looked at me like he was looking at one of his tech stuff; I started to look around to see if someone walked in on us. There was no one around so there was no excuse for him to stop what he was doing.

"Why, oh why, would you stop?" I asked dramatically.

"Shut it Puckett!" he pulled my tank top up and out of my body "hello there" He was talking to my boobs. Freddie was actually talking to my boobs... what a nerd "I'm so excited to meet you guys, I've been wanting to meet you in a long time" he caressed them gently, then nuzzled my breast.

"Oh... the twins wanna meet you too" I caressed his chest and abs.

"I know" he said before licking them "And twins?"

"They look the exact same" I told him and he moaned.

He licked, sucked and bit everywhere my bra wasn't covering. I arched my backs further to reach the clasp of my bra. My hands roamed on my backs until I found the hook. Freddie was licking my neck when I unhooked my bra, his head snapped up when I started to slide my lingerie out of my body.

"It's okay nerd, they want to meet you now" I took off my bra and tossed on the floor.

The dork's eyes went wide and he licked his lips, I wondered if he was going to drool. My nipples were already hard when he finally reached for me and

cup them with his hands, his touch was so gentle and so arousing at the same time. He rolled my nipples in between his thumb and his index finger. I let out a whimper sound and grabbed his biceps.

"You're so perfect" he squeezed my boobs before leaning to capture one of them with his lips.

He sucked and I sighed, this was so much better without the bra. I was amazed by the things he could do with his mouth. Felt his teeth grazing against my skin, and I unconsciously arched my chest forward making him take more of me inside his mouth. He gave my tit a good lick before switching to the other. He put my whole nipple inside his mouth and flicked with his tongue; I couldn't help but cry out his name. Freddie switched again to give my other breast the same treatment, and with his hand he cupped the other. I cried out at the sensations he was giving me. He put his whole mouth on my tit and licked my nipple making round circles with his tongue, then he gave it a good suck and switched to the other.

"Oh... holy shit... don't stop... don't you ever stop!" I cried out.

"I'm just stalling... I have no idea what to do" he said.

"I have an idea... how about you shut up and just do what you were doing" I said annoyed.

He rolled his eyes, smiled and resumed what he was doing. If I didn't know better, I would think Freddie was a professional tit licker, he was really good at it, and the more he did it, the wetter I got. I started to grind my hips against his desperately.

"Tell me what you want" he whispered into my chest looking at me with those brown eyes "tell me what you want and I'll do it"

"I want you to touch me again" I grabbed his shoulders, pulling him up so he could face me "touch me Freddie"

He kissed me and lowered his hands until they reached my underwear. He gripped the sides of my boy shorts firmly, and slid them down and out of my body.

"Where? Where do you want me to touch you? Tell me" he said caressing my thighs.

"There... right there" I threw my head back waiting for his move.

"Here?" I felt his index finger pressing my clit.

"Oh God yes... right there" I dig my nails into the skin of his shoulders.

I open my eyes to watch him watch himself as his finger disappeared inside of my center. He waited a little bit until move it up and down and rub my clit with his thumb.

"Mmmmm" I started to move my hips up and down, almost begging him to go deeper.

He allowed his finger to go as far as it could go and started to crook it. Freddie went faster and faster, all I could do was moan how good it was, I was so weak at the moment, I had to grip his shoulder or else I would fall. He was giving me so much pleasure, I wanted to do something for him too, but I selfishly kept asking for more. More of him, more for me. I honestly didn't know how it could get any better.

"Sam"

I opened my eyes as soon as I felt his finger leaving me. I felt empty without his finger filling me up. I wanted to know why the hell he stopped this time; it was like he had a radar or something, every time I was close to the edge he would pull away leaving me wanting more.

"Why did you stop now?" he chuckled and kissed me sweetly before pulling away to rub his nose against mine.

"I wanna know how you taste like" he rubbed my cheeks with his thumbs making slow circular moves. I love when he does that.

"Don't you already know?" I complained.

"I don't mean your mouth" my whole body shivered at his words "but I need permission"

I couldn't speak, so I just nodded... the nub wanted to give me a head... oh my God! He never... we never... I never... went there... we never went that far. Apart of me wanted to go there, the other was afraid. What if I tasted bad? What if he was grossed out? What if? I guess I started to have a little panic attack, because Freddie stroked my hair and smiled.

"We don't have to do it" his voice was sweet and understanding.

"No... I want to, I'm just scared" I confessed.

"You don't have to be" he sighed "listen, I have no idea what to do, I'm just curious about you"

I smiled. I wanted this, I needed this... I needed him.

"Okay... I want it" I breathed.

"You're sure?" his eyes were eagerly shinning and I knew he was a little nervous too, but unlike me he was certain of this.

I wanted it, I wanted it too much, but at the same time I was afraid, because I never did this before, and first times scare me. I remember my first kiss... our first kiss, my legs were shaking, and even trying my best to be calm, I was a pile of nerves. This was no different, he was going to kiss me there for the first time, it would be like a first kiss, just not on the lips.

"Yeah, yeah... I'm" I closed my eyes waiting for him. Somewhere inside or outside, Augustana's *Fire* started to play, I'm not sure where, all I heard was fire, burning me up, desire, taking me so much higher, and leaving me whole.

Freddie kissed my lips and waited a few seconds to make his way down. He delivered open mouthed kisses all over my throat, chest and stomach, finally reaching my center. Freddie stuck his head inside my skirt, making the moisture between my legs intensify, that was the sexiest thing I've ever saw. He parted my legs, while rubbing my thighs, then he gripped the back of my knees lifting me up, placing me over his shoulders. He was on his

knees holding me steady, gripping my ass he started to lick my folds like I was a Popsicle. I sighed and threw my head back and tugged on his hair, I figured it would be better to just relax, this was the first time for us, I didn't want to freak out and freak him out. He kept licking and rubbing my thighs. I felt jolts of electricity running thru my body, if he wasn't holding me, I would probably fall.

"OH MY GOD FREDDIE!" I screamed "FREDDIE... OH GOD!"

He took that as a sign to go ahead and lick my clit. I thanked God for that, my whole body just started to spasm. I didn't orgasm, but I was close, the sensations his tongue provided me sent me straight to heaven. I started to moan so loud, that Freddie had to put his hand on my mouth. I was whimpering already and he was just doing it tentatively, I wondered what would happen when he gave me a more... *generous lick*. It was like he read my mind, suddenly his movements became frantic, his tongue pressing against my clit and rolling with his teeth. He used his lips, his tongue and his teeth, and he was gripping my ass so hard I was sure it would leave a mark. WHO THE FUCK CARES? I sure don't!

"My God!" I said against his hand.

As if it wasn't enough, I felt his tongue lowering to my entrance, when he said he wanted to taste me, he wasn't kidding. I don't know what came over him, but he stick his tongue inside my entrance... he was tongue-fucking me and it felt so good. It felt better than every dry humping we ever did... it was better than ham... better than bacon... God better than breathing! I felt closer to the edge, I knew this time was going to have an orgasm like I never did before. Is that possible for someone to get into a pleasure coma? Cause I think I'll. I batted his hand out of my mouth to let him know I was almost there.

"God... my God Freddie... I'm... I think I'll... I will..." my moans were so grave and loud I could feel my vocal chords vibrating.

I couldn't finish my sentence, but I guess he got my point, because he started to lick me more vigorously. My whole body was burning, my brain felt like scrambled eggs, there was no thought in my head that wasn't about his tongue or my own screams of pleasure. He went back to lick my clit and started to work with a very generous tongue, it was like he was confident now. My orgasm hit me harder than ever before, it was like a train crushing me with full force. I tugged his beautiful brown hair as my life depended on it. Freddie gave me a minute to get myself together and finally pulled away. His cheeks were flushed, his hair was a mess, he was all sweaty and had the cutest smile on his face. The dork stood up quickly still smiling at me, he helped me stand up completely.

"Well that was fun!" he said happily, but I didn't speak "are you okay?"

"I guess you just put me in a pleasure coma" I said breathlessly (Props to firekitty500)

He chuckled loud and hugged me. He pulled away but not completely, his arms were wrapped around my waist and he had this smug smirk on his lips.

"Good to know Princess" he was so close I could feel the bulge in his pants.

"How do I... you know... taste like?" I asked curiously.

"Just like your personality" he answered with a chuckle.

"BAD?" I knew this wasn't a good idea... damn it!

"Nope... Bittersweet" he smile.

"Oh... that's better. I want it again... not right now... but very, very soon" just to let his know.

"Todo para mi muñequita" He whispered.

"What?" his random Spanish in so sexy.

"I said, all for my little doll" he traced his finger from my forehead to the tip of my nose; I realized he did that a lot; it was sort of becoming his thing, our thing.

"Oh Benson... your dorkiness overwhelms me sometimes" I giggled.

Since the dork gave me such an amazing experience, maybe I should do the same for him. It was only fair for me to pay him in the same way. I caressed the sides of his thighs, then the bulge in his pants, I stroke it over the fabric. Freddie moaned and banged his head against the locker, on the left side of my head.

"Ow!" he pulled away and rubbed his forehead.

"Careful there stubrag" I kissed his forehead, then his nose, then his lips.

Not carrying where they've been just a few minutes ago, I kissed and licked his lips. He tried to pull away, probably because he just gave me a head, but I held his head and licked his bottom lip. Freddie finally gave up and accepted the kiss, letting my tongue slide inside of his mouth to explore. My hand went back to his rocket to caress it. I unbuttoned his jeans, he wasn't wearing a belt, which made things easier for me. I sneaked my hand inside and grabbed his rocket pulling it out of his confines. Freddie groaned inside my mouth and I started to give him a handjob. I broke the kiss to suck on his neck. Freddie put his two hands on the locker, on each side of my face and buried his face on the crook of my neck.

"Do you want me to do the same for you Freddie?" I whispered in his ear.

"Uh... uh-huh... yeah" he nodded.

Just when I went down on my knees, facing his throbbing rocket, I realized that I never saw it before... I never really saw his rocket. It was thicker than it felt in my hand, and bigger than I thought, I could actually see the veins on that... thing. I blinked twice... a sudden urge, almost like a need, took over me and I found myself hungry for him. I wanted to take him in my mouth and suck him all the way to the base, but I was pretty sure it would be impossible.

"Holy shit Benson! You're like a horse!" I heard Freddie laughing "I don't think this will fit my mouth... Oh man... oh my God... oh..." I grabbed this humongous rocket and stroked it furiously

I looked at him, not sure of what to do. Freddie had his eyes closed and his fists clenched. I smiled... he was waiting for me. I gripped his rocket hard and just when I stick my tongue out of my mouth to touch his rocket I heard this melody playing. It was probably inside my head... I heard this bass, only the bass... then I heard a voice...

*Come as you are, as you were, as I want you to be, as a friend, as a friend as an old enemy...*

Fuck... it was a ringtone, it sure hell wasn't mine. I looked at Freddie who cursed and searched his pockets for his cell phone.

"Fuck... why now? Who the fuck is calling right now?" he cursed.

"Oh well... that's a shame..." I stood up "I was dying to blow you Benson"

"Oh... God!" he found his phone underneath his jacket "Fuck... its Brad... you talk to him, I hate him right now, can't talk to him" I laughed when he tossed me the phone.

"Hey nerd"

*"It's Carly, I'm using Brad's phone cause I forgot to charge mine, anyway I just thought you should know that its six o'clock and there is people showing up, there is some guys going to the showers, so Brad and Gibby are stalling them, I just thought you should know in case they walk in and you're... doing something nasty"* she chuckled.

"Oh... thanks kid. It's Carly. She says we have to leave cause there is people coming in" I told Freddie "And by the way Freddie is really pissed at you, I was about to give him a blowjob when you-" Freddie grabbed the cell phone. His face was as red as a tomato.

"Carly don't listen to her... we'll be out in a minute" he hung up "Sam! You don't give details of our relationship like that to Carly... or anyone else for that matter!" he closed his pants and put a shirt on.

"Okay, okay... I was just messing with you Benson" I put my bra and my shirt on "hey... where is my underwear?"

"It's here..." he took out of his pocket and tossed at me with a smirk "I didn't want to toss it on the filthy floor"

"Thanks Benson" I put on my underwear, my eyes never left his, I watched him, watching me put on my underwear.

"You're such a tease..." he cleaned his throat and put on his shoes. He grabbed his bag, I grabbed his hand and we got out of there.

The rest of the day wasn't near as good as our moment in the showers, or our tour on the fatcake factory. After that we went to the Groovy Smoothies to hang out with our friends, but I'm pretty sure neither of us really wanted to. I figured that since we just started dating we could wait a little bit and take it slow, although most of the times I really wanted to fuck his brains out. That was the problem, when we were close I wanted to have his desperately, but whenever I really got to think about it, it was too soon. Hopefully I would make up my mind soon. I didn't want our first time to be in the heat of the moment or anything, Freddie was right, it should be perfect and not because it's our first time, but because of the feelings we have for each other. I was lying on my bed after Freddie dropped me home just staring at my bracelet. Our relationship was just like that jewelry; precious. I couldn't wait until tomorrow; I was finally going to show those bitches at school he was mine. All mine. After that would be summer and man I intend to make out with him as much as I can!

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**A/N:** First of all... who saw the behind the scenes of iLMM? OMG I'M FANGIRLING TO DEATH! Anyway, I wanted to thank everyone for your reviews, this is the longest chapter I've ever wrote! WOW! It took like two days to finish!

"Katieinsomk" you made me soooo happy, thank you a lot! I will think about it, but for now I'll stick to fanfic, cause college is back and I'll have no time for myself. But your review made my day!

"SAM-seddie-FREDDIE" AAAAAAAAHHHH! I love you! And I intend to write a lot, and I'm planning a sequel to this fic! Who knows?

"Maliumpkin" I wish I had a Freddie Benson too... but life is unfair, so I write about it!

jesrod82 I wanted to make it sweet, but do something Sam would like, well, I guess it worked, cause you guys liked!

RHrGreatness MY GOD THANK YOU! I'm crying right now! And the Coldplay music was so random, you see I listen to music every time I write, it gives me inspiration, so I was writing and then this music started to play, and man sounded soooo cute! I just had to share it with you guys!

Jamiewalsh me tooooo!

cherrprn4 I read your review and blushed! XD

Luvable101 I'm in love with Nicki Minaj lately, and in love with Super Bass, I just had to put it there!

88 if only they did... oh, that would be amazing, but then again, I'm a girl writing a boy, I guess I can dream...

bigtimeseddie: XD blushed...

Priincess Starlight AHHH PIC BUDDY! I'm sorry I didn't send you the sneak peek, but when I was editing I decided to just update! Well there you go!

## \*Chapter 36\*: BAD NEWS

### BAD NEWS

Hey guys, I just got some terrible news, my sister's granddad (we don't share the same dad) just died, this morning, he had brain cancer, but still, it was a shock, see the thing is, I hate my father's father (not my mother's father, god no, I love that man) and he was kind of part of the family to me, like a replacement for my father's father. He was such a great person, and my sister is just devastated, we all are... I'm not in condition to write or even think about anything this week, so I won't be updating this week... but I promise that after iLost my mind I'll be back with more chapters for you. If you didn't read iOfficial yet, review about the chapter, your reviews make me happy! I can't even think about anything right now...

Thanks,

*S. Benson*

## \*Chapter 37\*: iTell Everybody

A/N: Hey guys, I'm sorry for not posting before, but I'm here now, I hope you guys don't be to mad at me for the delay! I just wanted to thank everyone for your patience, your prays and you reviews, thank you so much! You guys have no idea how grateful I'm am! And I'm also happy about iLost My Mind, but who isn't? well... the creddiers, they're not very happy, I'm sorry for them (*no I'm not my ship is canon!*) JK! And did you guys see the new opening credits? OMG Freddie is so cute! And speaking of Freddie... Mr. Benson you sure can kiss! What was that? Well, if it wasn't on nickelodeon I'm pretty sure that some tongue would be involved. And the way he says *just one more* makes me want to give him one more of anything he asks for... awww, love! Anyway, I'm still a little upset about iDate Sam and Freddie. I mean, September? They like to torture us! but they promo is so cute! Who's still fangirling since Saturday? I know I'm! Oh and Goopy Gilbert? He is my new hero! Oh and was just me or everybody else died when Freddie said *I guess we're both insane?* OMG! Seddie official line now! Spencer's face is just like, *oh like that is news for me! I totally saw that coming!* Quick tip: if you watch the second part of the kiss backwards, it's even cuter! Anyway, I'll shut up now. Just one question, I wanted to know what you guys think, should I write more lemons or less lemons? Let me know!

One more time, thank you, for everything!

XD

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Carly's POV

Sam was walking around in my apartment. She was walking in circles around the couch. This was a rare situation, see Sam is not an early riser, that's for sure, she always meets us at school at least fifteen minutes late. That is what normal Sam would do, get up, sleep a little more, and get to school late, however this Sam walking around in my apartment was totally different. While I woke up, got a shower, chose my outfit and got ready for school, Sam was taking the bus, getting into the elevator and bursting in without a warning. First thing I saw when I got downstairs was a very nervous girl in an orange sweater walking around, chewing her lips. She reminded me of someone, perhaps a friend of mine, an obnoxious blonde who didn't give a shit about what anyone said. This blond girl in my living room resembled her in many ways, but perhaps this was Melanie, or a clone, or a third twin. Maybe a body snatcher took over Sam's body and treated to destroy my world ...

Or... she was nervous about telling everyone she was dating the dork. I ran out of speeches, *everything would be okay...* already said that... *don't be stupid, things will be fine...* just said that... *you're Sam Puckett for Christ's sakes!* Nope... that one was old... *just relax, there is no need to be nervous...* this actually worked for five seconds, before she freaked out again... and the one that always seemed to work... eat the bag of bacon and relax... didn't have any effect what so ever. What am I supposed to do? I'm not used to deal with this Sam... not this nervous wreck of a girl. Sam's been nervous before, and feisty, and angry... But now she is vulnerable, almost weak... maybe even scared... and I don't know how to deal with that.

If this was anyone else, I would have a proper speech ready on the tip of my tongue, but Sam is a complex maze, where one might get lost without chance to find their way back. I chose Spencer to the quest of find the old Sam and bring her back. His success was the same as mine... none. In fact, his failure was so deep that he ran out of the apartment screaming take care of this yourself! Now I have two nervous wrecks to deal with. Great! After she devoured a whole bag of bacon, I finished my breakfast and washed the dishes. Like it wasn't enough, she started to eat her fingers. To stop her from doing so, I had to give her something else to bite. A bag of fatcakes. This was the day she would tell the whole school about her relationship with the dork and honestly I didn't know what she was so nervous about.

*"Is it because he is a nerd?" I asked her.*

*"NO!" she screamed in response.*

*"Is it because of your reputation?" I asked her.*

*"NO!" she screamed in response.*

*"Is it because of Patrice?" I asked her.*

*"Fuck NO!" she clenched her fists in response.*

Then... what the fuck is this about? I can't seem to figure out this girl. We have to leave in twenty minutes and she was still having a panic attack in my living room. Who in this world could push pass her walls and smooth her down? Who could go in such a quest to bring back the real Sam Puckett and come back alive? Who saw the real Sam Puckett, with all her flaws and lived to tell the tale? I know a knight in shinny armor that might be perfect for this job. The cause of her stress... also known as Freddie Benson. While Sam continued to walk around the place, I marched out of my apartment and knocked at his door. Three knocks later and he opened the door revealing his adorable nerdy face. His hair was undone, his backpack was in the couch, but he other than that he was fully dressed. He smelled like coffee and bagels, I guess he was just finishing his breakfast.

"Hey Carls..." he smiled.

"Go smooth down your girlfriend now Benson!" I gave him an order, but didn't wait to make sure he would obey my commands.

"What?" I heard his door closing as he followed me into my apartment.

"You guys have twenty minutes to solve this... wait let me be clear.... Freddie!" I yelled his name *"you have twenty minutes to solve this... I'll be in the upstairs in my room!"*

Saying no more, I left them to solve their problems.

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Freddie's POV

When Carly came by and commanded me to smooth my girlfriend I was taken by surprise. Fuck... I had no idea what the heck she was talking about, but when I saw Sam, walking around the room devouring a fatcake I knew what she meant. So, Sam was nervous... I knew a few tricks to make her relax... but with Carly upstairs they had no value. If I couldn't put my secret weapons to good use, I guess I'll do the talking and see how it goes. When she first saw me her eyes softened and I could swear the let out a breath that she was holding for too long. I smiled and walked over her.

"You have fatcake right here..." I removed the fatcake out of her cheek with my thumb and licked it "there"

She sighed and went sit on the couch. Something was very wrong. I followed her and sat on Carly's coffee table.

"What's the matter Sam?" I put my hand on her knee and squeezed it.

"Nothing..." she scowled.

"Sam... please, make it easy for me here... for us, and just tell me what is it" I begged her "I promise you, whatever it is we can solve it together"

Sam looked at me for a while, deciding whether or not to open up to me. Eventually she caved, and before I could brace myself she threw herself at my arms. I almost fell off the coffee table with her on my lap. When I was able to adjust myself, I moved to the couch, with her straddling me. She nestled herself on my chest and I started to play with her hair.

"If you want we can wait a little longer... I understand how hard this must be for you, dating a nerd, what everyone is going to say huh? If you want I can change this shirt... I can try to look more... well, less, less dorky" I brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear.

"No... that's not the problem" she lifted her head up to look at me "I hate feeling this way Benson, this is so unlike me. I'm tough, not a nervous wreck"

"Hey... we can all be a little nervous sometimes, even the great Sam Puckett in all her glory" she chuckled and I kissed her forehead "it's not abnormal to feel afraid Sam, or to feel weak every now and then, this only proves that you're a human being with feelings, just like me"

"I know... but I'm not used to melt down this way, especially not in front of your dorky face" she looked down, realizing what just happened. She just melted down in front of me showing all her weakness.

"Listen, I get it okay... you're ashamed, I don't mind. I know I'm not the perfect guy or whatever, I get it, I real-" she raised her hand for me to stop talking.

"The problem it's not you Benson, really, trust me. I'm not ashamed, and why would I be? You might be a dork, but you're smart, handsome and nice... maybe too nice, but still, those are qualities to be proud of not ashamed" I never felt so flattered before in my life.

"Wow Sam... thanks, I guess that those are the nicest things you ever said to me" she smiled and kissed my lips very softly. I definitely could get used to this.

"Don't get used to dork... I'm not going to praise your qualities just because I acknowledge them" she put her elbows on my shoulders and started to brush my hair with her two hands.

"Once is good enough" I caressed her cheeks and leaned forward to capture her lips with mine, in a very soft, sweet kiss "so, if I'm not the problem, then what is?"

"It's stupid, I feel better now" she tried to get out of my lap, but I held her still, she's not running away from me now.

"No Sam... please don't do this, tell me what is wrong. Just once, trust me, open up to me. I know you're not used to, but do it, just this once" I begged her.

She closed her eyes and sighed. I wanted to know what was making her so nervous, I wanted to kiss away all her doubts and insecurities, I wanted to let her know how much I loved her. Sam opened her eyes again, they were the same dazzling blue eyes, but they didn't shine like before that made me want to push away all her fears.

"Confide in me... please?" I was as vulnerable as her right now.

"Okay... it's stupid... and don't laugh" she warned me, I nodded and she cleaned her throat "it's me, I'm the problem"

"Enlighten me" I frowned.

"Don't you see..." she got out of my lap, and this time I couldn't stop her "they're, going to say: *her*? *You're dating her*? *Of all the girls? Why would you choose her?*" her tone was bitter, and it cut me like a knife.

"Sam..." I stood up and tried to touch her, but she stepped away from me and walked to the other side of the room.

"See... I told you it was stupid" she said angrily.

"Look... that is something we both can agree on, it is stupid. And since when do you care about what people say anyway?"

"I don't... but *you do*" she stopped walking and looked at me with frightened eyes "*you care*"

I didn't move. So that was the problem? She thought that I would give a damn about those people and what they have to say? Unbelievable!

"What if you change your mind?" she pointed at me and shook her head sarcastically "what if you realize they're right, and come to your senses?"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa there! Let's grab a hold to reality and take it for a ride, shall we? That's not going to happen, don't be silly" I scoffed.

"What if it does? You're still on time; you can jump off the boat at any minute Benson, that's the reality!" she snapped.

I didn't move, talk or blink; I just stood there looking at her. After all we've been through, she still believe I can change my mind? Sometimes I think she doesn't know me at all. I think a good ten seconds passed, when I finally made my first move. I stepped out of my comfort zone and rushed towards her. I grabbed the back of her neck and pressed my lips against hers, so urgently, it hurt. She tugged on my jacket and I wrapped my arms around her, holding her tightly. I nipped her bottom lip and she opened her mouth for me, accepting my tongue as it entered, grazing her own, sending shivers down my spine. We pulled away breathless, touching our foreheads, and holding onto each other for dear life.

"I don't know how you can think that I would ever let go of this... of us" I told her with my eyes closed "I would face the world if that's what it takes for us to be together"

"How sappy Benson!" she chuckled "you saw this on a cheap chick flick?" I laughed and pulled away just a little bit, not enough to break our embrace.

"Maybe... It might be ridiculous Sam, but it doesn't mean it isn't true. I don't care what anyone says, I don't give a damn about anyone else, I want to be with you and end of story. Let me tell you how this is going down... we'll walk into that school together, holding hands, I'm going to walk you to your locker and kiss you for a good twenty seconds, with tongue and everything. Then people will start asking questions, and eventually when someone asks: *her? Why her?* Wanna know what I'm going to say?"

"What?"

"Yes... because she is the one who makes my heart skip a beat. Because she is the one who drives me crazy, but in the end of the day, I just wanna grab her face and kiss her senseless. Because I'm head over heels with her, and I love everything about her, I love her vicious personality, I love her crazy ways, I love her delinquent mind. And mainly, because I want to, because she is the one I want"

I watched her lips curl into a smile and that sorrow in her eyes disappeared. Soon, our lips met again, they moved in synchrony, urgently against each other. She tugged one hand on my hair and the other on my jacket. I held the back of her neck, losing my fingers inside her curls, and wrapped my other arm around her tiny waist. I backed her against the elevator door and pressed my body against hers. That kiss had the purpose to reassure *her* of my feelings, not myself. We pulled away at the same time, breathing heavy, and panting. I kissed her one more time, a small and very quick kiss before pulling away completely.

"*Je t'adore* Puckett, nothing is going to change that. Now that I'm trapped, completely hooked, bewitched really, it won't be easy to get rid of me" I brushed a strand of her hair behind her ear and caressed her face.

"I guess I just needed to hear you one more time, just to make sure" she smiled and punched me playfully.

"I can reassure you as many times as you want Princess" I touched the tip of her nose "just say when"

"*Io ti adoro* dork..." she saw my eager smile and frowned "but don't get used to!" she warned me.

"Oh... is that so? Because I could... was that Italian...? What did you say? Man it was sexy!" I held her tighter.

"Yeah, yeah... I said I adore you, and yeah, it's pretty sexy, but don't get used to dork!" she slapped my shoulder.

"Of course not Puckett, I wouldn't dare" I kissed the tip of her nose "ready to go?"

"Yeah, let's make out in front of the whole school; let them say whatever they want to say" she grabbed her bag.

"That's my girl! Let me grab my backpack" I wrapped my arm around her waist "Carle! We're leaving!"

"I'm coming!" she screamed.

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#### Sam's POV

I walked into school holding Freddie's hand. Some people looked at us suspiciously in the parking lot as we joined hands and smiled at each other. The nub and I walked into Ridgeway High and in less than a second all eyes were on us. It was impossible not to acknowledge some disgusted glares, some happy stares and some curious looks. Freddie did as he promised; he walked me to my locker where Wendy and Gibby were waiting. Carly and Brad were right behind us.

"We're here for moral support" Wendy patted my shoulder.

"We figured you guys would need an army around you in case the creddiers attack" Gibby said.

"Thanks guys" Freddie shook Gibby's hand.

"Are you ready for the P.D.A.?" Carly asked and Brad laughed.

"I'm always ready" Freddie said as he leaned closer and whispered in my ear "are you okay Princess? You haven't said a word yet"

"I'm fine, I'm just saving my sharp tongue for some unpleasant people" I whispered back "but we can start the P.D.A. now... that I'm more than willing to do" I wrapped my arms around his neck.

He smiled and touched my forehead with his. Freddie did as he promised and kissed me in the hallway. His lips moved so gently over mine, with such a slow pace. He licked my bottom lip waiting for me to open my mouth for him; I did and heard Carly and Wendy go awww. So lame! Nothing about that kiss was hungry and sexy, in fact, it was very sweet and tender. He cupped my face and gently caressed my cheek with his thumb while his tongue danced inside my mouth. I felt like I was floating on a candy cloud, was that stupid? I guess so, but it felt good at the same time. I savored the moment while it lasted. And boy, it lasted a good twenty five seconds! I remember vaguely needing air at some point, but I didn't pull away, not even if my life depended on it. In the end, his right arm was wrapped loose around my waist and his other hand was on the back of my neck. I felt him smiling against my lips when he pulled away.

"That was quite a kiss" Brad said.

"Yep!" Carly said "and it was so awww" she and Wendy said the aw at the same time. I wondered if they rehearsed that or what.

"I knew it!" I heard someone screaming.

When I turned to see everyone's reaction, Freddie wrapped his arms around me and hugged me from behind. I made myself comfortable in his arms and he rested his chin on the top of my head.

"I knew it, I knew it!" some girl said.

"You owe me fifty bucks" some guy said to his friend.

"OMG!" a girl squealed.

"NOOOOO!" I'm pretty sure it was a creddier screaming... but who cares? Well, I'll throw a few punches it's necessary.

"Are you guys dating?" Susan from our science class asked.

"Yep!" Freddie said.

"Since when?" her eyes went wide with excitement.

"Yesterday" I said.

"OMG! Guys... this is great! Congrats! I always knew you guys belonged together" she said happily and walked away.

Some people came by to say their congratulations, but most of them said finally, or I knew it, or you guys are meant to be, or why took you so long? Maybe this wasn't as bad as I thought it would be... oh well. Freddie's geek friends from the AV club stopped by to see what all the fuzz was about.

"I can't believe it! You guys are dating?" Marty, the short one with braces and blond hair asked... I gave him a wedgie once... or twice...

"Yep Marty my dorky friend, I'm dating the nub" I patted his head.

"Wow Freddie, man! Congrats!" Shane said "but I gotta say I already knew you had a thing for him Sam" he smirked.

"How so?" I asked him.

"Well, by the way you acted around him, and the way you looked at him when he wasn't looking" I looked at Freddie over my shoulder and saw him smiling "and the way you guys bickered... pfff... and the way you always seemed to-"

"Okay Shane, you made your point!" I cut him off "besides, we're getting this a lot today" I frowned.

"It's because it's truth!" Carly said.

"Whatever!" I shrugged.

"Huh... you two together? Honestly? How could you get a girlfriend like that?" Tom asked. He was a stuck-up dick nerd that thought he was better than everyone because the size of his brain... he had a big head. I never liked him, and I'm pretty sure he never liked me either, although I knew he thought I was hot. Can't blame him, mama's got it going' on!

"Cause he is everything you're not, starting with attractive, which you're not... so you can't understand. Besides... did you ever make out with him? Don't think so... so you can't know" I heard Freddie laughing while Tom made a disgusted face and walked away fixing his glasses "yeah, yeah... walk away freak!"

"You don't need to say that Sam... although I'm flattered" Freddie told me between laughs.

"I do what I want dork, just because we're dating doesn't mean I'm not going to be mean with your nerdy buddies!" I saw a couple of nerds shudder "that's right, I'm not soft just because I'm dating a nerd" I put my hands on his.

After Freddie's friends from the AV club left the ones from the fencing club came. Some of them asked in disbelief and some of them just complimented us. They left and the ones from the math club came, and the ones from the bow and arrow club and the ones from science club... I never realized how many friends the nub actually had, maybe his social life is not that much of a fail. The only thing that bothered me a little bit was the fact that he had *girl* friends too. Of course most of them were nerds, but some were actually decent looking girls. I knew a bunch of them, some I even liked, they weren't that bad after all, but just to make sure, I put on my mean face when they stopped by. I guess I can say that at least 30% of Freddie's (and I quote) "admires" didn't like me that much or feared me. Whatever... they *should* fear me!

A few of my friends asked us what was the deal, because I only hang out with people that go straight to business, mama hates lame people. Some people I trash Mr. Howard's car every once in a month, didn't even had to ask, they just shouted *finally* or *I knew you two would suck each other's face eventually* and walked away. Am I that obvious? I mean, seems to me everyone already knew or suspect I was crushing on this dork head... oh well. The creddiers never even talked to us, most of them were girls, they just sent me a death glare and walked away faster than normally would when I looked at them with my *I'm going to kill you, then cannibalize you, and eat your eyes for dessert* look. In the seven minutes we spent on the hallway, a lot of questions were asked, but no one, not one person had guts to ask *why her*?

"That wasn't half as bad as I thought it would be" I told Freddie while we walked to class.

"See...? I told you" he kissed the top of my head and we got inside the classroom.

All eyes were on us the moment we walked in. One of the girls asked why we were dating if we hated each other, I clenched my fists already running out of patience with all these fucking questions, so Freddie stepped in, he knew exact moment when his dorkish ways would come in handy.

"Because we like each other" he said simply.

"But I thought you guys hated each other" she said matter-of-factly.

"We don't... not for real" he said "we drive each other crazy, that's truth, but we don't hate each other, even if we tried, and believe me... Sam tried her best to make me hate her and yet I didn't" he shrugged and smiled.

I smiled at him... he is such a sappy nub that makes my heart skip a beat. In the end of his speech the girl was grinning like a fool, after she let out a loud awww looking at my nub, I had to step in. No girl goes aw on my dork and get away with it. He was leaning against his desk and she was eying him... all over him!

"Yeah, yeah... move along freak!" I pushed her out of my way.

"Sam..." Freddie laughed.

"Didn't you see her face? She was totally awwwing you in front of me!" I stated.

"Oh... someone is jealous" he smiled and grabbed my waist bringing me closer.

"No I'm not!" I punched his arm and he didn't even flinch.

"Ok, say what you want Puckett... and by the way, I don't think that awwwing is a word" he rubbed my back.

"Who cares? Who are you a dictionary?" that was when Mr. Howard walked into the classroom "hey creepy, you're late" I told him.

"Don't talk to me like that Puckett! Benson let go of her! And sit down everyone!" he shoved his briefcase on his desk "so? The rumor I heard about the two of you was true?" he said when Freddie and pulled away.

"What rumor?" I knew what he was talking about, but I wanted him to tell me.

"I heard that you and Benson" he pointed at Freddie "were sucking each other's face in the hallway" he laughed.

"That's correct baldie" the whole class started to laugh.

"Huh... so you finally decided to stop playing that I hate you/I love you silly game?" he crossed his arms.

Having Mr. Howard talking about my love life was beyond weird. I looked at Freddie who mirrored my confused look, he mouthed what the fudge at me and I shrugged.

"Okay that's enough. Open your text books on page 453" Mr. Baldie scowled and we opened our books. I happen to have books.

The rest of the day went pretty normal... well as normal as it can get when you're surrounded by curious goofs and weirdos asking you a thousand questions. Freddie and I had three classes together today, for the rest I had Carly and Brad, Gibby or Wendy to stand by me so I wouldn't do anything stupid I actually wanted someone watching the nub too, let's just say the idea of a bunch of girls surrounding him and asking questions wasn't very pleasant. My friends thought I needed a chaperone to stay out of trouble... pff... like that is going to stop me! The day was going smoothly, I didn't have to beat anyone or yank some girls' hairs for hitting on my dork. Freddie came to meet me outside the classroom and we walked together to the cafeteria, holding hands. Everybody was staring at us, but my eyes searched for one particular person... and when she walked in I felt the glory of victory! The bitch looked peeved and I smiled widely. I guess someone already told her about us... HAHAHABOOOMBA! When our eyes met my smile turned into an evil smirk, she looked at me, then at Freddie, then at our joined hands and clenched her fists. She walked towards us, and I felt the joy of being a winner increasing inside of me, I wrapped my arms around Freddie's neck and kissed him for about three seconds. It was a very sweet, very caring kiss and he smiled at me. My goal was to show that bitch that he liked me, that we weren't just a thing, that we were real. Freddie wrapped his arms around my waist the moment she reached us.

"Freddie?" I could see the rage behind her fake bitchy smile.

"Hi Patrice" he waved at her and I leaned even closer to him.

"I heard this crazy rumor" she began, but Freddie cut her off.

"About me and Sam dating? It's true, we are" he gave me that charming crooked smile that melted my heart.

In the corner of my eye I saw her eye twitching and her fake smile became a frown. I could sense that question coming, and man! I'm so glad is coming from her!

"But I thought you guys hated each other" she whined like a spoiled five year old.

"Nah... we don't... we didn't know how to deal with the feelings we had for each other" his smile grew wider.

"Oh... well, I get why she would like you, you're great Freddie" she took a step closer to him I felt my body tensing up "but honestly Freddie... I thought you had better taste" her voice was dripping with venom "you can do so much better, so why are you dating her?" there! Just the question I was waiting for.

"Well, not that's any of your business Patrice" he began and I smirked "but I'll tell you why... it's a very simple reason actually, because I want to" he shrugged.

"But... she treats you like shit, tortures you and calls you mean names! You should hate her!" she snapped. Somebody is getting desperate!

Everyone in the cafeteria was aware of what was happening now. Carly's eyes were on me all the time, I bet she thought I was going to go crazy and punch Patrice's lungs off... I should, but I want to hear Freddie say what he promised he would say if anyone asked him that. I let the dork take the lead, and he did it very well, which made me relax and feel confident. Not that I need someone to protect me, but this I gotta see.

"And yet I don't! She drives me crazy, this much is true, but in the end of the day I just want to grab her face and kiss her senseless" he kissed my cheek and I saw that bitch boil with rage "she is the one who makes my heart beat faster, I never felt this way before, and so what if she has some pet names for me? Or if she punches me playfully every once in a while? I don't care, I like her just the way she is, that's enough for me. And you're wrong... so wrong, I can't do better, because she is the best, she is the one for me"

By the end of his speech, my eyes were dripping with love. When did he become so... so... flawless? I forgot about Patrice all along, just to get lost into those dazzling brown eyes... damn I could drown on them. Those eyes are magnetic, they keep pulling me closer, and I found myself letting them take me whatever they want to. My eyes left his to lock on his mouth. Those sweet-fully-kissable lips that had the power to send me to heaven and condemn me at the same time. Mama has to have these lips right here right now, and not because of Patrice, but because, much like his eyes, his lips had a force that brought me to my knees and I had to have them.

"Now that you know why, move along and give mama and the dork some space to make out, or stay and watch if you want, but that's kinda pathetic" I told her and motioned for her to leave.

She gave me a this is not over yet look, but walked away. I turned to Freddie and kissed him very eagerly. Everyone around us cheered. We let our tongues dance together and I swear I could hear Passion Pit's *Little Secret* playing inside my mind. *Higher and higher and higher, higher and higher and higher...* we had to pull away eventually, because let's face it, although I would love being shoved into one of these tables with him all over me, that would be a little awkward with the amount of people who would be watching. He rested his forehead against mine and sighed.

"Let's get something to eat Princess... your kisses are making me feel weak" he said with a dreamy smile on his face.

"Get used to Benson... I'm gonna make your knees soft like jello" I whispered.

"Okay... now I need some distance from you" he pulled away fixing his shirt and I laughed.

"Let's eat Fredbaby" his eyes went wide and I chuckled "Fredbear is better? Or Fredkins?" I laughed at his mother's stupid pet name for him "Fredkitty then?" he rolled his eyes and grabbed my hand forcefully dragging me with him "Fredlove? Oh come on! Pick one! Freddarling? Fredsweety?"

"Come on Puckett!" I let him drag me laughing.

"I got a good one! Fredcutie! Fredhottie? Freddiebunny?"

---

Freddie's POV

*Yes is all false love and affection, you don't want me you just like the attention, yes you don't like me you just want the attention, I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy, I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy, oh oh I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy... Sam was singing La Roux's I'm Not Your Toy in the drive back home; she was pretty excited to someone who was having a nervous breakdown just this morning. But what the heck? I like seeing her happy and making her happy is even better. Carly and Brad didn't know the lyrics, but they were dancing to the sound of the music. It's amazing how Sam knows every single song on my Pear pod, it's like we have the same taste for music. She wasn't into that Miley Cyrus crap like Carly, or Justin Bieber.*

"Again!" she screamed and the same music started to play again "love, love is like a stubborn youth that you'd rather just deny, I'm walking on a broken roof while I'm looking to the sky"

Man that girl could sing! I decide to join her.

*Yes is all false love and affection, you don't want me you just like the attention" we started to sing together "yes you don't like me you just want the attention, I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy, I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy, oh oh I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy"*

"You guys!" Carly spoke with her baby voice "you're so cuuuute together" and squealed.

"Thanks Carls" I said.

"I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy, oh oh I'm not your toy this isn't another girl-meets-boy" Sam yelled.

"Okay... we're here!" Carly says looking at the entrance of the Bushwell plaza.

I parked my car and we made our way into the lobby, I grabbed Sam's hand and interlaced our fingers, Carly and Brad were walking in front of us, their arms slightly brushing... huh, I gotta talk to someone about a certain crush very soon. The moment we stepped into the lobby we heard Lewbert's screams, what's wrong with this dude, besides, everything? Sam started to laugh and Carly joined her, but that didn't last long, as soon as that cheap so called bad boy got into our sight. Griffin... oh well. I saw Brad clenching his fist until his knuckles turned white, well I guess someone is jealous.

"Take this motorcycle out of my lobby!" Lewbert screamed.

"Hey Carly" Griffin ignored Lewbert and smiled at his ex girlfriend.

"Griffin, hi" she said politely.

"Hey Sam, hey Freddie" he waved at us and looked at our joined hands "wow! You guys are dating or something?"

"Yep!" Sam showed him our hands "I'm dating the dork"

"She loves me" I smiled.

"Good, congrats then" he said and turned his attention to Carly "So Carly, how is it going?"

"Well, nothing much really, just school, iCarly and I was working part time as a security guard" she shrugged.

"What?" everyone in the room, including Lewbert, said.

"To Sam and Freddie at school. Today was the day they announced their relationship, and the creddiers can be very vicious... so I teamed up with Gibby, Brad and Wendy in case anything went wrong" she said with a chuckle.

"Oh... nice" he smiled, obviously not interested.

"So you two are dating?" Lewbert asked and we nodded "uh... ew!"

"What about you Carly?" Griffin asked.

"Uh... I..."

"Well... we should go upstairs and get ready for the web show right?" Brad looked at me for support.

"Sure thing! We should go up... a lot to do" Sam was about to say something but I gave her a just go with it look "right baby?"

"Baby?" she asked with a grimace, when I glared at her she sighed "sure... lots of things to do, right Fredbaby?" she smirked.

"Fredbaby?" Carly asked "that's a new one" she said pressing the elevator button.

"Yep... mama has a notebook full of pet names for the dork" she smirked.

"Oh... I guess someone it's being thinking about me a lot..." I kissed her temple and she nudged me.

"Shut up dork!"

"Well, bye then Carly, see ya around" Griffin waved at Carly in a flirtatious way and I swear I saw Brad glare at him "bye"

"Bye" Carly waved at him and got into the elevator.

"Oh..." after a few seconds Sam broke the silence "wanna know my favorite?"

"Not exactly" I said.

"Do tell" Carly said.

"Le Dork" she said with a smirk "nice huh?"

"Me gusta!" Carly said... wait I'm the one with the random Spanish here!

---

Brad's POV

We were all in the iCarly studio, except for Carly she went downstairs after rehearsal and didn't come back. Gibby was asking the fudge balls recipe, Freddie was sitting on the bean bag with Sam on his lap, and they were listening music on his pear pod. Why isn't Carly back yet? I began to worry... she said she would make a lemonade and be right up, so why isn't she here already? Gibby snapped his fingers in front of me demanding my attention, but I just nodded my mind was far, far away from him. I kept thinking about that Griffin guy and how he was flirting with Carly.

*"We can't go on together, with suspicious minds"* Freddie sang rocking to the sides with Sam in his lap *"we can't built our dreams together, with suspicious minds"*

"Elvis rocks dude!" Gibby said.

"Gotta agree withcha Gibster!" Sam rested her head on Freddie's shoulder, I couldn't help but notice how cute they looked together.

"Freddie!" I snapped out of my daydream "I have to talk to you now!" he gave me a *does it has to be now* look and I nodded.

"Okay..." he tried to get up but Sam wouldn't let him.

"Wait dork... you can't just call him whenever you want and expect him to leave me to help you" she said holding him down where he was.

"Sam... it's important, I'll only need him for a few minutes, I'll bring him back in one piece to you" I crossed my fingers showing her my promise "I promise"

"Fine... but the dork answers to me, and me only" Sam pointed her finger menacingly at me "got it nerd?"

"Yeah I got it!" she finally released Freddie and I grabbed his wrist "let's go"

I dragged Freddie out of the studio and downstairs, Carly wasn't around so I pushed him into the kitchen, still looking around.

"What the hell Brad? What's the matter?"

"Carly... well me... well... you see..." there was no good way to explain this to Freddie.

"You like her and you're jealous of Griffin... yeah, yeah, yeah, and you're also too shy to admit it right? Well, I'll help you out" he said it matter-of-factly.

"Wow... how did you?"

"I'm your friend, and I'm an observer... what do you need?" he opened Carly's fridge and grabbed a bow of grapes.

"Well... for starters I could use some help with getting to know her better, like things she likes, what she likes in a guy and stuff" Freddie offered me grape and I took one "you think you can help me with that?"

"Sure... although, this what she likes in a guys thing might be someone else's department... but we could ask Sam" he tossed a grape in the air and caught it with his mouth.

"No, no, no... just has to stay between me and you"

"Come on Brad, we're all friends, besides no one knows Carly better than Sam, I'm sure she would love to help" he offered me grape again and I refused.

"Okay... you're sure she won't tell Carly right?" I looked around to make sure no one was eavesdropping.

"Yep, she won't, don't worry... oh, we can enlist Gibby to help too"

"No, no, no, no!" I grabbed the bow of grapes off his hand "no!"

"Come on! He is your friend too! And I think Griffin is trying to get Carly back, so you going to need all the help you can get because Carly loves bad boys, and Gibby is pretty useful..." he mused "sometimes"

"Okay, but you're sure he won't say a thing?" I gave the bow of grape back to him.

"Uh-huh... I'm sure... I'll tell him Sam will break his thumbs if he says anything to anyone" he smirked.

"Okay then" I sighed "will they be willing to help?"

"Of course we will" Sam came out of nowhere and said "we'll help ya nub"

"Where did you come from?" I asked her.

"I was hiding behind the counter... mama is curious" she made a little dance and walked towards us "and she wanted to see what you dorks where up to" she wrapped her arm around Freddie's waist and he put his arm on her shoulders.

"Sam..." Freddie rolled his eyes.

"Oh shut it Fredbunny" I couldn't help but laugh, Freddie glared at me "We'll help you out dork"

"Who will do what?" Gibby came downstairs carrying a bow of tuna salad... okay

"I'll explain everything tonight... Gibby, do you wanna go to sleep over at my place?" Freddie asked him.

"Sure! Wait... what if your mother wants to give us thick baths?" he backed away, visibly scared and I winced.

"She won't be home, so it's safe" he looked at Sam and kissed the top of her head "although I much rather have a certain blond coming over tonight..."

"Don't worry dork, mama will be right here, so when the nubs go to sleep you can sneak in and we can make out on Carly's couch" she shrugged.

"Carly's couch what?" Carly opened the door "what about my couch"

"Oh... we decided to name it!" Gibby said "we were choosing the name... and we decided for..."

"We decided to wait for you... that's it!" Sam was quick like a bullet "so how you wanna name it?"

"Uh... I don't wanna name it, because its furniture... and Spencer probably already did!" she said with a cute chuckle.

"Yeah... that makes sense" Freddie said "so... guys go grab your stuff and meet me at my apartment in one hour"

"You guys are going out?" a oblivious Carly asked grabbing a grape from the bow in Freddie's hand.

"No... we're having a sleepover in my place"

"Oh... is your mother home?" she tossed a grape in her mouth.

"No, she's working the night shift"

"So let's go make out a little bit dork... you two" Sam pointed at me and Gibby "knock before you enter!"

"Sure" we said. Whatever these two will be doing I don't wanna see.

The lovebirds left and Gibby and I went home to grab our stuff. I didn't have time to ask Carly where she was and what took her so long, but I figured it wasn't my place to do it. Besides, I'm not her boyfriend, so... oh I wish... but with the help I'm going to get, hopefully she'll be my girlfriend by the end of the month. This Griffin guy is going down! I already have an advantage, her closest friends are on my side and I'm pretty sure Spencer likes me better. The only thing staying between me and Carly's heart is this douche Griffin guy... well, not for long!

## \*Chapter 38\*: iOperation Barly

A/N: Hey Guys, I'm so tired, college it's killing me! Anyway, new chapter! Love ya all, gotta get some sleep now, bye! Oh and thanks for the reviews... man I'm so tired, did I mention I'm dying? Cause I think I'm.

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Carly's POV

Brad and Gibby just left to get their things. Sam and Freddie were on their way to his apartment when they got into an argument. Now they're sitting on my couch, fighting like old times, like they never went on a date, like they're just Sam and Freddie. I smiled and walked up to my room, I trust that since they're together they won't need me to settle their fights. I grabbed my phone and made a phone call; I probably shouldn't, because they're here, but I don't think Freddie and Sam are going to hear me anyway.

"Hey there" I sat on the love seat.

"Hello babe"

"I have to cancel our plans tonight; Sam will be here for the night"

"Shit! I was looking forward to see you!"

"Yeah I'm sorry..."

"Can I come over?"

"Don't think so, they're here now, fighting downstairs"

"Fighting? I thought they were dating"

"Yeah they are, that's what they do. Anyway... see you tomorrow?" I flipped my hair.

"Yeah... I'll call you"

"Bye!"

"Bye"

I hung up. I know that what I'm doing is not right, but it feels so good. I guess when you're in love the rest doesn't really matter. But he told me he is going to solve things so we can be together for real, and I believe him. Only God knows how much I wanted to see him today, to be with him. Feel his hands all over me, and his lips on mine, because no one kisses me like he does. And I don't regret my actions, because I love him and love should be more important than anything. I sighed and decided to go downstairs to check on Seddie. Sam and Freddie were two inches away from each other, it seemed like they were about to kiss, but they were yelling at each other's face. Shit! They were doing so well, now they're fighting all over again!

"Yes it does!" Sam yelled at Freddie's face.

"No it doesn't!" Freddie yelled at Sam's face.

"Yes it does!" Sam gripped on the collar of his plaid shirt.

"No it doesn't!" Freddie didn't even flinch.

"Yes it does!"

"No it doesn't!"

"Guys!" I yelled.

"Carly?" Freddie didn't took his eyes off Sam "tell her she's wrong"

"No, Carly" Sam didn't look away "tell him, he is wrong!"

"About what?"

"Tell her that potatoes don't grow in trees!" Freddie yelled.

"Yes they do!" Sam yelled. It should bother me that they're not even looking at me, but that's Sam and Freddie... they're work in a dysfunctional way.

"No, sorry Sam, potatoes don't grow in trees" she looked at me for the first time, but Freddie didn't.

I knew Sam knew that potatoes don't grow in trees, she just liked to argue with Freddie, and apparently he liked it too. These two are so weirdly cute!

And I guess their favorite hobby is bicker, and not mentioning the huge amount of sexual tension between them. Now that they're together this problem might be solved very soon.

"Who's wrong now?" he grinned, and she punched his guts "sore loser!"

"Oh shut up! They should grow in trees!" she slapped his shoulder.

"But they don't! Now admit I'm right" he crossed his arms and smirked "come on I wanna hear it!"

"Not a chance! Dork!" oh Sam... you're so stubborn...

"Demon!" he got even closer to her... I don't think they noticed how close they're standing, but I don't think they care.

"Nerd!" she looked ready to kill.

"Crazy!" he would never back out of a fight with Sam.

"Nub!" she yelled louder.

"Maniac!" he did the same.

"Stop it!" I yelled "stop fighting!"

"Fighting?" Freddie asked incredulous.

"We're not fighting" Sam frowned.

"What? You're just... yelling at each other's face!" I can't believe these two.

"That's called an argument Carly, not a fight..." he scoffed.

"Can you believe her?" Sam mocked me.

"Yeah... fight?" they started to laugh "let's go watch a movie in my place" he grabbed her hand.

"*Mars Attack?*" Sam suggested.

"Sure thing" and they left like nothing ever happened...

Oh my God... they make such a weird couple, but that's just normal for them I guess. Well... if they're alright, then there's nothing to worry about. I guess I have some whipped cream and carrot in the fridge.

---

#### Freddie's POV

Sam and I were sitting on my couch watching *Mars Attack*. Somewhere during the movie she jumped on me and we started making out. I love how she just attacks me sometimes, makes me feel wanted, yeah... she wants me, badly. And I want her, more than I should. Cold showers would be my closest friends now that we're dating, because I want things, but I can't ask for it, I can't pressure her. I wouldn't do that. But it doesn't mean that I don't get things going by myself. I'm not ashamed to say that, I dream about her, a lot. All types of dirty dreams, and I have to release the tension somehow. Not that I have a sock with her name or anything, and if I had my mother would find it, so the shower is my best friend. At least for now. Sam pulled away suddenly, shit, maybe I got carried away or something!

"Is everything okay?" I asked her.

"Yeah" she had a puzzled look in her face "I was just thinking about something"

"Oh, that's no good" she slapped my shoulder "sorry babe; tell me what you're thinking"

"Stop calling me that!"

"Will you stop with the nicknames?"

"No..." she looked at me like I was crazy or something.

"Then no can do" I shrugged "I like calling you babe just as much as you like calling me dork"

"Oh..." she chuckled "I don't think anybody can enjoy calling anybody anything as much as I like to call you dork"

"Okay... I guess you're right about that" I kissed her cheeks "what were you thinking about?"

"Do you think they made bacon flavored condoms?" I almost choked.

"I d-don't know... why? Are you planning to buy them?" I asked eagerly... oh man!

"If they exist, yeah I think so. Do you think they would really taste like bacon?"

"I don't know, but if you want to use me as a test subject, I'm here" I raised my hand.

"Oh my God Benson! You're such a pervert. Pervert dork" she laughed but kissed me "and I would love that"

"Oh..." I whimpered and kissed her again, this time more urgently.

We kissed like it was the end of the world. Soon Sam was sitting on my lap, straddling me, and man that felt good. She started to move her hips and I thought I was going to die. My balls were probably blue right now. Sam felt my hard-on, and she purposely started to grind her hips against the bulge in

my pants, sometimes I think she want to take things to next level as much as I do, but she likes to tease and torture me. We didn't want things to happen in the heat of the moment, we wanted to mean something, something especial. Yeah, yeah, call me a girl, but I didn't want her to regret wasting this on me. I gripped her waist and broke the kiss, panting heavily.

"So...? You want more popcorn?" I asked.

"Wh-what?" she took a deep breath and chuckled "how do you keep your hormones in check Benson?"

"Cold showers... and long showers" she gave me that sexy and evil smirk that drove me crazy.

"You solve things by yourself?" she moved a little bit closer to my erection.

"What else can I do, I'm a boy you know" I said, frustrated that she could make me feel like such a pervert.

"That's no big deal... it's not like I never done that too..." she shrugged.

"Girls masturbate?" holy ignorance.

"Yeah dork, not as much as boys but we do" she kissed me deeply "so? Do you think that bacon flavored condoms really exist?"

"I would love to find that out... and like I said before if you want to make me a test subject I'm not opposite to that... but I guess that you should taste the real thing first, you know, try new flavors" she slapped my shoulder.

"Pervert!" she slapped me again.

"Sorry" I laughed and gripped her waist bringing her closer "sorry"

"Pervert nerd..." she leaned closer and kissed me softly "but I like how you think Benson, it kinda makes sense" Sam rested her head on my shoulder.

"Thanks" I started to rub lazy circles on her back.

I don't know how long we stayed that way, but it was as good as making out with her. We were so close; I could feel that she was open up to me more and more every day, or else she wouldn't confess that she get things going by herself. She trusts me, that's good because I trust her too... *I love her...* more and more every day. Who would have guessed? I know I wouldn't. Maybe now it's a good time to tell her how I feel.

"Just say it" she muttered against my neck.

"What?" can you read minds girl?

"Just ask me" wait... what?

"Ask you what?" she pulled away with a mischievous smirk on her pretty lips.

"If I think about you when I do that" her voice came out so sexy, I know she did that on purpose.

"Oh... do you?" I wrapped my arm around her waist bringing her even closer to whisper in her ear, grinding her against my crotch "do you think about me Sammy?" I heard Sam gasping.

"First of all" she pushed me away "don't ever call me that" she leaned to whisper in my ear "second of all... yes, yes I do" she licked my earlobe "you're the only one I think about"

I gripped her hair and pulled her head back so I could see her. She had the most seductive smile I've ever seen. Before I could make my move, she leaned closer, closing the void between us, crushing my lips with hers. We kissed desperately, like our lives depended on it. I wanted to tell her that I thought about her too, I always thought about her. More than anything I wanted to tell her that I loved her, because I do... a lot. I pulled away abruptly, and before she could complain, I touched her forehead with mine.

"Sam... I..." I sighed "I..."

"You...? You?" she whispered.

"I... lo" before I could say anything somebody knocked on the door "shit"

"Hey Freddie! It's me, Brad! And Gibby! Are you guys decent?" shit Brad! Shit!

"Oh well" Sam got off me "come in dorks"

"Hey" Gibby opened the door "they're decent Brad" he said over his shoulder "we're here for the sleepover"

"Oh... okay" I stood up, no longer hard "come in"

"Hey there" Brad and Gibby got in holding their backpacks.

"That's when I leave... night dorks" Sam kissed me for a long time, before Brad cleaned his throat "night Fredhung" she gave me a peck on the lips and left.

Gibby and Brad looked at each other then at me. They're probably shocked by my new nickname. I like it, in fact, it's my favorite.

---

Sam's POV

After the nubs arrived I went to Carly's. She insisted that I should call my mom and let her know I was spending the night, it wasn't necessary before, but she kept yapping on and on about how I should work hard for things to get better between me and my mom. I caved and called her, but not because it was necessary but because I was tired of Carly's long and boring speech about family and shit... so I called. My mom, much to my surprise, asked

me why I was going to spend the night... whoa that's new!

"*Why do you always have to stay at Carly's? People are going start to think you have no home*"

"Mom... it's a sleepover!" I growled.

"*Well I was planning on cooking a lasagna for me, you and Marvin... you're going to miss it*" I knew she was trying to bribe me with food, but trust me, her food; it's not something to brag about.

"I guess I'll have to pass... besides, I'm trying to help a friend with something" I remembered my promise to help Brad with Carly, I was going to try to help tonight.

"*Oh... I see... Sweet Cheeks needs help huh? What kind of help does he need?*" I could feel her smirk.

"Ew mom! No I don't mean Freddie! I mean Carly! And please don't call my boyfriend sweet cheeks!" what's wrong with this woman? Is she a cougar or something?

"*Oh so he's boyfriend now huh? The boy finally had the balls to ask you! I gotta say that he is really brave Sammy, not every boy can handle a high maintenance girl like us Puckett girls*" that was a little hint of sadness in her voice I knew she was talking about my dad.

"Well... what can I say? Fredward has his moments" I chuckled.

"*Sammy, if you keep up the nicknames the boy might get tired and leave*" she warned.

"This is not a nickname mom, this is his full name" I explained.

"*What kind of name is that?*" she said shocked and amused.

"His mother is a nutcase. But I know he's not going to leave... I won't let him. I'll handcuff him to me if I need to" I snorted.

"*Oh someone is in love...*" she teased, this woman pisses me off sometimes...

"Oh drop it mom!" I tried not to blush... in vain.

"*Okay kid... but remember... use protection, cause if you come home knocked up I'll personally kill your little Fredward, after a slow session of torture*" mom let out a evil laugh, I guess we have more in common than I care to admit.

"Don't worry, we're not there yet..."

"*Okay hunny... Marvin says goodnight*" I heard Marvin on the background.

"Nigh Marv"

"*Kiss Carly for me, and give a slow steamy kiss on Sweet Cheeks for me*" she chuckled and I heard Marvin saying something like Pam...!

"Ew mom! I'm going to kiss him, but for me and stop with the nickname!"

"*No can do... remember what we agreed? You don't try to change me and I don't try to change you!*" shit! I did agree to that "*Besides you know I'm just kidding, so have fun with your hot little boy toy*"

"BOYFRIEND!" I growled.

"*Whatever floats your boat kiddo. Night*" she made a kissy noise.

"Nigh mom" I hang up.

"You and your mom are weird" Carly was standing behind me "and why does she keep calling Freddie sweet cheeks?"

"She has the hots for him" I shuddered.

"EW!" Carly shuddered

"Yeah... you got me wrong... it's not that she has the hots for him, like she wants him or something... this is her way to say he is cute. She also calls him hot stuff"

"Oh... less bad, still weird, but less bad" Carly sat on the couch by my side "so? How are things with your new boyfriend so far?"

"Oh, are good. The nub has his way with me... he knows how to please me" when I saw her disgusted look I knew she got me wrong "I don't mean that way... of course that way too but what I mean is... I don't know... I feel comfortable and safe around him, you know?" she nodded "I feel happy. I hate to admit but, he really has this way of talking to me that really can make me melt" I confessed.

"Oh Sam... You love him" oh Carly no shit!

"Yeah, whatever" I rested my legs on the coffee table.

"No, not whatever... you gotta tell him!" okay, now she is going to meddle.

"Nuh uh!"

"Yes you do!" she got up looking forward with her meddling eyes "I already know how you're going to do it... I can see it already! You can do it upstairs in the studio and..."

"NOPE! Carly, stay out of this please? I'm going to tell him I'm ready, okay?"

"Why?" she whined.

"Because I have to be careful, love is evil Carly, spell it backwards and you'll know"

"Sam...!"

"Carly...! I do love him okay, but I'm not ready to say it out loud yet" I sighed.

"Okay..." she sighed in defeat and sat back in the couch "I guess I'm just feeling overly romantic"

"Well, then you should get yourself a boyfriend"

"Oh I wish... but where I'm going to find someone who is not a cheater, or annoying, or a jerk?" poor Carly said sadly... she really doesn't have any luck on love. The only decent guy that ever crossed her way was Freddie... well she lost it, now he is mine. Things could've worked out with Adam, but because of that crazy Freddie fans he runs away every time he sees us...

"Hey Carls come on... maybe he is closer than you think" I nudged her.

"Really? Tell me where to look cause I don't even know where to start!"

"Well... Jeez I don't know" I touched my bottom lip with my index finger and pretended to think "there is Carl Simpson from chemistry"

"Nope... Carl and Carly? Don't think so" good start Puckett.

"Uh... there is Liam Grant from English" she is going to say ew.

"Ew" I knew it "he freaks me out"

"Shawn Harvey?"

"Ah... no"

"Pete?"

"No... He was your boyfriend, and besides he is not my type" she shrugged.

"Yeah and he doesn't know how to lose to a girl... just can't take it" I shrugged.

"Really? That's why you guys broke up?" her eye grew big, Carly loves a good gossip.

"Yeah. He said I was hurting his manhood... can you believe it?" she chuckled "I told him if he was a real man he wouldn't feel threatened by a 5'3 teenage girl!"

"WOW that's a good one" Carly laughed placing her hands in her stomach.

"Yeah... he doesn't have the balls, he is not like Freddie that even after putting up with years of unstoppable torture, never really let me hurt his ego, or his masculinity"

"Wow Sam... That's nice... you saying this stuff about him" she looked at me like I was a glow in the dark new bra.

"Calm your tits Carly; I'm just saying that Freddie has balls. He is the only person who can fight me back, he always did, he is not afraid of me even when he is"

"That's truth... and also very sweet of you to recognize" she patted my shoulder.

"Yeah... say this to anyone and I'll put fire in your room!" she just chuckled and I joined her "back to you Shay... there is gotta be a guy out there for you"

"I don't have the best luck when it comes to love, but I'm not really worried about that right now" let's do this slowly...

"How about... Thomas Ross from the football team?" slow Puckett... slow.

"Oh no... He is dating Tiffany"

"John Simmons?" her face lit up a bit then she frowned.

"Wendy has a crush on him" slow...

"Oh... what about Brad?" BAM!

"Brad who?" DUMB CARLY!

"Brad our intern" I realized I didn't know Brad's last name.

"Oh no" she grabbed the remote and turned the TV on.

"Why not?" I crossed my arms annoyed.

"Because he is a friend" OH NO! SHIT! NOT THE FRIEND ZONE!

"Oh come on Carly you barely hang out with him, besides he is really cute, don't you think?" I winked at her.

"Well... yeah, but I do hang out with him, when you and Freddie are eating each other faces" she put her tongue out pretending to be kissing someone.

"And...? He is not a jerk, or annoying, or ugly, or a cheater or collects pee wee babies" close... I'm close "see? And you said he was a great guy yourself!"

"Yeah... I did..."

"SO?"

"Uh... no" shit "I think it's not a good idea... if something happens between us is going to be bad for iCarly, he is such a great intern, I guess I'd rather keep him as a friend"

"But..."

"No... I gotta learn how to feel good by myself, I don't need a guy! I'm a mature, responsible and smart girl, I can handle being alone until I find the right guy" oh well... I tried.

"Okay... but I would keep Brad in mind, he is a great guy. And he and Freddie are becoming great friends... can't you picture? You and me: bffs or men: bffs? How cool would that be?"

"Yeah, it would be nice, I promise to keep that in mind, just not now okay?"

"Okay" I sighed "let's watch some Girly Cow then"

We laughed our asses off with the new episode, before going upstairs to her room. We changed and lay on her bed just goofing off and talking shit. I didn't push the Brad subject anymore, I didn't want to seem desperate, or let her think that something was up. It was better just try again another time... but not that he is on the friend zone it might not be so easy. At least she said she would keep him in mind... that sounds bad when I actually think about it, it's like he is her second choice... her plan b. I wondered if Freddie was her plan b before, I always thought that when she was thirty and still single, she would give up and just marry him. Okay Puckett, get over that, he told you already that he likes you and that he wants you so stop that! I laid my head on Carly's church pants pillow and chuckled... Freddie... me and Freddie... Freddie and me... I just lay there listening to Ellie Goulding's cover of The Knives' Heartbeats. I kept my heart under control for so long, and it was all a waste of time, if I knew then what I know now... I couldn't remember a moment where I didn't have to hold back not to grab his collar and kiss him senseless. And he says I have no self control... well now he knows I've been controlling myself for years.

*One night of magic rush, The start a simple touch, One night to push and scream, And then relief, Ten days of perfect tunes, The colors red and blue, We had a promise made, We were in love, To call for hands of above, To lean on, Wouldn't be good enough, For me, no, To call for hands of above, To lean on, Wouldn't be good enough...*

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Freddie's POV

Brad and Gibby were lying on the mattress on the floor and I was on my bed. Until now I didn't realize that I never had a sleepover with guys... ever. The only few times my mother allowed me to sleep out of the house was the two times I stayed at Carly's, because it was just across the hall from her. Now I'm having an actual sleepover with my guy friends and it felt nice, for the first time in my life I feel like one of the guys, which is a rare, almost nonexistent feeling for me since I spent most my teenage years hanging out with Sam and Carly. Sure, I had Gibby and Spencer, but let's face it, they are a little... weird.

Most... pff who am I kidding? All of my guy friends were terrified of my mother, so they never came by, and she never allowed me spend the night at a stranger's house. Until Brad, I never actually had a normal guy friend, that's why I feel the need to help him, we are friends, and that's what friends do. Even if they had to give up having a hot blond over the whole night when your mother isn't home... oh fuck Brad! I much rather have my gorgeous hot girlfriend in her pajamas than a bunch of dudes! Chizz...! But now that they're here there is no turning back.

Brad was saying something about how pretty Carly's hair was and how it smelled like fruits, I was just pretending to listen, trying not to think about how my attempt to tell Sam I loved her was ruined earlier today. Gibby was texting his on and off girlfriend, Tasha, and I envied him because now Brad's attention was all on me. Fuck! So much for being a good friend Freddie!

"You know... I think I'd be perfect for her! Don't you?" he kneeled next to my bed looking like a lost puppy... I wondered if I looked that pathetic when I used to have a crush on her... P.A.T.H.E.T.I.C.

"Dude... I think you'd be great for her and I can really see you guys together" I honestly did, not just because I liked him, but because I actually think she would "but you have to quit this pathetic I love Carly act. Trust me, been there, done that"

"Oh" he went back to his mattress "I guess you're right... man I've never been this way before! What's wrong with me?" apparently a lot of things...

Soon the room was silent. It didn't last long though, I heard Gibby chuckling and texting something, I don't even want to know what.

"Freddie?"

"Yeah?" I was feeling sleepy, but apparently Brad and Gibby weren't.

"Are you really over Carly?" Brad asked me, and there was fear in his voice. I couldn't imagine being in love with the same person as a friend of yours. I thought about Sam, and how long she suffered because my stupid crush on Carly. I'm going to repay her for every minute of every day she watched me behave like a jerk and drooling over her best friend. I swear.

"Dude?" I tried to be as sympathetic as I could "is that even a question? You know I am, and I'm totally head over heels with someone else... and that someone happens to be my girlfriend" I chuckled.

"Okay, just checking"

"Listen, I do care about Carly, I love her, because she is my best friend, but this is as far as it goes. And if you break her heart I'll have to break your legs, and our friendship, don't forget that" I would do anything for both Carly and Sam, and I would never let anybody hurt them.

"I know man, don't worry, I won't do that"

"Okay, let me show you something... and you have to promise not to tell anyone, especially Sam... and don't tell Carly because if you do she'll tell Sam, or tell Wendy that will tell Sam" kind of missing my point...

"Sure thing" Gibby said his first word since Tasha texted "you can trust us"

"I, well... I" I got up and went to my closet "I bought Sam a charm bracelet; she thinks I only bought one charm for her..." I dialed the combination of my safe that was hidden behind a fake wall "I told her I would give her one charm for each month we spent together" I grabbed the little black box in my hands "what she doesn't know, is that I already bought enough charms to give to her for a entire year, an entire year that I intent to spend with her. The first of many" I opened the box showing my friends the content "I bought her a bracelet in sterling silver and thirteen charms in white gold and diamonds"

"Dude! That looks expensive!" Gibby squeaked.

"Well..." I shrugged.

"Is that a...? Is that what I think it is?" he pointed at a particular charm. My favorite one.

"Yeah" I nodded.

"Looks really expensive"

"It really was, wasn't it?" Brad touched one of the little charms inside the box.

"Well... let's just say it was a little over pricy than a regular gift" I shrugged "but I don't care man, anything to make my blond headed demon happy" I smiled like a goof ball.

"Oh... Freddie loves Sam! Freddie loves Sam, Freddie loves Sam!" Gibby hummed "love is beautiful" he sighed.

"Oh shut up Gibson!" I put the box safely back into my safe.

"But you do, don't you?" Brad asked behind me.

"Can we not talk about it? That's not why we're here for" I laid back on my bed "we're here to help you get Carly, not talk about my relationship"

"Yeah... you're right" they said.

"So? How are going to do this? Get you two together?" Gibby had a good point, I decided to help Brad, but until now, I didn't thought about how I would do it.

At that exact moment my phone, that was somewhere in the room, started to ring.

*She, She is the words that I can't find*

*How can the only thing that's killing me make me feel so alive?*

*And I couldn't speak*

*I couldn't breathe to save my life*

*All of my chances swim like sinking ships*

*This time it's it*

*I'll drown or make her mine*

I reached for my phone that was lying on the floor next to my bed. I recognized the ringtone. It was the one I choose for Sam, whenever she called me, it would remind me how I felt.

"Hey babe" I answered eagerly.

"Do not call me babe dork!" she chuckled on the other side of the line and I knew she didn't mean it.

"Oh... so I can't call you babe, but you can call me... dork, nerd, dweeb, nub and only God knows what else?" I heard Brad and Gibby laughing, I glared at them and got off the room "that's not fair"

"Mama don't play fair"

"Of course she doesn't... so what's up? Missed me already?"

"You wish... actually, Carly is asleep, I was wondering how's mission Barly?"

"Sorry?"

"We're Seddie, they're Barly... you know... Sam + Freddie = Seddie, Brad + Carly = Barly" that's the closest thing from math I've ever heard Sam say.

"Oh... right, well we're just trying to figure out what to do" I sat on the couch.

"Oh, so the dorks are plotting? That sounds dangerous" she made an animal growl.

"Puckett... you know that I can be very dangerous when I want..."

"Oh my, Fredward! Is that a threat?" her voice was sexy and teasing.

"Oh Puckett... you have no idea" I heard the beautiful sound of her chuckle.

"Uh... if your house wasn't full of dorks, I wound go there to see if you have the balls to keep this attitude around mama" oh... man!

"Oh... damn it!" I groaned.

"Night Freddie. Go back to your dorky friends"

Before I could say anything else she hung up on me... shit. I got into my room determinate to help Brad as fast as I could.

"Well..." quick, think of something... "First we have to give you a lot of time with her..." think... "Gibby! Bring Tasha to the rehearsals and to watch to web cast" he nodded "when she's surrounded by couples, she will have no choice but to hang out with you. Show her what a great guy you are, make her laugh, let her feel comfortable with you, but don't be too friendly, or else she's going to put you in the friend zone... Oh and flirt with her"

"But don't come on too strong" Gibby finished my line of thought "make it seem natural and nonchalant"

"That's a good one Gib, and show interest in other girls, don't act like you're in love with them, just slightly interested"

"But not in just any girl that you lay eyes on, or she'll think you're a player" Gibby said.

"That's right; just show her she is not the only girl in world, and that you can easily find someone as good as her, even better. Or else, she'll think she has power over you, and she'll throw you in the corner like some sort of plan b" I never knew my personal experience with Carly would come in handy one day... well, seems like I never knew much.

"Okay, let me get this... I should be her friend, but not too friendly?" we nodded "I should flirt with her, but show interest in other girls?" we nodded "and I should make sure she doesn't have any sort of power over me?" we nodded again "but Sam is the boss of you, and you guys are happily together!"

"Hey!" I crossed my arms smugly "She's not the boss of me" they laughed "besides... you're missing the point here... Carly is not Sam" I shook my finger in front of his face "she might seem all sweet and nice, but she has her ways of torture. Sure, they are much different than Sam's, but just because she hides behind that sweet smile doesn't mean she isn't vicious... at least Sam's viciousness is out there for everyone to see, I know she is a crazy blond headed demon, but Carly wears that good girl mask, and I'm not telling she is not good, cause she is, she is great! But all girls are mischievous! Oh... and Carly has that *please for me* thing that's ten times worst than Sam's treats" I smirked.

"That's right man..." Gibby made an overly dramatic face "she looks at you with puppy dog eyes, and those cheek bones! And she goes all *please? For me...*" Gibby's impersonation of Carly made me chuckle "she speaks all sweet and soft... like a toddler, and you don't know how to say no... you're just... hypnotized!" his eyes popped out of his sockets "it's terrifying"

"So... when she uses the *please, for me* card, just don't look in her eyes. Think that she is like medusa, and don't look her in the eyes, that will give you enough time to think of an excuse. Do that and you'll be fine"

"Okay... but I guess I'll have to take notes" we all burst into laughs.

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Sam's POV

Hot... it's too hot. The crazy heat was making me slightly dizzy. Carly told me to drink as much water as I could, and take a cold shower, so I did. I hate to sweat, makes me feel all dirty and stinky. Ick! Carly woke up super early and said she had to buy a bottle of shampoo, which is weird because she had a sealed bottle under her bathroom sink, but knowing Carly this must be a special shampoo for her prissy hair. Whatever. Not that she's the boss of me, but I did what she told me, just because the heat was making me feel somewhat dirty, and not in the good way. The cold droplets of water felt like heaven on my skin. I put my Pear Pod on shuffle and connected to Carly's stereo.

I winced when Lou Bega's *Mambo number 5* started to play. Why would I have this song on my Pear Pod? Well... let's just say it's a guilty pleasure and leave it to that. What the heck, Spencer is probably downstairs in the kitchen; Carly won't be back for another ten minutes and Freddie is probably getting ready for school... nobody will know it. I began to dance as soon as I heard the chorus.

*A little bit of Monica in my life, A little bit of Erica by my side, A little bit of Rita is all I need, A little bit of Tina is what I see, A little bit of Sandra in the sun, A little bit of Mary all night long, A little bit of Jessica here I am, A little bit of you makes me your man...*

This song is probably one of the most idiotic songs I ever heard; it talks about a guy who likes to bang a lot of chicks. It's almost as ridiculous as *Baby Got Back*, so why do I listen to it? Well, it's great for dancing, and mama loves to shake her ass! I didn't bother to use the blow dryer, because the cold feeling coming from my damp hair, kept my neck cool. I changed into something comfy, a white tank top, a pair of black shorts and my old purple sneakers. Spencer was in the kitchen making waffles, Carly wasn't back yet, and I wondered where the hell she went to buy a stupid shampoo.

"We have to leave in five minutes and she still isn't here" I spoke with my mouth full of bacon "where the hell did she go? And she says I'm always late" I scoffed.

"I'm sure she is on her way back. I gotta go to Socko's, he's going to help me with my new sculpture, you guys are going in Freddie's car right?" Spencer grabbed his keys and his wallet.

"Yeah, we're going with AlFredo" I chuckled... my dork.

"I feel so useless now that Freddie has a car... before was all *Spencer, drive us to school. Spencer, drives to Hollywood. Spencer, drives to the middle of the woods to look for big foot*. Now everything is bogus!" he whined. I swear, sometimes he looks more like Carly than he knows.

"Well... now you have extra time to give hot chicks a ride" I shrugged returning to my waffles.

"That's true..." he smiled "okay, gotta go, have fun at school!"

"As if!" I screamed before he left "that will be the day"

Not bothering to clean up my own mess, I just shove the dirt dishes in the sink and washed my mouth. Carly had gum in her bag, but she wasn't here, or her bag, so I just ate whipped cream, not that I'll ever admit, but I didn't want to taste like breakfast when Freddie kissed me. I chuckled to myself, since I was alone, I could just stop and think about how cute he looks when he licks his lips after kissing me.

"Daydreaming?" Carly asked, snapping her fingers in front of my face.

"Oh... you're back" I cleaned my throat and looked at her "where's the shampoo?"

She had that *huh?* look on her face. After realizing that she wasn't holding any kind of bag, but her own she grinned nervously.

"Oh... they didn't have the kind of shampoo I was looking for... so I didn't buy anything" Carly jerked her head and walked to the fridge "so? Ready to go?"

"Yeah..." she looked for the whipped cream and I just handed to her. She smiled and grabbed the can "where were you...? I mean, where you went, you know, to look for this shampoo?" I put my hands on my hips.

"Down the street" Carly's back was turned to me, but I could read her body language, and I knew she was lying.

"What took you so long then?" I was going to rip the truth out of her.

"Well..." she pretended she was looking for something inside the fridge "you know... long line..."

"But if you didn't bought anything, what difference does it make?" liar, liar, pants on fire!

"I bought... gum"

"But you said you didn't get anything"

"Well..." she turned to look at me "Freddie!" Carly ran out of the kitchen and towards the dork that just got into the apartment.

"Hi Carly..." he smiled unsure what the hell was going on "Princess"

"I'll leave you guys to it" Carly ran upstairs... damn it! I almost had her!

Freddie gave her a quizzical look, then shrugged. He was wearing a black and white flannel shirt, jeans and white sneakers, I couldn't help but stare at his biceps... I'm pretty sure they're getting bigger and bigger every day. And that's not the only thing that's getting bigger... he is getting taller. He sure wasn't this tall yesterday. While he walked towards me, like a tiger approaching his prey, my eyes kept looking for any solid proof that I was definitely not getting smaller. When he stopped in front of me, I had to lift my head to meet his eyes.

"You've grown"

"Thanks Puckett" he shot me that smug look and flexed his biceps.

"No... I mean, they're big too but, you're getting taller" my hands were on his shoulder and I tiptoed trying to reach his level, but I couldn't, he was taller even that way "you're grown so much since last night"

"Oh come on Sam! That's not possible. You're just didn't notice before. You're so busy eye sexing me, that you didn't even pay attention to the tiny details" he chuckled.

"Shut up! I don't eye sex you! Please...! And besides, I pay attention to every bit of you... like this cute little mole in your temper..." I poked the mole that was almost hiding behind his hair.

"Oh..." I tried to get as tall as he was, but couldn't.

"Stop growing!" I slapped his arm.

"Sorry Sam, there is nothing I can do about it" the nub just laughed and pulled me closer, wrapping his arms around me. I love the feel of his body close to mine "but... I guess growing up has its perks" he shrugged and kissed my neck.

"Name one" I closed my eyes briefly the moment his soft lips came in contact with my skin.

"For one... the view up here is amazing" he pulled away a little bit, eyes locked on my cleavage.

"God Benson! You're such a perv!" I snorted arching my chest forward, giving him a better view.

"And, besides the obvious things, I can do this..." he bent down, grabbed my legs and threw me over his shoulder.

"Put me down Benson!" I snarled before bursting into giggles "put me down now! You're so fucked! I'm going to kick the living shit out of you!"

Freddie whistled, walking around the living room, carrying me effortless. His right arm held me still, while his left arm stroked the back of my thigh slowly. The dork kept humming *I'm the man, I'm the man, I'm the man* and dancing around the place. When did this nub got so fucking strong? Shit! It's like he can beat me... no he couldn't beat mama! Never! The damn dork, yelled at Carly saying we were going to school, but didn't put me down. In the elevator I tried to kick or punch him, but every time I did he would just chuckle and tickled me. It wasn't a fair game, he had a advantage over me since I'm ticklish. The damn nub only put me down in the Bushwell parking lot. I punched his shoulder and tried to kick him, but Freddie was fast grabbed my arm and kissed me forcefully. We kissed until Brad cleaned his throat saying we would be late. That was a good way to start my day.

After classes were over, there wasn't one single thought in my head that wasn't *where the hell is Carly?* We had at least four classes together, and she skipped all of them. That's Carly Shay we're talking about, she doesn't skip class, so where the hell is she? Shay has been so weird since this morning; I wonder what the heck is going on. She is hiding something from me, I know it, I feel it. So that whole don't keep secrets from each other shit doesn't count for her? Shit!

"Hey baby" Freddie wrapped his arms around me from behind and kissed my neck "hey..." he nuzzled my neck "missed me?"

"Yeah, yeah..." my eyes darted around the hallway looking for that Shay girl.

"What's wrong?" he spun me around to look at me "tell me"

"Carly... she is weird Freddie, she skipped three classes" I whispered.

"What? Are you sure? Carly doesn't skip classes! That's not possible, are you sure you weren't asleep during classes?"

"UGH! No! I was wide awake and she wasn't there! Where the hell was her?" I slapped his shoulder three times, but he didn't even flinch.

"Why don't you call her? Have you tried that already?" his hand went to my pocket to grab my pear phone.

"No..." I took my phone off his hand and dialed Carly's number "it's ringing... why is taking her forever to answer?" ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring... "Carly?"

"Oh... hey Sam! What's up?" her voice was a little shaky, she seemed out of breath.

"Where the hell were you? Why did you skip classes? Are you hiding something? What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Oh... I wasn't feeling well, so I went home"

"Bullshit! Tell me the truth!" I was yelling loud enough to scare little kids, but Freddie kept his arms around me and a serene expression.

"It is truth! You can ask Principal Franklin if you want!"

"Oh... so... how are you feeling?" Carly wouldn't lie to Ted... at least I think she wouldn't.

"I was feeling a stomachache, I guess this low sugar gum is not good for me, but I'm better now, thanks" she chuckled a bit.

"Okay Shay... the dork and I are going home. Do you need anything?" Freddie leaned over and rested his head on my shoulder. He should be uncomfortable, it looked like he was going to break for bending that way, but somehow he didn't complain, he just sighed as I talked on the phone.

"No, I'm good, see you guys!" she talked like she wanted to get rid of me.

"Bye" when I got to the y she hung up on me "what the hell? Dork? Are you sleeping?" I stroked Freddie's hair.

"No... it's just... you're so comfy" he kissed my neck before standing up completely "and soft"

"Thanks Fredspock. Listen, we gotta go check on Carly, she wasn't feeling well so she went home" he nodded and I rested my head on his shoulder "Freddie? Do you think I'm a bad friend?"

"Of course not Sam... why would even think that?" his hand was slowly drawing lazy circles on my lower back.

"Carly wasn't feeling well and I was thinking she was hiding something from me... I feel... shitty" he held me even tighter.

"Sam, that doesn't make sense. You're a great friend and Carly loves you, okay? Not even for one minute think otherwise" he cupped my face making my eyes meet his big brown ones "promise?"

"Promise" my dork of a boyfriend leaned forward placing a chaste and sweet kiss on my lips "dork" Fredbag chuckled.

"Hey partner!" a high pitched slutty voice came from behind me.

Breathe girl... breathe... I took a deep breath before turning around to face the girl with the slutty voice. Patrice. What the hell is this bitch talking about? She was definitely looking at Freddie and smiling like that big slutty bitch that she is. Why the hell is she calling him partner?

"Hey Patrice" Freddie waved at her.

"Partner?" I asked him, not taking my eyes off her smug expression.

"Mrs. Benson promised that Freddie would help me and my mom with our charity work today!" Patrice smirk grew wider and full of venom "it's for the children, see you there Freddie!"

I clenched my fists, I'm seeing red. I'm going to kill her, I'm going to kill her, I'm going to kill this fucking bitch right here right now.

"Sure, I'll be there on time" he said obviously.

"Okay... bye Sam... bye partner" bitch flipped her hair and walked away.

Somebody is going to die.

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#### Freddie's POV

I don't know what happened, but since we left school Sam's being weird. I wondered if this Carly thing was bothering her that much. My attempts to start a conversation on our way to the Bushwell failed miserably, she kept glaring out the window and tapping her foot nervously. Sam frowned like she was in deep thought, and that's not a good thing. I watched her with the corner of my eye, she must've noticed, cuz she turned on the radio loud so I couldn't speak to her. Things got worse for some reason when Pussycat Dolls' *'Don't cha'* started to play. What the heck was going on that pretty blond head of hers?

*Don't cha wish your girlfriend was hot like me? Don't cha wish your girlfriend was a freak like me? Don't cha? Don't cha? Don't cha wish your girlfriend was wrong like me? Don't cha wish your girlfriend was fun like me? Don't cha? Don't cha?*

Shitty song if you ask me, but seemed that Sam hated even more than I did, cuz she punched my car after the chorus, then turned off the radio.

"Sam what the hell?" trying to keep up with her while she practically ran to Carly's apartment was a challenge. I didn't know what was going on, but I knew wasn't good "Sam? Sam? What's wrong?" she kicked the door open and slammed the door shut on my face "shit! Sam? What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Nothing okay! Leave me alone!" she said her first words since we left school.

"No I won't! There is definitely something going on that you don't wanna tell me... but guess what? You will, because I'm your boyfriend and I care about you! So spill it!" I snapped.

"Benson... don't... can you please just leave me alone?" she sat on the couch with her arms crossed "just leave"

"NO! Sam... we've been over this before... please talk to me?" I kneeled in front of her "please don't do this, tell me what's wrong"

"NOTHING IS WRONG! FUCK, FREDDIE JUST GO AWAY!" she shoved me and stormed out to the kitchen.

I sighed and walked after her. There is no way I'm leaving without an explanation.

"No, I'm not leaving Puckett! I'm not! Tell me what the fuck is going on!" I didn't mean to yell, but it was unintentional rage spoke for me, I hated when she tried to push me away like that.

"Guys what the hell?" Carly appeared from behind me "you guys are having a fight?"

"No... Carly please, can you give us five minutes?" I asked her.

"No, Carly you don't have to leave, the dork is going" Sam tried to exit the kitchen but I held her arm. She tried to pull away from my grasp, but I held still, not enough to hurt her though "let go of me!"

"NO! Carly please? Leave" she just nodded and walked back to her bedroom "Sam?"

"Freddie..." she took a deep breath "leave me alone... or else I'll kick your balls so hard your unborn grandkids are going to feel it" her fists were clenched.

"Then do it, I don't care! I won't leave you alone!" I brought her closer to me "tell me what's wrong Sam, tell me please? I just wanna help, I just wanna look after you"

"I don't need you too!" she was going to say something else but then she stopped, her eyes were squeezed shut, she stood still for several seconds then opened her eyes again "sorry... I'm sorry"

"It's okay Princess" I wrapped my arms around her "it's okay... just tell me what's bothering you"

"Nothing, just go do your stupid charity with that... stupid girl" holy shit! Sam is jealous! This is so fucking great!

"Sam...? Are you...? Are you jealous?" a goofy smile spread across my face.

"No..." she pulled away abruptly "no"

"Yes... you are..." I followed her to the living room "you're jealous!"

"SO? Fuck you!" she shoved me and went back to the kitchen "fuck you Benson"

"Sam... this is... great" she looked at me like I've grown a second head.

"Great? What's so great about that?" she walked over me like she was going to punch me, but she didn't "oh I got it... you must be feeling like such a stud now right Benson?"

"No... well, a little bit, but that's not why I'm happy" I put my hands on her waist, she tried to jerk them away, but I held still bringing her close "I'm happy because... I don't know... because if you're jealous that means you're afraid to lose me, that means you don't want to lose me, that means you want to keep me... that makes me happy"

"Whatever Benson... I'm not afraid, I just don't like her" she shrugged.

"Why?" I smirked.

"Cause... she's kinda slutty, and prissy... that's it" Sam tried to free herself from my grip, but I didn't let her.

"You're soooooo jealous Puckett, but I don't blame you I'm a stud" she slapped me across the face, not hard enough to hurt "I'm kidding... but it's good to know I'm not the only one who is jealous in this relationship"

"What? You're jealous? Of whom?" her eyes lit up.

"Well... basically of every guy that lay eyes on you. Today I saw three dudes eyeing you, I had to approach them and threat their lives. I guess you're rubbing off me" I held her tighter while she chuckled "I mean it. Jason Hendricks is now officially afraid of me"

"Whatever nub" she rested her head on my shoulder and we're silent for a while.

"You wanna come with me?" I kissed the top of her head.

"Do charity? I'm not a working bee Freddison" she pulled back wrapping her arms around my neck "you forgot?"

"No... but you don't have to do much, just stay there and watch while I do the work" I kissed her forehead.

"Eh well... that I can do, I've doing it for years now anyway" she smirked "so don't ask for help, and feed me every now and then"

"Sure Princess!" I kissed her "but Sam... you really don't have to be jealous. You're the only girl I have eyes to, you're the only one I think about" before I could blink, Sam's lips were on mine, kissing me urgently. Damn you Sam Puckett... I love you.

"I'll be ready to go in one hour dork" Sam pulled away and we rested our foreheads against each other smiling.

## \*Chapter 39\*: iDo Charity

A/N: hey guys! I'm in so much pain right now, sometimes I hate being a girl! Damn cramps! It hurts so much my legs are shaking, but anyway, took a painkiller now I'm updating. Okay, thanks for all your reviews, guys I'm so happy! I really am, and this chapter was kinda emotional to write, and it wasn't planed at all, but I just had to do it, to get out of my system. I tried to make more about the humor than anything else, but because what happened recently in my family it was kinda hard. Anyway, I'll shut up now.

Good night!

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Sam's POV

Carly was fine, she told me she had a stomachache threw up a bit. I gave her medicine for the pain but she refused to take it, hey I'm the one who hates medicine here! After a long battle she agreed on taking it, so I went to the shower. In one hour I was going to be doing charity work, with the dork and that frigging bitch, what a great way to spend my day! While I was getting dressed I told Carly what happened today, and she told me I needed to trust Freddie. The thing is, I do trust him, but I don't trust that bitch. Patrice was one of those girls who would never stop until she got what she wanted, and right now she wanted my boyfriend. I knew how her mind worked, she wanted to break us up, that was like an adrenaline rush for her, then she would conquer him and rub that on my face. Next month, when she got tired of his mother and his techy talk, she was going to find someone else to bother and dump him with no mercy. She would probably say it's me, not you like a little liar bitch that she is, and everything would work just fine for her.

If this was with someone else she would succeed, but not with me, mama plays to win. So I put on my best fake smile, some comfy clothes and met Freddie in the hallway. He was wearing a blue polo shirt, black jeans and that sexy crooked smile that makes me wanna pounce him. He held my hand and we got into the elevator, the whole time I was thinking about Patrice. She was going to be there offering herself to my dork. I was afraid he would see her and realize I wasn't nearly as hot as she was, and being a boy like he is, he's going to feel at least attracted by her bitchy ways, and that I couldn't be that way. That was stupid in so many ways, so I pushed the thought out of my mind and prepared myself for an afternoon of battle and constant watch of my man. Not that he is a really a man or anything, but you got my point.

"Just remember to behave and don't beat up the kids okay?" Le Dork told me.

"Yeah, I'll try... but no promises" I took a chocolate bar off my purse and took a bite "how is this thing going down again?" we got into the car.

"We'll be going to this charity event to help the kids with cancer from Seattle Mercy Hospital. Our job..." I glared at him "my job is to distract the kids, while the adults raise the funds. I'll basically babysit all day, that's pretty much it"

"Oh... cancer kids?"

"Yeah Sam, that's why I'll be glad if you don't kick or punch anyone today, their life is bad enough as it is" Freddie used his serious tone.

"Okay, I may be mean but I would never beat up sick kids Freddie, Jeez give me some credit!" I grabbed a fatcake out of my purse.

"I'm sorry, you're right, just stay close to me okay" he squeezed my knee.

"Okay, that I can do" I sighed "there will be food right?"

"Yes Sam, that will be plenty of food, in fact one of the volunteers will teach the kids how to bake cupcakes"

"Oh, that's nice! Who?" the thought of Patrice poisoning little kids and me crossed my mind.

"Sally, she is a friend of my mom" he turned around the corner.

"Less bad, I thought you would be cooking" I snorted "that would be something I would love to record"

"Ha ha... I'm not a food person, I wouldn't know where to start" he stopped at the red light "you're more of a food person than I'm how come you don't cook?"

"I'm lazy" I stated.

"That's right... I forgot"

We arrived at Seattle Mercy and I remembered Mrs. Benson worked there. Great, not only Patrice would be there, but Crazy too, oh joy! I breathed. Getting into her good graces wasn't something I ever worried about, but seems like she is fond of Patrice, and I don't need one more person between me and Freddie, so I decided to be nice around her. Freddie took me to the activity center, it was a huge space in the second floor. The room was decorated with balloons of all colors, and people everywhere, working, decorating and checking the stereo system. Freddie held my hand as we walked in, and at least ten people greeted him. We went to the bathroom and washed our hands with a special liquid soap, I thought about taking some to Gibby.

"Okay... we're here..." he stopped in front of a white door "remember Sam, behave"

"Fine Fredbag! I'll behave; now chill out" I fixed my shirt while he raised his eyebrow at me "I wanna look decent for the kids Freduccini"

"You look great, let's go" he opened the door.

**(That was a very emotional chapter to write, and I did that with a special soundtrack: Patrick Park's *Life is a Song*)**

The room was all colorful; there were boogie bears, Ben Ten, hello kitty and Pucca everywhere in the walls. Lots of toys lying on the floor and I could hear the cute sound of children giggles. There were kids everywhere, much like kindergarten, but they were all bald, wearing hats or kerchiefs. A little girl playing with a Barbie was wearing a princess tiara on her hairless head, and she smiled gleefully. I smiled at the view, these kids were so tiny and already had gone thru so much, I guess there are worst things in life than boyfriend problem. I held Freddie's hand tighter trying not to get emotional; he smiled at me and kissed my cheek softly.

"Freddie! You're here! Freddie is here!" the little girl with the tiara yelled "you came!" she rushed towards him and hugged his legs.

"Hey Sophie" he let go of my hand and bent down to take her in his arms "nice to see you" he kissed her cheek.

That triggered the other little girls to do the same thing; soon Freddie was surrounded by kids trying to get a piece of him. The boys weren't so eager about hugging him, but they seemed happy to see the dork. Every single one of them seemed to like Freddie, they were so excited to see him that didn't pay any attention on me. I stood in the corner watching him talk to each one of them, smiling and playing, he seemed to know everyone's name and that was very sweet, it showed he cared about every single kid surrounding him. That dork is going to be a great father someday, I just hope he'll be a great father to my children. After all the commotion around Freddie, he turned his head to look at me.

"Guys, I want you to meet someone..." he took my hand "this is..."

"Sam!" Sophie yelled "we watch iCarly Freddie!"

"I know Soph... but I want introduce her officially as my girlfriend" he tickled Sophie.

"FINALLY!" every single little person in that room yelled.

"Finally did something about huh Freddie?" Sophie said "it was about time"

"It really was" a little boy agreed.

"Everytime Freddie came here he talked about you, like 90% the things he said were about you, Sam this, Sam that... we were waiting for the day when he would finally realize what everyone else already did" said Sophie.

"Thanks a lot smart ass" his cheeks were crimson.

"Well... how long have you been coming here?" I asked him, trying to ignore how fast my heart was beating.

"About six months" Sophie said "we didn't like him at first, he talked too much about smart things, but then we fell in love"

"Hey... me too" I said.

"I'm Sophie Byrnes; these are Timmy, Ellie, Sarah, Andrew, Thomas, Molly, Carey, Maggie, Oliver, Parker, Eve, Mark, Frankie, Lauren, Gabe, and Melissa" she pointed to each one of them.

"Nice to meet you guys, I'm Sam" I waved.

"Hey Sam!" they said.

"We know you from iCarly" Timmy said.

"And we already knew you two belonged together" Melissa said.

"That's right!" Molly high fived Melissa.

"Seddie!" they screamed.

"I like them" I told Freddie "I really like smart kids"

"I guess they like you too Princess" he kissed my temple, earning an awww from the girls "let's get started then! I brought... Hullabaloo!" Freddie got the game out of the big bag I didn't even noticed he was carrying.

"Hullabaloo!" the kids lined up to play.

Ten minutes watching Freddie with kids, and I already started thinking about how cute would it be to have a baby with his eyes... get your shit together Sam... Jesus! Sophie and I became great friends after two minutes of conversation. She was very protective of Freddie; she actually said that if I break his heart she'll break my face... I like this girl. The whole time there I felt comfortable and sad at the same time; it's hard to see little kids like that. I recalled that one time when I slaved those 4th grade kids in the Bushwell basement... okay, that was not cool, but those kids stole our penny tee business!

"Hey Freddie... I'm here..." that bitchy voice...

Patrice opened the door and let herself in. She was wearing a tight white tank top that showed more of her cleavage that these kids needed to see and a mini-mini skirt. If I already couldn't stand her, now I really hated her. This bitch was using these kids just to hit on Freddie, what kind of human being does that? Apparently the heartless horny sluts! And the way she was dressing... man, wake up slutty, there are children here! This is not a porno movie! She smiled, eyes locked on him, and she walked towards him, swaying her hips and bouncing her boobs. Patrice didn't pay any attention to anything else as she walked; she didn't give a rat's ass about the kids and failed to notice me. Her eyes saw only one thing, and that thing was my boyfriend.

She stood three inches away from him, hands on her hips and a big flirtatious smile on her face. That was my mark, I had to step in. Freddie gave her a small smile and his eyes locked on mine as I walked over there. I could see the concern in his eyes, but I already decided not to break her slutty face here, because of the kids.

"I'm here, but I see you already got started" she pinched his cheek slowly "good job Freddie, you're sweet"

"Thanks... do you wanna meet the kids?" he asked, eyes locked on me.

"Oh... sure" I knew she didn't, she was a lying bitch who didn't care about anyone but herself "of course"

"Hey there Patrice" I smirked mischievously when she turned around "how's going?"

"You're here?" her voice was dripping with venom.

"Yeah, Freddie told me about it and I wanted to come and help. I love kids" no quite, but I love these kids.

"You love kids?" she scoffed.

"Yeah I do... I grew fond of these little angels in less than ten minutes right kids?" I looked around to every one of these cute faces.

"Yeah!" they all said.

"Great..." I saw her eye twitch as she tried to hold back and don't ruin her plans to steal my boyfriend "this is great"

"Okay, let me introduce you to the kids" Freddie whistled so the children were paying attention on him "kids, this is Patrice, she is here to help"

"Hi kids" venom dripping from the corners of her mouth. Anyone could notice the lack of enthusiasm in her voice.

The gang studied her for a moment, then returned to their previous activities. Tommy called Freddie to help with his broken robot, and as soon as the dork left, the bitch's smile faded and she took a step closer to me. I did the same, not feeling intimidated by her evil glare.

"You're only here to watch your man..." she smirked "you can trust him around me without you right? He might realize what he is missing"

"And you're only here to steal my man" I glared at her "but I don't think I should worry. Freddie himself told me I shouldn't" she looked at me with utter shock as I whispered "you didn't think I would share this little detail with him right? You're right, I wouldn't, but he figured out, because he is pretty smart and he knows me so well. He said I shouldn't worry about your slutty ass, because the only ass he has eyes to is mine, his words. Now that he knows how I feel about you, he is going to stay away from you... as far as possible" she breathed angrily "see... the thing is Patrice, Freddie is one of those boys who like to make their girlfriends happy, he is going to do everything in his power to make sure I'm happy and satisfied, that includes minimum conversation and contact with you" *triumph bitch!*

"You're not the boss of him Puckett" oh... sore loser.

"Keep dreaming... *Patrice*" I said her name like it was the most disgusting thing in the world and walked away.

I could hear when she took a sharp breath thru her teeth. When I came back to where I was before Sophie smirked at me as she knew what was going on, maybe she did.

"I don't like her either... she is not here to play with us, she only wants to steal Freddie from you, and us" she ripped off the head of a Barbie doll "we should do something about it"

"Easy there lioness. I promise you that's not going to happen okay... Freddie is way too smart to date a dumb daffodil like her" I put the Barbie head back in the place as I sat on the floor.

"Yeah, but we should do something about it" Eve said.

"Nobody is doing anything; now settle down kids" they whined "chill okay?"

Michael Jackson's *Human Nature* started to play. Freddie reached his pocket and grabbed his phone.

"Hey mom" of course... "Yes I'm here, oh guess what, Sam's here too!" he smiled at me "yes she is here to help, uh-huh I swear. Yes she is behaving... the kids like her, right kids?" everybody said yes "see? What? Oh... that's bad... okay I'll tell them, bye mom"

"What's wrong Freddie?" I asked him.

"I have a bad news to give to you guys" I watched those little faces frown "Sally is not coming, she is sick, I'm sorry" everybody whined.

"Who's Sally?" I whispered to him.

"The cupcake lady, she can't make it" he looked around "they really like cupcake" an idea hit me.

"I'll do it" I shrugged.

"Really? Do you know how to?" his eyes lit up.

"Yeah, I know how to, I'm just too lazy to make them, but the occasion asks for it... just give me apron" I smiled.

"Oh Sam! That's great!" he hugged me lifting me off the floor and every girl in the room went *awwww*. When he put me down I smirked to Patrice, who looked like was going to explode with rage "guys! Sam is going to make cupcake for us!" he announced and everybody cheered.

"Yeah, mama is going to be your teacher today kids, so be prepared!" I gave Freddie a little peck on the lips and whispered into his ear "can we take some frosting home?" he gulped.

"I think so..." he responded weakly.

"Good... let's get started then"

Freddie took me and the kids to a large kitchen inside the activities center. The gang sat on their little chairs, and I was immensely surprised by how gleefully they seemed to obey the nub. Patrice kept glaring me all the time, but mama feeds in rage and fear. Freddie helped me with the apron and I leaned closer to him as I could, just to watch her boil with rage, which was pretty satisfying. I stroke his thigh but nobody could see and he gave me a peck on the lips. I had everything I needed to make about thirty cupcakes or so, and enough frosting to take home and play with. Oh I had plans for that frosting...

"Should we take notes?" Oliver asked.

"I don't think it'll be necessary" Freddie patted his head "just be quiet and pay attention, but if you want I can write down the recipe and give a copy for each one of you" everyone nodded happily.

"Okay dorks, let's get started then" I put on a hairnet and stared at the kitchen utensils around me "okay, let's go over the ingredients, you're going to need... 2-1/2 cups all-purpose flour" Freddie started to write down "1/2 teaspoon baking soda, 1 tablespoon and 3/4 teaspoon baking powder, 1-1/3 cups and 1 tablespoon unsweetened cocoa powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1/3 cup and 1 teaspoon butter, softened, 2-3/4 cups and 1 tablespoon white sugar, 3-3/4 eggs, 1-1/2 teaspoons vanilla extract, 1-3/4 cups and 2 tablespoons milk. That's pretty much it. Now, I'm going to preheat the oven" I made a quick work for the oven and turned back to my class.

"I'm going to shift together the flour, baking powder, baking soda, cocoa and salt, and then set aside" everybody stared at me in awe as I explained what I was doing.

Patrice was quiet in defeat in the corner of the room, while the kids surrounded me watching me put on the frosting and finishing my work. Freddie was smiling like a goof ball at me, I rolled my eyes at his nerdiness but smiled back. The kids ate my cupcake in delight, and so did Freddie, but he seemed somewhat surprised that I could cook decently. Well, mama does cook marvelously, but I'm too lazy to do it, so most of the times I just buy food, or steal it from Carly's apartment.

After the cupcakes disappeared we went back to the play room. I carefully put the frosting in the fridge, cause I have plans for this baby. The bitch's presence passed unnoticed by me, since I was having blast with those kids, but not for long. When I was playing with the girls she approached Freddie, who was trying to fix Tommy's robot again, and failing miserably, deep down inside I knew he knew that thing couldn't be fixed anymore, but he kept trying just to please that little boy. Patrice put her hand on his bicep, and I clenched my jaw... she is out of line, that slut! Those guns are mine, and only I'm allow to touch them!

"We should do something about it" Sophie insisted.

"No, no, no, no, no" I said.

"I have an idea" Sophie smirked "Andy!"

"Kids... what...?" they ignored me completely.

"Yeah?" Andy let go of the Bop It he was holding and turned around.

"Tell Freddie that you need to go potty" she whispered.

"But I don't..." oh boys...

"Just say you do!" she shoved him.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"You'll see" Lauren said.

"Fine..." he fixed his clothes and poke Freddie "Freddie...?"

"Yeah?" he turned around.

"I need to go potty... can you take me there?" he pouted.

"Sure... let's go" he gave Tommy his robot back and grabbed Andy's hand "Sam... I'll be right back"

After Freddie left, the girls started to whisper something to each other, but I couldn't hear a thing. I glanced over Patrice, who was sitting in a chair with her legs and arms crossed looking bored. Without Freddie in the room she didn't have to put the good girl face on. Molly told Sarah to grab a basketball and give it to Oliver, who told Gabe to do the same thing. Soon enough every single kid in the room was holding something, a ball or a doll, everyone had something in their little hands. I looked around confused, what are these devious little angels doing?

"Sophie...? What's going on?" I asked her.

"Watch and learn Puckett" she smirked "Patrice? Right?" Patrice sighed bored and stood up.

"Yeah... listen, if you need to go potty, you'll have to wait till Freddie gets here" she flipped her hair, obviously not caring if any of them needed anything.

"No, I'm good. But since you're new here, you have to go through the initiation process... the ones before you did" Eve smirked like a little demon, and I knew they were up to something bad.

"Oh..." Patrice took a step forward "did Sam went through the same process?"

"Each person has a different kind of initiation" Oliver explained.

"But we chose the best for you!" Lauren said.

"Oh... that's nice" she smiled a bit, probably satisfied that she got something better than I did.

"Okay... so stay still and close your eyes" Mark said.

"O-Okay..." she hesitated for a moment, her eyes locked with mine, then she close then "Okay"

"Alright people... ready?" Sophie raised her Barbie doll in the air "5, 4, 3, 2 and... go!"

The kids started to throw the objects they were holding at Patrice, she started to scream and covered her face with her hands. I swear to God I tried not to laugh, but come on, she's being attacked by little kids! And they didn't stop, they used every single toy they lay eyes on and threw at her. She screamed *stop you little demons!* But the kids only laughed harder, eventually I did the same thing. At some point I had to hold my stomach in pain, I was laughing so hard it hurt. When Tommy's broken robot hit her in the head I felt to the floor laughing my ass off. As funny as that was, I had to do something, soon enough Freddie would be here, and blame me for this mess. I stood up and cleaned my throat.

"Kids? Kids?" no one cared "KIDS!" I yelled louder "I guess Patrice was already initiated, so we can drop the toys and go back to our previous activities,

alright?" they hesitated, but did what I asked "good"

"Why?" Molly faced me.

"Because Freddie will be mad at all of us" I patted her head and forced myself to check on that bitch "are you bleeding or something?" I asked without care.

"You'll pay me for this Puckett!" she stood up fixing her hair.

"Hey, that wasn't my fault! But it sure hell was funny! Get your shit together and stop being a prissy" she clenched her fist and I walked away.

"You'll not going to last long! Soon enough he'll realize the crazy bitch you are and dump your ugly ass!" she yelled from across the room. Oh no! She didn't swear in front of five years old kids! I'm going to kick her to death!

I sighed, trying to control myself and not jump on her and break those bitchy bones. *There are kids in the room.* I breathed. *Freddie is going to be disappointed.* I sighed. Okay... I'm good. Before I could turn around and say anything, the kids glanced at each other and collected the toys off the floor, soon there were toys flying all around the place and hitting Patrice again.

"Stop it! You bunch of demons! Stop it now!" she screamed.

"What's going on here?" Oh shit! "Sam?" Freddie appeared and everyone went quiet "can you explain to me what's going on...?"

"It was me" Sophie said.

"No, it was all of us" Mark said.

"Why?" he put his hands on his hips.

"We were bored!" Eve said.

"And Sam had nothing to do with that" Molly defended.

"Of course she told them to do it Freddie, look at them, they are kids, they wouldn't think of that by themselves, and you know how vicious she is!" the bitch pointed at me rubbing her head.

Shit! I'm screwed. He is not going to believe me, and now he is going to be so disappointed...

"Sam? Did you tell them to do this?" Freddie looked at me hoping to hear that I behaved myself.

"She didn't! We did!" Ellie said.

"Yeah, Freddie it was us!" Oliver said.

"Sam? I'm waiting" Patrice went to his side and smirked at me "tell me"

"I didn't do it Freddie, I swear" I told the truth... half of it, because I enjoyed it immensely "I didn't do it"

"Okay, I believe you" he sighed.

"That's it?" Patrice asked "that's only it? Will you believe her?"

"Yes, she said she didn't do it and I believe her" he shrugged.

"Freddie! She is a liar! She is vicious, violent and mean! How can you believe her and not me?" she whined.

"Because she is my girlfriend, and if she is telling me that she didn't do it, then she didn't do it" I had a smile the size of Texas.

"Ah!" she kicked a Barbie doll and walked out of the room, bumping me in the process.

"Sorry..." Sophie said "but we didn't like her, we wanted her to leave"

"It's okay Soph, but we don't treat people like that, and violence is never the answer" Freddie kneeled in front of her "got it?"

"Yeah" she nodded and accepted his hug "sorry Freddie"

"It's okay" he rubbed her arm.

"I want one too!" Lauren raised her hand.

"Me too!" the rest of the girls said.

"Okay kids... group hug!" Freddie opened his arms as far as they could go and every kid in the room ran to hug him.

Even the boys hugged him this time. My smile was the size of Europe now. Damn nerd, he was so caring, so sweet and lovely... those things make me nauseous, but not when it's him. I joined the group hug after a while, and I tried my best not to tear up, but I kept this moment safe in my heart, like one of those precious moments you never want to forget. Sophie smiled at me over her shoulder and I winked at her... this girl, did I mention how much I like her? When we let go, I heard my stomach craving food, I haven't ate anything but a cupcake, shit...!

"Freddie?" I grabbed his bicep... it was so firm and big... okay moving on... "I'm hungry, can I go outside and steal some food?"

"The food comes to us Puckett, but if you want you can go" he put his hands on my waist and I knew he wasn't mad at me.

"I think I also need to go to the bathroom... I haven't peed in hours" I confessed.

"Okay, that I didn't need to know" he chuckled "do you remember where the bathroom is?"

"Yeah, I'll be right back" I kissed him quickly and left.

Food or bathroom? Bathroom or food? I guess I'll go the bathroom first, get rid of the pee so I can go back and eat my ass off! I concentrated and tried to remember where the bathroom was... to left... last door on the corner... ha ha! Find it! I rushed pass two old ladies and entered a booth. It wasn't quick, but I managed to exit just before my stomach growled. I washed my hands and checked myself in the mirror, when I was about to leave, there was Patrice in front of the door. If this bitch wants to pick a fight she'll be disappointed cause I ain't gonna do it!

"Listen Patrice, if you came here to fight, you're going to be disappointed, cause I'm not going to fight you in a charity event to help kids with cancer" I crossed my arms "unlike what you might think, I have some self control, especially because I know your intention is make me look bad, you want me to disappoint Freddie, but guess what? You're failing miserably" I tried to exit the room, but she stood in my way.

"I'm not trying to make you look bad Puckett, I don't need to do that, might not be today, might not be tomorrow, but at some point you'll do this by yourself. I mean, you can't help it, it's just who you are. And you're going to do something that will make Freddie see that you're not worth the trouble, and he is going to dump your crazy ass, because let's face it, he is sweet, polite, smart and handsome, he can do so much better than you. You're not good enough for him and you know it. He might not know that now, but someday Sam, you'll do something, you're going to cross the line, because you can't help it, you know you can't. Sure, he did put up with all your crap for years, but that was before, now that you're dating he's expecting to be treated better, he is expecting to be treated with love and care, not like a punching bag, but you can't give this to him, and someday he is going to grow tired of you and leave. You know I'm right" she patted my shoulder and left.

Breathe. Was the only thing I could do, I mean, what else should I do? Patrice might be a bitch, but she kinda has a point there. I never quite understood why Freddie would want to date me. Maybe he is a masochist, maybe he likes pain, because this is what it means to be with me; pain. I've spent years causing him pain in unimaginable ways, so after all this time why does he even want to be with me? I couldn't figure out, because to be honest I never really thought about it, I didn't want to. All this time I was blind by the feeling of having something that you want so much for so long, that I didn't even check my facts right. Freddie was a smart, handsome and sweet boy, with great potential and an amazing future. And who am I? A crazy, vicious, abrasive blond, who's going to spend the rest of her life working in some dinner and living of tips. Why would a guy like him date me? Why? She was right, I was going to ruin things between us sooner or later, because of who I am, because I can't change, because I don't allow myself to try. And he is going to leave, and I can't stop him, I don't have the right. Someday, sooner or later, I'm going to push him away, I'm going to say something or do something that's going to make him want to leave. And who am I to judge him if he does?

Maybe this wasn't mean to last in the first place.

## \*Chapter 40\*: iLove You

A/N: Hi guys! I don't think many of you are expecting this chapter to be like this, but I think you'll like it! I was going to update yesterday, but I'm sooo hooked on *Suits* and *White Collar*, that I just had to watch every single episode till now! Anyway, gotta go to sleep, class tomorrow... UGH IT'S SATURDAY! I'm going to cry!

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Freddie's POV

I was amazed. The way Sam interacted with the kids just amazed me. She was so... ugh! AMAZING! Sophie approached me after Sam went to the bathroom, and said she was a keeper, well, that I can agree. I had just the perfect day, happiness was all around me, and I never felt so in love in my whole life, but at the end of the day something felt wrong. Sam was distant, almost lost in her thoughts, and nothing I did seemed to snap her back to reality. She tried to deny, and told me she was just tired, but I knew her better, and I knew something was wrong. Like always, she chose to close herself and not share anything with me, and that made me so mad I couldn't even begin to explain. It wasn't fair, now we're together, we're supposed to share everything, we supposed to trust each other and no matter what help each other thru everything. At least this was what I thought.

She didn't say a word in the trip back home. Her excuse was *these kids are so tiny, so young and already had gone thru so much*. It was easy to believe at first, because that was the exact same thing I thought when my mother took me there for the first time, but deep down inside I knew that wasn't the whole reason why she was acting that way. However, I decided to not push the subject any further, I believed she would open up to me when she wanted to, when she was ready. As frustrating as the wait might be, it was necessary, I wanted her to come to me willingly, and not because I pushed her. We said goodbye in the hallway, she kissed me and without a word disappeared behind Carly's door.

I took a long shower, not as long as the ones Carly takes when she's frustrated, but long enough to think about a few things. Today was easily one of the best days of my life, seeing Sam interact that way with the kids made my heart skip a beat, I mean, would she act like that with our kids? What am I doing? We're dating for two days and I'm already thinking about kids? Don't be such a girl Benson! I wondered if she felt the same... God I doubt she's even thinking about that, come on! Get your shit together dude!

The day would be perfect if I knew what was wrong with her, but I didn't want to push her into saying, she would tell me when she was right. Only God knows how long that would be, but I wondered if it had anything to do with Patrice. God! I hope not, although I'm happy and flattered that Sam is jealous of me. What a great feeling... but I don't want her to be insecure about us that would be bad. I've worked a lot to get where we are today, the worst thing that could happen is have to go back to the start. I love that crazy blond in a way I could never love anyone else, besides Patrice is not my type. She's too... slutty. No offense. Anyway, I wanted Sam to come to me willingly. A guy shouldn't have to force his girlfriend to tell him her worries and fears; she must do it because she wants to share things with him, not because she's being pressured.

Not bothering on knocking on the door, I just let myself in, like every other time. Carly wasn't in the living room, and Spencer wasn't anywhere. Maybe they're upstairs in her room talking or something. Maybe Sam is in there. Maybe she's telling Carly what happened. I trust my girlfriend and I want her to tell me things, but I had to fight the urge to press my ear against the door. I sighed, away from Carly's door, not wanting to hear anything, not even by accident.

"Carly? Sam?" I called "Carly are you in there?"

"Hey Freddie" Carly opened the door a tiny bit, enough for me to see her head.

"Hey Carly... is everything okay?" I tried to peek, but she didn't allow me.

"I just got off the shower. Do you need anything?" she smiled nervously.

"Oh... where's Sam? Have you seen her?"

"No, well yes. She came here, took a shower and changed, but then she left. I thought she would go to your place or something" she shrugged.

"No... I haven't seen her since I got back" where was Sam?

"Oh, sorry I don't know where she is"

"Never mind, I'll just call her then" I shrugged and turned around "bye Carls"

"Bye Freddie!"

Where the heck is Sam? I called her a thousand of times but she didn't answer me, not even once. I texted her, but she didn't text me back... what the hell? What's going on with her? Is she mad? Is she lost? Hurt? Horrible things started to cloud my mind, I started to get desperate. I called Sam's house, but no one answered, I dropped by just in case, but the doors were locked. I picked the lock in the back door and looked all over the place. No one. I left before someone could call the cops. I drove to every place I knew Sam liked or where I thought she would be... and nothing. SHIT! Where the hell is she? Okay, I'm calling the cops! Or maybe I should call her mom first.

"Carly?" I realized I didn't know Pam's number "It's Freddie"

"Hey Freddie what's up?" she was a little breathless.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm cleaning Spencer's room" she giggled "what do you need?"

"I can't find Sam, Carly, I went to her house, every single place she could be, even the library. I know she likes to read, but I can't find her!"

"OMG Freddie, okay... think... calm down, where else could she be?" she told me not to freak out but she was doing exactly the opposite.

"I don't know... I went to Glitter Gloss, Build A Bra, Robin's Weiner, Chili My Bowl, Groovy Smoothies, Mr. Howards' house, Ms Briggs' house, I thought she might be... you know trashing their house or something. I went to all the markets I know, I called Wendy, Gibby, Brad but no one heard of her" I stopped to breath "I don't what to do Carly..."

"Freddie calm down, I'm sure she's okay, listen... I'll call Melanie and you call Pam okay?"

"Okay, give me her number"

I dialed Pam's number faster than the speed of sound. I drove away not really sure where to go, just looking around. After three times I got a hold of Sam's mom.

"Ms Puckett?"

"Yes, is this the police? Because I've been behaving myself real good lately" she hissed.

"No, I'm Freddie Benson, Sam's boyfriend"

"Oh hey Sweet Cheeks, how you're doing?" Sweet Cheeks? And why did she say *how you're doing* like Joey Tribiani?

"Oh... well I'm looking for Sam... I can't find her, do you have any idea where she might be?"

"Oh kid... no, I'm sorry, did you look for her in the Groovy whatever the hell you kids call place?"

"Yeah, and everywhere else I thought she might be" I didn't want to freak her out.

"Oh... there is this park where she used to go with her dad when she was little; it's two blocks from our house"

"I know where it is, thanks Ms Puckett" I turned around really fast.

"Hey, Sweet Cheeks?"

"Yeah?"

"Call me when you find her alright?" she sounded genuinely concerned.

"Yes Ms Puckett"

"Call me Pam"

"Pam, bye"

"Bye honey" I hung up.

I drove faster than I normally would, because it was already dark, and the park Pam talked about was a little desert at night... a little is just generosity, that place was creepy. Driving like a madman I called Carly to let her know where I was going. She got nothing from Melanie, just like I suspected. It was the same place she took me after our second date, but she wasn't there. I'm calling the cops... I'm fucking calling the feds, CIA and the white house! Carly called me ten minutes later, crying. She couldn't get a hold of Sam either, and I was completely losing my mind. I went back home to take Carly and Spencer and go to the police station, the whole time calling Sam's phone. I went home and grabbed my ID, I didn't realize I didn't have it with me, I tried to call her one more time, just when I was about to leave I heard a melody...

*You make me feel like I'm living a teenage dream, the way you turn me on I can't sleep let's run away and don't ever look back...*

It came from the fire escape... could it be? My heart jumped hoping she was there safe and sound. And she was. Her back was turned to me and she gazed the starry sky. A mix of feelings took over me; anger, relief, sadness and love. Forcing myself to calm down, I took a deep breath and joined her there. Sam didn't notice me until I touched her. She turned around and looked at me with no emotion whatsoever. I stepped forward and hug her, so tight I'm sure she couldn't breathe, but she didn't complain. I hang there for almost a minute before pulling away abruptly and snapping at her. I couldn't help being angry, she must've known I was calling, and she ignored me, she disappeared the entire day and left me wondering a million of horrible scenarios where she was hurt or dead.

"What the hell Sam?" I yelled "where the hell where you?"

"Right here" she shrugged.

"Right here? The whole day?" I couldn't believe.

"Yeah"

"What the fuck? Didn't you see me calling? Because I called you a thousand times! And Carly, and your sister, and Spencer, and Wendy, and Gibby and Brad and your mom! Fuck Sam!"

"I didn't want to see or talk to anybody" she said nonchalantly.

"You didn't...?" I took a deep breath "you didn't want to see anybody. Not even me?"

"No" I never felt so hurt before.

"You have any idea what I've been through? I looked all over for you. I got desperate! I almost crashed the car twice" I saw her show some emotion for the first time since I got here "yeah, I could be dead by now, but I didn't care, because the only thing I thought about was finding you! I was on my way to the police station, do you know that?" she shook her head "because I couldn't find you! Because I got scared! Afraid that something could happen to you! Do you have any idea how I felt? And Carly? And your mother? Shit!" I kicked the chair I always left out here "And this whole time you were here?"

"Freddie..." she closed her eyes and took a deep breath before opening them again "I wasn't here all day okay, I went for a walk, and then I came here. I didn't want to talk; I wanted to be alone"

"Couldn't you just tell me that? So I wouldn't freak out?"

"I'm... see, this can't work, I'm the way I'm and I'm never going to change Benson! I'm selfish, I only think about myself and I don't give a damn about

anyone else!" she snapped.

"No, Sam... That's not truth" I tried to touch her but she walked away.

"Yes it is Freddie and you know it! At some point in this relationship I'm going to do something that's going to be too much for you to take! So do both of us a favor, just walk away while we're still friend" WHAT? IS SHE BREAKING UP WITH ME?

"What? Are you breaking up with me?"

"No, I'm giving you the chance to do it. Go ahead and do it" she spoke softly.

"I don't know what's gotten into you, but I don't think you remember what I told you on our first date, or when I asked you to be my girlfriend, or this morning!" I yelled "I'm not breaking up with you, I don't care what you say, I'm not doing it!"

"Freddie..." she took a step closer to me "don't you see... this" she motioned between us "is not meant to last"

"You're crazy Puckett; if you think I'm giving up after the first day" I hugged her tight and she tried to push me away, but failed miserably "tell me what is wrong Sam, please"

She closed her eyes and rested her head on my shoulder.

"I don't wanna screw things up Freddie, but I know I will, someday I'm going to do something so bad that's going to make you want to leave" I held her tighter "and I don't want to lose our friendship"

"Sam... That doesn't make any sense. I've been around you for years now, you were mean and violent to me, but I never left, why would I leave now?"

"I don't know... because you're expecting a girlfriend and not a bully! You have expectations on this relationship but I can't fulfill them Freddie. You want a girl who's going to treat you right, not me"

"Hey... stop it okay? You wanna know my expectations of this relationship?" she nodded "I want you to love me. That's all I want"

"Freddie..."

"Sam, listen, I'm not expecting to hear you say that, especially not yet, okay? I wanna be with you Sam, that's all I want. You. I know you for so long and I know who you are. I'm not stupid to believe that suddenly you're going to turn into Carly or Melanie, and I don't want that. I want you and all that you are. I don't want a perfect girl, I want the girl who's perfect for me, and that's you. I love to bicker with you, my life would be so boring without you in it, and I don't want that to change. I want us to be Sam and Freddie, not a perfect couple. God how boring would that be?" I chuckled "I'm not breaking up with you and you're not going to break up with me. If someday you do something really bad, you'll just have to fix it, because I'm not going anywhere! Got it?" She pulled away to look at me "I wanna be with you"

"But why? Why?"

"Why...?" I pulled away completely "meet me here in half an hour and I'll tell you why"

"Freddie..."

"No! Now go to Carly's cause she's freaking out, and call your mom okay?" I kissed her forehead "okay?"

"Okay" she nodded and walked away.

I have half an hour... that's not enough to do much, but who cares? I'll work on something simple and amazing, just like Sam.

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#### Sam's POV

I walked into Carly's apartment feeling more ashamed than that night at the lock-in. Until now I haven't realized how worry they must've been. My mother, Carly, Spencer and even Melanie. But I needed sometime by myself, to think, to reflect about things. With Freddie around I knew I couldn't do much thinking; he made every single doubt in my mind disappear when he was around. Even trying my best to ignore what Patrice said this afternoon, I couldn't because she was right.

*She was right.*

I know deep down inside something is going to happen that's going to push Freddie away from me. It's inevitable. That's my nature. That's who I'm. But then again, I've been trying to push him away for years and it never worked, so why would it work now? Maybe because I couldn't believe he had no expectations about this relationship other than love. He wanted me to love him, and that was enough for him, so it should be for me. But it wasn't. I was scared; this is all new for me. Not the love I have for him, that's old news, but us together, being a couple, that's new. I'm not very comfortable with new things, changes scare the hell out of me, and I just keep thinking he is going to leave.

*Just like my father did.*

Because in the end, everybody leaves, and I couldn't bear if he left too. So I guess it would be easier to just let go of him now when I still have his friendship, but at the same time I don't want to. I wanna know where this is going to go. I wanna see what happens. I want him. That's why I ignored everyone today, because my head is confused and my heart even more. My head says that the best is for this to end, that this is not meant to last, that I'm going to get hurt and hurt him. But my heart tells me to stay, tells me to don't let go, to hold onto him for dear life, because this is true love, and it doesn't happen twice. Long story short, I'm bonkers.

The minute I stepped into the apartment, Carly threw herself at me, hugging tightly. I felt so bad for worrying her so much, but I needed time to think, I hope she understands that. Carly pulled away and slapped my arm, hard. I didn't know she could slap like that.

"Ow!" I rubbed my arm.

"Where were you? Shit Sam! Do you know how crazy we were? Do you have any idea? I feel like killing you right now!" she slapped me again "I have to

call Freddie! He must be on his way to the police station right now"

"No, I already talked to him, he found me"

"Oh... where is him?"

"Listen, I have to call my mom now okay..." I tried to walk away but she held my arm "Carls..."

"No! You're going to tell me where you were!" I looked at the other people in the room. Spencer, Brad, Wendy and Gibby "guys, please leave us alone for a bit"

"Okay" Spencer nodded "don't do that again, you heard me?" he said.

"Okay" after everybody left, Carly threw me at the couch "Carly!"

"Start talking!" there was no point arguing with her.

"I'm no good for him okay! I'm going to do something that's going to push him away. He is going to leave me because I'm not a good girlfriend!" I snapped.

"Sam, how can you be so stupid? How can you be so coward? You've been dating him for less than a week and you're already acting like this. And you call Freddie a wuss"

I was shocked. Completely taken by surprise, Carly was yelling at me, like she never did before. And saying these things...

"She's right Carly! Why can't you see? Why can't he see? I'm not going to change! I'm who I'm"

"You're not making any sense right now! Who said what?"

"It doesn't matter! It's truth. I was trying to get us all out of this mess while I still have time" I stormed out to the kitchen.

"Sam! Stop it! What are you talking about?" she followed me

"Me, Carly! Me! I'm going to do something to ruin my relationship with Freddie, someday he's going to grow tired of this treatment and leave me, so I was giving him the chance to do it already!" I couldn't control myself, I started to cry. I needed to cry, I wanted to cry, because the thought of losing him was excruciatingly painful.

"Oh my God Sam! Don't be stupid! Freddie likes you for who you are just like you like him for who he is. He knows you, maybe even better than me! He knows you're not like most girls and still he wants to be with you. Shouldn't that be enough?"

"But it isn't!"

"It is! Sam... Look, I never saw a guy look at a girl the way he looks at you. I wish I had someone to look at me like that. Let me ask you something; did Freddie ever back out of a fight with you? No, I'm pretty sure he enjoyed as much as you and maybe more, because let's face it, without it his whole existence would be pretty boring. He never asked you to change or expected you to. You never had to change for him. Remember when you wanted to be girly to date Pete? Did that work? No. When you were with Jonah, you were all mushy and out of yourself. Did that work? No. Freddie is the only guy in your life that accepted you for who you are Sam, and you're the only girl his life to love him for who he is. You know him and he knows you, you two just work together. Stop feeling this way, because it makes absolutely no sense"

My eyes never left hers. Carly was right. Freddie was the only one who ever liked me for me, and he knows me better than anyone, he knows I'm not going to change, he knows it. He knows me. Maybe I'm just afraid, I'm just a chicken because I'm not used to being this happy, I just can't help but think the world is going to come down on me. What I lack is faith; I need to trust more and to hope for the best. I need to have faith in that dork, and I need to have faith in me. Carly hugged me, she allowed me to cry on her shoulder and she stroke my hair, all the time she kept telling me that it was okay to trust people, it was okay to get attached, not everyone leaves.

"Now tell me who told you this" she pulled away and wiped my tears "was it Patrice?"

"She kinda had a point..." I sobbed.

"Sam! That girl wants your boyfriend, she's going to do or say anything to steal him from you! I can't believe that you of all people would give a shit about what she has to say!"

"I know, but at the time it made sense" I sounded so stupid.

"It doesn't!" she kissed my forehead "stop crying for nothing crazy girl. That's not you Sam, and I don't think this is the girl Freddie wants. So snap out of it! Get a hold of yourself, you're being pathetic" WOW.

"Oh... right, I shouldn't even be here. Freddie wants me to meet him at the fire escape and I'm already late. I have to use your bathroom and clean up this mess" I pointed at my face "Could you call my mom and tell her I'm alive?"

"Sure thing Puckett"

What does he want to tell me? What's going to happen? Get a hold of yourself Puckett, you're not a crying girl, but looks like you've reach the bottom. You're being weak, and that's not who you are, that's not the girl Freddie wants. Who the hell is Patrice to know what he needs? She doesn't even know him. I know him, I know everything about him. I know he likes his banana splat with less sugar when it's raining. I know that he loves Galaxy Wars a little too much. I know that sometimes he speaks with his action figures. I know he can't stand Mrs. Benson, but that he loves her more than anything. I know that he doesn't like his father. I know that he sees Gun Smoke as a father, Spencer as an older brother and Carly as a sister. I know that he is happy about having Brad as a friend. I know he likes his toasts with jelly and he hates peanut butter. I know he likes coffee, and even though his mother never allows him to drink it, he does it anyway. I know his favorite color is blue and he hates yellow. I know that he secretly likes John Hughes' movies, although he hates chick flicks. I know he has a different smile for every kind of emotion. I know he is ambidextrous. I know he likes electronic music, and he dances alone in his room. I know he loves Stephen King's books, and that he is afraid of most of them. I know he likes Dawson's Creek; he hates Dawson and loves Pacey. I know his favorite characters from Friends are Ross and Chandler. I know he loves Dexter. I know his favorite Batman

is Kilmer's, but his favorite movie is the Dark Knight, and that he was rooting for The Joker. I know he loves Harry Potter, his favorite character is surprisingly Ron and not the smart ass Hermione, and that he has a wand hiding somewhere in his bedroom. I know he has a major crush on Leighton Meester and Lea Michele. I know him, she doesn't. So screw her, she doesn't know a damn thing.

I stepped into the fire escape and my jaw hit the floor. There was Christmas lights everywhere, a sleeping bag, a big picnic basket, two pillows and Freddie's stereo. The dork stood there, gazing me, and I'm sure he never looked so attractive before. He was using the same clothes, but there was something about his face, that made him seem even more appealing to me. Those fantastic eyes, gazing me with intensity, those perfect shaped lips smiling at me, that ridiculously soft hair messed up by the wind... all for me. Freddie held his hand up for me to take it and so I did.

"Freddie? What?" I looked around "what's all this?"

"Sam... no questions, just dance with me" he turned on the stereo and held me closer.

*Happiness*

*More or less*

*It's just a change in me*

*Something in my liberty*

*Oh my, my*

*Happiness*

*Coming and going*

*I watch you look at me*

*Watch my fever growing*

*I know just where I am*

"You asked me why I want to date you right?" he spoke softly.

"Yeah" he pressed his body closer to mine as we danced.

*But how many corners do I have to turn?*

*How many times do I have to learn?*

*All the love I have is in my mind*

*Well, I'm a lucky man*

*With fire in my hands*

"Shall we start from the beginning?" I nodded, because what else could I do? "I love how you can make me laugh and make me angry at the same time. You are a walking talking contradiction Sam Puckett. You're pretty, and witty, and impossible. You have the ability to drive me completely insane, whether you're offending me or kissing me. You just do it. You manage to make me happy even when you're trying to make me sad, and that's priceless. Even when you try to push me away I find myself feeling closer to you more and more every day. What frustrates me the most is that you refuse to acknowledge your own qualities. You only see the bad side Sam, but I see the good side, in fact I even like your bad side, because it makes you who you are" he leaned closer and kissed me.

*Happiness*

*Something in my own place*

*I'm standing naked*

*Smiling, I feel no disgrace*

*With who I am*

"And I know all your flaws, still I don't feel threatened or scared by them, I love them all, like that little scar in your knee, it's so sexy, you have no idea. And the way you eat like a truck driver, I think it's very cute seeing covered in barbecue sauce" he chuckled and kissed me again "but I don't like seeing you insecure, especially because of me, when I'm so sure that you're the one I want"

*Happiness*

*Coming and going*

*I watch you look at me*

*Watch my fever growing*

*I know just where I am*

*But how many corners do I have to turn?*

*How many times do I have to learn?*

*All the love I have is in my mind?*

"Every second of a day with you is not enough to satisfy the urge I have to be close to you. You have the looks of a princess, but you behave like a pauper, and for me that's a perfect combination. You're tough, but not heartless, and I saw that today, the way you cared about those kids... made me want to have kids with you. I love the effortless way that you can make people laugh, and I love that unlike all the girls I know you're comfortable in your own skin. I love how it doesn't take you hours to get dressed, but still you manage to look stunning" my eyes were filled with tears... shit, control yourself woman!

*I hope you understand*

*I hope you understand*

*Gotta love that'll never die*

Control yourself Puckett.... Don't cry... don't you dare cry! I fought the tears, but it was hard when he was looking at me like that, with those deep brown eyes, gazing through my soul. It was hard to think when he was this close, because he did something to my heart, and to my head, and definitely to my legs. They were so weak, I needed to grip him hard not to fall, because when he was close, this close, saying this things, I felt weak, but in a good way.

*Happiness*

*More or less*

*It's just a change in me*

*Something in my liberty*

*Happiness*

*Coming and going*

*I watch you look at me*

*Watch my fever growing*

*I know*

*Oh my, my*

"Sam, I love the way you look at me, I absolutely love that, it makes me feel unique, wanted and loved. You have no idea what you do to me. One smile, one kiss, one touch, one look can bring me to my knees and take straight to heaven at the same time"

*Gotta love that'll never die*

*Gotta love that'll never die*

*No, no*

*I'm a lucky man*

"I feel so lucky to have you in my life Sam, you have no idea how special I feel when you're around. It hurts me so much when you try to push me away, because all I wanna do is be close to you"

*It's just a change in me*

*Something in my liberty*

*It's just a change in me*

*Something in my liberty*

*It's just a change in me*

*Something in my liberty*

"I wanna date you Sam Puckett, because you're the most beautiful girl I've ever met, inside and out. Because you don't pretend to be someone you're not, and when you do you suck at it! You're one in a million and I feel so lucky to be the guy who got to hold you, to kiss you, to be near you. You make me feel so bold, brave, weightless. You bring the best and the worst in me. Without you in my life I would be forever a wuss, a weakling, you made me stronger. You made me a better version of myself, and I can't begin to thank you for that..."

*Oh my, my*

*Oh my, my*

*It's just a change in me*

*Something in my liberty*

*Oh my, my*

*Oh my, my*

"But in the end Sam, the reason why I want to date you is very simple... three words, eight letters, and simple. I want to date you because..." his eyes lit up suddenly "I love you"

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### Freddie's POV

She didn't say anything. She didn't move, or blink or breath, and that made me worried. Did I cross the line? Did I rush things? Did I say something I shouldn't? Was this too much for her to take? Why isn't she saying anything? She's just looking at me, with no emotion what so ever, and I braced myself waiting for her to laugh at my face and tell me not be such a girl. But that never happened. All the sudden, it was like she woke up from a dream, and for the first time since I said the L word she really looked at me. Like really looked, but she didn't say anything. I was preparing myself to break the silence when she did it. Thank God.

"Don't say if you don't mean it Benson" her voice wasn't menacingly, it wasn't warning, it wasn't bitter. Her voice wasn't weak, but vulnerably.

"I mean it. I've been feeling this way for a while now, but I never had to guts to tell you. I was planning it carefully, this" I motioned to the fire escape decoration "was all I could do in half an hour, but I was planning so much more Sam"

"I don't care about decoration Freddie, all I wanna know is if you mean it. You really mean that?" she insisted.

"Yes Puckett, I mean it" I smiled "every word" she went silent again.

"Freddie... I'm not really comfortable with the L word, you know that..." I cut her off pressing my lips against hers.

"I know Sam, and I need you to understand that I'm not expecting you to say it back, I really don't. But I need to say it, because God... I mean every bit of it. When I saw you here, when I knew you were okay and safe, all I thought about was how much I loved you. And hearing you say those things, made me so mad with myself, because I'm always asking you to be honest and open with me, and I'm hiding this feeling from you. I felt stupid, I needed to tell you, I wanted to let you know so you wouldn't feel that way, because I don't care about the pet names, I don't care about the insults, and I don't care about the banters, I don't care, because I love you. And because I love you everything else seems so small"

She took a deep breath then burst into laughter. There, I knew she was going to mock me and my feelings. Sam was laughing really hard, she had her eyes closed, and her hands gripped my shoulders. That started to bother me deeply, I'm here confessing my love for her and she's laughing in my face!

"What?" I finally asked "what are you laughing of?"

"I... me... Freddie... oh God!" she snorted "I'm laughing because... I'm so stupid!" she cracked up again.

"Okay... I'm confused"

"I'm behaving like a stupid insecure teenage girl, and that's stupid! God Benson... I'm such a wuss" she cracked up one more time.

"No you're not... I get that this" I held her a little tighter "it's all new for you, being my girlfriend and all. And because of who we are, that scares you" I watched her smile disappear "because we're friends, you think that you're going to do something that will ruin our friendship too right?" she nodded "well, you've tried worse Puckett, and I'm still here, so if you want to push me away you'll have to improve your game"

"I can do that" she smirked.

"I'd like to see you try" I challenged her.

"Oh, it's on!" she kissed me gleefully "you know I'm going to need some time right, to say it back, cause I'm not really comfortable with this phrase yet"

"I know, and I don't mind waiting. I only wanna hear it when you're ready, in the mean time, why don't we stop the whole lovely couple thing and just act like ourselves?"

"You really want that?" I saw a little hint of insecurity in her eyes.

"Yes. I get the kicks you know..." she laughed.

"Pervert" she kissed me again "hey Fredperv?"

"Yeah?" I don't really like this pet name.

"Why there's a sleeping bag and pillows here?" she raised her eyebrow suspiciously.

"Well, Ms. Dirty Mind, I thought we could just hang here for a while, lie down and talk about nothing and everything at the same time"

"So, no second intentions?" she smirked.

"Well... I can't lie that I was expecting some making out, but that's only it I swear" it was truth. That was a difference between what I expected and what I wanted.

"Uh... I believe you, you're too much of a dork to get it on outdoors" Sam chuckled "wuss"

"Demon! And you're understating me Puckett" I nibbled her earlobe and she purred.

"That basket?" she asked when I pulled away.

"Food and beverage. Bacon, meatballs, fatcakes, ham, fatcakes, chicken legs, five large subs, and six cans of peppy cola" Sam bit her lip and looked over the picnic basket "let's eat Princess"

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### Sam's POV

After eating all the food in the basket, Freddie and I lay on the sleeping bag, cuddling. You don't think Sam Puckett likes to snuggle right? Well, that's just one of my many guilty pleasures. I rested my head on Freddie's chest and he had his arm wrapped around me, it was a quite comfortable position, but then again, he always made a good pillow. We're silent for more than twenty minutes, just enjoying each other's company, and it wasn't awkward at all. My ear was pressed against his chest, listening to his heartbeats, and he used his free hand to play with my fingers. My leg was above his, and my socked foot was moving up and down from his foot to his shin, I can tell he likes that, because he was purring. Without a warning, I felt his hand

sneaking inside my shirt to touch my skin. Now I realize his hands are not so soft anymore. I used to think that Freddie had girlish hands, now they're bigger and manly, I guess that's due to his recent athletics activities. And thank God for them. Beside his heartbeats the only sound I'm paying attention to is the music. He made a special playlist for this night, and his song selection pleases me deeply. So far that was the perfect soundtrack; this boy has a good taste for music.

---

#### **\*Freddie's Playlist\***

The Verve – *Lucky Man*

Maroon 5 – *She will be loved*

Michelle Branch – *It's you*

Parachute – *Forever and always*

Train – *Your every color*

Lifehouse – *Hanging by a moment*

Lady Gaga – *Yoü and I*

Adele – *Crazy for you*

Bruno Mars – *Just the way you are*

Lady Antebellum – *Just a kiss*

The Script – *I'm yours*

Snow Patrol – *Just say yes*

John Mayer – *Daughters*

The Cranberries – *Linger...*

---

"Freddie? Are you awake?" I asked because he was awfully quiet.

"Yeah... I'm" he started to play with my fingers again.

"I really like your taste for music" I snuggled closer.

*But I'm in so deep. You know I'm such a fool for you...*

"Thanks. You have good taste for music too Sam" he held me tighter.

"You're not mad at me because I couldn't say the L word, are you? You're not sad right?" I lifted my head up to look at him. Freddie had his eyes closed and he was smiling.

*You got me wrapped around your finger, ah, ha, ha...*

"No, I'm not" he opened his eyes "like I said before, I just wanna hear it when you're ready to tell me. I would be mad at you if you told me but you didn't mean it"

"Oh. I would never do that Fredhunk. It might take a while, you're sure you can wait for it?" I smirked.

*Do you have to let it linger? Do you have to, do you have to...*

"I'm not in a hurry" she smiled "I'm comfortable with the way things are, demon, but I like my new set of nicknames" his smile turned into a smirk.

"Oh, so the dork likes the new nicknames huh?" he nodded "I'll keep that in mind Freddog. Let's make out"

*Do you have to let it linger?*

I made out with the dork until one am, and it was amazing. After that he kissed and held me for ten minutes against Carly's door before letting me go. Tonight was the most perfect night of my life. He loves me... loves me... love. He said it, and he didn't even hesitate, he was so truthful, so sweet and sure. He was patient and didn't pressure me to say it back. I do love him, a lot for a long time, but I'm quite comfortable with the L word yet. Admitting it to myself was a challenge; it took all the strength I had just to think about it. Saying is another thing, saying is complicated and I'm not quite sure I'm ready for that yet. Carly was giggling on the phone when I got to her room, she was quick and hung up telling me it was Wendy, but I didn't buy it. Too happy to argue I just nodded and told her what happened. She squealed and giggled, and we fell asleep after talking for one hour. I had a dream, that Freddie and I were in the fire escape, snuggling in his sleeping bag just saying how much we loved each other, maybe Carly's girly ways are poisoning me... or maybe I'm just bracing myself to the day that I'll have to tell him I love him. The last thing that came to my mind, before I blacked out for good, was Freddie's eyes when he told me he loved me. The way his, ridiculously deep brown, eyes stared at me with no fear, and lots of love... that image was branded into my mind forever.

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#### **Carly's POV**

After Sam told me everything that happened yesterday, one thought came to my mind: I needed to talk to Freddie. He needed to know what Patrice was up to; I couldn't let her break them apart. They loved each other, and love is the most important thing in the world. I'm not strong like Sam, but if this girl cross the line and hurt them, I'll personally kill her, with my own hands. I would do anything for my friends and they would do the same for me, and since Sam refused to talk to Freddie about it, I had to take the lead and just do it. No bitch is going to stay between them; I'll make sure of that. Patrice

is not going to hurt Sam again while I'm alive, and if she does that... well, I have Wendy, Melanie, Tasha and a few other girls to help me rip her skin off. Sam is not the only bad ass motherfucker here!

I wouldn't allow any girl to steal Freddie away from Sam. Or any guy to steal Sam away from Freddie. No one is going to break Seddie apart! Besides, I think Sam would never recover if Freddie leaves her too. She thinks that just because her father left, everyone is going to leave. I knew how much his absence hurts her, but she refuses to talk about it, she doesn't want to at least try to find him and ask him why he left. She just pretends it doesn't bother her and shrug every time I talk about it. Same thing with Freddie, he doesn't talk about his dad, I actually don't know what happened to him. Unlike Sam's dad, who I actually knew a few things about, Freddie's father was always a mystery to me. Other than his name is Frederick Benson, I knew nothing about him. But I don't have the right to meddle, at least not in their family business, but as for their love life, I can't promise anything.

Sam and Freddie were arguing about what kind of ice cream was better. To anyone else it looked like a heated fight, but to me it was just Sam and Freddie being Sam and Freddie. In the end, Sam was in the middle of calling Freddie a know-nothing-dork when he just grabbed her and kissed her. I noticed that kissing each other mid-sentence was something they did quite often, how cute. When they broke apart, Sam smiled at him and let him hold her close, until the bell rang.

"I have to go to class... ugh!" Sam growled.

"Me too. Good class babe" Freddie kissed her forehead.

"Are you sure you're talking to me?" she frowned.

"You're right... good nap in your class babe" he chuckled.

"Now you're talking to me nub" she kissed him "good class for you nerd, bye Carls"

"Bye Sam" I waved at her.

As soon Sam turned the corner Freddie was forced to take his eyes off her ass... oh boys! When he was ready to leave I grabbed his arm and pushed him to the janitor's closet, we didn't get in, I just pushed him against the door.

"What the hell Carly?" he said jerking my hand away.

"We need to talk" I looked around to searching for people, but the hallway was empty "about Sam"

"What about her?" he fixed his shirt.

"She told me why she disappeared on us yesterday" I whispered.

"She told me too..."

"No, she told you how she felt, but not why she felt that way" he looked confused "listen Freddie, Sam only went all crazy yesterday after you came back from the hospital right?"

"Yeah..."

"Well... Sam was feeling insecure because Patrice told her all that stuff"

"Bullshit" he snorted.

"Bulltruth! Don't you see Freddie? That girl is trying to break you guys apart!" I yelled/whispered.

"No Carly... come on, why would she do that?" he looked at me in disbelief.

"Because she wants you, are you so oblivious that you don't see that?" I slapped him head.

"Ow... come on, she doesn't want me. And besides she had plenty opportunities to have me when I was single, and she didn't voice it, so why now?"

"Because, when you were single there was no fun. And besides, have you looked yourself in the mirror lately? You are handsome Freddie, very attractive" he smirked a bit "after Sam kissed you in the lock-in, something changed in you, I don't know, you look more alive, happy, and somehow more attractive. I guess love does that to a person. And now that you're Sam Puckett's boyfriend, makes the chase even more appealing to her. That's what she likes Freddie, and everybody knows it, she likes good guys that are happy with their girlfriends, and she likes to break them apart, corrupt them, have a little bit of fun with them, then go to the next one. Now tell that you believe me"

"Carly..." he sighed "what Sam told you?"

"She told that Patrice said all that stuff to her, she actually believed that Patrice had a point. I mean... can you believe that? Sam is insecure about love Freddie, that's why she didn't tell you she loved you yesterday, because she is afraid to open up to you and then lose you. Patrice already noticed her weakness, and she is going to explore that to her favor. Sam didn't want to tell you this, so she wouldn't look stupid and girly to you, but she is afraid that Patrice might succeed. I just thought you should know what's going on"

"I can't believe this... now that you said it; some things kind of make sense. A day or two after my first date with Sam, Patrice approached me and asked me out. At first I didn't think it was a big deal. I told her no, and Sam dragged me out of there pretty quick. After that, Patrice started to talk to me, asking me things during classes and being very nice. This one time, she came by my apartment and brought me homemade cookies to me and my mom. I knew that weren't in fact homemade, because my mom buys the same kind every month, but I didn't say anything because Patrice was bragging about her cooking skills. After I told her I had to get ready for iCarly, she kissed me in the cheek and said goodbye, I never really saw any harm in it. But now when I think about it... she was sitting pretty close to me in the couch... this was before I asked Sam to be my girlfriend. I can't believe I didn't notice this..."

"Well, you didn't notice Sam was in love with you since forever... I guess you're pretty oblivious to your love life Freddie. So? Are you going to do something about it?" I put my hands on my waist.

"Yes, but I need you to distract Sam for during lunch. I'll do it here when everybody is eating" I nodded.

"Okay, now go to class" I turned around to leave.

"Carly?"

"Yeah?"

"Thank you" he smiled.

"Just put an end to this" he nodded and we went on our separate ways.

---

General POV

Carly distracted Sam during lunch, or at least she tried. Sam said she needed to go to the bathroom and when Carly offered to accompany her; Sam frowned at her and just left. The truth was; Sam was looking for Freddie. Carly had told her he had to do something for the AV club, but Sam knew better. In fact she knew he was up to something and Carly was helping him. Sam said goodbye to her friend and boyfriend and went to class. In the minute she stepped into class, she got into a fight with Miss Briggs and got kicked out. When she was walking to the principal's office, she overheard Carly and Freddie talking.

FLASHBACK

*Sam was walking down the hall to explain Ted, she was just getting her book off the floor when Miss Briggs started yelling at her. She saw Freddie and Carly against the janitor's closet talking. She knew she shouldn't eavesdrop, but when her best friend and her boyfriend were hiding something from her, she had the right to sneak and listen to whatever they were saying.*

"...So? Are you going to do something about it?" Carly asked.

"Yes, but I need you to distract Sam for during lunch. I'll do it here when everybody is eating" she nodded.

"Okay, now go to class" Carly turned around to leave.

"Carly?" Freddie called her name before she could.

"Yeah?" she turned back to him.

"Thank you" he smiled.

"Just put an end to this" Freddie nodded before going to class, Carly did the same.

*Sam hid pretty quick, before he could notice her presence. Her heart sunk, she felt like hyperventilating. What Carly and Freddie were hiding from her? The possibility of her two best friends betraying her crossed her mind, but she tried to calm down, she needed proof of what the hell was going on. And when Carly told her Freddie wasn't going to eat with them today, she knew something was up. She dodged Carly and went looking for Freddie.*

END OF FLASHBACK

Sam tried her best to stay calm, she was quiet and hid inside the janitor's closet, open the door a slight bit just enough to see them. Freddie arrived two minutes later, with Patrice following him right behind. She was smiling seductively and Sam's heart sunk. She knew this was going to happen, and she had to fight the urge to cry because he said he loved her, but much like her father, he lied.

"Patrice, I need to ask you a favor" Freddie had his back turned to Sam.

"Yes Freddie..." she approached him flipping her hair "I knew eventually you would come looking for me, I knew you would realize that I can give you things that girl can't" she put her hand on his shoulder and he didn't move away.

"I bet that you would never guess why I'm here"

"And why are you here?" she ran her fingers over his shoulder.

"To ask you to BACK. THE. FUCK. OFF" he jerked her hand away violently.

"What?" she took a step back confused.

"I know what you told Sam yesterday. I know what you're doing, and guess what this is not going to work. I would never leave Sam to have a fling with you. You're not worth it" Sam's heart somehow managed to beat again, she couldn't believe this.

"Freddie... don't you see, this girl is not for you" Patrice tried to touch him, but he pushed her away.

"This girl is the one for me because I love her. Your little game is not going to work, because I'm head over heels with her, I'm completely in love, and she is the only one I want" this time Sam couldn't stop the tears from falling.

"Sooner or later, you're going to change your mind Freddie, and when you do, I'll be here... waiting" Sam wanted to jump out of that closet and kick her ass, but she forced herself to calm down.

"Don't bother, because that's not going to happen. Do me a favor Patrice and just forget about me, go look for somebody else and leave us alone"

"I'm not going to forget you, I want you, but until you figure out that you want me too, I'll back off"

"Good, because that's going to last forever. I could never feel for you what I feel for Sam, I'm sorry but you are wasting your time"

"Okay, Freddie, I'll back off, but that doesn't mean I won't be waiting" she tried to kiss his cheek, but he pulled her away "just come look for me when you come to your senses" then she left.

Something told Sam, that this wasn't the end, but just one more step in Patrice's game. She was playing nice, because if she revealed to Freddie she

was an evil bitch, she would lose the game, and that wasn't acceptable, not for her. Freddie leaned against the lockers and sighed. Sam wanted to jump off the janitor's closet and kiss him senseless, she wanted to thank him for everything he said, and she wanted to kiss him and tell him she loved him. But what if he got mad at her for eavesdropping? That shouldn't be a big deal, but Sam knew Freddie would be mad because she didn't trust him. Without doing much thinking, Sam stepped out of the janitor's closet and attacked Freddie's mouth.

"Sam?" he gasped "what?" she kissed him once "are you...?" she kissed him twice "doing...? What's...? Happening...?" she kissed him three times.

"I'm sorry..." she kissed his lips "I'm so sorry Freddie" she kissed his cheeks "I'm sorry"

"Wait" he grabbed her arms and pulled her off him "what's going on?"

"I was listening to your conversation because when I was on my way to Ted's office I heard you and Carly being weird and I thought something was wrong, so I waited here to see what was up, and I heard you talking to Patrice..." she confessed ashamed.

"Sam! You gotta trust me! God! I can't believe you" he was really upset.

"I'm so sorry okay. But I got scared, if Brad and I were hiding something from you, wouldn't you wanna know?" she grabbed his shoulders making him look at her "I'm sorry"

"It's okay. I guess it's my fault too. No more secrets okay? I just wished you would've told me" she interlaced their fingers.

"I'm sorry for that. And no more secrets" she kissed him and he wrapped his arms around her.

They hugged for a while, and Sam didn't want to let go, but she pulled away enough to look at him.

"Freddie?" now was the time, to let her fears aside and just admit her love for him, because no one in the world could compare to him, and because it was truth, she loved him. So why should she hide that from him when he would announce his love for the world to hear, and more importantly, to her?

"Yeah?"

"I love you" and there it was, the L word. She said it and nobody died, not a single part of her body fell off the place and he still didn't leave.

"You mean that?" he remained completely serious, like her when he told her he loved her.

"Yeah. First I was afraid to admit it, but I don't care anymore, I need you to know. And I also need you to know that is not going to be like that all the time, I'm not going to say I love you every day, and when I say it, it's not going to be in public, I need you to be aware of that. I'm going to say it whenever I want to say it" she was honest.

"I don't care Sam, in fact I rather this way, because otherwise it wouldn't be you, and I want you" he leaned down and kissed her again, very softly and very slowly "but say it again"

"Freddie... what I just told you?"

"I know, I know... but please, just one more time" he wanted to be able to say *I love you too*.

"Fine..." she sighed "I love you"

"I love you too" they grinned like two fools, and kissed each other.

Freddie picked her up lifting her off the floor; Sam took her feet off the ground and pretended she was flying, because deep down inside she was. When they walked into the cafeteria together, holding hands, Carly smiled at them, and when her friend smiled back she knew everything was fine. Sam didn't even bother to look at Patrice's face, she didn't care anymore, if that bitch tried anything ever again, she knew Freddie would handle things himself, and that Patrice didn't stand a chance against her. Or she could just punch her to dead, any of those things were good for her.

And in the end Patrice was *wrong*.

## \*Chapter 41\*: iAsk You To Prom

**A/N: So sorry I didn't update earlier, but I've been busy as hell, working on my first projects! (I'm drawing houses and furniture guys! So excited!) Anyway, this chapter is a little lemony because it's been a while and this is a rated m fiction. Anyway, I wanna thank all of the reviews, you guys rock!**

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Sam's POV

FUCK! I don't wanna go! SHIT! Fucking shit! I don't want to go to this stupid thing; I wanna stick my head into a hole and never have to look at his face! That stupid beautiful face and those incredible stupid eyes! I know that if I do I'll just give up and say yes, but God I'm still Sam Puckett! And Sam Puckett doesn't do prom. Fuck I hate gowns, and heels, and flowers and corsages and shit! And now that stupid nerd wants to take me to prom, is he out of his mind? Is that it?

"Sam come on! I already got the tickets! Let's celebrate finals are over and you actually did great, please?" he pouted.

I hate him so much, because when he pouts like that it's hard to say no. Hard but not impossible.

"No Freddie, and fuck off, I told you once now I'll tell you twice, no, no and no!" I went straight to Carly's kitchen and attacked her fridge.

"Sam, please, what's so bad about prom?" he crossed his arms.

"Should we start from the beginning? Dresses! Slow dancing! Heels, Freddie, heels!" I attacked her ham.

"Sam... you look so pretty in a dress, and I'm sure one night with heels won't kill you, and besides, slow dancing isn't so bad" he wrapped his arms around me "it's going to be you, and me and nothing else in the world, do you remember when we danced at the Groovy Smoothies? And in the fire escape? Was that so bad?"

"No, but that was only me and you, without a bunch of kids around us to watch our every move!"

"Who says they'll watch our every move? Sam, it's prom, they'll be dancing and making out, they won't care about us, we're not Justin Bieber and Selena Gomez, we're just Sam and Freddie, we're not that famous" he kissed my forehead.

"Still, I don't want to go, I don't like this kind of chizz, and you promised you would never asked me to change" I saw his smile disappear.

"You're right. Its okay, we don't have to go. Let's just stay home and watch horror movies about people getting killed at prom night" I chuckled, but he just smiled.

"Thanks, now it's a party" I put the ham down and wrapped my arms around him "we'll have fun, you'll see"

"Yeah, I know" he kissed me so softly then pulled away too quickly "I gotta go home, see you later?"

"Yeah, later" I grabbed his collar before he could leave and kissed him the way I wanted him to kiss me a moment ago. We pulled away breathless "bye Fredgirl"

"Bye Puckett" he chuckled and left.

Now I feel like shit. He seemed so... I won't say sad, but disappointed, that's even worst. See, I wanted to do this to make him happy, but that's beyond me, that's prom, for fuck's sake, it's a fucking night with stupid people just acting stupid and dressed stupidly in stupid dresses and motherfucking heels! It makes a lot of sense that I don't wanna go, besides we'll have much more fun just the two of us, in the studio, watching horror movies and making out till dawn, that's the perfect prom night. But why do I feel like shit? I grabbed my ham and sat on Carly's couch just thinking about his face before he left. It made me feel even worse, those deep brown eyes, staring at me, so disappointed. UGH! I hate him! But he'll be alright, once he realizes how much fun we can have here alone, just me and him. And who knows what can happen?

"Hey? Are you there?" Spencer asked me, snapping his fingers in front of my face.

"Oh sorry, just thinking" I took a bite of my ham.

"So, I heard your conversation with Freddo" he sat by my side.

"So you think I'm right, right? Isn't him crazy for asking me to prom? I mean, its prom, and me, don't go so well in the same sentence" I chuckled, but Spencer remained serious.

"Not so much Sam, I mean, he is your boyfriend, and this is your first prom together, it's rational that he wants to take you" he shrugged.

"But... I don't do prom, and he knows that. He said he would never try to change me"

"Sam, he is not trying to change you, he is just trying to date you" he made me feel even worse "and he really wants to go to this prom"

"How do you know that?"

"He asked me to go chose a tux with him today, he wanted to look good for you" oh shit, now I feel horrible "and already booked the limo for you guys"

"Oh... I didn't know that" I felt horrible and small, like the bad girlfriend that I am.

"And he is willing to sacrifice something he really wants, just to make you happy. He thought that he could make up for that girls choice dance, that you were alone all night while he was dancing with your best friend" holy crap... I'm the worst girlfriend ever!

"Oh, I didn't know any of that... I guess I can go to this stupid prom... for just one night" I can do this... I can do this... right?

"But if you're going to spend the whole night complaining and being annoyed, you better don't Sam, it will be worse" he warned me.

"Alright... I can be a good girlfriend for one night, I can do this" I stood up "I'm gonna go talk to Freddie, thanks Spence"

"Okay, any time" he smiled and I left.

---

Freddie's POV

I'm really upset, maybe more than I should be, because I know Sam, and I love her just the way she is, but I was looking forward to go to prom with my girlfriend. Can you blame me for that? Whatever maybe is not a good idea anyway. Sam doesn't like dresses and heels, and we can be alone for the night and maybe who knows, I can get a dance out of her. It won't be that bad anyway. I sat in front of my computer looking at the two tickets I bought yesterday. I don't know why I thought this was a good idea, the prom will be a black tie event, and that's not Sam's thing at all. Maybe I'm just that stupid. I tossed the tickets inside the drawer and lay on my bed. Maybe there's something nice on TV.

*Suits* was on. Nice, maybe a good show will take my mind out of it. Mike Ross was buying some suits when I heard a knock on my door. Sam smiled at me and I told her to get in. She walked over me and laid in the bed next to me, I opened my arm for her to snuggle closer.

"*Suits*?" she moved closer to me laying her head on my chest.

"Yeah, I love it as much as I love *White Collar*" I rubbed her arm.

"Me too, something about Mike Ross and Neal Caffrey that just drives me crazy" she chuckled.

"Oh yeah?" I pulled away to look at her "funny thing, I feel the same way about Leighton Meester in *Gossip Girl* and Alison Brie from *Community*" she punched my stomach "ow!"

"You deserved it" she kissed my cheek.

"Yeah, you're right" *Suits* was over and I changed channels "whatcha wanna watch?"

"Whatever you wanna watch" she snuggled closer to me, her foot caressing my shin.

"I love that" I purred.

"I know" she took off her shoe and continued caressing me with her socked foot.

"Hey... *Ten Thing I Hate About You*" I knew that was one of Sam's favorite movies, and mine too.

"Yay! Heath Ledger!" Sam loves Heath Ledger, and he was pretty awesome!

The credits were rolling when Sam pulled away from me and sat up. She had seemed anxious, like she wanted to tell me something, but was hesitating. I figured she could use a little push.

"Say it" I sat up too.

"What?" she crossed her legs, her knee touching my thigh.

"Whatever is on your mind. I know you want to say something, so do it, say it" I encouraged her.

"Okay..." Sam took a deep breath "I want you to ask me to prom again"

"What? Why?"

"Because I want to, so just do it!" she got up "come on, get up and ask me"

"So you can say no again in my face? I guess once is enough" I scoffed.

"Benson... just do what I told you" she grabbed my wrist and made me stand up in front of her.

"Sam..." she glared at me and I gave up, what else could I do? "would you go to prom with me?"

"Yes" she smiled the most beautiful smile I've ever saw, but I knew she was just messing with me, so I started laughing "what?"

"Come on, I know you're just messing with me Sam" I laughed hard and shoved her a little bit "funny" she frowned at me.

"Benson... I'm not joking!" she snapped and shoved me, so now I was back on the bed "I wanna go"

"But..." my smile faded away "you just said you don't do prom"

"I know" Sam sat next to me "but I wanna do this with you. So? Still wanna go with me Fredprom?" she took my hand in hers and interlaced our fingers.

"Of course Sam. I wanna go, and dance with you, and kiss you in front of everyone because I love you so much" she held my hand tighter.

"Me too dork, me too" she gave me a small smile.

"But I don't want you to do this because I want to. I want you to do this because you want to, otherwise we won't have a good time" I touched her chin and brought her closer to me.

"I want to go to prom with you, and have fun, and dance and kiss you in front of everyone" she smiled at me in a way I knew she was being honest.

"So it's a date?"

"It's a date" she leaned forward and kissed me.

---

Sam's POV

I straddled him, his hands on my ass and my hands on his hair. I fucking love him so much, so, so much. Freddie moaned when I grinded my hips against his. God this is the most beautiful sound in world, I love this feeling so much. Freddie broke the kiss and started to lick my neck. Oh God... so good... his hands left my ass to cup my breasts, and I knew was time to get rid of some clothes.

"Mmmmm.... Oh... that's so good, Freddie.... Mmmmm" I gripped on his hair really hard.

"Mmmmm... yeah... it's great" he squeezed my boobs twice.

"Oh God... too many layers... too many clothes between us... take it off" he pulled back and yanked my shirt off my head, and I did the same to his.

"Oh hello there..." he greeted my breasts "Freddie is here" and he started to lick, massage and suck them.

"Ugh... mmm... Freddie..." I was panting loudly.

Freddie's lips left my breasts to kiss me. He teased, bit and licked my lips and chin... oh my God I love his mouth so much, his lips, his hands, his everything. Oh MY God! Tonight I wanted something different from what we always did. I wanted more.

"Freddie? Oh God... Freddie?" I pushed him away.

"What? Did I do something wrong?"

"No... oh God no. I just..." I stood up and unbuttoned my jeans.

"Sam what are you doing?" he grabbed my wrists.

"I'm not gonna lie Freddie, we're not going to have sex tonight, but I want to make out with you..." I jerked his hands away and started to undress myself "naked" and like that my pants were on the floor.

"Naked?" his eyes were wide.

"Yes Fredderly... naked" I unhooked my bra "and you'll be naked too" I took his hand and made him stand up "so get rid of this pants" I threw my bra somewhere far away.

"Are you sure?" he took my hands again.

"Yes, now pants off Benson" I unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans.

I went down on my knees and slid his jeans off. I delivered open mouthed kisses all over his lower stomach and above the hem of his boxer briefs.

"Oh my God Sam...! Oh..." his hand went to the back of my head and he gripped my hair hard when I slid the underwear out of his flawless body.

Now he was naked in front of me while I was wearing only a pair of boy shorts. I took a good look at him... my god that boy was well endowed! I planted a little kiss on his pelvic bone and his rocket twitched.

"Come here..." I lay on the bed and asked him to join me.

"Oh shit..." Freddie kneeled between my open legs and kissed my knees "you're so perfect, so beautiful, I can't even..." I moaned and lifted my hips off the bed allowing him to take my underwear off "holy shit!"

"What?" I propped on my elbows to see what was wrong.

"You're naked... and I'm naked... wow" his eyes were so wide I was afraid they were going to fly off his head.

"I know Frednude" I said looking at his rocket.

"You're really well endowed by the way" I wrapped my hand around his shaft "it's so big... so wow... ugh! I guess that's way bigger than average... in length and girth..." I smirked and stroked him slowly "do you like that Freddie? Tell me" I gripped him harder and he closed his eyes "Say you like it"

"Uh... ah... mmm" I quickened my pace "oh, Sam! Oh..."

"Tell me Freddie, tell me you like it" I hooked my legs around his and massaged his balls.

"Oh my God! Oh God..." Freddie threw his head back, his eyes rolling to the back of his head "Sam... shit... Sam!" I kissed just above his crotch.

"Say it" I squeezed his balls and stroke him furiously, he bucked against my hand.

"Oh... I... oh God!" I felt him tensing up, but I didn't want to lose him just yet "Sam... oh Sam, fuck! I like it! I love it! God I love you!" I released his manhood.

"Say you want me" I stroke his inner thighs.

"I want you" he whispered.

"What do you wanna do to me?" I wrapped my hand around his shaft again, stroking him urgently.

"I... I-I..." he was having a hard time forming big words "I wanna... God! I wanna..."

"What? You want what?" I kissed his pelvic bone.

"GOD! I wanna fuck you!" he cried out.

I felt him tensing up, his lower body jerking a bit, so I released him. I don't want to lose him just yet. I looked over his arousal and felt wetter than before.

He was so damn well endowed, and I guess that as far as penis sizes go, this is definitely something many guys would want. I had to fight the urge to stroke him again, but I had the feeling that if I did, he would probably cum, and I wasn't having it. I kissed his navel and pulled back to look at him again. He was so hot, so perfect. He was so cut; it was a sin for him to wear shirts. I licked over his abs and he shuddered. My eyes traveled back down again, admiring his naked glory.

"Sam? Say something" he gripped my shoulders trying to make me look at him, but my eyes never left his monster rocket.

"You have a nice toy over here Mr. Benson" I lifted my head to look at him.

"Sam... stop that" poor Fredward was red like a tomato.

"But Freddie, that's nothing to be ashamed of... in fact you should brag about it... I should brag about it" I wrapped my hand around his shaft again "this is going to hurt me so much... I don't think I'll be able to seat for a week" I chuckled but he remained serious.

"I don't want to hurt you" he stroke my cheek "never"

"When the time comes Freddie, I'll beg for you to. Now, come here" I lay on my back and pulled him on top of me "make me feel good"

He did what I asked. Freddie kissed me, then moved his lips to my neck, one hand cupping my breast while the other gripped my hair. He tangled his fingers on my curls and pulled my head back to have more access to my neck.

"Oh... mmm... Freddie" he flicked my nipple with his thumb and sucked my earlobe.

I wrapped my legs around him so I could feel his manhood pressed against me. His rocket twitched against my skin, and holy fuck, that was so hot. Freddie lowered his head to kiss my breasts, his teeth grazing my nipple.

"Oh god... more" I tugged on his hair "more..."

"More?" he whispered against my navel "how much more?"

"Freddie... so, so much more" I started to writhe underneath him.

"You asked for it Princess" he licked my navel, kissed my hip bones and licked my pelvic bone.

"Shit!" I hollered when he kissed my most sensitive spot.

"You like that?" he licked my folds before I could answer "do you like that Sam?"

"Oh God yes... yes... I love it... so much" his tongue reached my clit and I hollered even louder "Benson! Ah!"

Freddie threw my legs over his shoulder and started to work his magic. His tongue licked me like a Popsicle, up and down, then back to my clit.

"Ah... ah... oh... uh... mmm... ah!" I was so close already, so close "god... my... god... oh my god... oh god, oh god, oh god!" I hollered so loud Carly was probably covering her ears by now.

I let go of his hair to grip on the sheets, hard. Five... four... three... two... BOOM!

"FREDDIE!"

Benson gave a final kiss on my sensitive clit, before wiping his mouth and lying beside me.

"You're okay there?" he brushed my bangs out of my forehead.

"Yeah... oh God... oh..." I panted heavily.

"Good..." he wrapped his arm around my waist and brought me closer "did you get my message?"

"What?" I asked breathlessly.

"What I wrote... down there... for you" he smirked.

"You wrote...? Down there?"

"Uh-huh. That's why you came so fast. I'm real good at it apparently" I slapped his chest.

"Don't get... too... cocky... my legs are still shaking" I couldn't manage to catch my breath "what did you wrote?"

"I love you" he stroke my cheek "so much"

"I know that" he chuckled.

Now we were staring at each other, face to face, on our sides. I hooked my leg around him and he rubbed his thigh against my core.

"Oh... you know that we're not done yet right?" I asked him with a mischievous grin.

"Is that so?" he rubbed his thigh against me rhythmically "Princess Puckett"

"Yeah..." I threw my head back "I want to borrow your rocket"

"What?" he pulled away confused.

"I want to use it Benson... as a dildo..." before he could say anything I grabbed his manhood and stroke him.

"Ah... and... how's... that... suppose... to... oh god... work?" Freddie's eyes were closed and his hand was gripping my thigh.

"Like when you use your fingers... and your tongue... only now..." I lay in my back pulling him on top of me "I want your rocket... to do the work" I positioned him in front of my clit "do it"

"Holy fucking Christ..." he jerked my hand away and started to brush his tip against my slick folds "Jesus!"

"Oh... yeah... just like that... just like that..." I was so wet I was dripping thru my thighs and soaking his bedspread "Oh Freddie... I love you"

"Oh, I love you too... so much... so... oh..." he started to rub against my clit applying more pressure.

"GOD!" my backs arched away from the bed when he found a good spot "HOLY SHIT!" I spread my legs further "kiss me" I begged.

He leaned down and kissed me deeply while his rocket rubbed my most sensitive place, his tongue tangling against mine and his free hand squeezing my boob. The mix of sensation drove me over the edge. Shit, this is so fucking good. I could tell it was taking every bit of strength in his body not to slide inside of me, and as much as I wanted it, I didn't at the same time.

"I'M... I'M... GOD... SO CLOSE!" I hollered.

"God, Sam... me too..." I released his shoulder, my hand sliding to his manhood. I jerked his hand away and started to stroke him while rubbing him against me "holy shit... ugh"

"FREDDIE...! AH...! JESUS CHRIST...!" I came harder than ever before.

"Sam..." I kept stroking him till I felt his warm release on my thigh "FUCK...! God...! Sam...!" his whole body jerked before his arms gave up and he collapsed on top of me.

"Shit! That was so fucking fun!" I laughed.

"Oh God... fun? That was amazing... heaven... BOOM...! Fireworks" he whispered breathlessly.

"I now right?" I stroke his hair.

He made his head comfortable between my boobs, plating a gently kiss over my right nipple.

"So? When you're picking your dress?" he said toying with my curls.

"Grrr... don't push your luck Freddress... I guess I'll just go talk to Carly about it..." I groaned and tried to get up pushing him off me, but he held me there "Freddie?"

"No... you don't have to go right now... just stay here" I lay my head on his chest and he wrapped both arms around me "I'm so proud of you Sam"

"Why?" I tilted my head to look at him.

"Because you managed to pass every class, you actually let me tutor you, and you did great in finals, I'm so proud" he kissed the top of my head.

"Yeah, well, maybe your nerdness is rubbing off me" his heartbeat was the most beautiful sound I've ever heard, well... right after his moans.

"I love you..."

"I love you too... God I've been saying this a lot lately, haven't I?"

"I like it" he grinned.

"Of course you do. Nerd"

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Carly's POV

I was finishing my dinner when Sam slammed the door open. Her cheeks were flushed and her hair was a mess, not counting her clothes, all wrinkled. Oh no... something happened? Is she hurt? Oh God! She yelled my name and I ran to her, grabbing her shoulders and looking for bruises. I found a couple of love bites, other than that she seemed okay. I pulled away and looked at her face; she had a dreamy expression on her face, like she was... I don't know... love drunk?

"Sam? What the hell? Are you okay?"

"Yeah, Carly more than okay..." she sighed "but I need a favor" she started to push me to the couch.

"What? And why are you like that? Were you mugged or attacked?"

"No... well yes... I was attacked... by my man" oh... ew...

"Oh my God Sam! Did you and Freddie...?" I trailed off.

"No, no, not that... well we did a few stuff, but not that... not yet... oh man" she zoned out for a little while "anyway... I need help"

"With what?"

"Prom" her smiled faded "Freddie wants to go, but you know I'm no good with dresses and stuff, so can you help me?" oh man! I was going to squeal... in 5, 4, 3, 2...

"SAM! THAT'S GREAT! OH MY GOD OF COURSE I'LL HELP YOU!" she put her fingers in her ear with a grimace "sorry! But anyway, we can go tomorrow, you me and Wendy, I think Tasha will come too, and we can find our dresses, and the appropriate shoes, this is going to be so much fun!" I clapped.

"No! Not tomorrow, the day after tomorrow. Tomorrow I want to prepare myself physiologically. By the way... who's your date?" she asked out of nowhere

and I realized I had no date.

"Oh... I don't have a date" I sat further on the couch "I have nobody"

"Oh Carly..." she put her arm around me "but I bet it won't be for long, soon a very cool guy will ask you, you'll see" she rubbed my arm.

"Yeah... I know" but not the guy I wanted "never mind, tomorrow, after lunch, you me and the girls, off to a dress hunt!"

"Okay kid" she frowned "grr... I hate Freddie and his stupid girlish prom obsession"

"Sam... he is your boyfriend, he just wants to go to prom with you, that's not capital offense" she crossed her arms, and I saw the third hickey on her neck "by the way... what were you guys doing?"

"Oh... stuff... Carly, man... you won't believe it..." suddenly she stopped talking "sorry, I promised Freddie I wouldn't share details with you"

"Sam, come on! He doesn't have to know..." I poked her.

"Carly Shay, you're telling me to lie to my boyfriend?" her mouth was hanging open "is that it?"

"Is in the girl handbook, that when is between you and your best friend, you can break the promises to your boyfriend and not feel guilty about it, so talk!"

"Sorry Shay I can't, I promised him, and besides if I tell you, you're just going to yell: OH SAM THAT'S DISGUSTING I WANT MY LIFE BACK and blah, blah, blah!" she made an overly dramatic impersonation of me.

"HAHA Puckett! Okay let's talk serious here, you, me, the girls, dress hunting!" I said overly excited.

"UGH! Fine!" she crossed her arms.

"Hey there!" Freddie opened the door with the same love-drunk expression Sam had on her face. Whatever the hell these two did, it must have been really good "let's go?" he asked her.

"Sure" she got up and winked at me "let's get going"

"Where are you going?" I asked them.

"The nub is driving me home. Bye Carls" she blew me a kiss.

"Bye Carls" Freddie waved.

"Bye guys" I smiled as they walked out of the apartment.

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Brad's POV

"Dude! You gotta ask her before someone else does" Freddie punched the punching bag "do it!"

"What if she says no? We've been hanging out a lot lately... we've been doing so good, like getting closer, I'm afraid she's going to say no and be awkward about it" I whispered.

"Dude..." he took his kickboxing gloves off and put his hand on my arm "or she'll say yes, because you guys are getting closer and hanging out. Maybe she's waiting for you to just do it"

"Did she tell you that? Did Sam tell you that?" my eyes went wide.

"No. BUT you'll never know if you never try. Trust me, that's the same advice I gave Sam at the lock-in and things turned out just fine for us... actually more than fine" he smiled dreamily, his eyes shining "BOOM dude, fireworks!"

"Fireworks...?" his smile grew wider "what happened? Did you do it?"

"No, it was something else. But I can't say dude, can't say. It's private, but this I tell you... it's was BOOM! Fireworks. And let's leave it to that" he daydreamed a little "God I need a shower" he sniffed himself.

"Come on man, it's in the guy handbook that when is between you and your best friend, you can break the promises to your girlfriend and not feel guilty about it" I poked him "cause I'm your best friend right?" I asked.

"Sure, you are, but no, sorry can't say" he shook his head "Now back to you and Carly"

"Okay. So? Do you think I should ask Carly to prom?" I asked him shyly.

"DUDE! What have been telling you for the past few days? Jesus Brad! Stop being a wuss!" he sounded more and more like Sam.

"You're sounding like Sam" I whined.

"Maybe it's because she's not the only one who thinks you're a wuss" he put his hand in my arm "do it, today before someone else does it. Sam told me Carly doesn't have a date yet, but if she's holding back it's because she's waiting for something"

"I'll do it. Today! Yeah" he gave me a look "I will!"

"Okay" he nodded "you better hurry"

After he took a shower and changed we said goodbye and went on our separate ways. Freddie was going to Sam's and I was going to Carly's. It was now or never. I knocked three times before Spencer opened the door.

"Hey Brad... what's up?" he was all covered in purple paint.

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah... just working on a new sculpture" he shrugged.

"So... is Carly here?" I looked around.

"Yeah, she just got home thirty minutes ago; I guess she went to the studio. So? You're going to ask her to prom?" he crossed his arms.

"How did you...?" I trailed off, not really sure what to say.

"Brad... anybody can see the way you look at her. And I approve it, I think you'll be good to her... and if you don't..." he punched his right hand.

"I'll be... but I need to talk to her first... can I?" I asked cautiously.

"Sure, go ahead"

"Thanks"

I went upstairs and knocked on her bedroom door. Several seconds later, and no answer, I opened the door. Carly wasn't there. Maybe she was at the studio like Spencer said. I went there looking for her, the whole time telling myself to be calm, not to stutter or sweat. This is just a regular girl, she's not a goddess... not matter what you dream about Brad, she's not a goddess who climbs your bedroom window and... anyway, moving on. Don't panic, relax, this will be okay. I looked thru the glass of the studio door, and saw the back of her head. She was sitting on a bean bag, her head lower... I heard... sobbing. She was crying. Why was she crying? I looked at the TV and saw what she was watching. *A Walk To Remember*. Of course, girls love that. I knocked on the door and she turned her red eyes to look at me.

"Hey... can I come in?" I asked.

"Yeah... sure" she wiped her tears away.

"Hi" I sat beside her "what's with the...?" I pointed at her face.

"Oh... the movie... so intense" she smiled weakly.

"Yeah... I know" I ran my thumb over her cheek, wiping the last tear off her face.

Carly stared at me for a while. And I stared back, not sure what else I should do. It's now or never, I told myself. Go for it, asshole! Do something! I should do something, but I couldn't, not with those big dark eyes staring at me like that. She had an emotion in her face I couldn't explain, but I knew she never looked at me like that before.

"So...? Prom right? Big night..." I started.

"Yeah... do you have a date?" her eyes left mine, like she was embarrassed for asking that.

"No... do you?" I tried to catch her gaze, but she kept looking away.

"No. I don't"

"Good..." she looked at me shocked "because I wanted to ask you... if you wanted to go to prom with me. Do you?" there! I did it.

She stared at me again, I didn't move, or blink, or breathe. And here it comes... her answer... she opened her mouth then closed it. My palms started to sweat.

"Sure. I would love to" she smiled... oh thank god!

"Oh... great... okay" I tried to not to squeal and freak out "alright... it's a date then" shit... why did I said that?

"It's a date" she gave me a kiss in the cheek "wanna watch something fun?"

"Like what?" I sat further into the bean bag, I was totally relaxed now, but blushing.

"Uh... how about... *White Chicks*?"

"Sure"

I tried a bold move and put my arm around her; she frowned, but leaned closer, resting her head on my shoulder. This was better than I thought it would be. I guess Freddie was right all along.

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Carly's POV

I was getting better and better every second. Of course still hurts to know he wouldn't leave his girlfriend, he wouldn't choose me over her, and I was only a game to him. It hurts, it breaks my heart, but yesterday I got a new chance on love, a chance to heal. Going out with Brad wasn't on my plans, but lately we've been getting closer, and being around him makes me feel so good. Brad is a nice guy, and actually pretty cute, this could be a great thing. It feels right.

"Carlota Taylor Shay! Wake up!" Sam snapped her fingers in front of me.

"What Samantha Joy Puckett?" I chuckled.

"You've been zooming out, what's the matter?"

"Nothing... oh did I tell you Brad asked me to prom?"

"Oh! No... and...?" she smiled like a five year old in a candy store.

"I said yes"

"Great! This is so great"

"Hey girls" Wendy greeted us in front of the mall, followed by Tasha.

"Hi, so who's ready for shopping?" I asked. All girls cheered, except for Sam, who growled "so let's go!"

We've been looking for about two seconds and I'm already lost, I have no idea which color will go better with Brad's eyes... wait, why do I even care? Oh, because everything needs to match... yeah, but what his eyes have to do with my dress? Get a hold of yourself Carly, he probably just asked you because you were lonely and pathetic.

"How about this one?" Sam pointed at a short black dress.

"Uh... Sam? Prom is going to be a black tie event, you know... with long dresses and tuxedos"

"WHAT?" she hollered in the middle of the store.

"Yeah. It was voted, everybody voted long dresses and classic tuxedos. You didn't vote?"

"No... I shoved the paper down Gibby's throat!" her breath was uneven; I guess she was trying not to break anything, trying really hard "I'm going to kill Freddie! He knew it!"

"Listen Sam, it's only one night okay? Do this for one night, we can choose a nice dress to you, that you can rip off afterwards okay? Or put on fire. Or throw a corndog at it" I smiled.

"I guess I can do that... Jesus! I fucking hate that boy. If he wasn't so well endowed I would cut his rocket off" she snapped and walked away.

Tasha and Wendy looked at me shocked, my jaw hit the floor... what does she mean? Does she mean...? Oh, don't wanna think about it, I don't wanna think about Freddie that way EVER! Tasha was the first to chose her dress, it was a beautiful black strapless dress with white dots, mermaid style. Sam mocked her, saying she would look like a mermaid and date and mermaid, Tasha just giggled, saying her Gibby was going to love that dress. Wendy was next; she chose a black strapless dress, with a white detail next to her neckline. I had a hard time finding the perfect dress, but Sam was having a hard time even thinking about it. I knew she wasn't the kind of girl, who likes proms, and flowers, and dresses, but Freddie was worth it, and she loved him enough to make this sacrifice. In the end I ended up going with a light-pink strapless dress, with flowers all over it, tight in the waist and loose below.

"So Sam... have you chose yours already?" I asked outside the dressing room she was changing.

"I guess... this is the less bad dress I've found" she opened the curtain and stepped outside.

"Oh my God Sam! You look amazing" I squealed.

"Totally" Wendy said.

"Really pretty" Tasha smiled.

"Thanks... do you think Fredweird will like it?" she asked fixing her boobs inside the dress.

"I think he will love it"

Sam's dress made me a little envious, I don't believe I haven't seen this dress around the store, and I searched a lot. But I'm happy she found something she liked enough to wear. The skirt of her dress was white, and the top was shiny grey. It showed enough cleavage to drive Freddie insane, and it was tight enough in the hips, connecting to a loose skirt. (A/N: I totally sucked describing the dresses, so go check the pictures on my profile) It also made her boobs look bigger. We paid for our dresses, Tasha and Wendy in cash, me and Sam with my credit card. After that we had to feed Sam, who was a nervous wreck, something about being too long in a girly store was driving her insane. It was a nice day, I couldn't wait for prom.

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#### Freddie's POV

"Why girls take forever to get ready?" Brad asked Spencer.

"This is a mystery I could never figure out my friend" he was waiting with a camera in his hand.

We've been waiting for twenty minutes now. Gibby already called to know where we were, and laughed when I said we're still waiting. I was tapping my foot on the floor nervously, mainly because the limo driver called me saying we're supposed to be downstairs already, and also because I was afraid Sam would just throw a corn dog at her dress and leave. Carly told me I was going to drool when I saw Sam in that dress, and I really wanted to. I fixed my tie and texted the driver, saying we would be right there. Brad suddenly jump off the chair he was sitting.

"Wow..." he drooled over Carly, who wore a pink-girly-full-of-flowers dress, typical Carly "you look amazing"

"Thanks" she blushed.

"Smile for Spence" Spencer took a picture of Carly "okay, now with your date" Brad joined her and wrapped his arm around her waist, Spencer glared at him, but took the picture anyway.

"Where's Sam?" I asked her.

"Here" I turned to look at my girlfriend.

My God... she looked like an angel. Her hair brushed in an Amy Winehouse style, only less messy and prettier, her bangs hanging loose to the sides. Her eyelashes seemed longer and thicker, covered by mascara; she was using lip gloss, a bit of blush and dark shade, that made her eyes look

bigger. Her dress... my God, I could come in my pants right here, right now... her boobs looked so... lickable right now. Shit, I'm turned on only by looking at her.

"Sam... oh my God... I'm... you... are... you're so beautiful" I stutter a bit.

"Thanks dork... you look pretty hot in a tux. Like a nerdy version of James Bond, but hotter" she chuckled when Spencer cleaned his throat "let's go?"

"S-sure..." I offered her my arm and she took it.

"Wait!" Spencer hollered "photo!"

We posed for about twenty pictures, sometimes only me and Sam, sometimes the girls, sometimes me and Brad, and sometimes the four of us. Sam really enjoyed the ride in the limo, she wanted to put her head off the window, but Carly told her it would mess her hair. Fifteen minutes and we were there, the school was decorated in black and white, and the music was loud enough for us to here from outside. We got off the limo and Sam whined. She tried to convince me to ride the limo all night, but I just grabbed her hand and ragged her inside the gym with me.

"We're here" I told her "that's it"

To be continued...

## \*Chapter 42\*: iProm

A/N: I'm sorry, I'll be quick. I worked two shifts today and I'm sooo tired. I couldn't edit, so if you find some mistakes, forgive me, I'm really tired. I'm not having time to update or write, but I'm trying my best. September 7 is a national holyday here in Brazil, so I'll have time to write and update. Love you all!

---

Sam's POV

That's it... we're here. Prom. I never thought I would go to prom, let alone with Freddie, the heck... I never thought I would make out with him, I never thought I would date him, or even hold his hand, and here we are. At fucking prom. Together. In love with each other. Oh, the irony. But good irony. I looked at our joined hands and grinned, I was in the last place I wanted to be, surrounded by people I didn't want to see, wearing a dress I didn't want to wear, and somehow the sight of our joined hands made me grin like a fool. I looked up to my boyfriend and saw him looking at me with worried eyes. Freddie was afraid I was going to throw a hot dog at my dress and leave, or just leave, but I wouldn't. I'm already here, now there is no turning back.

"It's fine Freddie, I'm not going to runaway okay" I reassured him.

"Oh..." he sighed "thank God... cause you look way too hot in this dress"

"I know..." I came closer, breathing in his ear "why do you think I've picked this one?" I whispered.

"Holy..." he held my hand tighter.

"You should see what I'm wearing underneath it" I teased him.

"Wha-what?" he stuttered.

I came closer to his ear again and bit his earlobe "Nothing" I kissed his cheek.

"Oh my..." he was speechless, but the look on his face was priceless.

"Okay you two!" Carly pushed us apart "stop the seducing thing, at least for now. Let's get inside first" she looked back, grabbed Brad's hand and left.

"Just kidding!" I told Carly.

I saw Brad grinning like a fool, before being dragged into the party with her. I smiled; Carly and Brad make a cute couple. Speaking of cute couple, Freddie grabbed my hand again, interlacing our finger.

"They make a cute couple" I said.

"Not more than us babe" he kissed my cheek and lead me into the party.

"You're right dork, not more than us"

We were inside now, the loud beat of Cobra Starship's *You Make Me Feel* started to play inside of me. There were a bunch of kids from our classes and some other people I didn't know, dancing, drinking punch and grinding against each other. I saw Tasha and Gibby dancing... well she was dancing, he was being Gibby, at least he was wearing a shirt. Tasha saw me and her eyes went wide, she nudged Gibby and pointed at us. He gave us two thumbs up and began to dance again. Tasha smiled at me and I smiled back, Freddie waved at them and dragged me further into the party.

"Do you wanna dance now?" he asked against my ear.

"Sure... let's do it boy" he chuckled and lead me to the dance floor.

Freddie wrapped his arms around me and we began to move. By the time we settle a pace the music changed. Thank God it was a DJ not a band. Neon Trees' *Your Surrender* started to play and he brought me even closer. Everybody else was jumping, but we settle a quick pace where we could dance together, closer to each other. He kissed my neck before spinning me around, so his front was pressed against my back.

"You look so beautiful Sam" he whispered into my ear "thank you so much for doing this for me"

"You can thank me later dork. And you look real hot too" I said over my shoulder.

"Thank you princess" he kissed my cheek "You look like a thousand suns, I wanna be the only one left when your day is done" he hummed into my ear.

He spun me around again, pressing his body against mine. There was no better feeling than having him this close to me. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him. Even in heels he had to bend down to kiss me, but I didn't miss the time when he was shorter than me, this was better anyway. When we pulled apart he hugged me and I rested my head on his shoulder. That was good thing, because a slow song began to play. It was a very old song; Billie Meyers' *Kiss the Rain*. So cliché, but something about being close to him made everything else seems so small, insignificant. I closed my eyes and let him lead me; I would let him take me wherever he wanted to.

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Carly's POV

Brad had his arms wrapped around me as we danced, and somehow I felt safe. This feels right, like it never felt before. I had my hands resting on his shoulders, his eyes gazing me so intensely, I couldn't look away, not for a second. Lately we've been hanging out a lot, and after everything that happened I just feel like I need this kind of feeling, the kind of feelings I only have when I'm around him. He is so cute and sweet, and that's all I need. He makes me feel so safe and I can't overlook that.

"I'm really glad you asked me" I whispered to him, we were close, so he could hear me.

"I'm glad you said yes" he gulped "Carly... there is something I need to tell you"

Oh no, last time I heard that things didn't go so well...

"Say it" I tried to sound as calm as possibly.

"I've been liking you for a long time now... maybe from the day we've met, but I couldn't voice it, I just... I couldn't say it... but I think I need to tell you now" he stuttered a bit.

Oh my God he likes me! That's great, he is great and he is everything I need right now. Maybe this is a second chance for me, maybe he is the one guy who won't break my heart. I just wanted a little bit of what Sam and Freddie had, something true and sincere, someone who would like me and would be completely mine. It was all that I wanted.

"Oh Brad... you mean it?"

"Yes. I'm not expecting you to like me back or anything... I just... needed to say it..." he looked away.

I put my finger under his chin making him look at me. When our eyes met I knew what I wanted to do, I lowered my gaze to his thin lips and just went for it. The moment our lips met I could swear I heard fireworks, bells ringing, birds singing... it was so amazing. After a few seconds he began to kiss me back, his hands gently caressing my face and lower back, while I ran my fingers thru his dark blond hair. This is everything that I needed.

He pulled back and touched my forehead with his. I could swear he let out the most relieved sigh I've ever heard, and then he smiled, eyes still closed.

"Thank God!" he said with a chuckle.

"Yeah..." I giggled "but we should do it again... you know... just to make sure it works without God's help" I chuckled.

"I think that makes a lot of sense" he pressed his lips against mine again.

Just like that I forgot everything that happened to me only a few days ago, there was nothing else on my mind but that boy kissing me. I don't know where this is going, but I like to find out, and I may not like him the way he likes me yet, but I don't think it will take too long for that to happen.

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#### Patrice's POV

They were slow dancing, but it seemed like they were hugging. I envied her, since that day in the hallway, when he told me to back off. I've been thinking about him so much, not the way I used to, but differently. Something changed that day, and I don't know what. The way he talked about how he loved her and that he wouldn't leave her, just did something to me. No one ever said anything like that to me before, no one ever looked at me the way he looks at her, and after everything she did to him, he's still able to love her. Tony Daniels was the quarterback, he asked me to prom and I said yes, but the whole time I kept wishing I was going with Freddie instead. I don't know what's wrong with me, this is not supposed to happen, I'm not supposed to feel this way, the only thing I should want from him is a bit of fun, nothing less, nothing more.

However, that is not the only thing I found myself wishing for. At the beginning this was all a game to me, where I would walk out with the prize. Now, I'm not so sure. Of course I was attracted to him, there was no doubt about it, he was very hot, and unlike most of the guys in school, he was hot and good. Truly good. Genuinely kind hearted and sweet. Those were qualities I never saw on a guy, and that makes me want him even more. The slow dance was over and Tony was sucking on my neck. There was nothing that disgusted me more. I pushed him away.

"Go get me a drink" I demanded "now!"

"Fine" she growled and walked away.

Pitbull's *Rain Over Me* started to play, and Freddie pulled away reluctantly to dance to the rhythm of the song. I envied her every minute they spent together, how his hands would roam thru her body, and how he grinded against her, whispering things in her ear that made her eyes roll to the back of her head. I envied when he kissed her, and how he kissed her. I found myself envying the sweet and yet dominant way that he gripped on her waist and brought her closer to him. I wanted to be the one there. I wanted so desperately I would do anything to get it, but if I did anything he would never be with me. But I still hoped she would do something to break them up, so then I would have my chance.

I think there is nothing I can do, but sit and wait, because I want him enough to just do that.

---

#### Freddie's POV

I kissed Sam for the tenth time since we got here. I was so happy she decided to go to prom with me, and more so because she was actually having a good time. She was genuinely having fun and nobody was bugging us. Of course people looked at us when we got here, but they eventually minded their own business, and just left us alone. She smiled and giggled when I kissed her cheeks repeatedly. Sam wrapped her arms around my neck and giggled even more when I lowered my mouth to her jaw line. God I love this girl so much it hurts.

"Freddie... I'm thirsty... let's drink something" she said panting when I started to nibble her earlobe.

"Okay, let's go Puckett" I grabbed her hand and lead her to a big table with punch bowl on top "punch?" I asked her.

When Sam didn't answer I turned around to look at her. She was frowning looking at something, when my eyes found what she was looking for I sighed, oh no, don't let it ruin our night. Patrice was walking right to where we were. I prayed for god to let her just pass by and don't bother us. Sam was doing so well until now; I didn't want anything to ruin our night.

"Sam... forget her... here drink something" I gave her a cup of punch.

"If she comes here to flirt with you I'm going to kill her Freddie! Look at what she's wearing!" she pointed and drank her punch.

Patrice was wearing a red dress, a bit transparent in her stomach, long but cut in the side showing all of her leg. It was a pretty skanky dress, but who am I to judge? Sam's fists clenched as Patrice got closer to us. (**A/N: dress' pic in my profile!**)

"Well don't look at her" I told her "she might come here just to tease you, ignore her" I grabbed her arm making her face me "just let it be"

"I can't! I hate her!" I wrapped one arm around her waist and slammed her body against mine.

"Forget about her, and think about me" I kissed her neck "it's an order" I whispered with a husky tone.

"Uh huh" he sighed as I kissed behind her ear "oh..." her free hand gripping the back of my neck.

I pulled away to look at her. Damn she was beautiful with that dress! I looked around, Patrice wasn't there anymore, good. I kissed Sam's forehead and took the empty cup off her hand.

"Want more?" I asked her.

"Yeah..." the way she said it, told me she wasn't talking about punch "I want more Benson"

"Then let's get out of here!"

---

Brad's POV

Carly was giggling as we jumped to the beat of the music. She seemed happy, and I liked that. After she kissed me, we kissed a lot, but I wasn't sure what we were. I wanted to date her, but I didn't know if she wanted to date me. I should just ask, but she was dancing so loose I didn't want to disturb her. Even though I should be dancing with her, I couldn't stop staring at her. The way her hair jumped up and down when she danced, the way her eyes were squeezed shut, and the way she smiled. It was all perfect. And she was so damn hot in that pink dress!

"Quit it!" she hollered.

"What?"

"Quit staring at me and do something! Dance with me!" she wrapped her arms around my waist bringing me closer. It should be the other way around.

"Sorry... you look so pretty" I told her.

"Thank you Brad, you look really cute too" she kissed my cheek.

"Carly?" she stopped shaking her head and looked at me.

"What?"

"Can we go sit for a minute?" she looked at me for a while.

"Sure!" I grabbed her hand and walked away.

Nothing was certain until I asked her out. As far as I know, this could be just one time thing for her, and wasn't what I wanted. I dragged Carly out to the courtyard where Sam kissed Freddie for the second time. Carly is a sucker for romance, and I know that her favorite fairytale is the Seddie love story, so I guess this will be fine. She gave me a quizzical look, and I took a deep breath.

"Carly..."

"Brad..."

"I'm really glad that we came together, and that we kissed... but there is something we need to talk about"

"Like what?" she frowned.

"I think... no, I know... that I like to date you... I want us to go on a date and stuff, you know, do it right" I explained.

"Oh Brad... that's sweet. I think we should... but I don't wanna rush things between us, you're such a great friend. But sure, I wanna go on a date" she smiled and I sighed in relief.

"I don't wanna rush it either. So tomorrow night?"

"Yeah... tomorrow night is good" she came closer to me and wrapped her arms around my neck "tomorrow is just fine"

"Good. Pick you up at seven" I leaned closer and kissed her "but I should warn you it won't be like the Seddie dates... I don't have Freddie's imagination"

"Just take me to dinner" she chuckled "that's fine by me"

I nodded and kissed her again. I never wanted to stop doing it.

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Sam's POV

Freddie and I found a random dark corner in the room and started to make out. We've been making out for several minutes. His hands roaming all over my body, making me crazy. His lips teasing and biting me carefully not to hurt or leave a mark, and his hips grinding against mine. He gave an especial attention to my boobs, he claimed that they looked very *lickable* in this dress. I'm not disagreeing not even for a second, if he likes it, then so do I. I wanted to get him all riled up, it was kind fun watch his sexual frustration grow when I pulled away leaving him wanting more. But this time the plan was working on me too. I pulled away and dragged him back to the dance floor, he protested the whole time, but followed me. We found Gibby and Tasha sitting on a bench. I needed to go to the bathroom and Carly wasn't around, so I invited Tasha, who said she needed to fix her makeup.

I was walking into the bathroom with Tasha. Freddie almost didn't let me go, but I told him I really needed to pee. Tasha was going to fix her makeup and the boys were waiting outside. So far the prom is being nice, no problem with Patrice or anyone for that matter, and the DJ was good. Maybe Freddie was right, prom wasn't so bad. Of course I hated to wear heels the whole night, but I kind grew fond of the dress. The way Freddie looked at me, the way he looked at my boobs in it, made me proud of myself. Tasha and I were entering the bathroom when I bumped into Patrice, who was just

on her way out.

She was wearing her skanky dress, her hair was straight, hanging loose and she was wearing heavy makeup. I looked into her eyes for a quarter of second, and they were red, like she had been crying. Or maybe doing drugs, who knows what's on this skanky's mind? She looked at me for a second and I couldn't figure out what was the emotion on her face. Tasha looked nervously between me and Patrice, probably expecting a heated fight. I was down to break her face, right here, right now, where no one could give me detention and there were no kids around. I would do it if she dared to say anything.

"I just wanted you to know, that after all you said the other day I'm still not leaving him. I tried, but he didn't let me" I smiled "he said he loved me and that he wouldn't let me do it. Your plan failed, and will continue to fail"

"I don't care Puckett. I did what Freddie asked me, I backed off, but still doesn't change the fact that you're not good enough for him. I'm going to seat and wait, because eventually you'll screw up" she shrugged, but this time she was being serious and not all whorish-like.

"I don't care Patrice, you don't scare me anymore with your stupid opinions. If I do something wrong, I'll fix it, and Freddie will wait for me to do it, he's patient. You can wait all you want, but you don't stand a fucking chance. Wanna know why?" I smirked when she didn't say anything "because we love each other, but I don't think this is something you can understand"

She glared, and then pushed past me. She didn't fight back, or said something like *this isn't over yet Puckett* but I was sure this wasn't the end, she was up to something, I'm sure of that. I'm not letting my guard down with this girl, ever, she wants to steal my boyfriend, but she won't, I won't allow it. Tasha put her hand on my shoulder to make sure I was alright. Something was off about Patrice and I knew it, she didn't act like her normal bitchy self, but I don't care, that doesn't mean anything other than she just changed her game. Mama's got to sleep with one eye open.

"You're okay?" Tasha asked me.

"Of course... I'm fine, gotta pee!"

I left the bathroom, but Patrice's face didn't leave my mind. Something was off about her, I couldn't understand what, and I couldn't identify the expression on her face, but something was different. She was not wearing her *I'm a bitch* face. I pushed her out of my mind when I saw Freddie, leaning against the wall talking to Gibby. He saw me and smiled, I smiled back and grabbed his hand. Darren Criss' version of *I'm Not Gonna Teach Your Boyfriend How To Dance With You* was playing, and Gibby was already dancing. I dragged Freddie to the dance floor, Tasha and Gibby following us right behind. I spotted Carly and Brad dancing like two fools, I guess they're having a blast. I grinned and Freddie smiled, he leaned and kissed my cheek.

"I love this song" he said.

"I know" I interlaced our fingers "I saw you dancing in the studio once" I laughed.

"Oh..." he blushed "so? Did you see Patrice in the bathroom?"

"Yeah..." where this conversation is going?

"Well... and...? Was everything alright?" he put his hands in the small of my back.

"Yeah dork, I didn't beat her and she behaved, so we're cool" I shrugged.

"Oh" he sighed "thank God!"

"I don't want to talk about her. Let's dance"

We danced until my feet started to ache. Carly wanted to change partners, but Freddie refused to let me dance with Brad or Gibby, it's not like I want to dance with any of them anyway. And I didn't want him to dance with anyone. Carly dance one song with Gibby and Tasha with Brad.

"I'm tired" I hollered to Freddie "let's sit for a bit"

"Okay" he told Brad where we're going and we left.

Carly, Brad, Tasha, Gibby, Wendy and John Simmons, her date, formed a huge circle and started to dance together. Dorks! Freddie and I found an empty table and I threw myself in a chair. I waited for the dork to sit next to me and threw my foot on his lap.

"Oh... so good!" I moaned "these shoes are killing me!"

"Then take them off" he lifted my dress up a little bit so he could see my feet "wow! They're sexy!" (A/N: shoes on my profile!)

"Just take them off Freddog!" I exclaimed.

He chuckled and did what I said, carefully, and excruciatingly slow, his eyes never left mine, and he smirked, it was soooo sexy! Freddie put my shoes under the table and started to rub my feet.

"Oh..." I moaned.

"Feeling good lazy blond?" he asked with his huskier tone... oh... shit.

"Yeah..." he did something with his thumb that I can't even begin to explain, but it felt delicious.

"Freddie... oh, that's so good... do it again" I begged.

"No" he smirked and squeezed my foot "no"

"Do it!" I glared at him.

"Ask nicely" cocky bitch!

"Just do it!" I hollered.

"No..." he tickled me "ask nicely"

"N-No... ah..." he tickled me again "please okay? Do it again!" I giggled "and stop tickling me!"

"Ask nicely" UGH!

"I just did! Oh... ah... Freddie!" I started to laugh "please... please do it again Freddie!" I asked breathlessly.

"Okay" he stopped with the tickling and did that amazing thing with his thumb "since you asked so nicely"

"Oh, that's right... soooo gooood" I threw my head back "uh... mmmm"

He increased his pace when David Guetta's Where Them Girls At started to play. Is it possible to have an orgasm from foot rub? I guess I'm having one... on those hands... mmmm, I love those hands! He lifted my foot up and planted a little kiss on it, then dropped it and gave the same treatment to my other foot. I gripped his bicep with one hand and the table with the other, digging my nails into this tuxedo.

"I like your nails" he stopped with the rubbing and grabbed my hand "I really like them... you paint them... purple... huh, I like it"

"Don't stop what you were doing" I whined.

"Okay, sorry" he let go of my hand and grabbed my foot "Carly and Brad seem to be having a good time, don't you think?" he grinned at our friends.

"I think that they'll be dating in less than a month" I chuckled "she needs a nice guy, and Brad is nice"

"Yeah, that will be nice, you and Carly are best friends, and Brad and I are best friends" he smiled.

"True. I'm happy you found yourself a normal guy friend to play with dork" I stroke his hair.

"Me too. But hey, Gibby and Spencer are my friends too" he said guiltily.

"Sure, but Brad is your BEST friend, and Gibby is a potato" I shrugged and he chuckled.

"True, but how come he can be a potato and a mermaid at the same time?"

"He just can. He is half potato and half mermaid" Freddie cracked up.

"True" I started to laugh with him.

This wasn't so bad after all, it wasn't that horrible. No drama, no fights, no bitches, no obnoxious creddiers. The night wasn't so bad. I'm glad I did this because Freddie was truly happy about it, and I got to see Barly happening, that was a bonus, but to make that dork happy was even better. I stopped laughing and just observed him. The way his nose wrinkled when he laughed and how perfect his teeth were... sigh. He threw his head back and sighed, his laugh turned into a smile that he directed to me. When our eyes met, his smile died, and his face became serious, his fudge colored eyes gazing me so intensely. I moved from my seat to his lap, his arms going around my waist, my arm wrapping around his neck and my hand on his chest.

"I'm glad you asked me to prom" I confessed.

"I'm glad you said yes" he started to rub my back.

"I'm sorry I said no at first. But this is nice, I guess" I shrugged.

"Really nice" he smiled "really nice"

"I'll keep the dress you know... and the shoes" I whispered.

"Oh... I really like the shoes" he started to play with my curls "like, really like them"

"Maybe... I can wear them next time we make out, and you can wear that fencing mask" I teased.

"Sam... I love your mind" he emphasized the *love*.

"I know" I shrugged.

He smiled and kissed me very softly. I broke the kiss and touched his forehead with mine. It always amazed me how he could give me all this sappy feelings I wouldn't normally feel. It used to enrage me so much, now I've learn to deal with them, and not that I'm ever admitting it, but I kinda like it. By the way he was looking at me I could tell he was going to start getting all sappy and stuff, and even though I like when he tells me he loves me, I still need to be my old self, and put balance in this relationship. If it was for Freddie we would be all about *I love you* and romantic, well one has to know when to stop. For instance, that night in the fire escape when he told me he loved me. That was sappy, and too much, but that's Freddie we're talking about, and I was feeling so insecure that he needed to reassure me one more time that he wanted to be with me. I didn't complain because at the time I was dumbfounded by everything he was saying, but I just hope he keeps a limit to his sappiness now. But I can't deny that it was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard, and that it got under my skin pretty well, it made me feel like I was unique and special, two things I never felt.

I wasn't planning on saying that I loved him so soon, but after everything that happened I couldn't hold back. I've been in love with him for so long, maybe even before I know, and the mood app kinda made things unfair for me. I figured saying was better, he already knows I love him, so what's the point in hiding it? Of course I thought that saying I love you was going to be painful and ridiculous, but I was wrong. Now it became easier and easier to say it, but I don't, not all the time. Sometimes I find myself wanting to say it, but I hold back, I have a reputation to keep!

I pulled back when he opened his mouth to speak, he knew what I was going for, so he rolled his eyes, but let me out of his lap. He was good in getting my signs, but he was also good on pushing my buttons. Freddie always forces me to say what's on my mind, he says he wants to share everything with me, and wants me to do the same. He is the girl in this relationship, he is the one who always wants to talk about feelings and shit. But I guess that's just his nature.

"Put my shoes on internet boy" I sat on my chair and threw my legs on his lap.

"Sure, sure Princess" he chuckled, grabbed my shoes off the floor to put on me.

"My mom has a new nickname for you" I said out of the blue.

"Oh no, why do I fear it's something inappropriate?"

"Sweet *Thang*" I hummed.

"Oh well..." he sighed "wanna dance?" he stood up offering me his hand.

"Sure thing... *Sweet Thang*"

"Can you at least say *Sweet Thing*?" he pleaded.

"Nope! Doesn't have the same effect" I mocked "wanna know why?"

"Not really" he shook his head.

"Because of this" I showed him my bracelet "she thinks it's the sweetest thing she ever saw"

"Less bad. What do you think?" his eyes were eagerly waiting for my answer.

"I think it was expensive and I like it" I grinned at my bracelet.

"Sure" he kissed my temple.

"Oh she also has another nickname for you!"

"What's up with Pucketts and nicknames for me?"

"Rich boy" I chuckled.

"I'm not rich" he said like it was some kind of offense.

"Whatever. Let's hit the dance floor rich boy!" I grabbed his hand and dragged him there.

Pitbull's *Give Me Everything* was just being replaced by Steven Tyler's *(It) Feels So Good* when we found a good spot to dance. Carly and Brad were grinding against each other, Freddie smirked and winked at Brad, who winked back. He brought me closer, his hands on my waist, but they didn't stay there for long. Soon I was being pressed against his firm body and his hands were roaming all over me. I ran my hands all over his biceps and shoulder, finally wrapping my arms around his neck. The grinding fest was over when a slower song started to play. We rested our foreheads against each other's when Nelly's *Just A Dream* began. I used to listen to this song late at night, thinking about him. *It was only just a dream*, because it was always just a dream, I never thought this, all of this, could become true. Oh well...

Freddie gave me that intense look he always gives me when he's about to get all emotional, but I was saved by the bell when Shakira's *Rabiosa* started to play. I purposely grinded my hips against his, I miss getting all physical with him, it's been almost an hour since we made out. I grinded against him again, biting his earlobe at the same time. I knew he liked when I did that, maybe a little too much. He moaned and grabbed my ass roughly thru my dress. Backfire. He's good at it by the way. But of course I retaliated, bringing my hand to his groin area before squeezing him over the fabric of his pants. Fredbag growled into my ear, unable to control himself.

"Have no self control Fredward?" I bit his earlobe hard enough to hurt.

"Sam... mmm... you'll pay for this!"

Before I could laugh at his face or make a mean comment, he dragged me out of the dance floor. I asked him where he was taking me, but he didn't answer or stopped walking. I felt like kicking him, but I was also curious about the punishment he had in mind for me. I love when he fights back like that, it turns me on when he's in control, and that's my dirty little secret. He picked the lock so we could get into school, and he did it really fast with my hair clip, which he yanked off me. Freddie picked the lock faster than the speed of sound and I just stood there, with my mouth hanging open, amazed. Maybe he did learn some things from me. Le Dork dragged me inside, and kept walking until he stopped in front of a classroom. Smirking, he picked the lock and threw me inside. It was dark, but I recognized the room, I've been here many times before, delivering wedgies and stealing lunch money.

"The AAV club?" I asked.

"I know how nerds make you wet" he growled in my ear before picking me up and throwing me over a desk.

Spreading my knees apart, he wrapped my legs around his waist. Freddie was being all macho, and manhandling me like a boss. I like it, secretly of course. It was so hot when he got all controlling and bossy with me, it might be a pervert thing to say, and weird, especially coming from me, but I love when he takes control and manhandles me. So hot! Freddie attacked my mouth, ravishing me and his hands moved to my thighs. I moaned loudly when I felt his warm breath on my chest while his hand reached my most private area.

"Oh..." there was nothing I could do but moan when his hand sneaked into my boy shorts to rub me "OH!"

"So you were just kidding" he shook his head "it's a shame"

He always finds my good spots and takes advantage of it. I have to confess that I like the fact that he's better in this than I am, he just know where to touch, how much pressure apply and when to do it. He's a natural. Who would have guessed that a dork like Freddie Benson could be so good in making a girl cum? I sure didn't. I dreamed about it a lot, and in the nights of loneliness I pictured it, but there's a difference between fantasy and reality. And I have to admit, in this scenario, the reality is way better than the fantasy.

"F-F-Freddie!" I moaned while his finger rubbed my mound of nerves.

"What?" he growled before licking over my cleavage.

"I-I-I..." I didn't really have anything to say, I was just mumbling random shit.

He sucked the skin of chest before increasing the pace on my clit. I lay back on the desk and arched my back. Freddie climbed on top of me and I could feel his hard-on against my thigh.

"Ah!" I hollered when my body started to tense up.

"Go ahead Puckett, lose control, I dare you!" he growled against my ear.

"Little... fucker!" he licked my really sensitive earlobe making me cry out "oh... damn!"

We weren't so far away from the gym, so I could hear the music from the party. Usher's *OMG?* Are you kidding me? OH MY GOSH HE FOUND ANOTHER GOOD SPOT TO RUB!

"AH!" I cried out again "Freddie... oh... GOD!"

"Lose control Sam, or I won't stop teasing you!" he threatened.

I refuse to give in, but my body isn't cooperating, all that friction is not helping and feeling his hard-on pressed against me isn't making things easy for me. But I'm strong and I refuse to lose control, I refuse to let him win. I guess he knew that too, because he sighed and removed his hand from me. I sighed in relief and disappointment; I wasn't expecting him to give up so easily.

"Already... giving... up... Fredloser?" I asked breathlessly.

"Giving up? No... I'm improving my game" he smirked and before I knew it he removed my underwear.

Freddie flipped my boy shorts with his index finger, then put on his jacket pocket. Oh God! That was hot as hell. I blinked, not sure what else was about to come, then he lifted my skirt up and raised his eyebrow seductively at me, before sticking his head inside my dress. SHIT! I felt his warm mouth deliver open mouthed and wet kisses all over my upper thigh before he reached my core again. This wasn't fair, his tongue was magical, I didn't stand a chance against him that way. I gripped the desk so hard, my knuckles turned white, and he was licking me like I was a popsicle. He always did that before going for the good spot... he just found the good spot!

"HOLY SHIT!" I hollered.

I'm pretty sure he's writing something, because last time he did that I came really fast. I propped on my elbows to look at him, all dressed up in a tuxedo and going down on me like that, it's was the hottest thing I've ever seen. He looked like a kinky James Bond, but way hotter. I threw my head back again hitting the hard surface of the desk.

"OW!" he stopped what he was doing and lifted his head up.

"Don't hurt yourself Puckett" he smirked and went back to torture me.

I couldn't hold it much longer. The huge amount of sexual tension building up inside of me was screaming and begging to get out. I let go of the table to tug on his ridiculously smooth hair, but my skirt keep getting in my way. I gave up and went back to grip the table. Fuck, that was so good, I couldn't hold back... I couldn't wait... I had to lose it. I needed to lose it.

"Oh God Freddie! I'm gonna... I'm gonna... I'm... I'm... oh... God... Freddie... AH!" BOOM! Relief.

I didn't notice Freddie was beside me till the bliss of my orgasm went away. He was smirking victoriously at me. Cocky nerd. But hey, he deserves an award for his tongue skills. He brushed my bangs to the side and kissed my forehead.

"Feels good to just let go huh?" he asked.

"Yeah... what did you write this time?" I asked breathlessly.

"I'm the man" he chuckled.

"HAHA, cocky nerd. Oh... hey you have a little bit... right here..." I wiped myself off his lips "okay, it's gone" I looked at my finger.

"Wanna taste it?" he wiggled his eyebrows.

"EW no!"

"It's not bad you know..." he grabbed my hand and sucked my finger "not bad at all"

"Pervert... little... nerd" I chuckled trying to hide the fact I found really hot what he just did.

"We both know that "little" is not a word that suits me" I knew it was just a matter of time before he got all cocky about his rocket size.

"Oh shut up!" I punched him without half of the strength I had "I'm weak"

"Let's just rest here for a while" he put me into his arms, my head resting against his chest.

I closed my eyes for a bit, maybe a little nap will give me my strength back so I could get my revenge. The music was slow now, Parachute's *Be Here*, mixed with the sound of his heartbeats, made me even sleepier. Everything was so quiet and loud at the same time, and I started to fall asleep, my mind going blank... just for a minute... next thing I knew Freddie was breathing on my ear, tickling me. Mmmm... so good.

"Sam?" his deep voice penetrated my soul "Sam?" he nibbled my earlobe "wake up babe"

"No..." I whined "don't wanna... mmm so good" I moaned slightly when he kissed behind my ear, his gentle lips burning my skin.

"Let's go, we've been asleep for an hour" he got up "the party is almost over" he grabbed me, making me stand up forcefully.

"Don't... want... to... get... up..." I whined my eyes half open "is that Justin Bieber playing?" I asked, my eyes were definitely open now.

"Guess so, or Easter Dean..." Freddie chuckled "they have the same voice!" he snorted.

"No... that's definitely him. I'm awake now... uh!" I shuddered "I bet Carly is singing along now... don't you get the creeps?"

"Alittle. Let's go, I wanna see Brad dancing Justin Bieber" we looked at each other and cracked up.

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Freddie's POV

*Shorty is a eenie meenie miney mo lover, shorty is a eenie meenie miney mo lover, shorty is a eenie meenie miney mo lover.* That was annoying the hell out of me, but the sight of a very uncomfortable Brad dancing at the sound of Justin Bieber was priceless. Sam and I grabbed one chair, she sat on my lap, and started to observe as he tried to catch up with Carly. She was a sucker for Justin Bieber, and Brad wanted to get on her good side, so... a little sacrifice was necessary. Sam grabbed her pear phone and recorder that priceless moment. I cracked up when Carly tried to teach him how to sing along, poor Brad.

"Oh... my belly hurts" Sam said leaning against me.

"Mine too... god I never saw something so funny" I chuckled.

"Carly's bunny. Remember?" she sat up quickly.

"That's right..." we started at each other and cracked up again.

"Not funny you guys" Brad hissed, Carly was talking to Wendy close to the punch "ugh!"

"Poor little Brad" Sam patted his arm.

"Haha!" he glared at her, obviously not amused "that was torture"

"Then why you did it?" I asked him.

"Uh... because I'm in love with her?" he said like I was stupid.

"Touché. Oh and by the way... what's the deal between you two?" I asked and Sam leaned back again, her head on my shoulder.

"Oh, we're going on a date tomorrow! I'm really nervous" he rubbed his probably sweaty hands on his pants.

"Don't be dork" Sam said "just be yourself, relax, it worked for Fredward here" she patted my face twice.

"True" I nodded.

"So? Let's go?" Carly came from behind Brad "I'm really tired and it's getting late"

"Okay" Sam jumped off my lap "let's go people"

"By the way, where the hell were you two?" Brad asked me.

"Oh..." I trailed off.

"Taking a nap in the A/V club" Sam quickly responded.

"What?" Carly asked.

"You know, we lay down and close our eyes..." I said.

"I got that part Freddie!" she glared at me "but why?"

"Mama was tired, and Fredward here can pick locks pretty quick" she nudged me "oh and I would like my hair clip back now please"

I searched on my pocket and gave it back to her. Carly grabbed Brad's arm and walked in front of us, laughing and saying she had fun, I was about to follow them, when Sam held my arm.

"What?" I asked her.

"I would like my underwear back too nub" she whispered.

"Oh... uh... no. I guess I'll keep it as a souvenir" I patted my jacket pocket.

"You..." she trailed off when I grabbed her hand and dragged her out of the gym.

We didn't goof off in the ride back home, we're all very tired. Brad was going to crash at my place tonight and Sam was going to Carly's as always. She sat on my lap, resting her head against the crook of my neck, and I started toying with her hair. Carly and Brad were curled up next to us, he playing with her fingers, she gossiping about girls and dresses. Brad wasn't all that interested, and I doubt he was even paying attention, he was lost inside his head, probably thinking about his date tomorrow. I poked him and gave him an encouragement look, he smiled at me and we went back to pay attention to our girls. Sam lifted her head up a little bit to kiss my cheek.

"Thank you" she whispered.

"What for?"

"For being you"

I smiled and kissed her cheek "I love you" I whispered.

"Yeah, yeah" she shrugged.

"Sam..." I sighed "never mind" I closed my eyes.

"I love you too" she said after a while.

"Yeah, yeah" I mocked and she nudged me.

"Dork"

"Demon" I kissed her cheek and rested my head against hers.

The night was good, she didn't run away, didn't set her dress on fire, and didn't beat up anyone. So far, she's been good; I'm not sure what the future will be, but so far, so good.

## \*Chapter 43\*: iOne Month Anniversary

A/N: YOU GUYS! OMG DID YOU SEE THE SNEAK PEEKS? OMG SAM CALLS FREDDIE "BABY" OMG OMG OMG OMG OMG! Excuse me while I die! Happy iCarly anniversary! And to celebrate, this will be Sessie's first anniversary! OMG YOU GUYS! IT'S SATURDAY! HAPPY SEDDIETEMBER! Oh and thanks so much for the reviews! I think you'll like this chapter, has a little mystery in the end, but don't worry I'll solve it soon... (or not...) love you all, review and let me know if you like! Did I mention she called him baby? AND THAT SHE CARESSED HIS FACE? OMG! SHE SAID: COME ON BABY, YOU WROTE A GOOD PAPER! Oh, and the kiss... everybody in the room (Carly, Spencer, Gibby) goes AWWWW! And he kisses her neck! EXCUSE ME WHILE I! And the other sneak peek when they're at the Groovy Smoothies? OMG! Again KLKGJHKJHFLJHKFJLJGSADFG!

Freddie's POV

It's Friday night and I'm at Sam's. We are curled up in her couch watching the reruns of *Dexter*. It's something we have in common, we both love that show. Brad and I watched the whole fourth season last Saturday night when he slept over. Gibby just closed his eyes and Spencer went back to his apartment, running. Carly is not a big fan either, although she has the hots for Michael C. Hall. Sam and I were cuddling in her living room; she was telling me how her mom's favorite show is *Frasier*. I laughed and almost spit my drink on her, making her to punch me in the arm and call me a sloppy nub. Then she curled up against my chest and started to caress my shin with her foot. I love that!

The last episode of the 5th season was over and Sam changed to CBS. *Hawaii Five-0* was on. She bounced a little bit, saying how hot Alex O'Loughlin was and I just growled. It was extremely comfortable just stay there, lying with her, doing nothing, it makes me feel closer to her a little more every day. No one thought Sam Puckett likes to cuddle right? Well... she didn't. But I made her change her mind, and we've been practicing the whole month we spent together. Yeah, a whole month and we're still alive, and happy. Our first anniversary is tomorrow, but I'm pretty sure she doesn't remember. Oh well, I would be pissed, if I didn't know what I was getting into since the beginning.

I got two tickets to the Bacon World; it's some kind of Disney Land, but with bacon. Sam always wanted to go, but Bacon land is in Aberdeen, a two hours drive, so no one wanted to drive her there. That's why I know it's the perfect place to give her the second charm. I chose my favorite one... well, because it suits the occasion and the place, and I'm pretty sure she'll love it too. Sam snuggled closer to my chest during the commercial break, her big blue eyes staring at me quizzically.

"You're making *the face*" she finally said something.

"What face?"

"The thinking face" she pointed at my face.

"I have a thinking face?"

"Yep" she kissed my nose "you frown, your nose wrinkles and your eyes get darker than they usually are"

"I didn't know that" wow, she pays a lot of attention to my face!

"Yep. You have a thinking face, like the good old nub that you are!"

"Thanks a lot" I gave her a peck on the lips "sweetheart" she punched my shoulder and laughed.

"So? What are you thinking?" I couldn't tell her, it would ruin the surprise.

"Your boobs" escaped my lips. Cute Benson, really cute.

"Oh, that's easy to solve" she smiled at me sitting "come and get it Benson"

"If you insist" I smirked.

Maybe that wasn't such a bad idea after all. I kissed her softly, my hands on her neck, her hands on my biceps. It really makes me proud of myself when she looks at my body with hungry eyes, and a expression that only can be explained as pure lust. I'm working my ass off to keep my body the way I know she likes so she won't have to look at someone else. Sam is a very attractive girl, her body is curvy, her breasts are just the right size, her ass is perfectly shaped and her legs are just phenomenal. Not mentioning her flawless face. I have to work hard to keep up, but I don't care, anything for this crazy blonde.

She moaned when my hands slid from her neck to her breasts. I know just where, when and how she likes to be touched. I massaged her over the old *church pants* penny tee she was wearing making her groan in satisfaction. I started to frantically attack her boobs, squeezing them hard and massaging it faster. God she is so hot. Endless moans escaping her throat over and over again, almost begging me not to stop, and I couldn't stop, I don't want to stop. She moved from the couch to my lap, straddling me, doing that thing she knows I love; grind her hips against mine slowly. God, this is so good! I stuck my hand inside her shirt, caressing her back. She is so smooth I can't even begin to explain!

I moved my hands up, to the clasp of her bra while our tongues danced together. Sam moaned into my mouth while my fingers dug into her skin, ever so gently. I made a quick work and unclasped her bra making her gasp. I'm sure she's surprise that I actually can do this. I smirked against her mouth and she grabbed a fistful of my hair sucking my tongue between her teeth, both of us moaning in unison. I flicked her nipple with my thumb and felt her moans vibrating inside my mouth. I just wanted to lay her back in this couch and rip her clothes off. The image of naked Sam never left my mind ever since I saw all of her for the first time. We didn't go any further or repeated the events of that evening in my bedroom, and to be honest, I kinda wanted to do that again.

However, there was something I wanted more than see Sam naked right now. I broke the kiss, leaning my head back for her to suck on my neck and she did. I massaged her boob with one hand and stroked her hair with the other. I pushed her head down a little bit, hoping she would get my hint, and she lowered her head to kiss my chest over the fabric of my plaid shirt. But that's not even near to where I want her mouth right now. I applied more pressure, trying to push her head down, and she tried to lift her head up. I groaned and pushed it down a little bit harder, her lips over my covered stomach now. I put both my hands on top of her head, trying to get her to where I wanted and she jerked away.

"What the hell Freddie?"

"Sorry... I... *am so ashamed of myself right now?* "I just... I... I wanted to... sorry" smooth move Benson!

"Oh... you wanted... you wanted a..." she made a motion with her hand, closed her mouth and poked her cheek with her tongue moving her hand in the same pace.

"Well... I do it for you all the time..." I trailed off.

"Aw... little Freddie wants a blowjob!" Sam pinched my cheek.

"Well, yeah, Freddie wants a little love" I pouted.

"Poor baby! Fredbear wants a little love?" she asked sarcastically and I just nodded "so let's give him a little love" she gave me a peck in the lips and got off my lap, dropping on her knees.

Oh God! Finally! Sam ran her nails all over my thighs, sending shivers down my spine, before kissing my knees, making them melt. She got up and walked over the stereo.

"What are you doing?" I asked her.

"Putting a little mood song" and like that Lil Wayne's *Lollipop* started to play.

Holy shit... *she wanna lick me like a lollipop?* God, I'm not going to last five seconds. She dropped on her knees again, her hungry eyes almost ravishing me, making me harder than before. Sam brought her hands to my belt buckle, kissing my upper thighs. She looks so sexy it hurts.

"It would be perfect if you could... you know... take your shirt off" I said.

"Alright Fredboobs" she chuckled.

She stood up, hands on the hem of her old penny tee, driving me crazy with anticipation. Four fucking years of pent up sexual tension, just threatening to burst out. Now I understand why we're always trying to kill each other, because of the amount of unresolved sexual tension between us, and we didn't know what to do about that. Being the blond demon that she is, Sam made sure to lift her shirt just a little bit, slowly, agonizingly slow so I can finally see her navel. Just when I'm bracing myself to find out what's so fucking amazing about blowjobs, someone unlocks the door. Shit!

"Shit!" Sam throws herself at the couch quickly putting a cushion over my lap, trying to cover my hard-on. She turns the stereo off and pretends to be watching TV.

"Hey kids!" Marvin said, carrying two plastic bags.

"Hey" we said at the same time, feeling uncomfortable as hell.

"Hey kiddo, Sweet Thang" Pam was right behind him. I'm honestly trying to get used to her nicknames, but it's not as easy as it is with Sam, it's just weird.

"Mrs. Puckett" she glared at me "Pam" she smiled.

"What are you up to kids?" Marvin asked before kissing Pam in the cheek.

"Oh honey, I don't think it's any of our busyness... unless you're doing it without protection. Did I ever mention that I ain't raising any grandchildren!" she warned me.

"Mom! We were just watching TV!" Sam whined.

"If you're on the pill or wearing a condom, I'm cool!" she shrugged and followed a very uncomfortable Marvin to the kitchen.

"Shit!" Sam hissed, trying to close her bra "I'm sorry"

"No worries. Wanna help?" she seems to be having a hard time with her bra.

"Nope. I got it" she sighed and sat back on the couch "I'm sorry Fredjob. I'll make it up to you" Sam ran her hand over my thigh.

"Ah.... Uh... it's okay. No big deal" I gulped "it's nothing. Really" I shrugged, but on the inside I was pissed. Everytime! Every fucking time I'm about to get a little love someone shows up! So not fair!

"And what about your... you know...?" her eyes dropped to my crotch.

"Oh... it's okay now" I took the cushion off my lap.

"Good" she put her legs over my lap and my arm around her shoulders, snuggling into my chest. I held her tight and kissed the top of her head, she looks up to me, fingertips playing with the collar of my shirt, before moving up to touch my face. I whispered *I love you* very softly; she rolled her eyes but kissed me anyway "you're such a girl!"

"So? You're staying for dinner Sweet Cheeks?" Pam asked, leaning against the kitchen doorframe, with an amused look in her face.

"I uh..." I glanced over at Sam looking for help, not sure what to do, and she shook her head.

"Don't worry kid, Marv bought Chinese, I'm not cooking. We don't want to scare Sweet Cheeks away. Right?" she winked at Sam and went back to the kitchen.

"So? It's safe to stay?" I asked, toying with her curls.

"Yup! Chinese is safe. Wow! This is the first time you stay for dinner when my mom is around" she mused.

"Do you think I'll survive?" I scoffed.

"She likes you. And so does Marvin. I think you're good" she wrapped her arms around my neck, her head on my chest.

"And what about you? Do you like me?" I smirked.

"Yeah well... I kinda do" she shrugged "and what about you? Do you like me?" she started to play with the collar of my shirt again.

"No" I said simply.

"What?" she jumped off my lap, but I wrapped my arm around her waist to bring her back to me.

"Wanna know why?" she glared at me "because I love you" she smacked my forehead, but smiled.

"Just call your freakish mother so she won't call the cops on you" she took my pear phone off the coffee table and hand it to me.

"Sure" I started to dial my mom's number.

"Sam? Wanna come and help set the table?" Pam asked/yelled.

"Not really!" Sam hollered a little too close to my ear, but I'm already used to, so I just put the phone against my ear.

"Come on kid! Do something or else Sweet Thang is going to think you're lazy!" Pam hollered back.

"He already knows that, so no thanks" Sam hollered again.

"Hey mom" my mother finally picked up.

"Sam?" Pam appeared on the living room, her hand full of dishes "little help?" she gave Sam a stern look.

"Fine!" with a growl, Sam got out of my lap.

"Listen, I'm staying at Sam's for dinner... yes mom, her mother is here. No mom is Chinese, not pizza... I swear... alright. Sure I won't get home late... alright mom... mom! Okay... fine. Bye" I hung up "I can stay" I announced.

"You're a good kid" Pam told me with a serious look on her face.

"Thanks" I smiled, my eyes searching for Sam.

"She's in the kitchen. So? Sam says your mother is..." she trailed off.

"Crazy?" I finished.

"Yup"

"Alittle. She was worse though, now that she met Gun Smoke she's a little better" I shrugged.

"Gun Smoke?"

"Her boyfriend"

"Your mother has a boyfriend called Gun Smoke?"

"He is an ex SEAL so... nickname. His real name is Joe Andrews, but he doesn't like to be called that way"

"So? You like him?"

"Yeah. He is good to me and my mom. They really like each other, and he may be a little harsh sometimes, but he has a soft heart" I chuckled.

"Harsh?"

"Well... he is my couch. He teaches me kickboxing and fencing, so he is a little harsh sometimes" I shrugged.

"You do kickboxing? And fencing?" she asked surprised, and I nodded "wow! No wonder your biceps are that big Hot Stuff" she winked at me.

"He's pretty cut too" Sam said, coming out of the kitchen holding three boxes of Chinese food.

"Sam!" I protested.

"No worries kid. She says that on her sleep all the time" Pam poked Sam's ribs "between moans"

"Mom!" Sam hollered.

"Oh, is that true?" I smirked.

"No I don't!" she put the food on the table.

"Oh it's true. And other few little things, but I'm not going to mention it because you're a minor" Pam seemed to enjoy Sam's embarrassment as much as I did.

"Mom! Shut up!" Sam shoved Pam.

"Oh chill out kid, he is hot, you think he is hot, so what's the matter? You're dating right? It's not like when you were infatuated with him and he didn't know. I'm surprised you managed to keep your legs closed" she said matter-of-factly making Sam blush harder.

"Okay that's enough now" said Marvin, coming out of the kitchen holding three boxes of Chinese "let's eat now"

We all sat on the table, eating Chinese food and drinking peppy cola. Pam offered me a beer, but Marvin said it wasn't a good idea. I never had a beer before, and I confess I'm a little curious about it, but I couldn't buy it, because I'm a minor and I don't have a fake ID. Sam was blushing hard and Marvin seemed very uncomfortable with Pam's comments about my relationship with Sam. She kept telling me to wear a condom because if I got Sam pregnant she would kill me. And I believed her. She kept saying, *no babies in my house Juno!* She also said that Sam's uncle, Carmine just went to prison again, but he had a few friends outside who could kill me or at least injury me severely if I got Sam pregnant. After she ran out of threats, she kept asking me questions about Sam, how we were together, if she was a hopeless romantic and stuff. I was enjoying embarrass Sam in front of her mom, who was laughing her ass off. I have to admit it feels good to humiliate and not be humiliated for a change, as much as I love Sam, the feeling is nice.

"So, I won this fencing competition a week ago, and she was there, cheering for me" I told Pam "and she was wearing a skirt"

"Holy cow!" Pam laughed.

"Uh huh! She looked like a groupie!" I joined Pam.

"Shut up idiot!" Sam smacked my head.

"Oh kid... it's not a big deal, but you got it bad Sammy, oh my God..." Pam almost choked on her laughter.

"You're so dead Benson!" she glared at me.

"What? I'm just telling your mom how sweet you are darling" I looked at Pam, who looked at me and we both cracked.

"That's it!" Sam got up and smacked my had hard, before storming out to the kitchen.

"Oh..." I stopped laughing but kept smiling "I'll go after her"

"Sure thing Hot Stuff" Pam winked at me and I left.

"Hey Sam..." I walked into the kitchen; Sam was sitting on the counter, eating a bowl of pudding.

"Shut up! I'm not talking to you" she growled, mouth full of pudding.

"I'm sorry babe" I tried to touch her knee but she kicked me "I was just trying to be funny"

"You failed real bad Benson!" she stuck her tongue out.

"Oh come on Sammy! Give the boy a break" Pam said, walking into the kitchen holding the dishes.

"I'm not talking to you either!"

Was I out of line? Maybe, but Sam did that to me my whole life and I never complained, so why does she have the right to bitch about it, when every time I did, she would tell me to man up? I was about to speak, choosing my words carefully when my phone beeped.

**From: MOM**

**Fredkins! Come home now! It's nine thirty! It's late!**

**P.S: Love you honey!**

"My mom" I said.

"Oh, she's telling you to go home?" Marvin asked.

"Yeah. I've got to go" I looked at Sam "baby?"

"Leave" she pointed at the door.

"Come on!" I grabbed her wrist. She put up a fight but I got her off the freaking counter "at least come and take me to the door"

"Whatever" she jerked her wrist out of my hand.

I said goodbye to Marvin and Pam. He shook my hand, she kissed me on the cheek, and I followed Sam to the door.

"Tonight was nice" I said.

"I'm not talking to you" she leaned against the door.

"You just did" I smirked.

"Not anymore" she frowned.

"I'll buy you Bolivian bacon" I poked her stomach.

"Okay!" she smiled gleefully and kissed me "let's go"

"Where?" I asked being pulled by her to the car.

"Buy me bacon" she gripped my wrist harder "let's go!"

"But... my mom... I have to get home!" she opened the driver's seat and threw me inside "Fine"

I bought Sam two bags of Bolivian bacon, that she refused to share with me, at first, then she shoved some in my mouth while I was driving. Something about me being a whiney dork, and she just wanted to shut me up. I had to drive to three markets to find the damn bacon, note to self, don't

do that again anytime soon. But Sam was pretty happy, bacon-happy, like she said. She was bouncing on her seat singing random songs. This girl has a very nice singing voice.

"*Don't stop! You make me wanna say oh-oh-oh-woah! Tik tok! Call me rude boy. Oh, my gosh. We gotta fight, oh, baby, baby. Uh, uh oh, uh oh, oh my gosh. Don't stop!*" she sang.

"What song is that?"

"*Baby, baby, baby, uh uh uh, I didn't know how much to love ya. Uh-oh, uh-oh, I can see it going down, going down. Like oh my gosh, like oh my gosh, like... Baby, baby, baby. Uh uh uh, there's so many ways to love ya. Woah, you got me screaming "Oh!" Got me like, woah-oh-oh-oh, woah-oh-oh-oh.* Don't stop!" she ignored me and kept singing.

"Hey I bought you bacon! You have to talk to me now!"

"*What I want-want-want is what you want-want-want. There's nothing crazy 'bout me! Got me like baby, baby, baby. Don't stop, uh-oh, uh-oh, woah. You got me screaming more got me like oh-oh-oh-oh. Yeah, oh-oh-oh-oh! Don't stop! All night, all night, all night, all night, all night, all night, tonight. And I'm a little bit lost without you, lost without you!*"

"Sam!" I chuckled.

"Is a mash up dork!"

"Was that Justin Bieber there?" I looked at her.

"No..." she blushed "Rihanna"

"Sounded like Bieber" I mocked, she slapped me in the head.

"Shut it"

I ignored my mother's texts when I pulled over in front of Sam's house. Again. Before she could turn around and leave with her bacon, I grabbed her wrist.

"Hey... I'm sorry, okay... about your mom and stuff. I just really wanted her to like me" she looked at me for a second.

"Fine dork-head" she sighed "but that doesn't really matter"

"I think it does. I think you value her opinion, that's why I was trying to get her to like me, because I know you care about what she thinks"

"Whatever, listen you better go, it's getting late and your mom is probably calling the freaking cops now" she tried to exit the car again, but I held her "what now?"

"I love you" I whispered.

"Sure" she said nonchalantly "whatever"

"No, no whatever" I pulled her closer to me "I love you"

"Fine, I know alright, I'm not mad... I'm just upset, but I'll be alright" she shrugged.

"Okay. Listen, I need you to wake really early tomorrow"

"Why?" she frowned.

"Well... I wanna take you to this really cool place, but we have to leave early. Can you do that?" I asked.

"Why? Where you wanna take me? Why does this have to be so early?" she whined.

"Well... because it's far away, and I figured that you would want to spend a lot of time there, so if we leave early we'll have more time"

"Where is this place?" she crossed her arms.

"Oh, you're going to love this" I took the tickets out of my pocket.

Sam's eyes went wide when she saw the tickets to Bacon World. She yanked them out of my hands and drooled. I wasn't planning on telling her about it just yet, but she was mad at me and that's not how I want to spend our first anniversary.

"Oh my god Benson! Bacon world? That's pretty far away!" she hollered "bacon world?"

"Well... I have a car. That's why I want us to leave early" I brushed her hair out of my way so I could kiss her neck and she shivered a bit.

"What time?" she asked when I pulled away.

"Seven" I kissed her again, nibbling the skin of her neck.

"Ah..." she took a sharp breath "okay"

"Good" I pulled away "night Princess, see you in the morning"

I kissed her, taking my time to suck on her delicious bottom lip, biting it, before sliding my tongue inside her mouth. She moaned when our tongues met, and her hands went to my hair. The kiss became urgent; we're rubbing against each other's, my hands on her perfect boobs. I broke the kiss to suck on her neck.

"God, I can't wait to have you" I said, licking her cleavage "I can't wait anymore, I'm so riled up"

"Oh god Benson" she threw her head back, giving me more access.

"I can't deal with this unresolved sexual tension anymore!" I growled against her chest.

She moaned and grabbed a handful of my hair. I pulled away when I felt my cell phone vibrating.

"Shit... it's my mom again!" I rejected the call "I have to go"

"I hate your mother" she kissed me again, quickly this time "this sucks!"

"I know baby, but I have to go. See you tomorrow?" I stroked her cheek.

"Yeah, I wouldn't miss it for anything in the world" she kissed me quickly and got off the car.

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Brad's POV

It was a little late when I dropped Carly over the Bushwell Plaza. We've been dating for exactly three days and it's been amazing. I asked her after our third date, Freddie told me to just do it, but I wanted it to be special. He said I was whipped, yeah right, *Mr. I'm Sam's Slave*, telling me I'm whipped!

"Today was awesome" she said.

"Yeah, it really was" I blushed.

"What you wanna do tomorrow?" she asked me shyly.

"I don't know. Seddie will be in Aberdeen for the anniversary, so we'll have the whole day to ourselves"

"Yeah. It's pretty sweet what Freddie is doing, you know, all this amazing things he does for her"

"Oh..." I trailed off "you like what he does for her?" she realized what I was going for.

"Listen, I think it's great for them, but we're not them. I like our dates, our movie nights, the dinners, the walk in the park. I love it all" she kissed my cheek.

"Yeah... me too" I smiled "but you know sometimes I worry"

"About us?" she interrupted me.

"No. About them. Him mostly"

"Why?"

"Because he's in so deep, you know, he's all in Carly"

"Yeah... but so is she" she defended.

"No, she loves him, yeah that much is true, but he is working his ass off to make this work. All these amazing things he does, that's only because he is insecure and scared. Of course he loves to make her happy, but somehow he thinks he has to make up for her"

"That's crazy talk Brad" she scoffed "but did he tell you that?"

"Not in words, but you know... I know that Sam's not the kind of girl who likes romance, and Freddie is a very ordinary kind of guy. Sometimes he just wanna take her to the movies, but he thinks that's not good enough, he needs something spectacular to keep her interested and even happy"

"Oh..." Carly looked down.

"I worry about him because he is putting everything in this relationship, and I'm afraid he won't recover if something happens" I sighed.

"Look, I know Sam alright, and I know she won't be able to recover either. They are just this weird, but they're perfect for each other and I don't think they'll hurt each other, not intentionally..."

"That's the problem Carly" I interrupted her "it's never intentional, but if it happens... he'll be broken"

"I know, but so will Sam" she defended "Freddie doesn't need to be Captain Awesome, Sam likes him for who he is, and besides, he already ruined every guy for her, for life!"

"Yeah I know..." I rubbed her arms "we'll just have to keep them together"

"We can do that" she wrapped her arms around my neck "and what about us? Are we going to stay together for a long time?"

"We? Uh... let me think" I put my finger on my chin and pretended to think "Jeez... I don't know..." she smacked my shoulder.

"Brad!"

"I really don't know... do you wanna be with me for a long time?"

"I sure do mister, but I would appreciate if you asked" she toyed with the hair on the back of my neck.

"Oh, that can be solved" I put my hands on her waist "Do you Carly, accept to be with me Bradley, for a long time until whenever?" I asked with an exaggerated deep voice.

"Uh... let me think" she paused, eyebrows furrowed "yeah, I guess I do" she giggled.

"Good! Now, you can kiss the boyfriend"

"Oh well..." she chuckled, but leaned forward and kissed me, deeply.

"Night sweetheart" I kissed her forehead.

"Night honey" she smiled and left.

Oh life is good... but I'm still worried about Freddie. He is in so deep, the poor thing got it bad, and I fear he's going to get hurt one way or another. He's my best friend after all, but I shouldn't worry, Sam loves him too. And now I'm dating Carly, so I should be happy and stop worrying so much about nothing. I drove back home, still thinking about it. Tomorrow he is going to drive to Aberdeen just to make her happy, sometimes I wonder if he's doing too much. Like Carly said, he doesn't have to be Captain Awesome all the time.

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Sam's POV

I was walking around the living room, carrying my big black bag, just waiting for Freddie to arrive. He told me to be ready by seven, but I couldn't sleep, so I woke up two hours earlier and now I'm walking around waiting and waiting. This is awesome, I'm going to Bacon World for the first time! And he is taking me there for our first month anniversary. Yeah, I remember, even though I chose to let him think I forgot.

"Hey kid... it's 6:45, the boy is not going to be here until seven thirty, so chillax will ya?" said my mom rubbing her sleepy eyes.

"I can't, I'm too excited!" I bounced.

"Yeah yeah..." she yawned "he's pretty awesome isn't him? Almost too awesome you know"

"Well... can't complain" I shrugged.

"Can't complain? The boy is taking you to freaking Aberdeen so you can eat Bacon until you drop!"

"What's your point mom?" I asked annoyed.

"My point is... he just ruined every other guy for the rest of your life. Sammy..." she grabbed my hands "he is one of a kind, and he is smart and handsome, and nice, polite, clean..."

"And...?" I rushed her.

"What I mean is... he is way too good to be truth, and when we have something that good, once we lose it... it's impossible to recover"

"Well, I ain't losing him so..." I cut her off.

"I'm just trying to..." and then Marvin walked into the living room.

"Hey honey, why you're up so early?" he yawned.

"Sammy here woke me up, she's been walking around like a freaking elephant!" she dropped my hands.

"Oh, Bacon World today huh?" he smiled "you got the nerdy thingy with you?" he pointed at my bag.

"Yep! Thanks for the loan Marv! I'll pay you back"

"No need kid. Just give your boyfriend a good anniversary gift"

"Sure" my phone started to ring "it's Freddie. What's up geek? Yeah I'm ready. Uh huh... okay, bye" I hung up "gotta go my peeps"

I blew them a kiss and left. I got into Freddie's car not bothering to hide my excitement. I'm going to Bacon World bitches! I looked at my hot ass boyfriend. He was wearing a black polo shirt, no stripes, grey jacket, a pair of dark jeans and that smirk I like so much.

"Ready to go Princess?" he asked.

"Yup! Let's hit the road boy!"

Two hours later we were in Aberdeen. This place stinks! I can't believe they chose to build Bacon World in here. Ugh! Look at this place!

"This place stinks!" I hollered.

"Sam... keep it down!" Freddie yelled/whispered.

"But it's true!" I pointed out the window.

"This place does not stink okay! This is Kurt Cobain's hometown for Nirvana's sake! Have some respect will ya?"

"Whatever... oh..." I looked out the window "look at that... a mini market called *Rocket Mart*!" I laughed.

"Ha, ha"

"Oh Fridgeek... it's a honor!" I pointed "he's deserves it" I said, grabbing his rocket thru his jeans.

"Sam...!" he growled.

"Oh stop it, you know you love it!" I stroked him.

"Yeah... just not when we're about to exit the car!" he protested and pointed at a biggest Bacon Shaped warehouse I've ever seen.

"Oh my Gosh! It's beautiful!" I gaped at that amazing place, so... delicious, even on the outside.

"Yeah"

"I'm going to be really happy here" I sighed.

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Freddie's POV

Sam's been dragging me everywhere, my legs are starting to hurt, but hey, if she's happy, I'm happy. I love how her curls bounce when she jumps, because every time she sees bacon she does that, and this place is full of bacon. I laughed when she tackled a middle aged man to the ground so she could buy the last piece of bolivian bacon. I bought her an *I heart bacon* t-shirt in the gift shop, and she insisted to wear it pronto. She was having a great time, just like she did that day in the fatcake factory and that afternoon at the Meat and Sauce fest. Then I realized that all of our dates were about Sam, not that I don't enjoy it, but they are always somewhere she likes, doing what she likes because she likes it. I cursed myself for even think about it. I'm the one who come up with the ideas, so I shouldn't be complaining.

Sometimes I wonder if I'm the only one putting any kind of effort into this relationship. Then I wanted to punch myself for thinking about it, because I'm stupid. I love her and she loves me, that's enough effort coming from Sam, that's more than I could ever ask for. Sam was bouncing up and down, watching bacon fry in a big screen and I smiled at her. She is so damn pretty. I looked at the big screen watching some woman make some sort of food with bacon, then I looked back at Sam. She's so... OUCH! Headache. I put my hand on my head and waited for the sharp pain to wear off. It lasted for about five seconds then disappeared. I've been having this fucking headaches for a whole month now, but I never mentioned to anybody. If tell my mother she'll freak out and take me to a doctor. If I tell Carly, she'll freak out and tell me to go to a doctor. If I tell Brad, he'll freak out and tell my mother. And if I tell Sam... well I'm not sure of what could happen if I tell Sam, but I don't want to worry her.

"Benson!" Sam hollered "come on!" she dragged me into this room that looked like a cave, a little too lighty for a cave, but... it was made of bacon. Not real bacon, because that would be weird

"Look, there are recipes with bacon in the walls" she squeaked "read me!"

"Alright this is a recipe for..." I came closer to read it "for..." the headache came back with full force "ouch!" I put my hand on my head.

"What's the matter?" Sam asked, her hand on my back.

"Little headache" I shook my head "okay... where was I?" I came closer to the text "this is a recipe for... bacon..."

"What?"

"Bacon..." pain "bacon... quiche" my vision was a little blurry "bacon... shit" my head was throbbing "bacon quiche tarts" I finished.

"Took you long enough"

"Yeah..." after I pulled away I felt a little dizzy.

"Whoa there Benson!" Sam grabbed my arm "are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine..." I put my hand in my head again

"Did you eat today?"

"Yeah... coffee and waffles"

"Not enough... come on boy, let's feed you"

Sam made sure to buy me the greatest BLT sandwich in the world, so she did. That thing was huge! But she forced me to eat it all. I told her I had to stick to my diet, I had a kickboxing competition coming and I needed to be on shape. That was enough to make her mad, and we had a fight.

"There's nothing to see here!" she hollered because everyone was staring at us "go back to your business"

"Sam... I appreciate what you're doing, but I've ate enough, I'm full and..." she shoved a piece of bacon inside my mouth "not hungry anymore" I said with my mouth full.

"Shut up and eat it" she took a bite of her own sandwich "I don't want your mother saying I'm not treating her little baby right" she said with her mouth full.

"Fine..."

I smiled, but on the inside I was punching myself. There I was... just a few minutes ago, thinking she wasn't as dedicated as I was to this relationship, and now she's feeding me? I'm a jerk with capital J.

"Let's go Princess, we still have a lot to see" I grabbed her hand after we finished our snacks and left, so we could enjoy the rest of the evening.

About seven o'clock I decided it was time to give Sam the second charm. I interlaced my fingers with hers and took her to the roof. Bacon World was a pretty tall building, so from the roof you could see the bright city lights. It was a beautiful view, despite Sam's rude comments about Aberdeen. I gazed the city lights for a moment, our fingers still interlaced.

"What are we doing here?" she asked suspiciously.

She looked so pretty, the wind blowing her curls, her blue eyes staring into mine, and her perfectly shaped mouth, made her seem flawless to my eyes. She was imperfectly perfect. Now I know why I fell in love with her, because, despite all wrongs, she's right for me and we're just right for each other. No, scratch that, I didn't fell in love, it wasn't like that. Some people fall in love, and some people are dragged there, kicking and screaming. That was how I end up here, in love with this beautiful demon. It wasn't sweet, it wasn't easy, it wasn't expected or planned, but it was right. It is right.

"Stop staring at me like that!" she smacked my shoulder.

"Sorry... Sam, do you know why I brought you here?" I smiled sheepishly.

"No..."

"Sam!" I protested.

"Alright, alright!" she raised her free hand to the air "because I'm an awesome girlfriend and you needed to thank me for being kind enough to date you"

"No!" I hollered "you're unbelievable!"

"Chillax Benson" she chuckled "I'm just messing with ya. You have no idea how hot you look when you're mad" she touched my face "of course I know this is our first anniversary" she smiled sweetly.

"Oh... you remember" I smiled widely.

"Yeah..." she trailed off.

"Sam?" I took her other hand, bringing her even closer to me "I love you so much. Thank you for this amazing month together" I kissed both her hands.

"Me too geek, I'm happy that we are in this together"

"Yeah" I dropped her hand and reached for my pocket "happy one month anniversary Princess Puckett" I showed her the charm I was holding.

"Freddie" she gaped at the bacon shaped charm "it's so beautiful"

"I'm glad you like it Princess" I grabbed her wrist and put the bacon shaped charm next to the sparkly fatcake and kissed her hand "I love you"

"I love you too... I loved it" she took a closer look at her new charm "thank you Fredgeek"

"You're welcome demon" I kissed her.

"Now... it's my turn" she let go of my hands to open her big bag "happy anniversary dork-head" she handed me a box wrapped in blue paper.

"You bought me something?" I gaped at the box.

"yeah, I'm not such a lousy girlfriend... not all the time" she smiled "open up"

"Alright" I unwrapped the box and reached for whatever was inside. I touched and soon realized what it was. Carefully took it out of the box not wanting to believe my eyes, my mouth hanging open "Sam!" I saw my old Galaxy Wars laser gun "That's mine!" I recognized a little scratch Spencer made while playing with it, I reminisced almost killing him that day.

"Yep!" she bounced happily "I bought it back for you"

"How did you...?" I trailed off, mouth hanging open again.

"Marvin loaned me some cash and I went to Socko's and bought it for ya. I knew you were going to give me something spectacular and I wanted to give you something nice too" she shrugged like it was no big deal. Typical Sam, she does something amazing, but makes it seem like it's not that important.

"Sam, that's amazing!" I shoot just to see it was working, and it was "Thank you so much!" I wrapped my arms around her waist, lifted her up and spun her around.

"Benson... I'm dizzy..." she said between giggles "put me down!"

"Sorry" I put her down, without taking my arms off her "I love you so much"

"You should... but I love you too... now let's get out of here, I need to eat!" she grabbed my hand and lead me downstairs.

I couldn't believe I could ever think she wasn't working as hard as I was to make this work. I'm such an asshole, and I feel terrible. She gave me the most amazing gift ever and I doubted her feelings... man I'm an ass! God I hate myself. I told Sam that we had to get going, it was late and we had a two hour drive ahead of us. She whined, but we left anyway. Before I could exit the Bacon World I saw something and I had an idea. I needed to make up for being a jerk-face.

"Hey Sam" I turned her around.

"Yeah?"

"I need to pee, be right back okay? Wait for me by the door"

"Yeah fine" I waited for her to leave so I could go where I wanted.

I waited in line for about two minutes and I knew Sam would be pretty pissed at me by now. But it was all worth the wait. I pointed at the one I wanted and the vendor handed it to me. I paid for it and he smiled at me. I walked really fast, and spotted Sam, her back turned at me, tapping her foot on the floor. She was obviously pissed. I hide the item behind my back and kissed her neck. She turned around, bag on her hand, my laser inside, threatening to break my face.

"It's just me" I laughed.

"Why took you so long Benson? Got lost in the bathroom?" she asked.

"Nope, I went to buy you this" I gave her the bacon bouquet I bought "It has Sam written all over it" (A/N: pic on my profile!)

"Oh my god!" She yanked the bouquet out of my hands "Can I eat it?"

"Sure. But save it for later"

"Holy cow!" she wrapped one arm around my neck and kissed me "you're ruining every boy for me forever"

"Oh... do you have someone else in mind already?" I toyed with her curls.

"Uh... I was thinking Johnny Depp, but you totally ruined him too!" she smacked my forehead "nerd"

"Huh... I guess you're stuck with me then"

"I guess so" she kissed me again.

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Sam's POV

I told him I wanted to go home and drop my things, then go back to Carly and show her a picture of my pretty bacon bouquet, because the original one was on my fridge. My mom and Marvin were curled up in a ball on the couch watching a movie. I don't think she ever did that with anyone. That made me glad; I hope Marvin sticks around for good. Not just because he gives me money, but because I really like him. He's different from all of my mom's other boyfriends; he is good, and nice and treats me right. He also treats my mom right and that's good enough for me. I showed her my delicious bouquet and my pretty new charm. She looked at my gifts for a while, then at Freddie. Pam had this expression on her face I couldn't quite figure out. I never saw it before; it looked like concern, but mixed with something else I didn't know. She smiled at us and I told her I was headed to Carly's. It was all an excuse of course. Carly wasn't even home, so I shrugged and told him I was going to hang out at his place for a while. All I wanted was to go back to the Bushwell, because I had plans.

"Your mom is home?" I asked him closing the door behind me.

"No. She's at Gun Smoke's tonight" he threw his jacket on the couch "I would ask if you are hungry, but I think I already know the answer, so what do you wanna eat?"

"I don't" he turned around shocked.

"What? Sam Puckett is not hungry? That's a miracle!"

"Yeah, yeah" I walked towards him slowly "let's go to your bedroom"

"Oh..." he gulped "okay"

I grabbed his hand and took him to his bedroom. I was nervous as hell, but really eager. I never done this before and I don't even know where to start, but he really wants that, and he deserves that, he's so great. The damn boy is just perfect, and sometimes it bothers me because I like the good old geek, that's who I fell in love with, and I don't want anyone else. He doesn't have to be perfect, because he already is, perfect to me. I closed his bedroom door and shoved him at his bed.

"Sit down" I demanded.

"What are you doing?" he asked when I grabbed his pear pod and connected to his stereo.

"Looking for something I'm pretty sure you have" I told him "yup I knew it!" I pressed play.

"What?"

"You'll know soon enough" I sat on his lap, kissing him passionately.

"Whatever it is I'll like it" he growled against my mouth.

"Yeah Benson, I'm pretty sure you will" I got off him, and turned on the stereo.

"The Galaxy Wars theme song?" he asked confused.

"Yep" I dropped on my knees, kissing his knees, my hands running up and down on his thighs. By now I was pretty sure he knew what I was going for "I said I would make it up to you didn't I?"

"Yeah..." he trailed off when I unbuckled his belt.

"So...? Now that we have the perfect soundtrack, let's play with your light saber" I smirked seductively.

I unzipped his pants and grabbed his collar so I could kiss him one more time. I put my hand on his package and stroke him a little bit. It didn't took him long to be hard and ready to go. I kissed his chest and stomach before pulling his manhood out of his boxers, wrapping my hand around it.

"Sam..." he gasped.

"I know..."

I used to the fluid on top of his rocket to slide my hand up and down. Soon he was all covered in pre-cum. Yeah, I did some research. He moaned my name twice and I knew it was time for some real action, so I bent down and stuck my tongue out, licking the tip of his rocket. Freddie put his hand on the top of my head and I feared he was going to start pushing my head down again. I put the head of the rocket inside my mouth and sucked it, making him groan. I could tell he liked it a lot. I licked his entire shaft, and he gripped my hair harder, letting me know he liked that too. I smiled and teased him a little bit, letting my teeth touch his tip.

"Don't bite it!" he begged.

I didn't say anything, instead I took more of him in mouth and started bobbing my head.

"Oh..." he moaned "oh god!"

I sucked him, making suction and he jerked a little bit. I took him out of my mouth and gave him a generous lick before putting him back in again. He squirmed, when I used my hand to stroke what I couldn't taste, because he was so freaking big I was afraid I was going to choke. At some point, I started to hum the Galaxy Wars theme song, while sucking on him. I took him out of my mouth, then put him back in. Took him out, put back in. I did that until he lost it completely; he grabbed the back of my head and thrust desperately inside of my mouth.

"Don't... tease... god... that's... so... oh... good" he was groaning louder than I ever heard him groaning before.

I took all I could take of him into my mouth and continued bobbing my head up and down, stroking the rest while he kept thrusting inside my mouth. I decided to try something new. I deep throated him, happy to find out I had no gag reflex. I guess my mom wasn't joking when she said that Puckett's have deep throats.

"HOLY HELL!" he hollered.

I put my free hand into his pants and started to squeeze his balls, just to torture him, while my mouth sucked and my hand stroked.

"My god, Sam... God... you better stop... I'm gonna... I'm gonna... oh!"

I didn't stop, telling him I wanted him to cum. I wanted to feel it, taste it... I kept my pace, doing those three little things that drove him to insanity. That day when he asked me to prom I learned his balls were extremely sensitive, and that I liked to play with them.

"SAM! I'M GOING TO... AH!" he gripped the sheets and began to shake.

I took him over the edge and he came. He tasted different, not bad, but different from anything I've ever tasted before. He was kinda salty, but I guess it depends of the man. Yeah, I've paid attention to something in health class. I made him ride the whole thing inside my mouth, and I kinda enjoyed it. I swallowed what he gave me and licked him one more time, plating a soft kiss on the head of his manhood. Freddie collapsed on bed panting heavy, his face was flushed and his forehead was covered in sweat.

"So?" I lay next to him.

"Most... amazing... thing... ever... ever" he said breathlessly.

"Good... cause my jaw hurts" I massaged my jaw.

"Sorry. You're amazing you know that?" he brushed my bangs to the side and tried to kiss me, but I pulled away "what?"

"I just sucked your dick, and swallowed your seed; do you really want to kiss me right now?" I mocked.

"Touché..." he paused "by the way... how do I taste?"

"Not bad. Different, but not bad" I rested my chin on his shoulder "a little salty"

"Thanks... for this... for everything" he breathed.

"Yeah... you too" I yawned "I think I'll crash at Carly's..." I got up.

"Hey Sam..." he grabbed my arm.

"Yeah?" I turned around.

"I love you" he smiled.

"I know... and you should" I said pointedly "love you too"

I kissed his forehead and left. Oh, it was fun playing with his light saber like that. I'm up to do it again sometime.

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#### Brad's POV

Carly was at Wendy's tonight, for a sleepover, so I was going to Freddie's just to talk about random stuff, and to give back his *House* DVDs. Maybe I could crash at his place. It's very nice to stay up all night talking shit when Mrs. Benson is not home. I was happily thinking about my girlfriend when I hear a door closing. I was just around the corner when I heard a phone ringing, then a familiar voice.

"Hey Pete" I was Sam.

What is she doing talking to her ex boyfriend this late at night? I didn't want to get all paranoid because Sam loves Freddie, but that doesn't make any sense. Freddie told me Pete used to be Sam's boyfriend, and you don't talk to your ex late at night, especially when you're already with someone else.

"No I didn't tell anyone... not even Carly I swear... dude, chillax, that's our little secret... no I'm not going to tell Freddie, I don't think he'll be very pleased to know you're calling me... especially this late at night..."

That was when I began to worry. Maybe it has nothing to do with anything, maybe they're just talking about random stuff. But what could they be talking about, we're on summer break, so there's no school, they don't hang out with the same people, and they're not close, or so I heard. What could they be talking about?

"Okay, trust me, this will be our dirty little secret... I swear he does not suspect anything... Freddie is a little oblivious to this kind of stuff... alright, so I'll talk to you soon. Bye" she hung up and got into Carly's apartment.

Shit! What do I do? Do I tell Freddie what I just heard? Do I keep my mouth shut? I don't want to screw their relationship without a solid proof that Sam is doing something wrong. Maybe I should just talk to Carly first. Yeah... she'll know what to do. I knocked on Freddie's door, and took him almost a minute to open it. His hair was all messed up, he was shirtless, and his jeans was unbuttoned. He seemed happy.

"Dude!" he hugged me.

"Dude, what the fuck?" I laughed.

"Come on in my friend!" he dragged me inside.

"You're happy. Why are you happy?"

"Oh, I shouldn't tell you... but I'm way too happy!" he bounced "get in here, let me grab some peppy cola and potato chips"

"I'm in to a long night, I see" I took off my jacket.

"You bet!"

He sounded so happy. Maybe I should just shut my pie hole; I can't ruin his happiness, but what if something is going between Sam and Pete? Freddie will be devastated and I can't let that happen. What should I do?

## \*Chapter 44\*: iSecrets And Lies

A/N: Hey Guys! WHO SAW iDSAF? Omg it was perfect! I don't care what anyone said, I loved every time Sam called Freddie baby! SO CUTE!

seddiexx: I just started in January!

Jesrod82: It will be a surprise once Freddie finds out... however is not a surprise for Freddie! My Freddie is a little too insecure, he also is a kind hearted guy, so he thinks he has to make it up for Sam, because of the years she liked him and he didn't realize. He thinks he needs to do spectacular things for her, and this way she'll feel secure and loved. He knows that she is insecure, so he's trying (on his way) to make her realize how much he loves her. Is it a little too much? Maybe. She hates it and loves it, mostly because that's not the Freddie that she fell in love with, but it also makes her feel special. Brad is concern, because Freddie is his friend, and being a outside person allows him to see things that Sam, Freddie and even Carly are not able to. And yes, oh my god it was cute! I love when she called him baby and I loved their fights! It was sooo cute, I mean, he brushed her hair! OMG!

Cheruth: I get your point, he is her friend too, however his bond with Freddie is stronger, so he automatically worries about him more than her. Just like Sam would do if she thought Brad was cheating on Carly, she wouldn't go straight to him because he would just deny and she would be mad at him. And about Pam... well she just doesn't want Sam to go through what she did. She's her mother after all. About Sam cheating... well you'll find out soon enough, but I like the theory that she wouldn't cheat, that she is loyal. But you have to wait to see!

Wwtggd: thanks for the suggestion! And I agree with you, the boy is hot! About cheating or not... well you'll have to wait and see!

ConverseLove64: thank you! Reviews like your makes me giggle! Anyway, it would be good to have a guy like Freddie Benson out there for every girl in the world, but do you think that's really who he is or who he's trying to be?

Clarksonfan: don't worry, whatever happens, just remember, this is a Seddie fic, and they'll end up together!

Maliumpkin: he is amazing isn't he? But like I said to ConverseLove64, do you think that's really who he is or who he's trying to be?

Drumline: Poor Brad, he's just trying to be a good friend!

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Sam's POV

I was watching the reruns of Girly Cow, but I was bored out of my mind. It's been three days since my first anniversary with Freddie, and things between us couldn't be better. I gazed my new charm and thought about my geek boyfriend. He is so charming and awesome... must he be so awesome? Carly plopped down next to me, holding a bowl of popcorn. I was so lost in my thoughts I didn't realize when Carly took the remote off my lap, but I wasn't paying attention anyway. She changed channels until she found out that Gossip Girl was on. Also a rerun. I honestly don't know what she likes about this stupid show. Other than Penn Badgley and Chace Crawford, the rest pretty much sucks.

"Oh my gosh! This is the episode where Dair kiss! Yay" she squeaked and I took the opportunity to steal the popcorn.

I must admit that Dan Humphrey is a hot nerd. And I love hot nerds. Blair used to be awesome, she used to be a bad ass motherfucker! Now she is just stupid. Serena is a disgrace to the blonde race, she disgusts me. And don't even get me started with Chuck. He is the type of guy I would love to kill. The whole show is bullshit, a big pile of dog shit! But Carlotta loves it. Chace Crawford is good in the eyes, but he's not my type. I dig brunettes with big and brown eyes, and smart as hell. Yeah, yeah...

"Oh my gosh they are so perfect for each other!" she smiled "they kinda remind me of you and Freddie"

"How so?" I shoved a handful of popcorn inside my mouth.

"Well, they started out as enemies. The only thing connecting them was Serena. Dan was in love with Serena, and Blair hated him. He hated her back. They fought and bickered. Somehow, they became friends, although they wouldn't admit it. They care for each other but wouldn't caught dead admitting it. And now this... the kiss" she pointed at the screen "doesn't it remind you of anyone?"

"Yeah, sure some of it. But there is a big difference. I'm not a sucker for swines like Chuck Bass, and I have a lot of self respect, I wouldn't do half of the things she does"

"Yeah, you're right. You're awesome Sam, but what I mean is the relationship, doesn't necessarily means that you have some similarity with the characters"

"Because I don't. Well... Freddie is a nerd like Dan, and he is sweet, smart and caring. And although Freddie is way hotter, they're both attractive dorks. And Freddie is smarter when it comes to technology and Dan is a better writer, but other than that they have a pretty similar personality" I stated.

"Yeah, Dan and Freddie are souls brothers!" she giggled "And they're perfect for each other, you know, Dan and Blair"

"Yeah, whatever Shay, they are fictional characters from a TV show, don't get too excited over something that doesn't exist" oh I miss Freddie.

"That's right... they are. Freddie also has some similarities with Cody" she giggled.

"Cody? As in Cody Martin? As in Zack and Cody?" I asked, mouth full of popcorn "what does that mean? That I'm Bailey?"

"Yup and nope" she stuck her hand in the popcorn bowl "he is Cody, that's for sure, but in this case, you're Zack" she laughed.

"HAHAShay!"

"I mean it! He is smart and sweet like Cody. A good looking nerd, with great heart and lots of patience. You're lazy, abrasive, mean, and lack in the patience department, like Zack" she said, taking a sip of her gross especial lemonade "you bicker, but in the end you love each other, and somehow you always involve him in your schemes" she shrugged.

"Yeah, but they're both boys, and siblings, TWINS for Christ's sakes!"

"You got my point" she changed channels again, stopping on Disney, and guess what was on? Yup, *The Suite Life of Zack and Cody*. "They're so cute"

"Yeah"

"Cody is hotter though" we said in unison, and laughed.

Hanging out with Carly like the good old days was fun. She complained that we didn't have much time for each other, so we agreed on taking at least a day of the week to dedicate to our friendship. *Girls' Day*. The boys also liked the idea, and that's how Boys' Day was born. Freddie is out there somewhere with Brad, maybe doing something nerdy like go to the pear store and drool at the new computers and stuff. I love having a whole day to hang out with Carly, but I miss Freddie. I miss him every second we're apart, cheesy right? Well, it's true. Maybe I'm turning into a sappy just like him... shit!

Speaking of Freddie, he and Brad just walked in, laughing and talking about something. He saw me and smiled, I smiled back. Brad gave me a weird look and walked straight into Carly's open arms. He's been acting weird around me lately, I don't know what his deal is, but I'll find out soon enough. Freddie took my hands making me stand up.

"Hey Blondie" he kissed my nose "missed me?"

"No" yes "why would I?"

"Because you can't make out with Carly" he leaned closer, enough to kiss me, but he didn't. He just brushed his lips against mine very briefly.

"True" I tried to catch his bottom lip between my teeth but he pulled away "what the hell?"

"Say you miss me" typical Freddie.

"Nope. Just shut up and kiss me" I tried again, but he pulled away again.

"Say it" he demanded.

"NO!"

"SAY IT!"

"NO!"

"SAY IT!"

By now we were fighting, pressed against each other, his arms wrapped around my waist, my arms wrapped around his neck.

"If you want this..." he pointed at his lips "you've got to give me something in exchange"

"UGH! You're so frustrating!" I smacked his shoulder.

"Say it!"

"NO"

"You guys!" Carly hollered "you're a pretty weird couple, you look like you're about to kiss, but when someone comes closer, you're fighting, but in reality you're just arguing" she chuckled, but Brad remained serious, giving me that look. What the fudge is wrong with him? "I bet that's all UST"

"What?" we said.

"Unresolved sexual tension. The moment you two bang each other this will all go away" she grimaced "ew"

"I couldn't agree more Carly, so we should solve this right now Sam. Let's go to my room and end this UST between us baby" he started to walk out the door dragging me with him.

"Fredperv!" I giggled "stop!"

"Oh come on! I'll settle it good" he smirked.

"Ew Freddie" Carly said, gagging a bit.

"That's between mom and dad here kid, stay out of this" he said, with an exaggerated deep voice "let's get going then" he began to drag me out again.

"No, wait" I laughed "stop that crazy nerd!" I jerked my hand out of his grasp.

"Oh well... I tried" he shrugged.

"What you guys did all day?" Carly asked, sitting on Brad's lap, but he seemed out of it, like he was in deep thought.

"We went to the gym" Freddie said, sitting in front of the computer "I had to teach Brad a few things"

"He sure needs it, right Braddork?" I scoffed, trying to make him laugh or something, but he just glared at me.

"Sam" Carly said "he doesn't need to be extra beefy like Freddie, I like him just the way he is" she kissed him.

"Thanks babe. At least you tell the truth, unlike some people" he said looking straight to me. What the fuck?

"O...okay" Carly seemed as confuse as me.

"Chillax scrawny boy, I'm just trolling with you!"

Alright, this is getting weirder by the second. What's his deal with me? I couldn't ask, because now Carly was eating his face, so I just stood up and walked towards Freddie. He was fixing something in the iCarly website, I wrapped my arms around his waist and rested my chin over his shoulder.

"Wwatcha doing nerd?" I asked, kissing his neck.

"Just making some adjustments" he said, typing something.

I guess we stayed like that for at least ten minutes, until he frowned and put his hand on his forehead.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh nothing" he resumed his work.

I looked over Barly, who were engaged into a full blow make out session. Oh well. Freddie kept typing, then stopped again, rubbing his temper. Something is definitely not right.

"Freddie, what's up?" I turned him around.

"Just a little headache" his eyes were a little red.

"Freddie, you've been having a freaking headache for a week now. Go see a doctor" I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"I hate doctors and you know that" he protested.

"I don't care dork, go see one!" I smacked the side of his head.

"Ouch Sam!" he put his hand where I smacked.

"Shit! Sorry, I'm sorry baby" I kissed his temper, and he froze "what?"

"You called me baby" he said with a huge grin "you called me baby"

"Don't get used to!" shit, I need to change the subject "I mean it Fredidiot, go see a doctor"

"I don't need a doctor okay?" he wrapped his arms around my waist "I need you. Me and you. Alone. Together" he kissed my neck "I need a little *love*" by the way he said *love* I knew he meant *blowjob*.

Since he got his first blowjob he can't shut up about it. In fact, every time we're alone now, he tries to push my head down. He's such a boy!

"And you'll get a little *love* AS SOON AS YOU GO SEE ADOCTOR!" I hollered.

"Sam! My head" he complained.

"Don't like it? Go see a doctor!" I put my hands on my hips.

"Fine. I'll go tomorrow" he sighed "now can I get a little *love*?" he pouted.

"No. Only after the doctor's appointment" he pouted again "but we can go make out now" I grabbed his hand and dragged him to the studio.

"Yeah, that's good too" he relied "not as good, but good"

"Shut up"

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#### Carly's POV

Something was really bugging me, something that has been happening for three whole days. Right after Seddie's first anniversary, Brad is been acting all weird around Sam. At first, I didn't think it was a big deal, but now something tells me there is more to it than I know. I asked him a couple of times if there was something wrong but he always changes the subject, or says he has to go home. Now that Sam and Freddie left, I'm going to trap him, he's not going to leave before I found out what's going on.

I broke the kiss to look at him. As if he knew what I was going to say, he stretched and yawned. He always does that before telling me he has to go home. I was faster, ran off his lap and locked the door, putting the key inside my bra.

"Carly" he protested "it's late I have to go home"

"No way Bradley! You've been acting all weird with Sam, tell me what's wrong! What was that whole *telling the truth* thing earlier?"

"Look..." he sighed, giving up, he knows I get what I want when I want "okay, but this conversation stays between us alright?"

"Alright" I sat next to him on the couch.

"That night after their first anniversary, I dropped you at Wendy's and came back to Freddie's. I wanted to just hang out and talk about stuff. So I was around the corner from his apartment when I heard Sam talking on the phone. She was talking to Pete"

"What? Why?"

"I don't know, that's what I couldn't figure out. So I started to eavesdrop" I glared at him "I know, not cool, but I don't regret it. Anyway, she was talking about some secret between them. She told him it would their dirty little secret. She also said she wouldn't tell you or Freddie, and that he was oblivious to this kind of thing. Anyway, I asked Freddie about Sam's relationships with her exs and he told me she had zero contact with them, which I found weird since she was talking with Pete on the phone about some secret. Anyway, I figured she didn't tell Freddie about the phone call, that's why I'm pissed"

"Brad, this all very weird, but Sam loves Freddie, she wouldn't do anything bad, she wouldn't..." I trailed off "cheat on him or something"

"I don't know Carly. That was a pretty weird talk to me. I just... I don't want him to get hurt you know, he is my friend and I worry about him" he sighed.

"That's very sweet honey, but I know Sam and I know she wouldn't do anything, but if it make you feel better I'll talk to her" I rubbed his back.

"Okay" he leaned forward and gave me a chaste kiss "I'm going home. Tell me what you find out"

"I will" he stood up, but I grabbed his wrist "I think it's very sweet of you to worry about him"

"He's my best friend, and I know he would do the same for me" he smiled.

"I'm sure he would" I kissed him again, this time deeply "so? Should I be jealous of this whole bromance of yours?" I asked with a smirk.

"Jeez I don't know... Freddie is quite handsome" he scoffed.

"Oh my! How should I call you guys? Frad? Breddie? Beddie?"

"I'm sure you can pick one, I like all of them though" he laughed and kissed me again "I wouldn't exchange you for anyone, doesn't matter how big his biceps are" he said seriously.

"You promise?" I pouted.

"Sure, I promise" we chuckled "night honey"

"Night sweetheart"

I closed the door and went to my bedroom. This whole Sam/Pete thing is weird. But I know she wouldn't cheat on Freddie, she's been in love with him for years, she wouldn't waste what they have. She loves him... there is nothing to worry about, but maybe a little talk will do some good. I'll talk to her tomorrow. Yeah, I'll do that. I opened my drawer and checked my red calendar, oh that's weird, today is the deadline... I've been late for a while now... I'm sure is nothing though, maybe it's just the stress of the web show. Yeah that's all.

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Sam's POV

I was sitting at Frankie's waiting. Carly called me twenty minutes ago and I had to lie. I told her I was still asleep and that I would come by later. I called Freddie to check if he went to the doctor and he told me he was already there. I don't want to worry very much, because he has always been healthy and I'm sure it's nothing. But deep down inside, I worry anyway, I couldn't bear if something was wrong with him. I'm sure is nothing.

I ordered a burger and waited. He's running late. He asks me to be here early and he is running late. Nice! Did you get my sarcasm there? I finished my fries and he finally decided to join me.

"So? You're ten minutes late dude! What the fudge?" I snapped.

"Sorry Sam I had to get rid of my parents" he said looking around "no one knows you're here right?" he asked nervously.

"No, you're good" I took a sip of my peppy cola.

"You didn't tell anyone right? Does anyone suspect anything?"

"No, chillax" I called the waitress "buy me a burger" I told him.

"Fine. You're sure that no one is suspicious? I don't want your beefy boyfriend beating the crap out of me" he laughed nervously.

"He won't, he has no reason to, but if he was suspicious he would be bitching about it already, so trust me he doesn't have a clue" the waitress finally came to our table.

"What can I get you?" she asked eyeing him.

"Two burgers, more fries and another peppy cola" I told her.

"I don't want anything Sam"

"It's not for you" I looked at her again "got it?"

"Sure" she smiled at him "I'll be right back"

"Can you believe it?" I asked him.

"That doesn't matter. So I can relax right? Freddie is not suspicious so I don't have to fear finding him in a random corner wanting to beat me?"

"Dude! What did I tell you? He doesn't know, and even if he did he has no reason to beat you! Now relax. How's things?"

"Amess" he sighed "I'm a mess"

"Yeah I can imagine" the waitress brought me my food "thank you"

"No problem" she smiled at him and left.

"What a bitch" I growled.

"Never mind" he took one of my fries and I slapped his hand "hey I'm paying I should get some!"

"It's mine, get your own. Anyway, you said you wanted to talk. Talk"

"Alright" he breathed.

"Come on Pete! Just talk to me" I squeezed his hand.

"You see the thing is..."

After my conversation with Pete I took off and left him to pay the bill. I didn't tell Freddie or Carly because I knew what it would sound like and because he begged me. Giving the situation, I wasn't on position to tell anyone, it didn't have the right. I walked into Carly's apartment to find her standing, hands on her hips, glaring at me.

"Where have you been?"

"Sleeping!" I plopped down on the couch.

"Liar!" she snapped.

"What is the matter with you?"

"You're lying, why are you lying?"

"I'm not"

"I called your house and your mom said you got a phone call and left early in the morning" she accused.

"Well..."

"No Sam! No well. No lies! Tell me the truth" she hollered. I can't do that. Fast Sam... think of a lie "I know about Pete"

"What?" how the hell did she found out? Oh my god this is a disaster.

"Brad heard you on the phone with him, after your anniversary Sam! The same night!" oh so that's why Brad is so weird with me.

"Carly..." I stood up, tried to touch her but she slapped my hand away.

"No Sam! I can't believe you! I thought you loved him!" whoa? What?

"Carly! I do love him! That's not what it looks like" I hollered "God I can't believe you! I would never do that to Freddie, I love him more than anything"

"Then what Sam? What is the secret you have with your ex boyfriend? What can it be?" she hollered.

"The secret..." I sighed "is not mine. I'm keeping a secret for him"

"What is it?" she gripped my shoulders "tell me"

"Do you remember that prank in the beginning of the semester?"

"Yeah"

"That one with the fire alarm and that a kid got hurt?"

"Yeah... they thought it was you"

"But it wasn't because I was in the study hall with Fredward, just eyesexing him while he studied?"

"Uh huh" she nodded.

"Well I found out it was Pete" her eyes went wide "anyway, he begged me to don't tell anyone, he wants to get into Princeton or something"

"Oh my god Sam! That boy got hurt! He could've died, you have to tell Franklin!"

"No! Carly I made I promise and I only told you because I trust you're not going to tell anyone! You can't, alright, it was an accident"

"But Sam..." I cut her off.

"No! Stop being miss goody two shoes for once okay! The kid is alright, he had a broken arm. I'm not going to ruin Pete's whole future. Besides, his grandma is sick, this will kill her!" I yelled.

"Oh. Okay, I'll keep the secret, but you have to stay away from him" she warned me "I'm not kidding Sam, if I find out that you're talking to him again, I'll tell everyone, got it?"

"Alright, but don't tell anyone about this"

"I have to tell Brad something, he is suspicious, that's why he is acting this way around you. He thinks you're cheating on Freddie"

"He is very protective of Freddie" I laughed "but you can't tell him"

"What should I say then? He is not going to stop until he finds out what's going on"

"Tell him I was talking to Pete because..." think of a lie... think, think "because I found out he was in love with Wendy, and he wanted me to help him get it her, but she has a boyfriend, and we can tell anyone because her boyfriend might kick his ass"

"That can work" she sighed and sit at the couch "I'll tell him that"

We just sat there quietly for a couple of minutes. I'm the best liar in the world. I can't afford having Brad on my back or telling shit to Freddie. Also can

afford having Carly tell anything to anyone. I guess she believed me.

"Sam?" I looked at her "are you sure he's not using this to get close to you?"

"Carly, this is Pete not Jonah. And no, believe me, Pete doesn't want me" I laughed "but I'll keep a distance, I promise"

"Alright" she hugged me "I'm sorry I thought you would be cheating on Freddie. I know how much you love him, I just snapped"

"Okay" we broke apart.

"Brad is worried because Freddie is madly in love with you, we don't want him getting hurt. Or you"

"It's okay" I smiled sympathetically.

"Hey Car-" Brad trailed off when he saw me.

"Honey, we need to talk" Carly told him.

"I'm outta here" I didn't say goodbye; I just went across the hall and knocked at Freddie's door.

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Freddie's POV

I'm mad. I'm mad. I'm mad. This is awful, now I'll look even more like a nerd. Shit! Why bad things happen to me? I sat on my bed and took a pill for my headache. Stupid headache. I hate it. I shouldn't have gone to the doctor, now that I have I'm trapped, and my mother will bitch about it forever. I looked at my exams, and threw them across the room. Fuck! I threw myself at my bed.

"Fuck!" I hollered.

"Hello to you too" Sam said, knocking on my door.

"Hey" I growled.

"What's the matter? What did the doctor said?" she sat down next to me.

"I did a bunch of exams and then..." she looked horrified and very worried "don't worry I just... it's just..."

"What?" she started to freak out "what do you have?"

"I need glasses" I whispered.

"You what? What Freddie?" she hollered "is that a disease? Is that bad?"

"No Sam..." she obviously didn't understand what I said "I need glasses"

"What?" her mouth was hanging open.

"Apparently my vision is not all that good, so I'm having some trouble reading. That's why I'm having headaches, dizziness and my eyes are a little red" I was waiting for her to insult me nineteen different ways, but instead she smiled.

"Glasses? You're going to wear glasses? All the time?" her smile went wider.

"Yeah..." I was waiting to hear a laugh and a stupid comment "and no, I'm going to be wearing it just to read" she smiled and jumped on me "Sam!"

"I think..." she straddled me "that you..." she kissed my neck "will look..." she nibbled my earlobe "very hot..." she grinded her hips against mine "with glasses"

"Oh..." I shifted so I was on top of her "is that a fact?"

"Uh huh" she sighed "very much" I kissed the soft skin of her neck.

"I thought you would make fun of me" I commented, licking her collarbone inside her shirt.

"I..." she panted "like..." I sucked her earlobe "hot guys..." I bit her jaw "with glasses. You'll look even more like Clark Kent" she started to move her hips against mine.

"Oh... Sam" she wrapped her legs around me, and I kissed her, ravishing her mouth.

I broke the kiss to suck on her cleavage. Jesus she is so amazing! I want to have her, I need to have her. It became a physical need like breathing; an urge that's so strong is consuming me. I lifted her shirt and started to lick her navel. She panted and gripped my hair, so hard it hurt. I lowered my mouth to the hem of her jeans, and she released my hair to grip my thick bedspread.

"Freddie... oh god... just... open it!" she said begging me to undo her zipper.

"Alright" I unbuttoned her jeans and gripped her zipper with my teeth and undid that as well.

"Oh lord..." Sam writhed underneath me.

I kissed her lower stomach and slide her jeans just a little bit, enough to suck over her pelvic bone. She moaned louder, and I let my tongue lick the place I sucked seconds before. It was light red, so I sucked harder, trying to leave a mark. My mark. She gripped the collar of my shirt and brought me to her, ravishing my mouth the second I laid on top of her. My hand went inside her shirt to grope her boob.

"Holy shit!" Gun Smoke hollered from the door "my eyes hurt!"

"Dude!" I sat on the bed, putting Sam right behind me, covering her with my body.

"Boy, you don't do these things when your mother is in home" he said, eyes covered.

"We weren't doing anything and I didn't know mom was at home" I said in my defense. Sam smacked my head "what was that for?"

"For not knowing your mom was at home!" she smacked me again.

"We just got here. Are you decent?" he asked, eyes still closed.

"Yeah, we're decent" I told him.

"Boy! Cover that" he pointed at the erection inside my jeans.

"Oh..." Sam handed me the pillow laughing "not funny Sam"

"Yeah, not funny. Get your shit together before your mom gets out of the bathroom" then he left.

"Oh Benson..." she lay on my bed and cracked up "oh my gosh!"

"Not funny" I looked down at my pants, I wasn't hard anymore "let's go to Carly's"

I walked into Carly's apartment, with Sam laughing behind me. She wouldn't shut up about it. I thought she was going to crack in front of my mother, who we bumped into before exiting the apartment, but her laughter died and she kept her cool. Pleasing my mother never was Sam's priority, but lately she's been acting... civil around her, like she wants to leave a good impression or something. It pleases me if you wanna know.

"What's so funny?" Spencer asked me, since Sam was laughing so hard it seemed impossible for her to answer.

"Gun Smoke caught Fredward and me on our... intimate moment" Sam said, apparently I was wrong "and let's just say that our boy here was... a little too happy"

"Sam!"

"Oh my god! Did Gun Smoke saw it" Spencer asked, leaving his half eaten cupcake in the coffee table.

"Indeed!" Sam snatched Spencer's cupcake and ate it in one quick motion "did I mention that he was happy, cause he really was happy!"

"Dude!" Spencer grimaced.

"Sam!" I grabbed her by the waist and stepped in front of her "let's just not talk about it!"

"Sure, fine by me" Spencer's phone rang "Hey darling" I bet is Maya.

Maya is Spencer's new girlfriend. He met her in the grossure store, and turned out she lived the building in front of the Bushwell. I would say he is head over heels, but this is Spencer, he is just like Carly when it comes to love. He loves someone today, and someone else tomorrow. I don't know what's up with the Shays siblings, but he sure is giddy about this girl. She is awesome, pretty, redhead, funny and nice. Maybe she's a keeper... just like my girl. I looked over Sam, who was eating all of Spencer's cupcakes while he was lost on the bliss of talking to Maya. I guess I must've been lost in my thoughts , because next thing I know Spencer is running around the place and Sam is gripping my shoulders, shaking me.

"Did you hear this?" she asked me, a big smile on her face "did you hear this?"

"What?"

"Maya has a big house on the beach, we're going there for the 4th of July! She invited us! All of us" Spencer said, jumping behind Sam.

"Great but I don't think my mom will let me go, we never spent 4th of July apart" I shrugged.

"What? No! This is our first 4th of July as a couple; she'll have to let her go" Sam whined.

"Sam... we can talk to her, but I'm not sure if she'll let me go"

"NO! Then let's runaway, she doesn't have to know where we're going" her eyes lit up.

"I can't do that either" I sighed, Sam glared at me and ran upstairs "Sam!"

"Dude that was bad" Spencer said from behind me.

"But... Spencer... it's not like I don't want to go, it's more like I can't!"

"Just talk to your mom, tell her how important this is, if she refuses to understand, then stand up for yourself, you're a pretty grown up boy Freddie, it's time to cut the umbilical cord" this coming from Spencer? Jeez...

"You're right. I'll talk to her, this is way too important to just pass away. I'll talk to her right now" I left Spencer there, two thumbs up and prepared myself to battle.

---

Sam's POV

"This sucks! Why can he be a man and stand up to his mother? Why does he have to be mister two goody shoes all that time? Doesn't he see how important this is for me? For us?" I looked over to Carly, who was sitting on the floor, next to her bed. She seemed out of it, and a little concerned "Carly? Are you listening to anything I'm saying?"

"Huh?"

"I'm talking to you! What's your problem?" I sat down next to her.

"I'm late Sam" she said, not looking at me.

"Late for what?" I asked dumbly "Oh... you mean..."

"Yeah"

"I'm sure it will be here soon. I know it is not very nice, you get cranky and moody, but I'm sure it will be here soon" I smiled, giving her a sympathetic look.

"Yeah I'm sure. I'm sorry I didn't hear you"

"It's okay. I've been talking for twenty minutes and you're weren't listening, but it's alright" I put my arm around her.

"Sorry"

Freddie got into Carly's room running, his face was flushed, his cheeks were bright red and he was a little out of breath. Carly and I stood up and ran towards him.

"What happened?" I said, gripping his shoulders. He was breathless but he was smiling.

"I can go... with you... to... beach... mom... talked... I'm... going"

"What?" Carly asked.

"He says he can go with us" I just realized that myself, so I hugged him tight, arms wrapped around his neck "he can go!"

"Can't breathe... can't... Sam!" he said weakly "let go!"

"Sorry" I unwrapped my arms, and rested my hands on his shoulder "sorry, I'm just so happy" I kissed all of his face "this is going to be great AlFreddo"

"I know babe" he put his hands on my waist "let's pack. We'll leave tomorrow morning. I'm already packed so let me take you home and help you out"

"Let's go!" I sneaked a glance over Carly who was chewing on her lip, preoccupied. I need to talk to her tomorrow.

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Carly's POV

Was hard convincing Spencer to let Brad come with us. Freddie did most of the work of begging him, because I'm too busy thinking about my own problems. Sam's been sneaking worried glances at me whenever she can, but I'm way too lost into my own head to care. I need to know for sure if there is something wrong, and I'm scared as hell, to be honest, I never been so terrified before in my life. Brad was sleeping next to me, his head on my shoulder. I looked over him. My sweet, sweet boyfriend, I brushed his bangs off his face and shifted a little bit. I'm sure going to lose him after he finds out the truth, and if I'm really in trouble like I think I am, I'll lose him for sure. It's so unfair that after I find a great guy, I lose him because of something that happened before we got together.

Sam loved over her shoulder and caught me staring at Brad. I smiled at her like it was nothing, and she turned her head and her attention to Freddie, who was driving. Spencer agreed on letting us go in separated cars, after Freddie and Brad told him there was no way we all could ride in the same car. While Spencer, Maya, Gibby and Tasha went on his car, Sam, Brad Freddie and I went on another. Mrs. Benson seemed heartbroken when we left. She never spent a 4th of July away from her baby son, but Gun Smoke convinced her to go to Tacoma for the holiday to meet his mothers, which made her even scarier.

"Holy cow" Freddie said, parking in front of Maya's beach house. It was bigger than Wendy's "this is a huge house"

"I didn't know she was rich" Sam said.

"Oh she isn't, but she fell on a supermarket and broke her leg. So, she sue them and got some good money and bough the house" Freddie said. Sam and I looked over him, confused "what? Spencer told me"

"That's one smart girl. Let's get out of the car. Carly wake up prince charming there" Sam said opening the door.

"If he is prince charming than who am I?" Freddie asked, also exiting the car.

"You're the superman of the dorks" she smiled "like a Clark Kent of the nerds"

"Oh, I like that. At least I'm bad ass, not a puss who wears boots"

"I heard that!" Brad said, waking up "and you wear underwear over your clothes!" Brad mocked.

"Like every other super hero" Freddie replied.

"Please, don't tell me that wear underwear over your clothe is less stupid than wearing boots!" Brad said, getting out of the car.

"Yeah, I tell you!"

"Aright dorks! Calm your tits" Sam wrapped her arm around Freddie's waist "first of all, there is nothing wrong with wearing underwear over your clothe when you're a superhero and not a real person" Freddie smirked at Brad "secondly, there is nothing wrong with boots" Brad smirked at Freddie "what's wrong here is you both"

"What?" they said.

"That's right. You both are dorks, and your fight is stupid, now let's get into the house" she let go of Freddie "AlFreddo, get the bags out of the trunk"

"Why do I have to do it alone?" he whined.

"You don't, Bradloser here will help you. But I'm pretty sure you can do with alone with those guns" Sam smiled, squeezing Freddie's biceps.

"You know it" he kissed her.

"Okay Seddie break it off" Spencer said, walking towards us, holding Maya's hand "get the luggage and meet us inside, we're going to choose rooms, so be quick"

Freddie opened the trunk and Brad went to help him. He wasn't all convinced about the lie I told him, aka the lie Sam told me to tell him. He's very protective of Freddie, and Freddie is of him. I guess is because Freddie never had a best guy friend, and Brad always moved so much he didn't have any time to make real friends. I watched the boys laughing while talking our things out of the trunk. Soon this peace is going to be over. One way or another, Brad will find out what's happening and after that I'm not sure what's going to happen with us.

"Hey kid. Are you okay?" Sam asked, her arm over my shoulders.

"Yeah" I lied.

"No you're not, you can't lie to me. Let's talk upstairs"

Sam knocked Gibby to the ground and got herself the second best room in the house. She shoved me inside and told me to talk. I'm not sure of what to say, other than the truth, but the truth is scaring the hell out of me.

"I'm late Sam"

"I know that... oh my god Carly!" she sat on the bed "don't tell me you and Brad..."

"No. I haven't done anything with Brad..." I'm so ashamed.

"Then... you cheated on him?" she asked angrily "Carly!"

"No! I would never do that! It was before" it was time to come clean.

"Tell me everything"

"Okay. About a month ago, I was going to the Groovy Smoothies to meet you and Freddie. I got to the door, but I saw you guys, so cute together and I didn't want to spoil things for you. I confess that I started to feel like the third wheel, of course that changed. On my way home I met Griffin and we started to talk all the way to the Bushwell. The next day he called me and we talked for hours. I found out he had a girlfriend, he told me he was having a hard time with her, because he wanted to break up but every time he did, she would cry and tell him that if he left her she would kill herself. We started to hook up" she looked at me like she couldn't believe it "and he promised me that he would find a way to break up with her, but he needed a proof that I loved him so..." I trailed off, by the look on Sam's face I didn't need to say anything else "but then I found out she wasn't a maniac like he said and that he wasn't planning on break up with her. She actually is a nice chick..." my eyes started to tear up, regretting what I did "when I confronted him, he told me that all he wanted from me was... you know. That broke me, but I didn't tell anyone because I was so ashamed. Then Brad came along and I really like him... but now, I don't know what will happen..." by now I was already crying.

"Carly... I really thought you were smarter than that"

"Me too..." I sobbed "I don't know what to do Sam..."

"Come here kid" I buried my face on her shoulder "I still can't believe you let yourself be fooled like that"

"I was lonely and desperate to have what you and Freddie have. I wanted everlasting love and all this things that you say you don't need, but you have with Freddie, and I don't. I want that too... I guess I was looking in the wrong place"

"So now you think..." she trailed off.

"Yeah, but I don't have the guts to go buy a test" I wiped my tears.

"Okay, I have enough guts for both of us, so wait for me here, and I'll go the closest store and buy you one, okay?" she rubbed my arm.

"You're the best friend ever" I sobbed, throwing my arms around her neck.

"Yeah, I know. Now, let me go" I released her "I'll be right back okay? I'll tell everyone you're taking a shower alright? So they won't bug you"

"Okay"

After Sam left, I laid on my bed in a fetal position. Ironic huh? I'm so scared. I'm scared out of my mind, I have no idea what I will do if I'm pregnant... I don't even want to think about it, but I know for sure I'll lose Brad. It's all that I don't want.

---

Sam's POV

I told everyone Carly was taking a shower and that she had a case of PMS that only could be solved with sweet popcorn and jelly beans. Of course no one had it on the house so I just told them I would buy it. Freddie wanted to come with me, but I told him he needed to put my bags in the room. Of course he protested, so I grabbed the key and walked away ignoring him. The driving lessons Freddie gave me earlier in January paid off. I didn't have a license but I know how to drive and that's enough for me. I was a little nervous, because if Carly is really pregnant it means Armageddon is about to happen. Nobody could ever imagine Carly Shay being pregnant before me in high school, they usually bet I'll be getting pregnant before graduation, which I don't plan to. Of course one day I wanna have blond haired brown eyed babies, but that's in a far away future.

I walked into the pharmacy and looked around. There was no one but the old lady in the counter, she smiled at me and I smiled back. This is the most embarrassing moment of my life, but Carly needs me and I won't chicken out.

"How can I help you young lady?" the nice lady asked me.

"I need... a... I need a..." I was so nervous I couldn't help but stutter.

"You need a...?"

"A pregnancy test" I whispered.

"Oh" I saw her expression change "I see..." she turned around and grabbed a pink box "this one is the best"

"Thanks, I'll take it" I said grabbing Freddie's wallet that I stole before coming here.

She gave me a stern look but handed me the test when I gave her the money. Great! Now some old lady that I don't even know is eye judging me, kudos to Sam, who just has to help everyone! I came back to the house as fast as I could and ran to Carly's room. In the hallway I bumped into Spencer, and the plastic bag I was holding fell on the floor. Oh shit!

"Sam? What's..." he bent down to pick the box off the floor.

"NO! Spencer!" I tried to retrieve the little box, but he was way taller.

"What's that?" he asked sharply "what does that mean Samantha?" the full name... shit... I'm in trouble, but I can't tell him is Carly's I can't! "Is this yours?"

"It's mine" I lied, but at the same moment those words escaped my mouth I regretted.

"Sam..." Spencer ran his hands thru his hair "Oh my god!"

"Spencer, stop okay? I need you to shut up about it. You can't tell anyone"

"But Freddie..."

"Especially Freddie" this could get me some serious problems with Freddie "you have to promise!"

"Sam, how could you be so reckless" he hollered "how could he be so reckless?"

"Keep it down okay?" I took a deep breath "listen you can't tell him"

"Did you take the test already?"

"No. So shut up" I walked into Carly's room not looking back.

"You got it?" she asked, jumping off the bed.

"Yeah, but Spencer saw it"

"WHAT?" she freaked out.

"Calm down I told him it was mine" I sat on the edge of the bed.

"Oh my god Sam!" Carly started to walk around the place "this is bad, this is really bad!"

"Shay stop! He is not going to tell anyone, now take the test alright?" I handed her the pink box.

"Oh my god Sam, I'm so scared" she said, sitting next to me.

"Everything is going to be alright Carly. No matter what the result is I'll be here for you. Always" I rubbed her arm.

"I confess that I didn't expect to be pregnant in high school" she mused "and I always thought that if one of us would be pregnant that would be you. No offense"

"None taken, I was thinking that myself. I guess I would be if I wasn't with a gentleman like Freddie" I shrugged.

"Yeah... I'm going to pee on the stick" she shook the box and stood up "will you wait with me?"

"Always. Now go. Go, go, go" I shoved her towards the bathroom.

I'm scared shitless, I never thought Carly of all girls that I know would be getting pregnant in high school. She is so good, so... perfect. I always thought I would be the knocked up one, but seems like I was wrong. What am I doing? I don't even know if she is! But either way, this is bad. I'm not sure what's going to happen if she is really knocked up. What will Spencer do? Mr. Shay? Grandpa Shay? Griffin...? Brad...? Poor Brad, this will ruin him. I hope Spencer keep his mouth shut.

To be continued...

## \*Chapter 45\*: iTruths And Elevators

A/N: HEY GUYS! So I was watching the iCTI sneak peeks, and I don't want to spoil anyone, but THE KISS IN THE END WAS OH MY GOD! Handsy Freddie! Handsy Freddie! So perfect! And the way they smile at each other, reminds me of I Will Date Freddie. Sooo cute. Anyway, I need you guys opinion in something. I was thinking about a break up soon. Who wants a break up? Let me know! Anyway, I gotta go, I'm sick (sniff) a very bad flue, and everything hurts, but anyway, gotta sleep, doctor's appointment in the morning! LOVE YA ALL!

---

Spencer's POV

There he was, talking to Brad like nothing was wrong. Laughing like the world is a beautiful place and joking like life is easy. And in the mean time, his girlfriend is taking a pregnancy test. How could he be so reckless? Is hard to believe that Freddie of all people would let something like that happen, but I guess I was wrong about him. He is a hormonal teenage boy after all. And Sam, what a shame, such a smart girl, I thought she would prove everyone wrong when they said this would happen sooner or later. Maybe I was wrong about her too. My baby sister would never let anything like that happen, she is smarter than that. Maybe some kids never learn.

"Spence, honey?" Maya called from behind me "you're distant... what's wrong?"

"Oh nothing, just thinking"

"You've been glaring at the boys for almost two minutes. Something is wrong" she said with her sweet voice.

"Nothing. Everything is okay..." Freddie and Brad were whispering something and then they started to laugh "that's it..."

"And then she said..." Brad stopped talking when he saw me "hey Spencer what's up?"

"What are you guys talking about?"

"Girls" Freddie said nonchalantly.

"Oh, girls? GIRLS!" I clapped.

"Yeah..." he said, looking at me like I was a freak.

"So? What are you talking about? Sex? Intercourse? Unprotected sexual relations? How you're stupid enough to do it without a condom?" I hollered.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Freddie asked, standing up.

"Me? What the hell is wrong with you?" I poked his chest.

"Spencer?" Maya said, holding my arm "baby what's going on?"

"The question isn't what's going on; the question is why this is going on!"

"Dude? Are you high?" Freddie had the audacity to ask me.

"Dude? Are you dumb?" I replied comin closer to him.

"What the hell Spencer? What's going on?" Brad said, staying between me and Freddie.

"I'm so disappointed with you now Freddie" I sighed "I thought you were smarter than that"

"What are you talking about?" he asked almost desperately.

"I'm talking about the pregnancy test your girlfriend is taking right now"

"WHAT?" everyone said.

"What you just heard. I bumped into Sam, and she dropped a pink box on the floor, when I took to give it back to her I saw what it was. A pregnancy test. She admitted it was hers, and she must be taking it right now"

"That's not possible" he scoffed "it can't be hers because we never had sex"

"WHAT?" I asked.

"That's right, we never had sex. I'm a virgin, she is a virgin" he smiled "see. Impossible"

"But she told me it was hers" I said quietly.

"It can't be unless she is doing some sort of experiment" he chuckled "Sam can't be pregnant because she never had sex"

I was lost. If they never did anything then why is Sam taking a pregnancy test? I looked at Freddie, who looked back at me, waiting to hear I was wrong, then I looked at Brad who was pale. Why would he be pale? Unless he knows something. Unless he did something.

"Bradley?" he looked at me and gulped "what do you know?"

Freddie's smile dropped and he looked at Brad with wide eyes.

"I don't know anything" he said weakly.

"Brad? What is he talking about?" Freddie asked.

"I don't know..."

"He knows something. And he is lying. I know a liar when I see one. Sam taught me"

"Brad?" Freddie crossed his arms waiting "Brad?"

"Look, before I say anything I want you to know that I'm not making any assumptions. I just heard something, and I didn't tell you before because... well because I didn't want you to worry in vain..."

"Just say it!" Freddie hollered.

"Alright" he took a sharp breath. I saw Gibby and Tasha walking downstairs "I overheard Sam on the phone with that guy... Pete"

"What were they talking about?" I asked.

"Some dirty little secret. I heard her saying she wouldn't tell Carly or you. That you were oblivious to this kind of things" the look in Freddie's eyes broke my heart.

"I'm sure it's nothing. She wouldn't do this to me" he forced a smile.

"Yeah... I'm sure" I said "but carry on"

"So... I talked to Carly about it and she said she would talk to Sam. Carly told me that Sam told her she was just keeping a secret for Pete"

"What secret?" Freddie asked.

"She said he was in love with Wendy, and she found out, but she was just keeping his secret and that he couldn't tell anyone because Wendy's new boyfriend is a jock and he would break his face" Brad didn't seem convinced with this story, and me neither.

"See..." Freddie said, a little desperately "there! It's nothing!" he chuckled, but the look on Brad's face made him stop "what?"

"I'm not entirely convinced that's truth" Brad said.

"Why not? What are you insinuating? That she's cheating on me?" I had to hold Freddie's forearms "let go of me Spencer!"

"Dude, I'm not insinuating anything alright? I just don't think this is truth, it doesn't mean anything" Brad said in his defense, taking a step back.

"She wouldn't do this to me okay! She wouldn't! You're delusional!" he hollered.

"Then why the fuck is she talking with her ex late at night?" he hollered. Uh, bad move Brad. Bad move.

Freddie stopped moving, I figured he started to considerate what Brad just said. Instead, he jumped on Brad, out of nowhere, tackling him to the ground.

"Freddie!" I tried to take him off Brad, but he was strong as Hulk "Gibby! Little help!"

Gibby came running and helped me take Freddie off Brad. We held him, but he was still moving, his muscles threatening to rip the shirt open, his fists clenched and he breathing was ragged.

"Dude! You're an idiot!" Brad said, wiping the blood out of his mouth "I said that because I'm your fucking Friend and I fucking worry about you jackass!"

"If you were my fucking friend as you say you would've told me when you heard the conversation!" Freddie hollered, trying to escape "let go of me Spencer!"

"I didn't tell you because I didn't have any proof! I didn't want you to get hurt! But seems like that doesn't mean anything to you!" Brad turned to leave but came back again "you know what? Fuck you!" and he left.

"Let me go Spencer!" Freddie was fighting against me and Gibby to let go of him and I have to admit, he was winning "let go!"

"Only if you promise you won't go after him!" I said.

"Fine I won't!" I looked at Gibby and nodded, Gibby released Freddie, but it took me an extra minute to let go. I wanted to make sure he wouldn't follow Brad.

"Don't go after him!" I exclaimed.

"I won't. I have someone else to talk to now"

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#### Sam's POV

Carly came out of the bathroom, holding that little white stick in her hands. I looked at her, her eyes were full of tears and my first thought was... FUCK! This cannot be happening. Carly pregnant at 17? That's wrong, this cannot be happening! This is against the force of nature! I should be the one getting knocked up at the age of 17, not her, this is not normal. I'm the one who supposed to be going to school with a gigantic belly. I'm the one who supposed to be a lousy mother, not her. But I would never be a lousy mother to a baby with Freddie's eyes. His nose. His teeth. His hair... Okay, that's enough! I stood up and walked over her.

"Shay?" I asked quietly.

"It's negative, Sam. I'm not pregnant" she smiled.

"My god..." I sighed "thank god!"

"Sam!" she wrapped her arms around my neck and hugged me. I hugged her back instantly.

"Cupcake! This is awesome!" we pulled away, still smiling. I wiped the tears off her face and kissed her moistened cheek "you're okay" I hugged her again "we're okay now"

"Girls!" Tasha came running into the room "girls!"

"What the heck Tasha?" I asked, pulling away from the hug.

"Something bad just happened" she said breathlessly.

"What?" Carly asked.

"Spencer told Freddie about some pregnancy test" my God no!

"No!" I screamed.

"Yeah. Freddie told him it was impossible for you to be pregnant, because you never had sex. Then Brad told Freddie something about some guy named Pete and Freddie attacked him"

"No, no, no... No!" I hollered "no! Carly! Brad promised! I'm going to lose Freddie! I can't lose him"

"Sam calm down!" Carly held my arms "calm down!"

"No Carly you don't understand! Freddie is going to think bad things! He is going to leave me!" the tears fell from my eyes, like a waterfall.

"He is coming here" Tasha announced "and he's not happy"

"Sam, wait!" Carly held my arm when I tried to exit the room "don't tell him, you can't tell him"

"If I don't tell him I'm going to lose him!" I hollered "he won't tell anyone I promise!"

"No Sam! He'll tell Brad or Spencer! Please!" she begged.

"Okay, tell them it's mine" Tasha said.

"Really?" I asked "what about Gibby?"

"I'll talk to Gibby okay? Just tell him it's mine that you bought it for me"

"Thank you so much" I said "It's okay now Carly. Let go"

"Okay" she sighed releasing me.

When I reached the door, Freddie was there, stiff as a board, glaring at me. His fists were clenched and his breath was uneven.

"We need to talk" he growled.

I looked straight into his brown eyes. I don't want to lose him, I'm scared, I'm so scared he's going to think that I had something with Pete, but I didn't. I don't want anyone else, the only hands I want wandering all over me are his, and no one else's. I love him so much I can't lose him. Not now, not ever.

"Freddie, let's talk I can explain" I tried to touch him but he jerked my hands away "please, it's not what it looks like"

"You better have a damn good reason for be sharing secrets with Pete and buying fucking pregnancy tests, when we never did anything" he growled.

"The test is mine" Tasha said, taking a step forward "I asked Sam to buy it, and didn't tell anyone"

"What?" Freddie looked between me and Tasha, not quite believing us.

"She asked me not to tell anyone, and when Spencer saw it, I freaked out! I didn't know what to do, so I told him was mine. I figured that the dumb ass was going to keep his mouth shut long enough for Tasha to take the test, so we could figure out what to do with the result" I explained.

"Is this truth?" he asked Carly who nodded nervously "okay..." he took a deep breath "but that doesn't explain the Pete thing"

"Let's go to my room and talk about it" I offered him my hand, but he just walked away, ignoring me.

I sighed and followed him, before I exited the room I looked over Carly and Tasha. They gave me an encouragement look, I mean, Tasha did, Carly just looked scared shitless. I followed Freddie into the room and closed the door behind me. His back was turned to me, but I could tell he was pissed. I shouldn't have lied to him, but I also couldn't tell the truth, so I figured he would believe the same story I told Carly.

"Freddie?" I touched his shoulder, and this time he didn't push me away.

"I punched Brad in the face" he whispered.

"What? Why?"

"Because he told me that he didn't believe you" he remained quiet for a while "no... because I didn't want to believe what he was saying" he turned around "I love you so much Sam, tell me you didn't do anything and I'll believe you"

I controlled my tears, preventing them from falling again. Of all things he ever told me, this was the most beautiful of all of them. My word was all he needed, and even knowing that I'm a great liar, all he needs is to hear from me, anything that I have to say and he'll believe me.

"I didn't do anything. I don't want anybody else Freddie. All I want is you since I was fourteen; you really think I would ruin what we have just to fool around with any guy?"

"No" he whispered.

"I would never do that. I love you" I put my hands on his shoulders "the test wasn't for me. I promise you the next time you'll see me next to a pregnancy test will be after we're married"

His eyes went wider than I ever saw then go, and I wondered if I said something wrong. I know guys have a problem with marriage, but I never thought Freddie was one of those guys. And he wasn't, because one second later his lips curved into a huge smile.

"Married? You wanna marry me?"

"Are you proposing?" I scoffed "because if you are, I'll have to say no. We are way too young for that"

"Sam... you know what I mean" his hands went to my waist.

"I wanna get married some day, and have babies, and when I see myself with a family, you're always there by my side. You're the father of my children, you're my husband. You understand now that I don't want anyone else?"

"Yeah... sorry baby, I'm just a little insecure" he sighed "but what were you talking to Pete about?" his eyes got darker again.

"I'm going to tell you, but you have to promise to keep secret" I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"Sure" he nodded.

"Okay, remember that prank in the beginning of the semester? That one with the fire alarm and that a kid got hurt?" I hate to have to lie to him, but it's necessary, I made a promise.

"Yeah, that people thought it was you, but you were with me in the study hall" he sat on the edge of the bed, with me on his lap "I remember that when the commotion happened we hide behind the last bookshelf. I could never forget, I sheltered you with my body. We never had been that close before. And afterwards when we ran, you held my hand"

"Yeah... that was a good day. And I lied, I wasn't going to study hall, but then I saw you. And you were so freaking hot in that shirt I just had to eye sex you"

"Oh! Is that a fact?" he smirked.

"Oh yeah, you have no idea of how many sexual fantasies I had that day. And feeling you so close to me... only made me hornier" his jaw dropped.

"Anyway...." He cleared his throat "back to Pete"

"Okay. I overheard him talking with one of his friends the other day, and I found out it was Pete, who did the prank"

"And why are you keeping this secret?" he asked angrily.

I told him the same thing I told Carly. Do I feel bad for lying to him? Yeah. Do I have a choice? No. he wouldn't understand, and even if he did I made a promise, I can't back out now. Took a lot of convincing, to make him promise not to tell anyone. I played the sick grandma card, and it worked. I hate taking advantage of Pete's sick grandma, but he's doing this because of her, so I figured it wasn't a big deal. He told me the same thing Carly did, to stay away from Pete. I agreed because I don't want to do anything to make him think I feel something for Pete beyond sympathy, because I didn't and never would. After all the talk, we were just sitting on the porch, watching the birds flying.

"I have to apologize to Brad" he said after almost half an hour silent.

"Yeah baby, you do" I said, my head resting on his shoulder, his lap is so comfortable.

"I like when you call me baby" he toyed with my hair "I like it a lot"

"I know" I sighed "go talk to him fudgeface, he was only trying to help"

"I lost control, I'm so sorry"

"Don't tell me this, tell Brad. And go before the fireworks starts. Mama has to eat anyway" I said getting out of his lap.

"Right... I hope he forgives me" he said looking down.

"He will"

I told him to make up with Brad because he was his best friend, but I was a little pissed at Brad. He just made assumptions before coming to me. Of course I would lie to him too, but still, I thought he was my friend too. Apparently, I was wrong. Or maybe not, he probably figured that I wouldn't tell him the truth anyway. I would never tell him something I wouldn't tell Freddie and Carly.

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#### Freddie's POV

I feel like an ass. The first time in my life I have a best guy friend, and I show it by punching his face because he was trying to protect me. I'm an idiot. I looked for Brad everywhere, but he wasn't at the house. Carly told me he went for a walk and I decided to wait for him at the porch. Soon the fireworks would be starting, but I'm not going to spend 4th of July in bad terms with my best friend. After everything that happened today I didn't want any more drama. The single thought of Sam being with someone else made me lose every ounce of control in my body, but I knew she wouldn't do that to me. I spotted Brad approaching the house and prepared myself to beg for forgiveness. He saw me, but didn't walk away.

"Hey" I said coyly.

"Hey" he said looking down. I noticed the spot where I hit him was red.

"Look man I'm sorry okay? I didn't mean to hit you, I wasn't mad at you; I was only out of my mind. I'm so sorry, I feel horrible" I snapped.

"It's fine. I should've told you sooner, but I didn't want you to think that I was insinuating things without proof" he shrugged "I probably should apologize

to Sam"

"Yeah. I know that you're only trying to help and I'm sorry for the way I acted. I never had a best friend before, only the girls. I still don't know how this" I motioned between us "works"

"Me neither, but I guess we can figure out right?" he smiled.

"We can" there was a moment of silence "so? We're good?"

"Yeah dude"

"I'm sorry"

"Stop saying that!" he punched my shoulder. I never realized how skinny Brad really was "once is enough"

"Okay... promise no more secrets and lies? We'll tell each other everything now okay?"

"Sure thing" another awkward moment of silence "so... awkward guy handshake? Or sappy hug?"

"Awkward guy handshake" I said, offering him my hand.

He took my hand and we nodded, one second later, I don't know how we got there or who grabbed who but we were hugging. I patted him in the back and he did the same to me. It was a harmless friendly hug, but I gotta confess it made me happy. Like I said before, I never had a guy friend, well not a best guy friend anyway.

"Awwwww..." Carly said, next thing I heard was a click.

"Sam" we said, breaking the hug as fast as we could.

"Oh come on dorks! I never saw a nerdly hug, I needed a picture of this moment" Sam smiled.

"So everything is alright?" Carly asked.

"Not quite" Spencer said behind them "we have to have a talk, Sam, Freddie? We need to educate you about some... things"

"Oh no Spencer!" Sam whined.

"Yeah, go educate Gibby! The test was Tasha's" I said. I swear that maybe, from the corner of my eye, I saw Sam shaking her head and Carly muttering no... but it was too late. "Shit!"

"What?" Gibby hollered.

"Gibby... baby..." Tasha came from behind him.

"Gibby!" Spencer yelled "have you no shame?"

"Okay, settle down people" Maya said "Tasha? The test was yours"

"Uh" Tasha looked around, then took a sharp breath "yeah"

Next thing I know we hear loud thump and just like that Gibby was on the floor. Oh great. Half an hour later, after a lot of freaking out, Tasha explained to Gibby the test was negative, and he managed to calm down. I'm still surprised that he had sex. He had sex before me. Jesus, Gibby had sex. UGH! I don't want to get the visual, but the image doesn't come out of my head. Everything is okay now. Brad is not mad at me anymore, Sam wasn't cheating on me, and Tasha is not pregnant. Everything is fine.

"Come on girls! We're going to miss the fireworks!" Spencer hollered.

"What's up with girls? Why do they need three hours to get dressed?" Brad mused.

"We're going to the beach for Christ's sakes!" I hollered.

"I was finishing my make up!" Carly said coming downstairs.

"What do you need make up for? It's the beach" I said.

"Shut up Freddie" Brad said, looking at Carly like she was a mirage "you look amazing"

"Oh, it's your eyes" she said, batting her eyelashes. That's... a little pathetic, and it's coming from me.

"Okay Barly... enough with the sappiness" said Sam coming downstairs.

Jesus! She was pretty! Sam is not very fond of dresses, but when she wears them... my god it's worth the view. She was wearing a white dress, very loose with thin stripes and a black belt and black flip flops. Man she looked stunning. I guess my jaw was on the floor, because when she stopped in front of me she put her hand under my chin and closed my mouth.

"I know I look hot" she shrugged "let's see the fireworks"

"Let's go people, it's starting" Maya said dragging Spencer out of the house "we don't wanna miss it!"

We went out to the beach to wait for the fireworks. I hugged Sam from behind and she rested her head against my shoulder. Somebody put music on; somewhere in the beach near us Semisonic's *Closing Time* was playing. *I know who I want to take me home, I know who I want to take me home, take me home*. It was a quite nice song actually. I started to move to the sides, my arms wrapped around Sam.

"This is really nice" Sam said when the fireworks began "thank you"

"For what?" I whispered.

"For not being mad at me anymore" she said gingerly, gazing the sky.

"I don't have a reason. Right?"

"No. And thank you for stand up to your mom. I really wanted to be with you for the 4th of July" she whispered shyly, playing with the hair on my forearm.

"I really wanted to be with you too. So don't thank me" I kissed her ear.

"Okay... let's enjoy the fireworks then" she said, snuggling closer to my chest "no talking"

"No talking"

I looked around. Gibby was calmly sitting on a chair holding Tasha's hand. Spencer was lying on sand with a blanket underneath him and Maya by his side. Brad was sitting on a beach chair with Carly behind him, her legs and arms wrapped around him while she toyed with his hair and he rested his head on her shoulder. I looked over at Sam, so beautiful, with her eyes half open. She seemed so peaceful right now. I'm so glad the drama is over. Everything is fine.

*Closing time. Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end.*

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General POV

They arrived at the Bushwell Plaza the next day. Meanwhile, Mrs. Benson kept her promise and called Freddie only five times, just to see if he was okay, and he was. More than okay. Sharing a bed with Sam made him happy all day long. Nothing happened beyond some goodnight make out session and some groping fest, because although he wanted to take things further, losing his virginity in a house full of people wasn't the idea of *special* he had in mind. He wanted this to be something Sam could never regret. Spencer dropped Gibby and Tasha at his house and drove Brad to his. Sam was going to stay at Carly's, that wasn't a surprise, since her mom went to New York for the 4th of July.

"It's so nice to be home" Carly said, dropping her bags on the floor "I think I'm going to unpack. Spencer carry my stuff upstairs?"

"Why does it have to be me?" he whined.

"Because you're my brother, Brad is not here and Freddie..." she looked around "well, he is eating Sam's face"

"Fine. But after this I'm going to Maya's" he looked at his girlfriend who was drinking a peppy cola.

"Just go put the bags upstairs so we can see a movie" she smiled.

"Be right back!" he exclaimed and ran upstairs.

"Thanks" Carly grabbed an apple out of the fridge "So? You're not going to really watch a movie right?"

"No..." Maya trailed off feeling embarrassed.

"It's okay" Carly shrugged "Yo Seddie!"

"What?" Sam asked annoyed, breaking the kiss.

"Break it off! Freddie, don't you have to go home and tell your mom you're alive?" she pointed.

"Yeah I do" he kissed Sam again "I'll be right back baby"

"Take your time" Carly hollered from the kitchen.

"Shut up Shay! Okay!" Sam locked lips with him one more time.

"Okay, let's go" Spencer said, grabbing Maya by the hand "I'll be back... when I'm back" he ignored Carly's eye roll and left.

"I should get going too..." Freddie nuzzled Sam's neck "miss ya already..."

"Oh please! Don't do this in front of me!" Carly whined "can you keep your mouths to each other? At least when Brad is not around?"

"Fine. Go" Sam shoved Freddie out of the door "get back soon!"

"Oh thank GOD!" Carly hollered grabbing Sam by the wrist "we need to talk, let's go upstairs"

Carly shoved Sam into her room and kicked the door, not enough to close. She wanted to talk to Sam since she got the result from the pregnancy test, but there was always someone around. The truth was, she felt relieved, but also felt like shit for not telling Brad the truth and almost cause Freddie to break up with Sam and Brad in the same day. Carly Shay couldn't deal with guilt, she wasn't good at it and keeping things inside only made her feel worse. She couldn't take her long and relaxing showers because Spencer would know something was wrong. Long story short, she was a mess.

"What?" Sam asked sitting on the bed.

"I feel like shit" Carly sighed and sat close to her friend.

"Why? The test was negative, you're not going to be a teenage mom, so? What's wrong?"

"I don't want to start my relationship with Brad by keeping secrets. I mean... he is so nice... I hate lying, you know I do!"

"Yeah, it sucks... but do you think you can deal with the consequences of telling him? I mean you don't know how he is going to react"

Freddie went home and dropped his bags on his bedroom. Mrs. Benson hugged him tight, and took Gun Smoke's big arms to make her let go. When

he got into his bathroom he realized he had taken Sam's phone instead of his own. Grinning, he put his shirt back on and walked to Carly's apartment. Nor Sam, nor Carly were in the living room, so he figured they would be upstairs. Not bothering to call out their names, he just went upstairs looking for his girlfriend. When he reached Carly's room, the door was a little open, and he could hear their voices.

"So what do you think I should do? Do you think I should tell Brad?" Carly asked.

"I don't know kid. But I think it's you should at least relax since the test was negative" Sam replied.

*What? What was she talking about?* Freddie wondered. *I mean, it's a good thing that Gibby is not going to procreate, but what that has to do with Brad?*

"Thank God! I can't even imagine what I would do if I was pregnant... I mean Spencer would freak out!" Carly said a little horrified.

*What? The test was Carly's? What the fuck is going on?*

"Yeah, it would be more logical if I was pregnant at seventeen and not you" Sam scoffed "but I guess neither of us will get knocked up any time soon"

"I want to be a mother... just not now" Carly sighed.

*I can't believe it! Brad didn't even tell me that they... oh my god, is everyone having sex before me? My life sucks!*

"I can't even begin to imagine what Brad would do. I mean, he would leave me that's for sure"

*No he wouldn't! He is not a jackass!*

"You would be fucked up! I mean... having Griffin's baby? EW! He is a jerk-face" Sam said.

*Griffin? Oh no... she didn't... how could she do that to Brad?*

---

Freddie's POV

Why? Why would she do that to Brad? What's wrong with her? Brad is such a nice guy and she goes behind his back to do it with that jerk Griffin? Man, what's wrong with this girl? Now I get why Sam said the test was hers, she couldn't tell Spencer it was Carly's.

"I'm not going to tell him. Let's leave the past behind" she sighed "what he doesn't know can't hurt him right?"

"I don't know Carls... that's what you wanna do? Lie to him?"

"All I know is that I don't want to tell him"

That's it! What am I supposed to do? Sit back while she keeps this from him? And who did it once can do it again. I'm not going to let her do that to Brad, not again, he deserves to know. I pushed the door open... no scratch that, I kicked the door open making Sam and Carly stand up in one quick motion.

"What the fuck Carly?" I hollered.

"Freddie..." she tried to explain.

"How much did you hear?" Sam asked.

"Enough to know what she did. What the fuck? Why did you do this? Why?"

"Freddie it's not what you're thinking" she began but I interrupted her.

"It's not what I'm thinking Carly, it's what I heard!" I hollered.

"Freddie shut the fuck up!" Sam said a little too calm.

"No Sam, I won't I can't believe it! How could you cheat on Brad?"

"What? No I didn't cheat on Brad!"

"Oh, so you sleeping with Griffin is not cheating?" I scoffed.

"It was before. It was before I even went on a date with Brad" she hollered.

"Oh..." I trailed off.

"Carly... tell him the truth" Sam said.

"Okay... sit down Freddie, let me tell you a story"

After Carly told me what happened I had one thought in my mind: *I'm going to kill that motherfucker!* Sam had the same thought I did, for the look on her face, but Carly forbid us, she said it would draw too much unnecessary attention and drama, and she didn't need that. I can't believe Carly would fall for the *I need a love proof* shit, I thought she was smarter than that and apparently so did she.

"Okay, I won't do anything, but you gotta tell Brad" I warned her.

"Why? This is over, we don't need to bring it up ever again"

"Carly... I don't care, he deserves to know the truth, you can't fool him like that"

"But Freddie... what if he leaves me?" her eyes were full of tears... but Brad deserves the truth, I don't care what comes next, he needs to know.

"You gotta be honest. Yes, there is the possibility that he might break up with you, but you've got to deal with the consequences of your mistakes"

"He's right Carly" Sam backed me up.

"But..."

"No! You tell him or I will" I told her "do it soon"

"I will..." she sighed "I'm afraid"

"It's okay Carls... it will be okay, but you need to be honest" Sam told her.

"Alright... I'll tell him tomorrow" she wiped the tears of her face.

"Group hug?" Sam asked.

"Sure thing" I said, opening my arms "you're sure you don't want us to break his face?"

"No... I'm fine" she said, snuggling into my chest.

Sam smiled at me and I smiled back, hugging her tighter. We hugged for about a minute, when my phone beeped. It was text message from my mom.

**From: Mom**

**Fredbear, Lewbert didn't deliver the mail today, can you go downstairs and get it?**

**Thank you little bunny!**

"I gotta go do something for my mom" I announced.

"Ah... no! Come on, you just got here!" Sam whined.

"I know babe. I'll be right back she just wants me to get the mail" I kissed her nose "I'll be back real quick"

"Okay..." she sighed "I'll be waiting"

"I'll be back" I kissed her one more time.

Carly has two days to tell Brad, if she doesn't do it, then I will. I know this will break his heart, but since it was before him, it isn't all that bad. I wanted to kill Griffin, he is such an asshole, but it wasn't all his fault, Carly is a grown up girl and she should know better. I pressed the elevator button, waiting and thinking. I'm so grateful that Sam and I don't have secrets, well... not anymore. When the doors opened I saw Patrice inside... great! I'm not sure what to do now...

"Get in Freddie... I'm not going to bite you" she said with a smile.

"I don't know if I should..." I trailed off.

"Oh come on! You asked me to back off and I didn't, didn't I?" she said annoyed.

"Yeah but..." Sam is going to go batshit crazy if she finds out "I don't think it's a good idea"

"Listen, I'll stay in this corner of the elevator..." she leaned against the right corner of the elevator "and you can stay in the other corner"

"Okay..." I got into the elevator and practically morphed into the left side wall "alright... lobby?"

"Lobby" she pressed the button.

This is too weird. I mean... last year she used to avoid me when we were into the elevator together, even though our mom's were friends and we were in the same class. And now... now she is sneaking glances at me when she thinks I'm not looking... this is all too weird. Thank God she didn't try to start a conversation, because if she did I wouldn't be sure of what to do. Two floors beneath mine the power died. Great! FUCK!

"Shit! The power is dead! Shit, shit, shit!" I hollered.

"Oh my God... do you have a light or something?" she asked.

It was pretty dark inside the elevator, and I couldn't see shit. Okay... alright... it's alright. I grabbed my phone and pressed any button.

"I have my cell phone... fuck this is bad!" I put my hand on my head.

"I hate darkness..." she confessed "God... I wanna get out of here!" she screamed punching the doors.

"Hey... hey" I held her wrists "relax okay? I'm pretty sure the power will be back soon"

"I don't like... to be... in... spaces... dark... closed..." she said breathlessly.

"Okay Patrice you have to calm down alright..." I rubbed her arm "you'll be okay... you're not alone, I'm here"

She nodded and wrapped her arms around my neck, shaking. Shit! So much for being a gentleman... Man, what do I do? Do I push her away? Do I pat her in the back and ask her to back off? What should I do? I didn't have to do anything because she let go of me and sit on the floor, sobbing. Okay... I don't like to see girls crying... shit, what did I get myself into?

---

Sam's POV

I was sitting on Carly's loveseat with her head resting on my lap. She was sad, and scared to tell Brad the truth and lose him. But we all have to deal with the consequences of our mistakes. That was deep, and made me shiver a little bit. The day will come when I'll have to tell Freddie the whole truth, and honestly I don't know how he will react. I guess that he will be upset because I lied, but once he knows why I lied, maybe he'll forgive me. I was rubbing Carly's arm when suddenly the power died.

"Shit!" I hollered, almost threw Carly on the floor.

"Oh my god..." she sniffed "the power died"

"Freddie... he was going downstairs... let me call him" I searched desperately for my phone dialing his number.

"Do you think he's still in the elevator?" Carly asked standing up.

"Oh my god you're right... pick up Freddie...! Oh hey, where are you?" I asked when he picked up.

*"I'm stuck in the elevator"*

"Oh my god... what floor?"

*"Two floors bellow you... Sam I need you to calm down..."* he whispered.

"What? Why? What's wrong?" I freaked out "are you hurt?"

*"No... uh... I'm not alone in here"* I could hear him gulping.

"Oh no... Is that bitch in there?" I growled.

*"Yeah... but relax okay, everything is fine"*

I don't know if my breathing was uneven, or if I was hyperventilating, but I felt out of breath. That bitch... with him... alone in the dark... inside a small elevator...

"Sam? Sam?" next thing I knew Carly was shaking me "Sam!"

"Sam? Are you okay?" Freddie asked.

"I'm going there, keep talking. Stay on the phone with me... don't stop talking" I ran out of Carly's apartment, with her following me right behind "you said two floors right?"

*"Yeah. Sam you don't have to worry... be careful okay, the stairs is dark!"* Carly grabbed one of Spencer's flashlights and lit up the way.

"Just stay on the phone with me Freddie!" I ran to the floor he was, faster than I ever ran before "what is she doing now?"

*"Nothing... Sam this is ridiculous, you need to relax!"* he whispered.

"I don't care! Just stay on the fucking phone!" I hollered "okay I'm here" I banged on the elevator door "Freddie?"

*"I'm here!"* he yelled *"my phone is dead... my battery is gone!"*

"It's okay. I'm here now..."

"Sam... you got to calm down alright" Carly said from behind me.

"Carly?" I whispered.

"Yeah...?"

"Patrice is in there with him!" I hissed.

"Holy shit!"

"Yeah!" to my relief the power came back "Freddie! The power is back... try to open the door!"

*"Is not opening!"* he banged on the door.

"Oh my god..." I walked around in circles "Carly...? Go get Lewbert!"

"Okay" Carly disappeared.

"Freddie! Talk to me!" I hollered.

*"I'm okay... I'm here... I'm-"* suddenly there was a loud bang.

"Freddie? Freddie?" I banged on the door "what the fuck just happened? Freddie? Are you in there?"

---

#### Freddie's POV

I don't know what happened, in a minute I was talking to Sam, the other the elevator was moving, and I heard a loud bang. I looked around, Patrice was on the floor, knees pressed against her chest, arms wrapped around her legs and head down. I moved closer, trying to see if she was okay. Doesn't matter what she did in the past, what matters is that she needs help right now and I'm not a jerk.

"Hey? Are you okay?" I asked, pushing her hair out of her face.

"I'm fine... what happened?" she sobbed.

"The elevator moved... I don't know where we are, nothing is working" I said, sitting next to her "are you okay?"

"Why do you even care?" Patrice lifted her head and I could see that she's been crying.

"I would do this for anyone" I rubbed her arm "I don't know how long we're going to be here, so I need you to relax okay?"

"You should hate me. I tried to sabotage your relationship. I'm a bad person" she started to cry again.

"Listen... I don't think you're a bad person, you're just a little..." bitchy?

"Bitchy?" she added with a laugh.

"Well..." I trailed off.

"Is the only thing I know how to be..." she confessed.

At that moment I felt sorry for her. What kind of person thinks that about herself? She's just reminded me of Sam, always thinking less of herself.

"Patrice I'm sure that's not truth" I wrapped my arm around her shoulders.

"Oh but it is... I've been told" she chuckled "this" she pointed at her body "is the only good thing I have and I thought that if I offered it to you, you would like me back... but you're different"

"I don't know who told you this, but I know he was a jerk, or her. I'm sure there is so much underneath all this" I squeezed her arm "but if you can't see it, then nobody will"

"You're so different from everyone I've ever met... I thought you would feel attracted to me, and at the beginning I only wanted to corrupt you. But after that day in the hallway when you told me to back off... I don't know, I saw you, I really saw you and you were different from every guy that I've met. You made me want to be better"

I didn't know what to say. I loved Sam, and I was certain of that, but hearing these things made me a little flattered. I remained in silence for a while, I never had to reject anyone before, I didn't know how to do it, and now she's telling me these things... I don't know how to react.

"It's okay you know? You don't have to say anything" she shrugged "it's just the way you talk to her... nobody ever talked to me like that"

"I'm sorry... listen I don't know who told you that you're nothing more than your body, but he or her is wrong" I squeezed her "I'm sure of it"

"Oh, but you don't know half of it... if you knew... you would think the same thing they do" she sobbed.

"Try me. Tell me" I said seriously "come on, you can trust me, I won't tell anyone"

"Not even Sam?" she wiped the tears off her eyes.

"Not even Sam" I reassured her.

The idea of keeping any secret from Sam does not please me, but what else can I do? This girl seems so damaged, so broken, and I have a superhero complex, I just have the need to help everyone that needs. Maybe there is more to her than I care to imagine, maybe she's just like a wounded animal. You don't always have to sacrifice it; sometimes you only have to remove the thorn.

---

#### Carly's POV

"So? Come on Lewbert where are they?" Sam hollered at that useless doorman "do something! Open the fucking door!"

"Samantha? Calm down" Marissa put her hand on Sam's shoulder.

It was Spencer's idea to tell her what was going on. When she walked like crazy into our apartment, he couldn't shut up. I thought she would freak out, but she remained calm while Sam lost her mind. Gun Smoke knew a guy who fixes elevators, but Lewbert is being a bitch about it. I guess that's just jealous that Gun Smoke is Marissa's boyfriend. Sam was close to break his face. Spencer and Maya were there too, and even Brad. I was feeling extremely uncomfortable around him.

"Calm down? My boyfriend is stuck inside a fucking elevator with that bitch and you tell me to calm down?" she screamed.

"Sam, you need to calm down, acting like this is not going to help" Gun Smoke said.

"Where is my daughter? Is she okay?" Patrice's mom came running "where is she Marissa?"

"We don't know yet. But don't worry, Freddie is there with her" Mrs. Benson comforted her.

"UGH!" Sam growled, earning a glare from Mrs. Benson.

"She's fine" Marissa reassured Patrice's mother.

"You don't understand, she is claustrophobic... she can't be in closed spaces for too long"

"They're at the basement" Loone, Gun Smoke's friend said "I think I can fix it from there"

"Let's go! What are we waiting for?" Sam growled "Let's go, let's go people!"

"Alright, alright!" Spencer said.

"Hey baby" Brad wrapped his arm around my shoulder.

"Hey... listen honey, we need to talk afterwards okay?" I whispered.

"Sure. What about?"

"Just stuff... let's go"

Loone, was trying to fix the elevator doors, but it was hard for him to do that with Sam yelling at him. The first thing she did when we got there was bang on the door and ask Freddie if he was okay. He said he was fine and asked her to calm down. Of course she didn't, and I understand, I mean, imagine having your boyfriend stuck inside a elevator for more than half an hour and with a girl who has the hots for him? It sucks, I know I would be freaking out right now.

"I'm almost there..." Loone said.

"Then do it! Come on!" Sam growled "hurry up"

"Sam... calm your tits" Brad said earning a glare from Sam "Freddie is fine. Won't you man?"

"Yeah... it's just a little hot in here, but other than that, we're okay!"

"Hot? HOT?" Sam yelled "what does that mean?"

"He's talking temperature Sam" Brad patted her shoulder, but she pushed his hand away.

"Yeah baby, it's really stuffy in here"

"Alright... I'm done" Loone pressed a button and suddenly the elevator's doors opened.

"Thank God!" Sam yelled throwing herself at Freddie "are you okay?" she asked, climbing on top of him, arms and legs wrapped around him, her head pressed against his shoulder.

"Yeah I'm okay..." he rubbed her back "just a little sweaty. You shouldn't hug me... I'm disgusting"

"I don't care Benson!" Sam said, glaring at Patrice, who just exited the elevator.

"Oh honey" Patrice's mother was hugging her daughter, but not the same way Sam was hugging Freddie "are you okay?"

"Yeah mom... I'm fine" she wiped the sweat out of her forehead "I'm fine now" she sneaked a glance at Freddie, who smiled sympathetically.

"Okay, let's go home" Patrice's mother took her home.

"Can I hug my son now?" Marissa asked Sam, who had her arms and legs wrapped around Freddie.

"No" she whined, face pressed against his shoulder "I'm not letting go"

"Sam..." Freddie chuckled "I'm all covered in sweat, I'm disgusting"

"I TOLD YOU I DON'T CARE!" mumbled against Freddie's shoulder.

"Come on Sam, we all want to hug him!" Spencer said.

"Don't care" she held him tighter "you're okay right, baby?" I could hear her whispering.

"I'm fine blondie" he rubbed her back and kissed her shoulder.

Freddie pulled away just a little bit, enough to kiss her. And oh boy he kissed her, like we're not even there. I knew Sam and Freddie liked to suck on each other's faces, but I never imagined it was like this... with such passion. Mrs. Benson seemed very uncomfortable about that, so she cleared her throat.

"If you don't let go, I'm going to hug you too" Mrs. Benson said.

"Fine, you got one second" Sam pulled away reluctantly, crossing her arms.

"Thank you" Marissa glared at her "I was so scared honey"

"I'm fine mom" he whispered.

"Enough... Carly is your turn" Sam yanked Marissa off Freddie and shoved me against him "make it quick"

"Okay, alright" I chuckled, wrapping my arms around his broad shoulders.

I hugged Freddie very quick, making room for Spencer and Maya. Gun Smoke shook his hand and patted his shoulder. When was Brad's time, Freddie offered his hand, and Brad took it, using it to bring him closer to a *manly hug*. Sam yanked Brad off him, just like she did with Marissa, throwing herself at him once again, wrapping her legs and arms around him. Marissa complained that it wasn't an *appropriate position*; Sam just stuck her tongue out at her and buried her head against Freddie's shoulder. Lewbert told us to get out of there, and we're all headed to our destinations. Spencer went back to Maya's, Marissa and Gun Smoke dragged Freddie back to the apartment. Sam refused to let him go, so he carried her there with him, while Brad followed me back to the apartment. Every step I took, my heart sank a little bit. I was scared shitless that he was going to leave me after what I had to say. I never found someone as good as Brad, and now I'm about to lose him. Life is so unfair. I opened the door and threw myself at the couch, sighing. It's time...

"Brad, please, sit here with me" I patted the spot next to me, telling him to sit down.

"What's up honey?" he kissed my neck.

"Brad we need to talk" I sighed.

"What about?"

"Yesterday"

"Is this bout my fight with Freddie, and the things I've said? Because we've work this out..." he explained "but I know that I still need to apologize to Sam"

"No... it's about the test... listen, not matter what happened in the past, you are the coolest guy I've ever met. I like you so much" I fought the tears that were threatening to fall.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, a little confused.

"The test... was mine" I confessed.

"How? We never did anything? Unless..." he trailed off.

"It was before you. It was before we even went to prom, or on a date, or even kiss. This was before I even like you the way I like you now..." I mumbled "you gotta know that I never cheated on you, this was way before us... please don't break up with me" my tears fell against my will.

"So... it was before me?" I nodded "tell me what happened"

---

Sam's POV

"So?" I asked him when he exited the bathroom.

"So?" he replied while drying his hair.

"What happened inside that elevator?" I snapped, unable to hold back anymore.

"Nothing. she just sobbed the whole time, something about having claustrophobia or something" he shrugged.

"Oh..." I watched he putting a shirt on "so?"

"Sam... please stop. Alright?" he said with his back turned to me while he brushed his perfect hair.

"What?" I sat on his bed.

"Nothing happened. Absolutely nothing. I mean, she was too terrified to make a move on me" he sat next to me on the bed.

"You swear?"

"Yeah. I swear" he crossed his fingers "she's not that bad you know" he said after a while.

I looked at him, shocked. How dare he say that? The girl tried to break us up more than once and he's defending her?

"What? Did I just heard I think I heard?" I snapped, standing up in one quick motion.

"Okay listen, I didn't say I was in love with her or something. I just said she wasn't all that bad" he shrugged.

"Freddie... I swear to God!" he raised his hand for me to shut up.

"Look, you wanna know what happened in there?" I nodded "we talked. We had a conversation; I was trying to distract her so she wouldn't freak out" always a gentleman.

"What did you two talked about?" I asked cautiously.

"You" he said simply.

"Me?" great, she tried to poison him again.

"Yeah" he smiled.

"What about me?"

"She said that she thought it was very sweet the way I talked to you. Or about you. She said no one ever talked to her like that"

"For obvious reasons" I scoffed.

"Sam..." he glared at me "let's not judge what we don't know"

"See? You're defending her again" I protested.

"No, I'm not" he put his arm around me "look, forget it okay? Forget about her, she's not trying to break us up anymore. And even if she did it wouldn't work"

"How do you know that Fredward?"

"Because I do. And even if she did, it wouldn't work, because I love you and I wouldn't want anyone else" he kissed the side of my head "let me take you home, tomorrow I have to wake up early to pick up my glasses. My mom paid them an extra for they to make it quick, she thinks that I'll go blind or something"

"Oh..." I smirked "can I come along?"

"No. But I'll come back to your house... I want it to be a surprise, besides we can't afford having you pouncing me in the streets" he smirked and I shoved him.

"Stupid cocky nerd" I smiled, he was right, I would pounce him as soon as I saw him wearing those glasses.

"Let's go princess. Let me take you to your castle" he bowed.

"Nerd..." I followed him out the door, holding his hand "you swear right?" I asked when we reached the hallway.

"Swear. I'll come by really early, so be awake" he pressed the elevator button.

"No, that nothing happened. You swear nothing happened?"

"I swear to God!" he crossed his fingers "nothing will ever happen, because I'm too busy loving you, so forget about that. You don't need to worry" he rubbed my arm.

"Won't you scared?" I asked him pointing at the elevator.

"About what? The elevator?"

"Well, this shit just malfunctioned today... don't you think it could... I don't know... break again?"

"Loone fixed it, didn't he? And besides... I don't think is all that bad get stuck with you inside an elevator" he wiggled his eyebrows.

"You're such a boy" I chuckled, following him inside the elevator.

"At least you admit I'm one" he shrugged pressing the lobby button.

"Yeah, yeah... but you're the girl in this relationship" I mocked.

"Ha, ha" he wrapped his arms around my waist, bringing me closer "so that makes you a lesbian" he whispered against my lips.

"Shut up" I smacked his shoulder.

Freddie drove me home and we said goodbye quickly, because Mrs. Benson kept calling him to go home. I hate when she does that, and she does that every time we're making out. Talk about cockblock. I know that she puts up with me because of Freddie, and although she's treating me better, I'm sure she still thinks that I'm going to corrupt her oh-so-innocent-son. I do want to corrupt him someday, but I'm pretty sure Freddie isn't oh-so-innocent anymore. He told me nothing happened with Patrice, then nothing happened. Freddie can't lie, he's never been good at it, and probably never will. Besides, I trust him with my life, I know he wouldn't lie to me, and that was the certainty which helped me sleep. Freddie wouldn't lie.

He wouldn't lie to *me*.

## \*Chapter 46\*: iHeartbreak Warfare

**A/N:** Hey guys! Who's excited about iLove You? I'm dying over here! Anyway, check out my first oneshot ever! It's called *Untouchable* and it was inspired by Taylor Swift's song with the same name. Anyway, don't you guys think a break up would be fun? Like, add a bit of drama, and when they get back together will be so intense. Come on guys, it will be fun! Think about it. Love ya all!

---

Sam's POV

When I got home, I put on one of Freddie's shirts; I recently stole from his bedroom. I wanted to feel his scent when I went to sleep, it made me feel so comfortable, and safe, protected from all the evils in the world. It's stranger how safe he makes me feel, when I'm a girl who's completely capable of protecting herself. I never needed anyone's protection before, not in a physical way, but whenever he's around, I feel like the world is a safe place, and nothing bad can happen to me. Whenever his arms are around me I feel like anything can hurt me, like he is a strong shield, always ready to protect me. That used to bother me, but now, I just... got used to it. And most important, I feel like he is a layer of protection to my not so strong heart.

I smiled, looking at his *Penny Tease* shirt, it's one of my favorites, the way it hugs his muscles... oh my! When I laid my head back on my pillow, my phone beeped. I growled, nights are very important to a Puckett, and we don't like to be disturbed. I looked at the screen, it was a text message from Freddie. Okay, he can bother me.

**From: AlFreddo**

**Love U princess Puckett.**

**Goodnight, dream with me 3**

I smiled again, knowing that he meant it, and that I probably would be dreaming about him anyway. He meant it every time he said he loved me, and I knew it. I grabbed a handful of his shirt and sniffed it. Cinnamon and vanilla, he always smelled like that, so damn good. I would close my eyes and dream, about him, like I always do. Once, Freddie told me that we dream about what we think about, and I thought about him, all the time. It was annoying to say the least, but afterwards I came to accept it was inevitable. Now, everything is better, because I know that when I wake up he'll be there, with open arms, waiting for me.

**Night Sir Dorks A Lot**

**Love you too 3**

I texted back, before drifting into a good night of sleep. It felt like a few minutes since I closed my eyes, when I felt a pair of soft lips kissing my neck. Moaning, I shifted a little bit, then a felt a warm breath on my ear. I thought, *well, I'm having one of those dreams again*, but then I felt a strong hand travelling down my sides. The same hand stroked my cheek before planting a soft kiss on the side of my head. I moaned again in delight. This is a very good dream.

"Wake up Princess Puckett" he whispered into my ear.

"Freddie?" I asked, sleepily.

"Yeah, it's morning. Come on baby" he kissed behind my ear.

"Mmmmm that's good" I purred.

"I know... but I have something better for you, now wake-wake"

"This isn't a dream? You're really here?"

"Does this feel like a dream to you?" he asked, sucking the skin above the collar of my shirt.

"Mmmmm Freddie" I finally opened my eyes, smiling at him "morning dork"

"Morning demon" he nuzzled my neck.

"How? What? Why?" I pulled him down, on top of me.

"It's ten thirty and your mom opened the door for me" he put his arm around me, making me lay my head on his chest.

"Is she home?" I asked, putting my leg above his.

"No, beach" he caressed my thigh.

"So? You said you had something good for me" I said, hoping it involved bacon, or ham.

"Oh, right. Go ahead, brush your teeth and hair, wash your face and meet me in the living room" he kissed me one more time before leaving.

I brushed my teeth and used strawberry mouthwash, washed my face and brushed my hair, putting a little bit of Nina Ricci's cologne Freddie gave me for Christmas last year. I smiled at the apple-shaped-perfume-bottle that he got for me. I always thought he would give Carly something like that; instead he gave it to me. He got her a pink girly shirt, that Carly loved, but I knew she was expecting to get the perfume. But he gave it to me.

When I got to the living room, the first thing I saw was Freddie's butt. His back was turned to me, and I couldn't help but notice that he had a great butt. *Baby got back*... ew, disgusting. AlFreddo was doing something in the dining room table, so I wrapped my arms around his waist, kissing his back.

"Good smell" I commented, at the smell of coffee and bacon "watcha doing?"

"Breakfast" he got out of my way so I could see the table "coffee and donuts from Starbucks, waffles and cupcakes from Amazing Glaze, and I just fried some bacon. Oh, and ham"

"Fredbear! Oh my god this is awesome!" I threw myself at him, rewarding him with a passionate kiss.

"Mmmmm, strawberry" he licked his lips.

"You're the best Benson" I pecked him one more time.

"I try" he shrugged "let's eat princess"

"Alright" I eagerly plopped down on the chair.

The breakfast my amazing boyfriend just prepared for me was as amazing as him. He knew how much I liked Starbucks, so he bought it for me on his way to my house. How great is this boy? He's the best boyfriend in the history of boyfriends, and I don't know how I got so lucky, maybe I did something very good in my past life, something worth deserving him. but sometimes I wonder I really do.

"So? Did you get the glasses?" I asked, watching Freddie stuff the dishes inside the dishwasher, cause mama don't do dishes.

"You bet" he turned around to look at me smirking.

"Show me! Show me!" I bounced.

"Alright" he said, leaving the kitchen "let me get it" Freddie opened the front door and walked to his car, opening the door and getting something out of it.

"Hurry dork!"

"You're going to love it" he showed me the large black box "now you can insult me in" he opened the box "nineteen different ways" he put on a pair of nerd glasses. (picture on my profile)

Oh my god. He never looked so hot before in his life! Well, maybe naked, he did look pretty hot naked. And with that fencing cloth... but this, this is something else entirely. I gapped at him for at it seemed like eternity. Freddie Benson looked insanely hot, unbelievable sexy!

"So? What do you think?" he asked, walking towards me, closing the front door with his foot.

**(A/N: I wrote the next scene listening to John Mayer's *Slow Dancing In A Burning Room*, and it was perfect, I just thought you guys should try it too)**

I couldn't say anything, only grabbed him by the lapels and pushed him, until he was sitting on the chair again. Those glasses were the hottest thing I've ever saw, and damn he looked good on those. He so reminded me of Clark Kent. I slowly sat on his lap, straddling him, but I didn't do anything else, because I was too busy staring at his adorable dorky face. How can someone look so damn good and still be a nerd? Freddie smiled at me, his hands going to my bare thighs, stroking it. It was a very sweet gesture that made my whole body shiver. He put his hand on the back of my head and brushed his lips with mine. We shared a very slow kiss that set fire at my skin, and soon I felt my whole body burning up with desire. That was the slowest kiss in the history of kisses, which only made me even more riled up, it was so damn hot, the way his moistened lips danced against mine. His tongue pushed past my teeth, finally finding mine, and wrapping around it, very slowly.

He retrieved his tongue, only to suck on my bottom lip. I let out a guttural growl, when I felt his hands coming under my shirt, gripping my hips and grinding me down against his now growing erection. I made an eight motion with my hips, on top of him, very slowly, making him growl a little. His hands went to my ass, inside my underwear, squeezing me. I threw my head back, breaking our slow torturous kiss. Freddie quickly brought his mouth to my neck, sucking, biting and nibbling it. I moaned, grinding my hips against his one more time, feeling how hard he was. His hands, travelled up to my chest, inside my shirt, giving my nipple a nice squeeze. Freddie Benson is very handsy, but hey, I'm not complaining!

"Oh... Freddie... God... so... oh... good" I moaned.

"Mmmmm" he groaned against my neck.

"Ah..." I tugged on his hair, feeling his teeth sinking into my skin "oh god"

"God Sam... please, I can't take it anymore... let's... let's..." his breath was so ragged; it only made him hotter "let's do it"

I froze. He wanted to... go there... holy cow! Not that I didn't want it, because I did, very much, but this was the first time he voiced it. I could feel how much he wanted it, the bulge inside his pants was poking me between my thighs. And I wanted it too... so much, but I couldn't help being a little nervous. This would be our first time, and I have no clue of what to do.

"You're okay...? We don't have to do it. I'm sorry... I'm an ass" he apologized.

"Benson... you can be so damn dumb sometimes" I chuckled "of course I want it. I want it more than I ever wanted anything in my whole life. You're all I want!"

"Thank God..." he sighed "because I want you so much. I'm trying to resist, I don't want to you to feel under pressure, but it's killing me. I dream about you, and whenever I'm awake I think about you. I want you so much. I want to have you. I need it"

By the end of his speech, I could feel a new wave of hot liquid leaving my center, I wanted him, and I wanted now. Of course, I was nervous, and a million things were going through my mind, like *did he already know this was going to happen when he came around today?* Or *how long have he been planning this?* Or *is he as nervous as I am?* But I shook the thoughts away, trying to focus on the feelings he provided me.

"So? Say something Sam, you're making me nervous here. Do you want this? Because if you don't..." I grabbed his hand and planted a soft kiss on the palm.

"Let me show you how much I want it..." I put his hand inside my underwear, letting him feel how wet I was "can you feel it?"

"Oh god... yes..." he started to rub my folds, and I gripped his wrist "Sam..."

"I want you Freddie... so much" I threw my head back, feeling his thumb circling my clit, slowly "oh!"

"Let's... go to... bedroom" he stuttered.

"Yeah" I was unable to speak, feeling his soft fingers rub against my core "yeah"

He took his hand off me, and picked me up, carrying me into my bedroom. I wrapped my arms around his neck, and started to kiss wherever I could reach. He stumbled around, with me on his lap, but managed to find his way into my room. We fell backwards onto the bed, not letting go of each other, kissing and touching wherever our hands could reach. I tugged on his shirt, begging him to remove it. I wanted to feel his warm skin against my hands.

"I love you..." he mumbled, ripping his shirt out of his body "so much"

"Oh..." he lay back on top of me, kissing my breasts through my shirt "I love you too..."

Freddie pulled away to yank my shirt off my head, and I couldn't help but feel we were going way too fast. I knew he was desperate to get rid of some clothing so he could feel me, but I wanted our first time to be slow and sweet. Freddie started to suck on my nipples, his hands on my hips, pulling me up to my knees. He pulled away breathless, his eyes wandering around my body, making me feel nervous again.

"What?" I asked, trying to cover my breasts.

"No! Don't... do that" he gently jerked my hands off my breasts "you're so beautiful, Sam. You have no idea"

He kissed my hands, and placed them on his shoulders, smiling as he did. Soon, his hands were on my breasts, massaging them. I sighed at the feeling, his hands were magical, strong and gentle, no one could ever touch me the way he did. Freddie leaned down, sucking on my nipples, making me throw my head back and moan. He's so talented with this mouth of his, it drives me crazy. I pawed his back, feeling his teeth grazing against my skin.

"Oh god... oh Freddie..." he put his hand on my shoulders, pushing me down, and lying on top of me.

"I wanna make you feel so good..." he said, gripping my underwear with his teeth and taking it off.

"Jesus Christ..." his wet tongue started to make slow circles on my thighs "AH!"

Freddie, kissed behind my knees, then my upper thigh, making his way to where I wanted his mouth, but he never got there. Instead, the bastard smirked, biting my hipbones, then sucking my upper thighs again. He was so close to where I wanted him, but he was being a bitch by not going there. I lifted my hips off the bed trying to get closer to him, but he only chuckled and started to lick my navel.

"Freddie! Damn it! Can you see how much I need you? God I need you to touch me there!" I hollered.

"Oh really? Where? Here?" I said, thumb pressing against my clit.

"YES! GOD! FREDDIE!"

He kept rubbing me, slowly while I moaned, and God it was so good! But I wanted to touch him, I wanted to feel him. I started to tug on his belt, trying to unbuckle it. He jerked my hands away and stood up, undoing his belt and yanking his pants off in one quick motion. He took a deep breath and came back to the bed, lying on top of me. I felt his hard-on pressed against my thigh when he laid on top of me, kissing me passionately.

"I love you Sam" he said, before kissing my neck "so fucking much"

"Me too... oh!" I hollered, feeling his tip grazing my entrance "Freddie..."

"Can I? God I need it!" he said, moving against my folds, just waiting to get in "god, I need you now!"

"Wait..." I said, trying to push him off me "Freddie, wait!"

"What? Did I hurt you? I didn't even... put it in yet" he said, looking down to see if he had hurt me or something.

"No, you didn't... it's just, god..." I was shaking all over, and not of pleasure, but because I was so nervous "the condom, you didn't put it"

"Oh right..." he practically ran off me, reaching for his pants, looking for a condom "damn it! I don't have it!"

I breathed, feeling relieved for some reason. I wanted to do it, so why the hell I was so nervous? I could not explain why I felt so relieved he didn't have a condom, because I'm not going to do it without it.

"Don't you mom... you know... have it?" he asked nervously.

"I guess... I can look if you want" damn it, I couldn't stop shaking.

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#### Freddie's POV

I was sitting on Sam's bed, tapping my foot on the floor, waiting for her. Damn it, I should walk around with at least five condoms in my wallet, now that I'm going to really use them. I'm getting laid, how great is that? No, wait scratch that, I'm making love. Finally, God know I want that so much, and not just the sex, I want everything, to feel as close to her as possible and share this moment with her. Sam came back, and smiled at me nervously, showing me the condom.

"Okay..." I stood up, grabbing the package and wrapping my arms around her waist "I love you"

"Me too" she kissed me, and I could feel she was trembling. This is her first time, so it makes sense. But I'm going to make this worth.

I picked her up, bridal style, laying her on the bed. I kneeled in between her legs, and ripped the foil package open. I swear I saw a little bit of fear in her eyes, but then she smiled at me. I smiled back, rolling the condom on my erection, bracing myself for the most incredible experience of my life. Before taking my place between her legs, I kissed and nibble thighs, making her gasp. I kissed my way up to her mouth, licking her bottom lip. I adjusted myself between her thighs, preparing myself to meet heaven, when she pushed me away.

"What's wrong?" I asked, stroking her cheek.

"Uh... ah... I know I said I wanted this... but I think you'll have to tell me what to do... I don't... I'm so, nervous" her breath was uneven, and she was shaking all over.

"Oh... okay... are you okay? Did I hurt you?" I asked, adjusting my weight.

"No, I'm fine, it's just... I have a lot on my mind right now... I mean... doesn't matter" she said, kissing me.

I adjusted myself again, brushing my tip against her entrance. One small thrust and I would be inside of her heat. God! I need this so much. I went to kiss her neck, and she shifted a little bit.

"What are you thinking right now? In this exact moment I mean... are you nervous too?" she mumbled.

"A little" I sighed "I wasn't doing much thinking though"

"Oh my god I'm sorry Freddie... I'll shut up now, yeah, I'll do that" she put her hand over her mouth.

I sighed, not sure if she wanted his as much as I did. But as much as I did, I loved her, and this is not the way I pictured our first time. I removed her hand of her mouth, putting it around my neck, so I could kiss her.

"Sam, it's okay if you're not ready" I sighed, and kissed her nose.

"I'm fine... won't you nervous...? I mean... don't you worry about anything at all?" she was shaking so much it kinda scared me.

"I love you. You know that right?" I stroked her hair.

"I know, I'm sorry... I'll shut up now... yeah, I'll shut up" she nodded frantically.

"We don't have to do anything okay? I love you no matter what" I said, rolling off her.

"Sorry, I'm so, so sorry. I want this, I do, it's just... I don't know, I'm nervous" she laid her head on my chest "sorry, I'm so sorry"

"Stopping saying that, you did nothing wrong" I wrapped my arms around her "we rushed into this, and that's not how I want it to be"

"Okay... but I hate to see this going to waste" Sam wrapped her hand around my dick.

"Oh... it's okay, really" I sighed.

"I know" she removed the unused protection out of my erection and kissed my chest "but there's something else I can do"

"Oh..." before I could say anything, Sam had me on her mouth, sucking me slowly "GOD!"

I knew I wasn't going to be able to hold on for too long because I was really riled up from our previous attempt to have sex. When she started to bob her head, I knew for sure I was going to cum soon. See, I was waiting for this since before we're official, and I really wanted it, but there was something else I wanted more than sex, and it was making Sam happy. I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if she regretted this moment, so I decided to calm down and relax, our time is going to come. The right moment, the right day, the right time, I just have to be patient.

"Sam... I'm not... going to... oh my god... hold up for too... long..." I said between moans.

"Mmmmmhmmm" she released my manhood with a pop "it's okay Freddie, just do your thing" and then she started to lick my shaft.

"Oh... I'll... let you know..." I groaned, throwing my head back "so you can... back... off" my hips started to thrust up inside her mouth.

"Benson..." she sucked the tip of my manhood briefly "don't worry about that! Better yet... I know something else I can do"

Sam stood up, pulling me up with her. She made me sit on the edge of the bed and kneeled before me, stroking my thighs and smirking at me.

"You're going to like it" she whispered.

I was shocked, to say the least, when I felt her putting my so called *rocket* between her breasts. I couldn't help but groan when she leaned down, taking me inside her mouth as well. God this is so frigging good! Sam squeezed her boobs, making friction for me, while bobbing her head faster.

"Sam... god... Sam, I'm... Jesus!" I gripped her hair "I'm going to explode!" I hollered.

She increased her pace, letting me know she was ready to take whatever I had to give her, and I got the feeling it was a lot. I never been so horny in my entire life, and I don't think I ever been so hard. It was like all the blood in my body went straight to my erection.

"AH!" I cried, feeling my orgasm building up inside of me "SAM! SAM! SAM!"

She stopped squeezing her boobs to play with my balls, and damn that was my breaking point, she knew I loved that. This girl doesn't play fair, but I wouldn't want it any other way. She stopped sucking on me only to bent down and lick my balls.

"Ah... oh... Sam..."

I knew that when she took me back into her mouth I was going to explode. And she did, bobbing her head twice, making me cum. I gripped her sheets so tight, my knuckles turned white.

"Sam... love you... so much!" I hollered, riding my orgasm out of my body, before collapsing into her bed.

"Mmmmm" she kissed my tip, then my chest, then my neck "that was intense, wasn't it?"

"You... have... no idea" I panted.

"I kinda do" Sam laid her head on my chest "I really like the sound of your heartbeat"

"Well, I like everything about you, so..." I shrugged.

"Mmm, I know that" she snuggled closer to me.

*When she was just a girl, she expected the world, but it flew away from her reach, so she ran away in her sleep. Dreamed of para-para-paradise. Para-para-paradise. Para-para-paradise. Every time she closed her eyes...*

"My phone" I said getting up.

"No, don't answer it!" Sam grabbed my arm, not letting me go.

"Sam, it can be important" I chuckled.

*Ooohh. When she was just a girl, she expected the world, but it flew away from her reach, and bullets catch in her teeth.*

"Sam, come on" I tickled her.

"Fine..." she finally released me, and whistled.

"What?" I asked, bending down to take my phone out of pants' back pocket.

"Your ass is sooo nice"

"Back at you cuteness" I looked at the screen.

"Who is it?" Sam asked.

"I don't know... hello?"

*"Hey Freddie..."*

"Brad?" Sam growled.

*"Yeah... listen... I need a favor..." he trailed off.*

"Sure, what do you need?"

*"You see, the thing is... I'm... in jail"*

"WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?" I hollered.

"What's going on?" Sam said, getting up.

"Brad? What the hell happened?"

*"I'll explain everything, just... can you bail me out? I don't wanna call Carly, or my parents" he said a little ashamed.*

*"Ok... I'll do that... I'll be there in a sec" I said, picking up my pants off the floor.*

*"Thanks man, I'm in the police station down town, ten minutes from the Bushwell"*

"Kay... I'll be there. Bye"

"What happened Freddie?" Sam asked, handing me my shirt.

"Brad..." I dressed up real quick "is in jail"

"What the fuck?" she hissed "why?"

"I don't know. I'm going to bail him out"

*"I'll go with you" she said, picking up her underwear and dressing up real quick.*

*"No, listen, there is no time, do me a favor and go to Carly's okay? Stay there with her" I kissed her forehead "I'll be there as soon as I get Brad, alright?"*

"Okay... call me if you need anything"

"Bye"

I drove like Paul Walker in *Fast and Furious*, passing two red lights, and getting an angry honk from four or five cars. I had a feeling this *jail thing* had something to do with Griffin, but I never thought Brad would be the type who punches and kicks. Shit! Griffin is way bigger than Brad, I hope he's not in bad shape. Before going to the police station, I stopped at the bank to get some money. I'm really sorry I wasn't there to see this shit go down, and hold Griffin's arms for Brad kick his face!

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Brad's POV

I was sitting on my cell, massaging my soared jaw. This shithead Griffin deserved worst, I should've break all of his bones. I know I'm not a beefy guy, with monster biceps like Freddie, but after everything Carly told me, I just went batshit when I saw Griffin. The thought of what he did, made my blood boil with rage, of course I know that Carly was there too, and that he didn't force her into doing it, but still, he was a jerk and I wanted just to break his cocky face. Speaking of Griffin, my adrenaline rush did some damage to his jerk face. I looked over him, who was sitting on the floor of the cell next to me and laughed.

"What are you laughing at? Scrawny boy?" he asked, pressing toilet paper against his bloody nose.

"You're face, shithead!" I cracked up.

The situation wasn't funny, I was sitting on the floor of a dirty cell in the police station, but it was all worth it. I regret nothing. Then Griffin started to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" I growled.

"Just at some memories... you know, I remember the night I deflowered your girlfriend..." he laughed "man she was tight"

If the bars weren't there, I'd be kicking his face already. I got up, bailing my fists, banging against the iron bars, and he laughed, because he knew there was nothing I could do.

"Hey, settle down" the officer said "Bradley Gellar?"

"It's me" I said, trying to calm down, because I didn't need any more problems.

"You're good to go. Your friend paid the bail" he said, opening the cell "try not to get into anymore trouble kid"

"Sure" I nodded.

"What about me?" Griffin growled.

"Nobody paid for you yet, so you stay right there pretty boy. Come on, kid, your friend is waiting for you"

"Thanks sir"

Freddie was waiting for me; I have to pay him back for that. He had his arms crossed, and a scowl on his face, I guess he's not very happy to be here.

"I'll pay you back" I said.

"No problem man, it's not my money anyway" he shrugged.

"Not your money?"

"Long story. Let's go, I wanna get out of here" he yanked my arm.

"Okay"

Ten minutes later, we're sitting in his car, in front of the Bushwell Plaza, quietly. It's been like this since we left the police station, I had no idea what was going through his mind right now. Before I could say anything, Freddie burst into laughing.

"Man... oh god..." he said, cracking up "I... you're... in... jail! Holy shit!"

"Not funny" I said, laughing anyway.

"It's a little funny. Too bad I didn't get to see his face. Did you beat the shit out of him?" he snorted.

"I messed him up real good"

"You don't look so bad by the way" he said pointedly.

"I guess I was blind with rage" I shrugged "I hulked up"

"True. I wish I could've seen it" he snorted.

"Yeah... it would be fun to watch I guess" we stayed silent for a few seconds "thanks for coming"

"Nah, that's what friends do" he said, giving me a little shove.

"I'll pay you back"

"Don't worry"

"What do you mean when you said *not my money*?" I asked gingerly.

"It's my father's. I have an account where he deposits money every month, so technically it's not my money" he said matter-of-factly.

"Oh. You never really told anything about him"

"It's because it doesn't matter. Let's go upstairs" he exited the car.

"I don't wanna tell Carly what happened. When I left yesterday, I didn't really talk to her about... *the whole thing*" I got out and closed the door.

"Man up, you'll have to talk to her sometime. Besides, it was before you, so technically she did nothing wrong, other than being stupid, she didn't commit any crime"

"I know... it's just... I don't know, I guess I have nothing to complain about. But I spent the whole night thinking about it, and before I knew I was here in the morning, I didn't know exactly what I came here for, but when I saw Griffin exiting the elevator, with that cocky smile of his, I just... I don't know went batshit. Before I knew it Lewbert was calling the cops" I said when we got into the elevator.

"Yeah man, I know what you mean. The thought of another guy with his hands all over the girl that you love can make any guy go crazy"

"I guess. By the way... about yesterday"

"What about yesterday?

"What really happened inside that elevator? Because we all know Patrice has the hots for you, and I can't believe she sat on the floor and cried the whole time"

"Well, she did. And we talked a little bit. She told me a few stuff about her life, and actually I came to realize she's not that bad" he shrugged.

"Dude... you're sure it's not another scheme to ruin your relationship with Sam?"

"No, I mean, you weren't there... you didn't hear what I heard. You didn't see what I saw. You can't understand" he said, toying with the elevator's button.

"Just be careful"

"I will" the doors opened "we're here"

"Okay... let's do it"

I was nervous as hell, I didn't know what to say to Carly. I wasn't exactly mad at her, and I had no reason to be, maybe I just wished she told me this before. Apart of me wanted her to be honest, but I guess that's no important right now, since this whole shit went down before me, it doesn't matter anymore. I know she likes me. Freddie opened the door, and I saw Sam and Carly on the couch. Carly had her head on Sam shoulder and I guess she was crying. The moment she saw me, her eyes went wide. I guess she noticed my purple chin, the only place where Griffin was able to hit me.

"Brad!" she exclaimed, running towards me, wrapping her arms around my neck "are you okay? Are you hurt? Oh my god!"

"I'm fine Carly" I rubbed her arm.

"Why did you do this?" she said, pulling away to kiss wherever she could reach "stupid! You're stupid Brad!"

"I'm fine. I just had to do it. When I saw him... I went crazy!" I said, grabbing her arms.

"Brad... please... say something, when you left yesterday you didn't say anything..." she started to cry again "I'm so sorry I didn't tell you before... I just..."

"Hey, hey... I'm not mad at you baby" I wiped her tears away.

"You're not? You're not breaking up with me?" she sobbed.

"No. I won't... I swear" I kissed her forehead "it's okay now. I just wished you've told me sooner"

"I was afraid of what you're going to think of me..." she looked down.

"Carly... honey, the past doesn't matter okay? I love you" I cupped her face "I love you, the rest doesn't matter"

"I love you too" she smiled "so much!"

"Good... that's all I care about" I kissed her passionately.

"Uuuuuuh Carly!" Sam said *"it's getting hot in here, so take all of your clothes!"* she sang.

"Shut up Sam" Carly chuckled "I'm sorry" she rested her forehead against mine "does it hurt?"

"A little. You should see him though..." I snorted.

"Does it make you feel better?" she said before kissing my chin.

"Uh... a little" I shrugged.

"What about now?" she kissed my lips.

"Now it's good" I hugged her tightly, never wanting to let go.

I looked over Sam and Freddie. He had his arm wrapped around her shoulders and she had her arm around her waist, both of them were smiling. I remembered something I still had to do, so I pulled away, earning a quizzical look from Carly.

"Sam?" I said quietly.

"Yeah Brad?"

"I'm sorry. About the whole Pete thing. I didn't mean to jump into conclusions, and I should've come to you. I'm sorry I ever thought you'd be cheating on Freddie, I know how much you love him. I'm sorry, you're my friend and I should've given you the benefit of the doubt, but I figured you wouldn't tell me something that you were hiding from Carly and Freddie"

She stared at me for a few seconds, before smiling at me "Yeah, it hurt a little, but it doesn't matter, you are right. I wouldn't tell you anyway. But I guess it's alright though, we're good" she shrugged.

"Thanks dude" I offered her my hand and she took it.

"You're welcome dork" she said, shaking my hand.

"Oh come on!" Freddie said.

"Yeah... hug!" Carly said.

"HUG! HUG! HUG!" they said.

"Fine!" Sam said, wrapping her arms around my neck, while I wrapped mine around her waist.

I smiled at Freddie, who smiled back, but before I knew it Sam was giving me a wedgie.

"Sam!" I cried.

"Now we're good!" she laughed, patting me on the back.

"Sure" I said, rubbing my lower back.

"Bradley!" Spencer came in running "what are you doing here?" he hissed.

"What did I do?" I asked, confused.

"Lewbert told me you got arrested! I don't think my baby sister should be anywhere near an ex-convicted!" he growled.

"Spencer! Shut up!" Carly yelled.

"Carly!"

"No! Wanna know why he was arrested?"

"Carly...." Sam gave her a look "I don't think is a good idea"

"I don't care! Spencer!" she hollered "he got arrested because Griffin lied to me so I could sleep with him! Before Brad of course, then I found out that he wasn't going to leave his girlfriend, he just wanted to sleep with me. So, the pregnancy test was mine, because I was late and I thought I was pregnant, but I'm not"

"What?" Spencer asked quietly.

"That's right, and Brad saw him today and he couldn't help it. I would've done the same and so would you!" Freddie told Spencer.

"Carly? The test... was yours?" he asked shocked, plopped down on the couch "Carly? Why?"

"I was stupid Spencer. I was stupid okay? I guess I was desperate for romance, that I thought he could give me, but he couldn't. It was my mistake" she started to tear up again.

"Oh my god... you're not... you're not... anymore?" he asked, freaking out.

"No. and I regret that every day. I should've saved myself for someone I love..." she said looking at me.

"Baby... I don't care about that. I really don't" I rubbed her arm.

"I'm going to kill that son of a whore!" Spencer got up, red in anger but Freddie managed to grab his arms "let me go Freddie!"

"No, you can't do that! Calm down!" Freddie shoved Spencer on the couch "he's in jail, Brad broke his face"

"You did?" he asked me.

"Yeah. I did some damage to his face" I said proudly.

"You're sure you're okay, right?" Carly asked, touching my chin slightly.

"I'm fine, honey. Really, I'm okay" I kissed her forehead.

"Spencer... I'm sorry" Carly whispered.

"You know what could happen if that test was positive? What do you think it would happen? Carly, you could've ruined your life!" he said getting up.

"I know, and I'm sorry. You have no idea how sorry I am. Punish me, ground me, yell at me! Do something!"

"I'm not going to do that..." he sighed "I'm so disappointed at you now" I saw Carly's face almost break "I thought I knew you, now I'm not so sure"

"Spencer... come on!" Sam said.

"No Sam!" he hissed at Sam "stay out of this. I'm not going to ground Carly, you've been punished enough. You'll have to live with this regret forever, but that doesn't change the fact that I am disappointed. I thought you were smarter than this"

After Spencer left, probably headed to Maya's, Carly fell on the floor crying. I kneeled next to her, rubbing her arms and she buried her face on my shoulder, sobbing.

"It's okay babe, he'll come around. You'll see" I whispered.

"Yeah Carls... he'll get pass this. Everything will be fine" Sam said.

"Guys... can you, like... leave?" Carly asked, face buried against my chest.

"Okay. Take a good care of her Brad" Freddie said, grabbing Sam's hand.

"I will. Bye, thanks again man"

"No biggie" he nodded and left, carrying Sam with him.

"It's okay babe. Come here" I picked her up and sat on the couch, adjusting her head on my lap "everything is going to be fine. I promise"

---

Freddie's POV

Drama, drama, drama. I hate drama, I'm a very quiet kind of guy and all this soap opera thing is getting on my nerves. Of course I would do the same thing Brad did, without a doubt, and I wish Spencer wasn't so hard on Carly. Okay, his *I have the perfect little sister* fantasy is dead, and I get why he is upset, she is his little sister and he's supposed to take care of her no matter what, and still he couldn't prevent this from happening. But he also has to accept that everybody grows up, and Carly is a teenage girl, she's not meant to be perfect, no one is.

"What a morning huh?" Sam asked me.

"Yeah... lets go inside and watch a movie. Just you and me, let's eat and relax okay?" I kissed her neck.

"Crazy ain't home?" she purred.

"No. Work..." I unlocked the door "Whatcha wanna watch?"

"Charlie and the Chocolate Factory"

"Oh, we can't watch that"

"Why?" she took her jacket off, throwing on the couch and lying down.

"I don't have any candy here, and we can't watch Willy Wonka without candy" I stated.

"Very true" she sighed "let's see Star Trek then"

"You wanna see Star Trek?" I asked surprised.

"The new one I do... with Zachary Quinto... oh so hot" Sam sighed.

"Ha, ha!" I growled "hotter than me?" I asked, playing with her feet.

"No..." she kneeled on the couch "no one is"

"Good to know" she grabbed me by the collar of my shirt and kissed me deeply.

"But you have food right? It's noon and mama's starving!" she caressed her stomach.

"I can order some. Chinese?" I grabbed the phone.

"No... tai food!" she bounced "I wanna have something different today, Fredspock"

"Sure thing, Princess Uhura" I kissed her again.

Sam managed to eat three times more than me, and I wondered, how come she has such a smoking hot body? I mean, the girl eats like a truck driver and still is skinny and curvy, how the hell she does that? God, I've got a good one here. My eyes left the screen, to glance down at Sam, who had her head on my shoulder, she was paying attention to the kisses between Spock and Uhura inside the elevator. I love the way her hair naturally surrounds her face, shiny soft golden locks, bouncing every time she moves.

"What you're looking at?" she said, not looking at me.

"You... god, you're so pretty. I always wonder why you would wanna date me. you can have any guy that you want, you know that?"

"Benson..." she sat up, cupping my face "I already have the only guy I want, and I don't need anyone else. And how come you don't know why I like you? You're hot, smart, sweet, very talented with our hands and mouth. You make my heart skip a beat. Do you know how hard this is? I'm Sam Puckett, my heart only beats faster for food, and you. On top of everything, you love me back and I trust you with my life! How come you don't know why I love you?"

"Wow..." I didn't know what to say "wow Sam"

"Yeah, yeah. I have my moments" she shrugged "now come to mama"

"Oh, I thought you wanted to see Spock!" I scolded.

"You're my Spock" she yanked me down by the collar of my shirt, making me lay on top of her.

"You know... actually, I kinda have a Spock costume..." I smirked.

"Oh my gosh... the ears?" I nodded "the blue clothes?" I nodded again "the... wig?" I nodded, opening the first button of her shirt.

"All. Of. It" I whispered.

"Go get it!" she demanded.

"Nope... I'll save this for a special occasion" I unbuttoned another button of her shirt.

"You suck" she put her head on the back of my head and kissed me.

I lowered my head to lick her collarbone, making her moan. I love the little sounds she makes whenever I touch her. The whimpers, the pants, the gasps, the moans... she's so perfect it amazes me. I'm still dazed about how we ended up here. Sure, I remember that kiss in the lock-in, and how it triggered everything. I also remember feeling a sting in my chest when I saw her mood. Somewhere in the back of my mind I thought *please don't be in love with someone else, please don't have feelings for someone else*. Sure, I was happy for her, she found love, but honestly, I didn't want her to be with Brad or anyone else for that matter, I guess I secretly hoped that one day we might break the thin line between love and hate. However, when Carly said *please, for Sam* I knew I should help, because if that meant Sam would be happy, so would I, even if I wasn't.

I pulled away, propping on my elbows to look at her.

"Thank you" I said softly.

"For...?" she was playing with the hair in the back of my head only for the sake of touching me.

"For being brave enough to kiss me in the lock-in, for loving me and for not being in love with Brad. Thank you"

"You're welcome, but Brad's not my type... too skinny. But, I'm not so sure you're thankful" she smirked "I don't quite believe you"

"Oh, is that so?" what if I prove it to ya?" I wiggled my eyebrows.

"Mmmmm... and how are you planning to do that?" she bit her lower lip, only to tease me, she knew it drove me insane every time.

"Like this" I kissed her passionately.

My hand went inside her shirt to caress the soft skin of her stomach. Sam squirmed a little bit, wrapping one leg around my hips. I moaned, feeling her lift her hips upwards to grind against mine. My hand traveled up to her breast, giving her a good squeeze inside her lace bra, making her groan. My other hand, found her thigh, gripping at it. She tugged on my hair, making me hiss in pleasure and yelp in pain. I loved how she was able to inflict pain in me and make my eyes roll to the back of my head in pleasure at the same time, she was the only one who could do it.

That familiar feeling of pressure started to increase inside my pants, and I knew that soon I would be blue. Damn it! I better cool off a little bit! I've been extra riled up for a while now, but I didn't want to force Sam into something she wasn't ready for. I need some air, to regain my sanity and calm down. I sat up, straightening my hair and shirt, trying my best to breath in a steady pace. Sam propped on her elbows and glared at me.

"What. The. Hell?" she raised one eyebrow.

"I... ah... uh... we're missing the movie" I pointed at the screen.

"You think I care?" she started to crawl towards me, like a wildcat.

"Sam... I... I really don't think we should be doing this right now... maybe we should cool off a little bit. My mom can get in at any moment and I- I couldn't say anything else, now that her lips were on mine again, and soon we're making out again.

"Shut up Benson..." she growled against my lips, pulling me on top of her again "touch me"

I obligated, how could I deny such a request, from the hot blonde laying beneath me? She bit her lip with anticipation, arching her back further into me, whimpering, longing for my touch. I lowered my head again to breathe on the crook of her neck, and I could see her skin shivering. With a loud *mmmm Freddie*, she wrapped her legs around my waist brining me closer as humanely possible.

"Ah Benson..." she moaned, pawing my back when I started to deliver wet kisses all over her throat "I love your lips"

"What about my hands?" I asked, letting my hand slide to her heat.

"Oh... Jesus!" Sam arched her back even more "I love that too! Yes, I do!"

My blonde goodness started to move her hips against my hand, begging me to rub her, but I wanted to hear her say, I wanted her to ask for it.

"What are you doing?" I asked, holding her hips still.

"Touch me" she panted.

"I'm touching you Sam" I squeezed her womanhood.

"No... rub me!" she put her hand over mine and tried to make me move it, but I wasn't having it. I kept my hand still.

"Ask nicely" I whispered into her ear.

"Fucker!" she growled.

"Oh no, not yet... and that's not nicely!" I squeezed her again, pressing my thumb where her clit should be.

"Freddie..." she writhed, her other hand gripping the couch, until her knuckles turned white "please baby please... oh please!"

"Okay... that's nice" I moved my hand, rubbing her through the fabric of her pants slowly "is that good enough for you?"

"No... unzip my pants..." she thrust upwards against my hand "stick your hand inside..." she moaned "feel me, I'm so wet already"

"Oh shit Sam!" I groaned unable to control myself. Cool off my ass, she wants to drive me insane? Two can play the game.

"Oh God, just stick your hand inside!" she hollered, as I kept my slow pace, rubbing her over her jeans.

*Click.* Somebody unlocked the door. Shit, I should've known better than to make out in the living room. Sam and I jumped to a sitting position, fixing our hair and clothes, I put on a cushion on my lap and she cuddled next to me pretending to be watching a movie.

"Fredbear..." my mom trailed off when she saw Sam "Samantha"

"Marissa" Sam nodded, with a serious expression on her pretty face.

"Hello there" Gun Smoke greeted us, and stayed behind my mom, just so he could hold her forearms if she decided to jump on Sam.

"It's late. What you two doing here?" she crossed her arms over her chest.

"Watching Star Trek" I pointed at the screen.

"Samantha should be home by now. I'm sure her mother is worried about her"

"My mom? Nah, don't think so" Sam chuckled.

"Speaking of which... I haven't met your mother yet Samantha" my mom stated.

"So?" Sam shrugged.

"So, I would like to meet her, since I know Freddie already met her, I think I have the right to meet her too. If you two someday decided to..." she gagged a little bit "get married, we'll be in the same family, so I demand to know her!"

"Mom... do you really think this is necessary? I mean, really?" I asked.

"Nah, it's okay Fredery, if Marissa wants to meet Pam, then let her meet Pam" Sam said matter-of-factly.

"You're sure?"

"Yeah, whatever" she shrugged.

"Good. Tell your mother I'll be cooking dinner Friday, I want you and her here at seven thirty"

"Just so you know..." Sam got up "Pucketts are never in time, and we don't eat any of the health food you stuff Freddie with, so if you wanna cook instead of going out, cook some ham, or fried chicken. And she's currently on a relationship, and going strong, which is rare to my mother, so her boyfriend is coming too"

"Fine. I can do that. Friday, don't forget"

"Okay" Sam smiled "drive me home Freddieyo" she offered me her hand, and I took it, intertwining our fingers.

"I'll be right back mom" I waved goodbye.

My mom and Pam, in the same room for the whole night? Why do I sense disaster? I mean, they are totally the opposite of each other, and crazy on their own way. I just hope we can all make out alive afterwards.

---

**I'm going to spoil you guys a little bit, I'm writing this chapter called *iMother, Mother* here's a little sneak peek:**

*Freddie's POV*

"Are you nervous about tonight?" she smiled sympathetically.

"No... I just... I guess I'm a little tired" I shrugged.

"You're sure?" just then Sam's phone started to ring. She looked over the screen and I could swear I saw something wrong with the look in her eyes, like she didn't want to answer it but probably should.

"Who is it?"

"My mom, gotta get this. Be right back" she kissed me in the side of my head and left.

*There was something wrong about that phone call, whenever Pam called, Sam just groaned but answers her anyway. She has this look on her face, like she's annoyed by the call but happy her mother cared enough to call. I was one hundred percent positive that wasn't Pam. What to do? I can't ask her, she'll just lie to me, and I also can't eavesdrop, that will be wrong. But what if she's talking to Pete? What if he's calling her again, trying to get closer to her? Man, I gotta stop being paranoid, if she's saying that's her mother, then that's her mother and period!*

## \*Chapter 47\*: iMother, Mother

Sam's POV

"Get out of here" he opened the door "go! Get out!"

"Freddie..." I tried to touch him, but he pushed me.

"Get the fuck out of my room Samantha"

"Okay... I'll go. You need time to think. I'll talk you... just think about it Freddie..." I begged.

"I'm not going to ask you again... get the hell out of my room" he shoved me out of his room "get the hell out of my house!" he shoved me out of his apartment, choking on his words "get the hell out of my life!" he said before closing the door at my face.

My legs gave up and I fell to the floor, and broke down crying. That was it. That was the end. I sobbed silently, burying my head on my knees, wishing the ground would open and swallow me. I shouldn't do what I did, but it was better for us. Why can't he see it? Why is this so hard? Why does this hurt this much? It's like my whole body aches, like his words ripped through my insides, and shattered my heart. I needed to get out of here, but where to? I couldn't tell Carly anything yet. I didn't want to go home and face Pam, and I also couldn't go to Wendy's, because that was the most stupid idea ever. So I called the only person I knew that wouldn't judge me.

"Sam?" he said sleepily.

"Can I come over?" I choked.

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### A week earlier

"That wasn't half as bad as I thought it would be" I told Freddie when he pulled over in front of my house.

"I told you it wouldn't be that bad" he smiled at me.

We just arrived from Marissa's birthday dinner. A whole bunch of Bensons were there, imagine the torture. But most of them were actually pretty nice towards me, aunt Jennifer, uncle John and Stephanie were my favorites. Jennifer can cook very well, and unlike Marissa, she isn't a neat-freak, who only cooks disgusting things that supposed to be *health*. Who cares about tofu and shit? Crazy people, that's who. Uncle John was a marine guy, so he automatically bonded with Gun Smoke. They told me some interesting stories about war and shit, and I'm pretty sure they used to kick some ass back in the day. Stephanie was just a little cutie pie, she grown up so much, and now she's very fond of Freddie. I guess the whole *pie in the face* thing made her fall in love with him, and now she calls him *Freddie*. Can you see why we bonded? Lara, Marissa's sister, was exactly the opposite of her, which is good enough for me. She told me a few stories about Crazy that I never, ever could imagine. Apparently, Crazy used to be a bad ass motherfucker when she was younger, but then she started to date Mr. Benson, and things changed.

"Eh, whatever. Still, I don't like that Amanda girl. She was hitting on you all night" I whined.

Disgusting Amanda, wasn't so disgusting anymore, now she was a bit of a whore. Just when I laid my eyes in her, I knew I wouldn't like her. And I didn't. She was wearing a mini-skirt that was smaller than Patrice's clothes, a tight tank top, that I'm sure could fit in Stephanie and hooker boots. I'm not going to comment on her makeup, because it sure made her look like a cheap streetwalker. On top of everything, she kept hitting on my man, aka her cousin. Yuck! The rest of the Bensons were pretty boring. Freddie's grandparents weren't there, but by the way he talked about them, he seemed to adore them.

"Sam... Sam" he chuckled "first of all: ew! Second: she's my cousin!"

"Won't your parents cousins too?"

The smile on Freddie's face died. I knew he didn't like to talk about his dad, and I had the feeling something bad happened between them. I wish he would just talk to me about it, but whenever I tried, he just pushed me away. I understand, I don't like to talk about my dad either, but I shrug off the subject whenever someone talks about it. But Freddie, he gets all weird and nervous. I also noticed that any of Freddie's relatives talked about his dad, and when Lara first mentioned him, she quickly regretted and tried to change the subject.

"Well... my grandparents were cousins, which makes my parents distant cousins. Amanda is my aunt's daughter. So ew" he faked a smile.

"Oh, like your granddad was your other granddad's cousin?"

"Uh huh" he gave me the fakest smile I've ever saw.

"But shouldn't I worry? Seems to me, Bensons like to marry between Bensons" I smirked.

"Ew Sam!" he sighed "but I don't want to talk about that..." he leaned forward and kissed my neck.

"Freddie. Why don't you tell me about your dad, you never talk about him" I whimpered when he nibbled my earlobe.

"Because it's not important. Less talk, more kissy" I was going to protest, but my lips were covered by his soft ones, making me shut up.

Freddie Benson had the softer lips in the world. He deepened the kiss by forcing his tongue all the way into my mouth, I whimpered, moving my tongue to meet his. He was very determined to make me forget the subject. I felt his hand snaking into my dress, squeezing my thigh hard enough to bruise, moving his hand upwards to my center. He wasn't playing fair, I guess that *daddy issue* is going to have to wait, now mama has a more interesting game to play. My payback was biting his lower lip hard, my hand making it's way up to his groin. He growled into my mouth, digging his finger into my underwear, rubbing me eagerly. I moaned, doing the same to him, stroking his rocket over his jeans.

*Tap, tap, tap* on the window of his car. We broke apart, quickly fixing ourselves.

"Mom?" I said, rolling the window open.

"I know who I am. And I also know what you two kids are up to" se looked pointedly.

"Uh, hi Pam" Freddie waved nervously.

"Hey Sweet Lips" she forced a smile "get your ass inside Sammy, we don't want the neighbors saying shit about you, right?"

"No" Freddie answered for me "sorry"

"No problem kid" Pam nodded "you coming in too?"

"Can't, it's late, I have to go home" he turned to look at me "see you tomorrow?"

"Sure" I gave him a chaste kiss.

"Ah, wait!" he grabbed my arm when I tried to exit the car "did you talk to your mother about what my mother talked to us about?" he's so cute when he's nervous.

"Ah, shit. Forgot!" I gave him an apologetic smile "why don't I tell her now?"

"Okay" he leaned forward, kissing me again.

When he tried to pull away, I grabbed his face, making him stay where he was, forcing my tongue all the way into his mouth. He moaned softly, trying to break free, but I wasn't having it, I wanted control, and I get what I want. And I was winning, because he was caving, moving his tongue slowly against mine, until my mother cleaned her throat.

"What?" I growled.

"Inside! Now! And you" she pointed at Freddie "go home, your mother must be worried"

"Sure ma'am" Freddie blushed.

"Bye Fredelicious" I gave him a peck on the lips and exited the car.

I waved goodbye, watching my sweet boyfriend leaving. Oh, is that pathetic that I already miss him? Because I do, a lot. I was seriously considering going further with Freddie, we've been dating a while now and even though I freaked out when we tried to go there last time, I wanted this very much. I wanted him with every ounce of my being.

"So?" Pam said, awkwardly.

"Oh, right..." I took off my jacket.

"How was tonight?"

"Nice. Crazy wasn't that crazy, and some of that people in Freddie's family are not that bad" I shrugged, going to the kitchen.

"Uh. Worming up to them already?"

"Maybe" *someday they'll be my family too* "listen, I have to talk to you about something"

"Shoot" she leaned against the counter.

"See, the thing is. Marissa wants to get to know you, so she invited you to a dinner, Friday night. And you can take Marvin too"

Pam looked at me for a while, like she was analyzing her options. I can't blame her, Marissa is pretty crazy, and if I could I wouldn't be around her much, but I guess I'll just have to get used to her, since one day she'll be my mother in law anyway.

"Fine. I'll go"

"Okay" I smiled "going to take a shower and sleep, tomorrow I'm going to the beach with Freddie, Carly, Brad and the rest of the gang"

"Go ahead kid. Do you have a condom or pills or whatever?"

"Mom! I'm not going to *do it*" I whispered the last part "tomorrow!"

"Oh right, I believe you" she said sarcastically.

"Whatever. I'm going to bed!" I walked away "be ready to go by seven, or else, crazy will get all feisty!"

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#### Freddie's POV

I was so glad things went well with Sam and my family. I really wanted them to like her and seems like almost everyone did. Except Amanda. Ugh! She used to be very yuck, now she's a little whorish, like she wants to be a hooker or something. And talk about weird, she kept flirting with me the whole night! I was afraid Sam was going to slash her throat, but she behaved really good. I was still surprised with the whole thing, Sam bonded with at least five or six of my relatives, and she even brought a gift to my mom.

Mom was warming up to her as well, even though she refuses to admit, I know for sure she likes Sam. She's a little afraid that Sam will corrupt me somehow, but I know Sam better than she knows herself, and she's not that bad of an influence. She is smarter than she lets it show, she likes to read things like Jane Austen and Charles Dickens, she loves Paul McCartney and The Beatles. Her favorite album is *Disintegration* by The Cure and she's actually pretty good in math. Sam also is a great cooker, I could tell when I ate her cupcakes and she thinks I don't know, but she actually does her homework now and studies a bit.

I looked over my pretty girlfriend. She was laying flat on her back, eyes closed, arms stretched out on the beach chair. Man she is some something.

When the sun shined over her blond locks, it made her look like a golden angel hovering over my life, bringing her light and lightening up my whole existence. Her hair looked even prettier with these pigtails she's wearing today, it makes her seem somewhat angelical.

"You're staring" she caught me, without even looking at me.

"Oh... was I?" I faked shock.

"Yes you were Fredward"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I turned on my side, watching her smile.

"Oh, I have an idea"

Before I knew Sam was on top of me, each leg to my sides, her mouth attached to my neck. Her attack was so sudden, I was afraid we're going to fall from the beach chair I was lying in, but as soon as I was able to regain control, I wrapped one arm around her waist bringing her to a more comfortable position, and closer to me. Sam's hand went to my hair and she pressed her lips against mine like there was no tomorrow.

"What's got into you?" I managed to ask when she pulled away to suck on my Adam's apple.

"I had a dream about you last night Benson... and it made me all wet, in fact I'm still wet" she whispered into my ear.

"Sam... don't say things like that when we're in public!" I groaned, grinding her against my crotch.

"Why? Can't handle it Benson?" she bit on my earlobe.

"No, but what I just planned to do to you has to be done in somewhere... where we can be private" I sucked the skin above her collarbone.

"Ah Freddie!" she threw her back, begging me to do it again.

"Seriously you guys?" Brad groaned, standing behind Sam, with his hands on his hips.

"Get out of here!" Sam stuck her tongue out at him.

"We're in a public place!" he whined "keep your hands off each other"

"Shut it Brad!" Sam said, going back to suck on my neck.

"We better go anyway Sam. We have the dinner tonight and I don't want to be late, besides, won't you hungry?"

"Eh..." she pulled away, still on my lap "a little"

"Then let's go" I said, getting up and taking her with me "where's Carly and Wendy?"

"They're putting their stuff inside Wendy's car" Brad started to get our stuff off the floor "they want to eat at this small restaurant, right there by the shore"

"Nice!" Sam bounced, putting on her beach dress.

"Brad... get going" I shoved him.

"Why?" he asked suspiciously.

"Just go, here's the key, wait by the car, we'll be right there" I gave him a look, telling him he oughta get the hell out of here.

"Fine! Don't take too long" he left, carrying the two beach chairs in each arm.

"What did you just kicked him outta here?" Sam asked.

"Because I didn't want to do this in front of him"

I wrapped my arm around her waist kissing her. This kiss was different from every other kiss we ever shared and I didn't know why. I just had a feeling in the bottom of my stomach, telling me to make the most of our time together, you know, like some of those feelings you have when you think something is about to go wrong. This kiss wasn't fired up but it wasn't chaste either, it was tender and longing, like I was trying to keep that moment branded inside my mind forever. The sun shining, the birds singing and the wind made it all seem even more memorable. I pulled away breathing heavy, touched her forehead with mine and sighed.

"I love you" I whispered against her lips "so much"

"I love you too..." she sighed, wrapping her arms around my neck tighter "that was deep. What was that for?"

"I don't know. I just needed to. Let's go Princess. Let's feed you" I kissed her hand and took her with me to the car, grabbing the rest of our stuff.

It might sound weird, but the whole time we were in the restaurant I kept looking at Sam. The way she laughed, the way she moved, the way she talked, and even the way she ate. I had bad feeling and I didn't know what it was, but something told me that my perfect little love bubble was about to be messed up. I shook the thought away, focusing in the present. I didn't need to be scared, she loved me, and she was here with me, and that was all that mattered.

"Are you okay dork?" Sam asked when Carly and Wendy started to gossip and Brad went to the bathroom.

"Yeah... I'm fine"

"Are you nervous about tonight?" she smiled sympathetically.

"No... I just... I guess I'm a little tired" I shrugged.

"You're sure?" just then Sam's phone started to ring. She looked over the screen and I could swear I saw something wrong with the look in her eyes, like she didn't want to answer it but probably should.

"Who is it?"

"My mom, gotta get this. Be right back" she kissed me in the side of my head and left.

There was something wrong about that phone call, whenever Pam called, Sam just groaned but answers her anyway. She has this look on her face, like she's annoyed by the call but happy her mother cared enough to call. I was one hundred percent positive that wasn't Pam. What to do? I can't ask her, she'll just lie to me, and I also can't eavesdrop, that will be wrong. But what if she's talking to Pete? What if he's calling her again, trying to get closer to her? Man, I gotta stop being paranoid, if she's saying that's her mother, then that's her mother and period!

I guess Brad realized I was looking, because when he exited the bathroom the first thing he did was glance over to Sam, who stuck her tongue out at him. She smiled at me before going somewhere else to talk on the phone. That can't be a good sign, I know she's not talking to Pam, but I gotta trust her. I have to trust her.

"Hey" I could feel the awkward when Brad looked at me. This subject was still a little uncomfortable between us, and I knew he knew that too.

"Hey" I nodded.

"So?" he started to play with his food, trying to keep his eyes away from me.

"Dude, it's okay. It's her mother"

"So why did you look so... intrigued?" he dropped the fork.

"Because of the dinner tonight. I'm a bit nervous"

Brad raised one eyebrow, he knew I was lying, but I gave him a *please I don't want to talk about it* look, so he sighed and nodded.

"Alright, but if you need, I'm here"

"Okay"

I tried not to worry about that phone call, maybe it's Pam, maybe they're having problems and Sam doesn't want to tell me. Yeah, that's probably it. Carly and Wendy excused themselves to go to the bathroom and Brad just kept his mouth shut, he knew something was bothering me, but he also knew it wasn't something I wanted to talk about in the moment, so he chose to play with his phone and not say a word.

"Hey, I'm back" Sam kissed my cheek and smiled at me, but I knew she was hiding something from me.

"So? What did Pam want?"

"Oh... just... talk about a few stuff" she shrugged.

"What kind of stuff?" I insisted.

"She's been bugging me about tonight. Are going to eat that?" she pointed at the leftover in my plate.

"No go ahead. Why is she bugging you?"

"Just, the basics, like what she should wear and stuff" in less than a minute she ate all the food in my plate "yo Brad! Where's Carly?"

"Bathroom with Wendy"

"Oh. Hey babe, pay the bill, I'm going to find Carly and ask her to do my makeup tonight okay?" she pecked me in the lips, but I held her head still, telling her I wanted a real kiss "wow, that was nice. Be right back"

"Okay dude, I know you don't want to talk, but just... man, tell me what's wrong"

"It's just... I woke up with this weird feeling in the pit on my stomach, but I'm sure it's nothing"

"What do you mean? Like a bad feeling?"

"Yeah... it doesn't matter though..."

It doesn't matter, everything is fine.

---

#### Sam's POV

I was at Carly's getting ready for the big dinner. My mom and Marvin are going to meet me here and we'll all go together across the hall to have dinner with Mrs. Benson. I was nervous as hell, not that I care about what my mom or Marissa thinks, but still, this seemed to important for Freddie, so I wanted things to go as smooth as possible. Fat chance Pam and Marissa are going to get along, and maybe they'll even hate each other, and that will suck. I really don't need Crazy finding any more problems on my relationship with Freddie, I really don't need the drama.

"You look amazing" Carly told me.

"Yeah, thanks. I'm nervous" I breathed.

"Don't be, even if your mother and Mrs. Benson hate each other, Freddie still loves you, and that's what matters. Right?" she rubbed my arms.

"I know, but still some peace will do us some good" I stood up, looking at myself in the mirror. I wasn't so bad.

"Relax okay? Look, you're beautiful"

My reflection amazed me, I didn't look a lot like myself, but a little bit like Melanie, still I managed to be prettier and that was amazing. I was wearing a short black dress, with thin straps and a lot of layers. I borrowed Carly's red *fuck me* heels, and I was planning to drive Fredward insane the whole night. And I also couldn't complain about the makeup. Carly put on some dark shade that made my eyes pop, pink blush and the strawberry lip gloss I knew Freddie loved.

"Hey girls!" Maya said, knocking on the half open door.

"Hey" we said.

"Your mom is downstairs Sam" she came closer to me and gasped "you look so pretty"

"Thank you Maya. God I'm nervous" I can feel the sweat beginning to collect on the palm of my hands.

"It makes sense, but remember, every first time makes us nervous, but things get better eventually" Maya smiled, and I remember why I liked her more than any other girlfriend Spencer ever had.

"I hope you're right. Okay, let's do this chizz"

Pam and Marvin were downstairs talking to Spencer. Marvin was all dressed up, with a black buttoned shirt and dark jeans, and Pam was decent with a yellow dress and less makeup than what she usually wears. They were asking Spencer what the hell were those sculptures that anybody seemed to understand, and poor Spencer was trying his best to explain to them the concept of his art. Maya cleared her throat and everybody looked upstairs. When Spencer glanced over Carly, his smile died and he walked away to the kitchen. He's still mad at her, and that was killing my poor best friend. I better have a nice chat with this shithead soon, he can't treat his sister like that, it's wrong, and Spencer knows how much Carly loves him. This shit has to stop. I squeezed her hand, and she fake a smile, but I knew that on the inside she was dying.

"Hey you look fancy Sammy" my adorable mother said with a laugh.

"Thanks mother" I scowled.

"You do look adorable Sam" Marvin smiled at me, and gave me two thumbs up.

"Thanks Marv. So? Let's go?"

"Yeah, we better get going" Marvin grabbed mom's hand and offered me his other hand, which I took gladly.

"I want deets later" Carly yelled as we walked out the door.

"Sure Shay" I took a sharp breath, trying to keep my cool. This is all so awkward "let's do this thing"

Marvin knocked on Freddie's door while Pam checked herself in her pocket mirror one more time. I could feel my damp hands shaking a bit, the last thing I needed was for Freddie to notice how nervous I was, so told myself to calm down. Freddie opened the door, and Jesus, the boy was handsome. He was wearing a black v-collar sweater, that emphasized every perfect shaped muscle of his body. He smiled at me and reached for my hand, planting a small kiss there. He lifted an eyebrow, noticing how wet my palm was, so I just yanked my hand back, kissing him on the mouth.

"Hey dork, let me in will ya?"

"Sure thing princess Puckett" he got out of the way so my gang and I could get in "Marvin, Pam" he shook Marvin's hand, and my mother gave him a kiss on the cheek. Ew, awkward.

"Hey kiddo, where's your folks?" Pam ran her hand through Freddie's perfect hair.

"Uh... my mom is the kitchen... oh this is Gun Smoke"

"How's going?" Marvin held his hand to Gun Smoke, who shook it and patted him on the back "I'm Marvin, Sam's..."

"Step dad?" I glanced over to Pam, not sure of what to say. I didn't really know what Marvin and I were.

"Yeah, we can call it that" she shrugged "you're Freddie's step dad?"

"I'm. Nice to meet you Mrs. Puckett"

"Oh dear, call me Pam. So, Freddie here told me you're his couch"

"Yeah, I'm training the boy" he patted Freddie on the back, with the slightest force. Two years ago, that would be enough to send him to the ground, but not anymore "Marissa is just finishing the dinner, she'll join us soon. Can I get you anything? Water, coffee?"

"Do you happen to have a beer or something?" Pam asked, sitting on the couch.

I put my hand in my face, and Freddie chuckled silently.

"Uh... no, Marissa doesn't like having alcohol in the house. Can I get you a soda?"

"Yeah, okay" Pam shrugged "you want one babe?"

"Yeah, I'll take one" Marvin sat down next to Pam.

"Uh... Sam, can you come here for a sec?" Freddie grabbed my hand, intertwining our fingers.

"Sure" I let him lead me to his bedroom, ignoring Pam's smirk.

As soon as the door closed behind us, I let out a sigh of relief. Tonight was going to be very awkward. He smiled at me and sat on his desk chair,

putting me to his lap. I rested my head on his shoulder and wrapped my arms around his neck. I felt so safe when I was this close to him, I felt protected and loved and that was the best feeling in the world. For a while the only sound in his bedroom was our breathing and the wind coming from his open window. I could stay this way forever and do nothing, just listening to him breathing, just this close to his body, in peace... everything was peaceful, until he started to chuckle, then he started to laugh like a crazy person. I had to lift my head to look at him.

"What the heck Freddison?"

"Oh..." he couldn't breathe, let alone speak, something must be really funny "tonight... is going... to be... my god" he cracked up "really awkward"

"No shit..." I glared at him, but his laugh was so contagious that I had to join him "ah... Fredbag, you think we can make it?"

"I think there is a slight possibility" he kissed my exposed shoulder "you smell so good"

"Thanks Frednub, you don't smell so bad either" I kissed his cheek, the corner of his mouth, his chin and finally his lips.

"Huh..." Gun Smoke cleared his throat "your mother is in the living room, get your ass in there"

"Sure" Freddie nodded "we'll be right there"

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Pam's POV

This Marissa person is really disturbed, and that's coming from me. Something is terribly wrong with this woman, but she seems to be a good mother. When she walked into the living room I wasn't sure what to expect from her, but as soon as she opened her mouth I knew why Sammy called her crazy. While waiting for her to finally come and meet us I couldn't help but analyze the Benson's apartment. Freddie once said he wasn't rich, but that place was a lot better than my house, doesn't matter what he says, I still think they're fancy people.

Much like her son, Marissa Benson was extra polite, but a bit snooty. She wrinkled her nose a lot; one would think she smells dogshit under her nose all the time. But I guess that must be something good about her, since her boyfriend, that Gun Smoke dude, seems to be a good person. I glanced over their living room, thinking that I never saw a TV that big before, and I'm pretty sure those paints hanging on the walls were expensive. We were all sitting in the living room, Marvin and I in the big couch, Marissa and Gun Smoke on the small one, and Sam and Freddie shared an armchair. Marissa didn't seem all pleased that my daughter was sitting in her son's lap, however not Freddie or Sam seemed to mind.

We were talking about ourselves, I found out Marissa was a nurse, that she was way too overprotective of Freddie and that he was her only son. I couldn't help but laugh when Freddie told me she was pregnant with him for eleven months. Poor kid. Gun Smoke told us his real name after I asked why the hell a mother would name her kid that, and despite the fact that Joe was a cute name, I'll stick to call him Gun Smoke. He and Marvin engaged on their manly conversation while I was stuck with Marissa. Nothing about her life seemed to be thrilling, but I had one curiosity that was eating me alive and I needed to know.

"So...? What about Freddie's father? Is he dead? Alive? What's his name?" I blurted out.

Freddie, Marissa and Gun Smoke exchanged uncomfortable glances, and she faked a smile. Freddie's expression towards his mother, told me that he didn't want her to say a word about his father.

"He's uh..." I could tell she was thinking about a lie.

"So? Is the food ready?" Sam asked, getting out of her boyfriend's lap "I'm starving!"

"Yeah... me too" Freddie glanced over to his mother, almost asking for help.

"Sure, the lamb is almost ready, but I have an opening. Follow me" Marissa led us to the fancy dining room, and I'm pretty sure that chandelier coasted more than my car.

The whole dinner I kept thinking about a few things. Something has been bothering me since Sam and Freddie started to date. This boy was way too good, and my daughter was who she was, there was no way this relationship could go places. When we finished the lamb, I decided to ask Freddie his plans for the future.

"So Freddie... what are your plans for the future?" Sam glared at me, but Freddie simply smiled.

"Oh, I'm planning on going to college, MIT is my first choice. Maybe get a job in the pear company" he shrugged.

"My Freddie will get in any college, he's a straight Astudent, and he's very bright" she said proudly.

"Yeah, he's a frigging genius" Sam patted him on the back.

"I try"

"MIT huh? It's a big institution" Marvin said.

"Yeah, but Freddie will make it. Anybody want some coffee?" Marissa collected our plates.

"Sure" Marvin, Gun Smoke, Freddie and I said.

"No Fredward, you're too young to drink coffee, besides it's not good for your health" what a controlling freak.

At least his woman can make a good coffee, and a good lamb. About the food I can't complain. Marissa was telling me the evils of alcohol, but I was too busy paying attention on Sam and Freddie. He was playing with her fingers and she was awfully eager, smiling at him. I could see how much my daughter loved this boy, and I was sure she would end up getting hurt. He's way too good, he's out of her league, and even though he seems like a good kid, he's also a man, and men are liars.

"What about you Samantha? What are your plans for the future?" Marissa asked.

"I uh..." Sam glanced over to Freddie, then at me "I still don't know..."

"Sam is really smart, and capable. She just doesn't like to show her nerdy side" Freddie looked at her in awe.

"Shut up Fredbag" she said with a smile "you're the nerd here"

"Oh come on Sam, you and I both know that you have a nerdy side" he poked her playfully.

"And we both know that if you don't shut up you won't have a girlfriend anymore"

"Okay, okay. You know that denial is not just a river in Egypt right?" she smacked him in the head, but he continued to laugh.

"Samantha!" Marissa condemned her behavior.

"Oh mom, it's okay"

"Anyway, as I was saying" Marissa glared at Freddie "how come you don't know what you want to do with the rest of your life?"

"I don't know, I'm seventeen, I'm not worried with the rest of my life right now" Sam shrugged.

"Let's not talk about it" Freddie stated "desert mom?"

"I'll be right back" she glared at Sam before exiting the room.

After we said our goodbyes Freddie wanted to drive Sam home, like the gentleman he is, but his mother told him that since Marvin had a car and we were going in the same direction he didn't have to go. I could see he wanted to though, but he is too much of a good boy to disobey his mommy dearest. Unable to be away from each other, they spoke on the phone the whole trip, like seeing each other's face every day wasn't enough. I now I'm not the best mother in the world, but as a mother I have to need to protect my kid from getting hurt, and the way I see it, this relationship will hurt her one way or another.

This boy is going off to college sooner or later, and I might not be good in math, but I know Boston is far away from Seattle. Sam won't make it to a fancy college, so probably she will just get a job on Marvin's bar after graduation. Freddie will go to MIT, and they'll keep a distant relationship. He'll find another girl, one who's as smart as him, and even though I believe he loves Sam, he's a man, and men only think about one thing: sex. He'll bump at this smart ass chick, probably from a well family. He'll bend down to pick up her books, fingers will brush and they'll exchange glances. Before we know it, Sam will be in the past, while he moves on with his new chick. My daughter will be devastated and permanently damaged. She'll end up like me, with a crap job and sleeping around to try to fill the void. I can't have that; I will not let that happen.

"Everything went well tonight" Marvin broke the silence when we walked inside the house.

"Yeah, well" I shrugged.

"I'm going back to work" he kissed my forehead "be back in the morning. Bye girl" he waved going into our room.

"By Marv" Sam waved, still on the phone with Freddie.

"Bye honey" I watched Sam go into her bedroom, talking on the phone with that boy.

"Pam? What's wrong?" Marvin asked me while heading to the door.

"Nothing, I'll be waiting for you. Now go" I kissed him and he left.

I walked over to Sam's bedroom. She was lying on her bed laughing at something Freddie said and toying with her hair. By the look on her face I knew my girl was deeply in love with that boy, but maybe it's not too late to save her from a deception.

"Sam?" I called.

"Yes?" she didn't even bother to look at me.

"We need to talk" I used my serious tone to grab her attention.

"Ah... sure. Listen babe, I'll call you later alright? Momma wants to talk... I don't know... okay good night... love you too... bye" she hung up, still grinning like a fool.

"Sam..." I approached my daughter and sit on the edge of her bed.

"Mom" she sat close to me, Indian style.

"We need to talk kiddo"

"About?"

"You and Freddie"

"What about me and Freddie?"

"I don't think this relationship of yours is a good thing" she looked at me with wide eyes.

"What? Why not? Freddie is a great guy, he's a good influence, he helps me study, he helps me stay out of trouble and he loves me"

"I know he's a good kid, and I know he loves you, but Sam, let's face it... that boy is a little..."

"Alittle what?" she hollered.

"Too good, baby. He's too good, too smart, too clean, too polite. And you baby... you're different. You'll never measure up to him" it hurts every bit of tell

this to my kid, but it's a necessary pain.

"What?" she whispered softly.

"You Sam, don't know what are you going to do with the rest of your life, and you don't like to study, or work and you don't make any effort to get into a good college. Freddie is going to a fancy institution, he'll meet smart people and he's going to do great things" I breathed "honey, all I'm saying is, I don't want you to get hurt, and we all know that he's going to go to this college in Boston, and he'll meet a girl who's much more... at his standards and you baby... you'll get your heart broken"

"No!" she hollered standing up "he won't do this to me! He won't leave me! He loves me! You're wrong!"

"Baby..." I tried to touch her, but she jerked my hand away.

"You're wrong okay! He'll stay here if I ask him to" she said cockily.

"And that will be bad either way. He'll stay, and he'll regret and before you know it, both of you will be unhappy because you'll be a constant reminder of what he missed and what he could've been. He'll blame you for his failures and you'll feel like shit. And before you know it, he'll be living you behind, simply because he can't take anymore"

She stopped and stared. Okay, maybe that was a little harsh. Maybe I was speaking for myself, for what happened to her dad, but still it was a real concern.

"Baby... I would like to say that you'll be alright and you'll be enough for him, but we both know that isn't true. That boy needs so much more. Here's what's going to happen: one – he'll leave to Boston and leave you behind. Sooner or later he'll figure out you're not worth the trouble of a distant relationship, and after he meets someone else who's more likely to be a better fit he'll leave you. You'll going to stay here, working at Marvin's bar and filling the void in your life with alcohol and random men. Two – he'll stay here, with you and soon he'll regret his decision. He'll regret his life and he'll regret being with you. He's going to reach his breaking point, where he will just crack. He'll make his bags and leave you, and you baby... you're going to stay here, working on Marvin's bar, filling the void in your life with alcohol and random men. Either way, you'll be damaged"

She didn't say anything, just stared at me, with no expression on her face.

"Kiddo, I'm saying this because I don't want you to go through what I've been through with your father. The last thing I want is for you to be like me" I touched her face and she didn't move an inch.

"You're speaking for yourself, because my father never loved you. You don't know what love is. Freddie loves me and he'll never regret being with me. You say that because nobody ever loved you. You're bitter" her voice was dripping with venom, but her face remained expressionless.

"Okay Sam, suit yourself, but at the end we both know there is a slight possibility you're not good enough for him and you know it" maybe that was unnecessary, but now she hurt my feelings, I had to pay her back somehow. But most of all I had to make her see... I had to protect her.

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#### Sam's POV

After she left, I stood still, not moving any inch of my body. I was so shocked, angry and hurt, that my own mother would tell me I'm not good enough to be the one I love. My heart was shattered. I always thought I wasn't deserving of Freddie's love, I always knew he could do better and when Patrice told me that I actually believed her. Freddie and Carly told me I was wrong, and I wanted to believe them more than anything, but the doubt remained there, hiding in the back of my mind. Now my own mother brought that up, and I can't help but think that maybe she's right. I mean, she's my mom, she wouldn't tell me this if it wasn't true.

I always knew this was true, I always knew he was too good for me. I sat on my bed, breathing heavy, not sure why my whole body was sore. The emotional pain was so sharp and contagious that made my body physically hurt. She was right. There was only two ways this relationship would go down, and none of them involved me and Freddie living happily ever after.

I couldn't get into a fancy college like he would, because let's face it, even if I do get better grades in senior year, it won't make up for my whole school permanent record. And I also couldn't ask him to stay; I couldn't do that because it wasn't fair. I knew how much he wanted to go to MIT, and I couldn't and wouldn't prevent him from accomplishing that. She was right, he would find someone better than me, someone who really deserves him, and he would forget all about me. And I don't blame him. I can't blame him for wanting better.

Not bothering to take off my shoes, I laid on the bed and felt the first tear rolling down my cheek. I touched it, as a way to acknowledge it was there, and that triggered the other ones to fall out. Like that, I cried myself to sleep, thinking that maybe it was better for everyone if I just... give up on him.

I avoided Pam as much as I could. I went to grandma's and spent the week there, not wanting to face her any time soon, and I appreciate that she understood and didn't come looking for me. J'Mam-maw said I could stay with her as long as I wanted, now that she moved to her new apartment on the other side of the town. I also turned off my phone, ignoring the calls of Carly and Freddie. She would just give me advices that I don't need right now, and Freddie... when I'm around him I can't think straight. I needed some time to think and make decisions, and I came to a conclusion, that's why I'm standing in front of Freddie's bedroom window, at ten thirty pm on a Tuesday night, watching him.

Benson was sitting on his bed, flipping through the channels on his TV, but not really watching anything. I could tell he was upset, I've been ignoring him for a week now. I sighed, it was time to set things straight. I tapped on his window, and he immediately jumped off the bed. He ran off and opened the window, helping me in.

"Sam! Where the hell have you been? I called you, stopped by your house, your mother said you went to your grandma's but she didn't want to tell me where her house was! I was worried sick, couldn't you give me a call? Damn it Sam!" he put his hands on his head "couldn't you answered your cell phone?"

"I was bored" I pushed pass him, and sat on the edge of his bed.

"Bored? You were bored? Bored of what?" I argued.

"You"

"Wha-what?"

"You were boring me Freddie, I mean, you're always doing good stuff, and taking me to fancy places and giving me fancy stuff, but you're kinda boring Freddie"

"Oh..." he started to laugh "that was a good one. Come on Sam, tell me what's wrong"

"Wanna know the truth? You're too good, too nerd and too boring. I thought I could do this chizz, I thought we could be together, but I'm what I'm and I need more, you know... this isn't working" I lied.

"What?" he whispered "I don't understand"

I needed to lie, if I told him the truth he wouldn't let me go, he was going to try to convince me to stay with him and thing would go downhill. I needed to save at least our friendship.

"Freddie... you're a great guy, but a girl like me, needs more than that. I like bad boys, adrenaline and adventure. You're... not the most adventurous person that I know" I touched his face "look, we can be friends, like we were before, you'll be the cute little dork I pick on and I'll be the lazy blond you hate so much"

"No!" he slapped my hand away "bullshit! Why are you doing this Sam? I thought you loved me!"

"I do... but Freddie... love is not enough" is not enough for you, you deserve better.

"Not enough? So all this love I feel for you it's not enough? This whole month we spent together is not enough? What about the dinner with our mothers? That wasn't enough?" he hollered.

"That opened my eyes Freddie. Things were getting serious, and I needed to think if this is what I want"

"I don't believe you" he scoffed "I know there is something that you don't want to tell me"

"Freddie..." I sighed "I do love you, a lot, but like I said before, I need more than love, and I don't want things to get to a point where we can't get back to how we were before. Love is good, but Pucketts need more. That's why I couldn't go all the way with you... because we're not meant to be"

"No... Sam... please, tell me this is all a big joke. I don't believe you. A week ago you told me I was the one for you, that you loved me, that you wanted me" he cried "and now you're telling I'm not enough, that my love is not enough for you? That you're bored with me?"

"Listen Benson, I do love you okay, I just feel... I feel... I don't feel like myself when I'm with you and I don't like it. I feel like a wild bird in a cage, I feel stuck. Besides, I'm seventeen years old, and I can't settle for only one guy just yet..." okay, that last part was harsh and unnecessary, but I needed him to let me go. This was better for both of us.

Freddie didn't speak. He looked like me when Pam talked to me the other night. I could tell he was hurt, I knew it was my fault, but this way was better, for the both of us, we needed this. He needed this.

"You..." he trailed off.

"Let's stay friends, okay? Please, for Carly? For iCarly?"

"Stay friends?" he repeated.

"Yeah... listen this way is better okay?"

"Better? For who Sam? For you? Because it certainly isn't better for me!" he yelled "you don't think my love is enough, fine!" he walked out of the room and came back again "you know what? Fuck you! You're bored with me? Fine, whatever! You don't wanna be with me? Screw you!" he growled.

I tried not to cry. I never thought Freddie of all people would talk to me like that, but I guess I deserve, I'm hurting him, but only because I can't tell him why.

"You know what else Sam? If my love is not enough for you, then I'll just take it back, I'll take it all back. You don't want it? I'll give it to someone who will appreciate it" now was hard not to cry. The thought of him loving someone else crushed my soul.

"Good... so can we still be friends?" I managed to say, trying not to choke.

"Get out of here" he opened the door "go! Get out!"

"Freddie..." I tried to touch him, but he pushed me.

"Get the fuck out of my room Samantha"

"Okay... I'll go. You need time to think. I'll talk you... just think about it Freddie..." I begged.

"I'm not going to ask you again... get the hell out of my room" he shoved me out of his room "get the hell out of my house!" he shoved me out of his apartment, choking on his words "get the hell out of my life!" he said before closing the door at my face.

My legs gave up and I fell to the floor, and broke down crying. That was it. That was the end. I sobbed silently, burying my head on my knees, wishing the ground would open and swallow me. I shouldn't do what I did, but it was better for us. Why can't he see it? Why is this so hard? Why does this hurt this much? It's like my whole body aches, like his words ripped through my insides, and shattered my heart. I needed to get out of here, but where to go? I couldn't tell Carly anything yet. I didn't want to go home and face Pam, and I also couldn't go to Wendy's, because that was the most stupid idea ever. So I called the only person I knew that wouldn't judge me.

"Sam?" he said sleepily.

"Can I come over?" I choked.

"What's wrong?"

"I broke up with Freddie... I have nowhere to go" I sobbed, trying to keep quiet.

"Why? Never mind, you can tell me when you get here. Want me to pick you up?"

"No... I'll be right there..."

"Come, my parents are not home, so we'll have the whole night to talk about it"

"Thanks Pete"

I stood up, still shaking and sobbing, but I managed to get my ass out of the Bushwell plaza and take a bus to Pete's house. He opened the door and his arms for me, I broke down crying again, while he rubbed my back, and the rest was all a blur.

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Freddie's POV

**(A/N: emotional scene, I wrote it to the sound of Erik Hassle's The Thanks I get, and I honestly cried)**

I'm not sure how I got there, I only know I was wearing pajamas and driving like a crazy person, my head was a mess and I didn't want to be home, not now not ever. My room smelled like her, her frigging apple perfume, the cologne I gave her for Christmas. Everything smelled like her, including my bed, and I couldn't stand it. I hated her, why did she have to go and do this to me? All I did was love her, and that's how she thanks me? That's the thank I get? That's all I deserve? To hear that I'm boring and that my love means shit to her? Why would she do this? I thought she loved me, a week earlier she was telling me she loved me, how did everything changed this much this quick?

**I held your hand, is this the thanks I get?**

Why? What did I do wrong? Why things had to go this way? I glanced over the white house with a big porch, my eyes blink a little, but I couldn't cry even if I tried. The pain burning my chest was insanely strong, but somehow my eyes stayed dry, I couldn't cry one single tear. I pulled over and practically jumped off the car, knocking on the back door. The lights were off, so I figured everybody would be in bed by now. A few minutes later, the kitchen light was on and somebody unlocked the door.

**I took you in, is this the thanks I get?**

"Dude, are you okay?" Brad rubbed his sleepy eyes.

"I'm boring" I stated.

"What?"

"I'm boring. Haven't you heard? I'm boring"

"No you're not! What are you talking about?" he rubbed his arms, and that was the first time I noticed how cold it was.

"Sam told me I was boring"

"What? Why?"

"She broke up with me" I said, ignoring his question.

**Half a chance, the thanks I get?**

"Dude... what?"

"She said I was boring, that my love wasn't enough for her and that she couldn't settle for one guy at the age of seventeen" I shrugged.

"Man... I don't know what to say... I'm sorry" he put his hand on my shoulder, but I slapped it away.

"I don't need your pity" I growled.

"Freddie... come inside, let's talk about it" he tried to touch me again, but I shoved him.

"No! I don't even know what I'm doing here... I just... I needed to get out of there! My fucking room smells like her Brad! I love her I can't take her out of my mind! Why? Why she did this to me?"

**A twist of plans, is this the thanks I get?**

"Dude, come on... if she doesn't appreciate you, then she doesn't deserve you" he tried to touch me, probably to get me inside of the house since it was cold outside, but I shoved him again "Freddie... come on"

"Why? What did I do wrong? Where did I go wrong?"

"You did nothing wrong! There is something very wrong with her!" he hollered.

"It's my fault Brad. I shouldn't have been so nice, so good. See, she's right, I'm boring! I'm fucking boring!" Brad grabbed my shoulders, trying to get me to calm down.

I tried to push him away, but Brad wrapped his arms around my arms, hugging me. I squirmed a bit, trying to break free, but he held me still, letting me punch his back, letting me try to hurt him. He held me still as my tears fell down and soaked his shirt as I tugged on the thin material as my life depended on it. Everything hurts, every bit of my soul hurts, and I can't understand why she did this. I don't know why she did this. Why wasn't I good enough? Why I was never good enough for anyone? I wasn't good enough for Carly, or to my father, and now I'm not good enough for Sam...

*The days hurts. The nights hurts. The light hurts. My eyes hurts. The darks hurts. My heart hurts. It all hurts.*

Brad dragged me inside his house, and placed me on his couch. My tears were falling on their own accord, but I wasn't sobbing anymore. It was like an open tap, just falling and falling, nonstop... I'm falling. Brad was sitting on the armchair, saying something, and I could see his mouth moving, but I couldn't listen, I couldn't understand. Everything was a blur, and I couldn't stop wishing I was having a bad dream.

*I loved you. I loved you. I made you. I hate you. I hate you. I miss you. Miss you.*

My eyes got heavy, and his living room seemed darker than before. Soon I was dozing off, getting lost inside my own mind. I wanted the pain to go away. I wanted everything to go back to normal. I wanted her back. I wanted her...

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**Okay guys... don't worry, this is a Seddie fic and it will have a happy ending. And I know a lot of you thought the break up would have anything to do with Pete or Patrice, but no, Pam was the one who triggered it. The Pete secret will be revealed in two chapters or so, as for Patrice... a twist of plans in her storyline, but you'll know when it's time! Don't be mad at Sam (I'm a little bit) I promise you everything is going to be fine! Next chapter is going to be called iHurt. Have you ever seen Freddie Benson drunk? Wait for it!**

## \*Chapter 48\*: iHurt

A/N: I'm in the glass case of emotion, if you find grammatical errors, please don't judge, I'm depressed over iLove You. I just wanted to thank **SAM-seddie-FREDDIE, YOU'RE THE BEST!** I love ya! Virtual hugs for you! And jesrod82, you two! Virtual kisses and hugs for both of you! I'm going to finish the next chapter (they'll be back together and never break up again! I'm no Dan Schneider, I won't tear Seddie apart, NEVER AGAIN!). Next chap it's called, iLove, Lobsters And Lemonade, read the bottom for the sneak peek. I'm planning on updating today, I'll hurry to finish!

Hugs to all seddiers out there. Now I'm going back to cry as I write! Peace out!

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Freddie's POV

Great, I have a stiff neck, my head is heavy and I feel like shit. Maybe I'm coming down with something... flu or whatever. Wait... I'm not in my bedroom... Where am I? How did I get here? I don't have any record of the events of last night or how I end up where I am. Brad. I vaguely remember Brad, telling me that nothing was wrong with me and I also remember us hugging outside in the cold, but I don't quite remember why or how I ended up here. Everything is a blur. So I'm definitely at Brad's, I do remember something about a couch... and Sam. That's right, I know why I'm here, she broke up with me and I drove off in the middle of the night only on my pajamas and sneakers.

I opened my eyes slowly, feeling a hand brushing my hair out of my face and I prayed to god it wasn't Brad, because that would be weird and thank god it wasn't him. Carly smiled at me sweetly and continued to stroke my hair. What's she doing here? What time is this?

"Hey you" she whispered softly "how you're feeling?"

"Like shit" I squirmed a little, my head on her lap "you're here. Why are you here?"

"I called her this morning" Brad said "you needed someone who would caress your hair and although I like you man, I don't like you that much" he tried to joke, but didn't laugh.

"Thanks" I tried to get up, but Carly held my shoulders "I'm fine Carly, really"

"No you're not. Tell me what happened Freddie"

"There's nothing to tell really. She stopped by after ignoring me for a week, then she told me how boring I was and broke up with me" I shrugged "that's pretty much it"

"Oh my god Freddie, I'm sorry. I'm sure something is up with Sam, she loves you, she wouldn't break up with you over nothing, and I know she finds you fascinating"

"It doesn't matter really, she doesn't want me anymore" I sat up, Carly's immediately reached for my hand "man I feel so embarrassed. I hope your parents don't think I'm crazy or something"

"No worries. My dad is on a business trip, my sister is in college and my mom thinks you're cute. She made you special breakfast before going to work. Do you know how difficult is to get special breakfast around here? I never got one" he snorted.

"Thanks" I sighed.

"I'm sure something happened. Did everything went well on your mother's dinner?" Carly mused.

"Yeah.... until she left the apartment we were fine... wait" I trailed off "why didn't I think of this before?" I stood up walking around the room.

"What?" Carly jumped to her feet, following me around "what?"

"Sam got a stranger call that morning. She told me it was Pam, but I'm sure it wasn't" I mused "it was Pete! I'm sure! She's with him Carly!" I hollered "she dumped me for him!"

"Freddie calm down... this is not possible. I'm sure that's not true" she held my hands "listen, I got you clothes, take a shower, eat something okay? I'm going to find Sam and knock some sense into her thick head" she growled, grabbing her purse "I promise you everything is going to be alright" she whispered before kissing my cheek.

Carly stormed out and I knew she was going to fight with Sam. Normally I don't like to see them fighting, but right now I don't mind. Fuck! I don't get it! I don't understand it, I don't know why this have to be so hard.

"Dude, let's eat something" Brad's voice came out softly.

"I'm not hungry" I choked a little.

"Freddie, listen... I know it hurts right now, but it won't be this way forever. Man, I know you love her and I know how much, but starving it's not going to change anything"

"Everything sucks Brad. It might seem a bit over dramatic, but I don't understand why. She gave me a shitty reason, and I can't stop thinking Pete has something to do with this" I could feel something inside of me threatening to burst out, but it wasn't tears, it was anger.

"Fredward listen to me!" he hollered, gripping my shoulders, and much to my surprise shaking me violently "stop that! Fuck man, this is so fucked up! You didn't do anything wrong. Carly is right, something is up, and that's not your fault. Sam has a very messed up head, maybe something is up with her or maybe she's just that crazy. And even if what she told you it's true, it doesn't matter! If she can't appreciate the great person you are, then screw her! You'll find someone better! Now stop being such a drama queen, sit your sorry ass at that chair and eat my mother's special breakfast!" he shoved me.

I said nothing, just did as he said. He doesn't get it, but I understand why he's telling me this. He's my friend, and I would do the same for him, but he doesn't get that I don't want anything other than answers right now. I don't want anyone else. And not being able to know what I did wrong frustrates me.

"I just want to go home" I mumbled.

"I know. Listen, eat and take a shower, then I'll drive you home, alright?" he patted my shoulder.

"I'm really embarrassed. I feel like a wuss" I said lamely.

"Don't be, okay? I'm not going to tell anyone you cried" he poked me playfully "I'll keep your dirty secret" he smirked and I scowled.

The whole time I kept thinking, where did I go wrong? Maybe if I find out I can fix it, and everything will be okay again.

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#### Carly's POV

What the heck is wrong with this girl? I mean, why would she break up with a guy like Freddie? He's sweet, smart, handsome and above it all, he loves her just the way she is. Any girl would kill to have that, and she's just throwing it all away? No, something is wrong, something is very wrong and I'll find out what happened. First she goes MIA on us and now this? Something is up, and I'll get it out of her, using any means necessary. I'll break her.

I knocked on the door at least ten times, Pam is just a lazy ass, just like her daughter. When she came to the door I was surprised. Pam was wearing a red apron covered in flour.

"Carly... hey" I pushed past her without saying a word and went straight to Sam's room "good morning to you too kid"

"Where is she?" I asked, trying to keep my cool.

"Sammy? Well she's not here"

"I know that by now" I said annoyed "I'm asking where is she"

"Hey, did something happen?"

"Yeah it did" I sighed "she's stupid! Your daughter is stupid and I wanna knock some sense into her tough head!"

"Okay kid, tell me what happened?" Pam told me to sit, but I refused.

"She broke up with Freddie last night! Can you believe it?"

"Well... yeah"

"What? Why?"

"See, I think it's better this way Carly"

"How can you say that? They love each other, and they're both hurting, how can you say that?" I growled "how can you think they'll be okay without each other?"

"Carly, no one loves at seventeen" she smiled "no one marries and lives happily ever after with her high school love"

"No! You're wrong! There's no age to love, no color, race or sex! This is ridiculous, you obviously know shit about love" I said, heading for the door.

"Kid..."

"No! If you see Sam, tell her I'm looking for her, and that I'm pissed! And that I'm out to get her!" I walked out and slammed the door behind me.

Whatever is going through her mind is bullshit and I know Sam is lying. I know something else happened. I know her well enough and I know she lied to Freddie. The only thing I can't understand is why.

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#### Sam's POV

He spent the whole night telling me I was stupid. And I went there thinking he wouldn't judge me... oh well Sam! I didn't want to talk about it anymore, but he kept pushing, saying what I did was stupid, but he doesn't get it and never will. He will never know how hurts not to be good enough to keep the one you love. I always been insecure about that and know hearing from my own mother was my breaking point. The truth is; I'm afraid. Yeah, Sam Puckett, the fearless is scared shitless, because I could deal with the fact that I'll never measure up to him, but it would break me if he figured that out and sooner or later he would.

I left Pete's house around ten a.m. and went back home. I had no desire to face Pam, but I wanted to cry in my own bed. Nobody understood why I did what I did, but there's only because they don't see what I see. Freddie is frigging perfect and I'm as far from that as possible. Why nobody understands that every time he does something amazing I question myself if I'm good for him? I never was, and never will. I'm pathetic, and insecure, but my fear is real.

After years of constant torture he still puts up with me and loves me. Maybe he has a case of Stockholm syndrome, maybe he doesn't even love me at all. He's so frigging good it scares me sometimes, nobody can be that perfect and whenever he's perfect it only makes it worst for me. Sometimes I wonder if he's forcing this *so called perfection* for some reason. Stupid, I know and maybe it doesn't make any sense, and even if I appreciate it, I can't help but think it's too much. I never meant to hurt him, I love him, but I rather leave him before he can leave me. I guess that's what scares me the most.

I walked silently into my house, practically dragging my feet, making my way to the bedroom. The only thing I wished was to be alone, but apparently Pam was in the mood to ruin my plans.

"What do you want?" I asked, my face buried in my pillow.

"Hey kiddo, good to see you"

"Too bad I can't say the same" I scowled.

"Sammy..." I felt her sitting on the edge of my bed "I know it hurts now, but soon it will be over. You'll see" she rubbed my back, but I jerked away.

"What do you want? To hear that you were right? To hear that I know this is for the best? I do okay? But still hurts like a bastard!" I covered my head with the pillow.

"I know kid, and I'm sorry" she trailed off "Carly was here today"

"I already imagine what she wants. Guess she's taking Freddie's side" I gripped the pillow harder.

"She said she was out to get you" she snorted "can you believe it?"

"Pam... just get out of my room!" I hollered.

"Sammy..." she tried to rub my back again.

"Don't touch me" I hissed.

"Okay" she sighed "I baked some cookies you want some?"

"No. Leave" I mumbled.

"Fine" she sighed and left.

I put my headphones on and cried again, listening to Pixie Lott's *Catching snowflakes*. I just wanted to be alone. I didn't want to see anyone, or talk to anyone I wanted to mourn in peace. I hugged my knees pressing them against my chest and sobbed.

*Thought it's over now, and I cope somehow, in the cold wind blows, I hear you. What is now a dream, for a while it was real and I can't conceal that I miss you. But our love was like catching a snowflake, as it reached our hands it was already gone.*

*Thought our case is closed, I keep chasing ghosts. Every time it snows, I see you and I feel no cold, as you lend me your coat through the pale white glow, I feel you. Our love was like catching a snowflake. As it reached our hands, it was already gone. This love was not ours to take. It was fated to break, though it was beautiful.*

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Brad's POV

This is ridiculous. Freddie hasn't left the room in a week and Sam is walking around like a zombie. Not to mention Carly, who is very pissed. I always knew that one way or another he was going to get his heart broken, and Sam would be the one responsible for that. Her reason was a total lie and I knew that. Carly, Spencer, Maya, Wendy and even Gibby knew that as well. It must be something wrong she doesn't wanna say. I don't buy this you're boring, so I'll break up with you, because even if I love you, I'm tired of you even for a second. She has another reason, but she wouldn't tell anyone.

Carly tried to talk some sense into her head, but she shrugged and ignored. She told Carly to stay out of this, because it wasn't her business, and let's just say Carly didn't like that very much. Now it's extremely awkward to rehearse with the two of them, and no Freddie. I'm in charge of the tech stuff, but I'm not as bright as Freddie, and I'm a bit lost in the middle of this crossfire. Carly keeps glaring at Sam and Sam keeps ignoring her.

As for me, I tried my best to take Freddie out of his apartment, but I failed. He's so fucked up he can't sleep inside his own bedroom, because according to him it smells like her. He's sleeping in the fire escape. Thank god the weather went as crazy as Mrs. Benson, and now is hotter here than in California, so the nights are equally as hot as the mornings. Or else he would be sick by now. I haven't talked to Sam much, or anything about the break up really, if he ever needs to talk, which he avoids most of the times, I'll be there, but as for Sam... is harder with her, and I don't wanna try to guess what's on her mind.

Before the webcast, Carly told me, in front of Sam, to go check on Freddie. I was on my way out of the studio when he walked in. You could actually touch the awkward. When Sam saw him, her whole body tensed up and I could swear I saw her hand twitch towards him, like she wanted to touch him. When Carly saw him, she practically ran at his direction and asked if he was okay. Freddie shrugged and said he was good to start the show.

"And we're clear" he said with his funeral voice.

"Nice! That was the worst iCarly ever!" Carly growled.

"Yeah, it sucked" Gibby nodded.

"Well... my job is done. I'm going home" Freddie announced.

"Wait!" Sam said, and immediately all the heads in the room turned to look at her "this is ridiculous Freddie. This is hurting the show, and our friends. Why can't we be friends Freddie?" she pleaded.

"Maybe I don't want to be friends with you" he shrugged.

"Freddie please..." she walked towards him, stopping only a few inches away from him "I don't want to live in a world where we're not friends"

He almost closed the space between them, like he was about to kiss her, but his eyes were cold.

"Then kill yourself" he said before storming out of the studio, slamming the door behind and leaving Sam stiff like a board.

She kept looking at the spot he once was, her eyes were blank, like she was still trying to process what just happened and she didn't know what to make of it.

"Burn!" Gibby said lamely, earning a slap on the head from Carly.

My attention was back on Sam, who left the studio without saying a word. I could swear I saw her crying, and that's how I knew she didn't want to break up. Now I just have to find out why she did it.

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### Freddie's POV

First I was shocked. Then I was sad. Then I got depressed, but now I'm just pissed. I'm fucking pissed at Sam and her guts, she actually had the nerve to say what she said. I can't even look at her face right now. Mostly, because every time I do I just feel the urge to grab her face and kiss her senseless. I felt ashamed and stupid for melting down in front of Brad, for crying... maybe Sam's right, I'm such a girl. UGH!

I felt emasculated with this whole stupid thing, and I didn't like it. Brad was right, I was whipped, she had a hold on me and I couldn't break free. Maybe I was never really Mr. Macho Man, but lately I feel like a fucking puss. I promised myself I wasn't going to melt down again, but I couldn't find the will to leave the fire escape despite my mother's pleas. It only tortured me, because every time I was out there, my brain reminisced our first kiss.

Today was the first day in a week I showed my face out the apartment, and now I was super pissed. She wants to be friends? Is that what I heard? Well, too bad! I don't wanna be friends with her, not until I understand why she did what she did. I was laying on the couch, facing the ceiling, pissed out of my mind when someone knocked on the door. It better not be Sam, or else I'll snap. Sighing, I forced my legs to walk all the way to the living room and opened the door.

Patrice was standing in front of me smiling, holding an envelope on her hands, but her smile died as soon as she looked at my scowl.

"My mom asked me to give this invitation to your mom... for next week's charity event... You're okay?"

"No" I said simply.

"What's the matter?"

I walked into the apartment, leaving the door open so she could follow me.

"Not much... you know, Sam just decided to break up with me" I shrugged.

"Oh..." she closed the door behind her "you guys are not together anymore?" she asked and I could see her eyes lit up, but she didn't smile.

"Nope" I sat on the couch, throwing my legs on the coffee table.

"You don't look so good... how are you holding up?" she sat next to me and put the envelope in the coffee table.

"I'm pissed, but other than that I'm just hurt. I'm fine" I shrugged.

"No, you're not. When she broke up with you?"

"A week ago"

"How long it's been since you don't leave the apartment?" she crossed her arms giving me a stern look.

"A week... but I got out today, did the web show and everything" her glare softened.

"This is not healthy" she shook her head.

"Yeah, but today I did the web show just to get pissed again!" I complained.

"What happened?"

"She wants to be friends. Can you believe it? I mean, she breaks up with me, gives me a lame excuse and wants me to be cool with that? That's bullshit! And I don't even know what I did wrong!" by then I was hollering, but she didn't seem a bit intimidated.

"Freddie, I'm sure you did nothing wrong, but you're a guy who likes perfection, and you think you have to do everything right all the time. You think that if you find out what you did wrong you'll be able to fix it and everything will be back to normal, and it frustrates you to think that maybe there was nothing wrong, because then you'll have nothing to fix. But let me tell you this... nobody is perfect"

"Wow... you can read minds or something?" I snorted.

"I guess you're easy to read" she offered me a smile "but come on Freddie, you can't lock yourself in this apartment and forget about the rest of the world. That's not acceptable" she stood up.

"I know. I'm kinda sick to be here too"

"So, let's go! Let's do something!" she grabbed my hands.

"I don't wanna... Patrice, listen, I'm sorry but I don't feel like doing anything" I whined.

"No! Freddie look, after that talk we had inside that elevator I did a lot of thinking. I thought about what you said and I actually made a decision. What happened, happened and I can't change that, but I can move on. I decided to stop behaving like someone I'm not and drop the *I'm a bitch* act. I want to be the Patrice I once was, not what he told me I was, and I don't wanna be the girl who gives the boys what they want all the time so she can feel something. I don't wanna be this person, I can't change the past but I can focus on the future, and that's good enough for me. You made me feel like I wasn't worthless and I could have a second chance. You're the only one who really saw me, and because of that I took the time to look at myself as well. I actually solved some issues with my mother. You're better than a doctor Mr. Benson" she poked me playfully "now come on. I bet I can beat your pretty ass in Guitar Hero, I'm pretty good at it"

How could I say no? This girl is telling me I fixed her, that I made her want to be better, and now she wants to return the favor. How could I say no?

"Freddie, I never had a real friend and the only person who ever took the time to really care about me like you did that night was my mother, but she doesn't like to talk about it. Even though we don't hang out much, I think of you as a friend, when I needed you were there, and now you need it, so I want to be there. Come one, let me help you" she offered me her hand.

Maybe this isn't such a bad idea. I took her hand and smiled back, a small smile, almost no noticeable, because it wasn't real.

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### Sam's POV

I went back home, only to cry again, and thank god Pam wasn't there. The last thing I wanted right now was to see her face. I know she was only trying to help, but shit, I don't feel like feel like looking in her face. My room seemed to big, maybe it was only because I was feeling small. After what Freddie told me today, I couldn't help but feel crushed. He didn't even want my friendship and God, I wanted to be close to him. As soon as I saw him walking into the studio today, my body reacted and I wanted to touch him, to feel him, to kiss him.

Why is this all so hard? I want him so much, but I can't back out now. I can't. I can't. I can't. I won't! But I missed him, oh man I missed everything about him. Why is this so hard? Maybe if I tried harder, I could get into a good college, and be up to his standards... who am I kidding? Maybe I could go to Boston with him... maybe...

*Knock, knock, knock.* Great what now?

"Open up! Carly hollered "come on Sam! Open the fucking door"

UGH! I don't wanna open up, and see her face. We had a big fight over this whole break up thing, and the last thing I wanna do is look at her right now.

"If you don't open I'm just gonna keep screaming, then I'm going to sing the titanic theme song on your window!"

I didn't respond, maybe if I shut up, she'll think I'm not home and leave.

*"Every night in my dreams, I see you, I feel you, that's how I know you'll go on..."* this girl does not give up *"far across the distance and spaces between us you have come to you show you'll go on"* OH MY GOD! *"Near, far, wherever you are I believe that the heart does go on"* THIS IS TORTURE *"Once more, you open the door and you're here in my heart and my heart will go on and on..."*

"Fuck!" I gave up, rushing to open the door for her.

"Love can touch us one time and last for a lifetime..." I opened the door.

"What SHAY?" I yanked her arm, pulling her inside.

"We need to talk Sam, I need to know what's wrong with you, tell me please. Tell me why" her voice was soft, but her face was serious.

"I told you before..."

"Don't give me shit Samantha! I don't believe you, I'm your best friend, talk to me please"

I sat on the couch, not wanting to face her, but I needed to get it out of my chest. However, knowing Carly like I do, she would just judge me and tell me I'm crazy or whatever and I wasn't on the mood. I missed my Freddie, I loved him and it was killing not being able to be with him, but this was the best and I would do anything for him to be happy.

"Carly... you don't understand... I can't Carly, be with him... I'm not" *knock, knock, knock* again "oh great, who is it now?"

Carly told me to go get the door, when I opened Pete rushed in, his face all flushed, his hair ruffled and he looked ecstatic.

"Sam..." he hugged me, lifting me off the floor and spinning me around "you won't believe what happened, I had to tell you"

He cupped my face and kissed my cheeks. I was so taken back by his visit that I forgot all about Carly. Oh shit... she was staring at us, hands on her hips and a scowl on her face. Shit, shit, shit.

"Now I get it. How could you? How could you do this to Freddie? How? I can't believe it" she grabbed her bag and tried to walk away but I held her arm.

"Carly wait, I can explain" I tried to argue.

"No need Sam. I hope you're happy though... I can't believe this" she jerked away and left, ignoring my cries.

"Carly please, it's not what you think" I yelled, but she just run away "Pete... oh my god, why is everything falling apart on me?"

"I'm so sorry Sammo" he ran his fingers through his hair "shit this is my fault. Do you want me to go after her and tell her that nothing is wrong?"

"No... it doesn't matter, she won't believe you, or me..." I wiped my tears away "just... I need to be alone right now, you can tell me what you want later. Okay?"

"Okay" he sighed "I'm sorry Sam. I really am"

"It's okay"

I got into the bus with no direction what so ever. I didn't know where to go, I was lost. So I just sat there not really knowing where I was going. Half an hour later I found myself in front of Seattle Mercy Hospital, don't ask me why I'm here, because I don't know. I just thought about Freddie and the many great moments we had here that afternoon with the kids. That day I wished to have a family with him, I wanted so much to spend the rest of my life with him, and now I realize I still do.

The place was the same, nothing has changed, and I wondered if the kids were still there. The first time I've been here I was nervous as hell, and now it's no different. That afternoon was magical. I dreamed about how it would be like having a family, because I never really had one. Sure I had my mom, Mel and J'Mam-maw, not mentioning the whole bunch of Pucketts, but what I mean is a house with mom and dad, a dog and a cat. I never had that, and Freddie made me want that. Now it's too late for that.

Down the hall, I could hear that familiar giggle, and it warmed up my heart a little bit. I smiled and opened the door, greeted by one of the most beautiful sights in the world. The kids were playing, running around looking too health to have cancer. My eyes searched for one little girl in particular, and there she was sitting on a pink chair, gazing the floor. Sophie was sad, but why? Our eyes met, and I smiled but she didn't return it.

"Sam!" Andy yelled, trigging the other kids to jump on me.

"Hey kids! Calm down, I'm only one" I said, trying to get up, and break free from a pile little bald headed kids "ouch!"

"Sorry!" they giggled.

"Where's Freddie? He didn't come this week, is he with you?" Molly asked.

"No Molly... sorry" I gave her a small smile.

Ten minutes later and the commotion around me ceased, and I could walk towards Sophie. She's been awfully quiet since I got here, and I wondered if she got worst or something. The volunteer called the other kids to eat, and Sophie stayed.

"Hey Soph" I kneeled in front of her "how's going?"

SLAP! Her hand came in contact with my cheek, smacking it. I touched my face in utter shock, not moving an inch. She slapped me. Sophie just slapped me.

"You!" she pointed "you broke his heart. And you said you wouldn't. You hurt him. How could you?" she hollered.

"Soph... you don't understand"

"You bet your ass I don't" I don't think a five year old should be cursing like that...

"It's not as simple as it seems" I tried to touched her, but she slapped my hand and got off the chair, walking to the other side of the room.

"You promised me you would take a good care of him and you hurt him"

"How do you even know that?"

"When Freddie didn't show up this week I knew something was up. He was supposed to visit me yesterday so we can celebrate that I'm getting better. When he didn't show up I knew something was terribly wrong o I called Marissa and she told me what you did"

"Soph..."

"I don't know what made you do it, but I know it was a stupid reason" she scowled "I told you that if you broke his heart I would break your face, but my hand it's too good for your face" with that she walked away.

"Wanna know why I did what I did?" I stood up and watched as she stopped her tracks. I took that as a yes "because I'm no good for him Soph. He's so amazing. He deserves someone better, someone who can live up to his expectations, someone who's going to go to a fancy college like him. Someone he can be proud of, and that's not me" the tears felt hot falling down on my face.

Sophie, slowly turned around to look at me.

"When I found out I had cancer I was four. I'm an only child, and my mom can't have any other kids. I'm probably gonna die before I'm fifteen, and I'm never going to know love Sam. I'm not going to know what love feels like, and I'm not going to have the chance to find out. I'm five years old, but if there is something this disease taught me is that the time we have here is short, so we better make the best of it" she stopped for a while "I don't know big beautiful word, like in those in the Shakespeare books Freddie reads for me, but I know what love means, I saw that day when you looked at each other and I see every time my mommy looks at my daddy. I should tell you that your reasons are stupid, but I'm just going to say this; you can't predict the future, whether you're good enough for him only the time will tell, and I think you're being selfish by not letting him be a part of this decision"

She turned around and walked away, but stopped by the door.

"Don't come here until you fix this. I feel ashamed that someone with years ahead would waste being stupid. I deserve more time and I don't have it, and you have it but you're throwing it away and that disgusts me. I'm gonna go and see if I can snatch an ice cream" she slammed the door behind her.

Oh my god... she's five and she's apparently smarter than me. Did this just happen? I think I might be having a hallucination. She's five... how come... how can she... my jaw was on the floor because I just got a heartfelt speech from a five years old little girl, and maybe she's right. (A/N: Sophie reminds me of a little girl I know, and she's too smart to be five years old, just like Soph)

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#### Freddie's POV

I spent the afternoon in The Arcade with Patrice and I must say it was the best day I had this week. She was so fun, and I could never imagine she could tell jokes. I always knew she wasn't all that bad but I never knew she could be this good. I was impressed.

"That was fun" I told Patrice while unlocking the door.

"Well, I told you I could beat your pretty ass" she snorted.

I had a little bit of fun today. Patrice was actually very nice, and she was a master in Guitar Hero, she beat my ass multiple times. The whole day was fun, but I'm way too heavy to feel it.

"Thank you" I offered my hand for her to shake.

"Seriously?" she chuckled, tip toed and kissed my cheek "just promise me something?"

"What?" I leaned against the door.

"Stop this depression thing. Lift your head up boy, you're better than this" she touched my face caringly.

"I'll try" I nodded.

She smiled and left, something made her change her mind and she walked back to me.

"I have to tell you something"

"Shoot"

"I like you" she blushed.

"I like you too"

"No... I like you. I think I'm in love with you" she blushed harder.

My eyes went wide. I wasn't ready to hear this, let alone from her. My heart belonged to someone else, and I couldn't... I couldn't feel this way about anyone else.

"Patrice I..." she interrupted me.

"Listen, just listen. No one ever treated me the way you do, and yeah I have feelings for you. I wouldn't call it love but they're deep. However, I know you love Sam and you probably couldn't be happy without her. And I want you to be happy. I'm a selfish person Freddie, but not to you, you helped me and I'm so thankful. I haven't felt this way in a long time. All I ask is for you to be my friend and if you eventually get over Sam... maybe you could give me a chance" I knew she was nervous as hell, I could see her hands shaking slightly.

"You would be my first choice" I smiled "but like you said, at least right now I can't be happy without her"

"I know. But thank you" I leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on her forehead "bye Freddie" she smiled and gulped before walking away.

After she walked away I kept smiling. The first genuine smile of the day. This girl is amazing me. I fixed her, I mended her bruises and now she's willing to wait for my heart to heal so she can have a chance? This could all be good if I wasn't so in love with Sam. I can't deny Patrice is attractive, but my fucking stupid wuss heart belongs to that crazy blond, and I don't think this is going to change anytime soon. Before I could get into my apartment I heard some screamed coming from Carly's. She was very mad talking to someone.

I pressed my ear against the door, because right now I don't give a flying fuck about manners.

*"I mean, can you believe it? I got there, willing to give her a chance to explain herself and what happens? He's there! Oh my god how could she do this?"*

*"Carly calm down alright, there must be an explanation"* the other voice belonged to Brad.

*"What Brad? Pete was there. I saw him! He hugged her, he wrapped his arms around her and hugged!"*

What... so it was him. He was the reason why she broke up with me...

*"Oh man... don't tell Freddie this. Not yet. Let's figure out what's happening, then we let him know"*

She dumped me for him and now they were celebrating... I knew it. I felt that familiar sting on my chest come back as I back away from Carly's door. I didn't want to hear anything else. I walked into my apartment thanking God no one was around, because shit was about to get real. I kicked the footstool and the coffee table, before smashing a lamp. I knew it. I always knew it, I was already self conscious about this Pete issue and I shouldn't believe her, I should know better, but I was stupid.

Stupid, stupid Freddie!

I need to get out of here... I need air... I need... Gibby. I grabbed my phone and called him. As soon as he heard about the break up, Gibby came by to say he was sorry, and in his Gibbyish way he told me that if I ever needed to just let shit out of my chest, his uncle owned a bar and we could go there and get wasted with no problem. I never even tasted a beer before, but shit, I'm mad, I'm fucking out of my mind and I want to get wasted.

"Hey Gib"

"Hey Freddie, my man! What's up?" he said.

"I need to get shit out of my chest"

*"Then talk to me dude... I'm not Carly but I'm sensitive"*

*"No Gib, I need to take shit out of my chest"* I said pointedly

*"Oh, now you're speaking my language. Get you in five, let's get wasted!"* he said a little giddy.

"Yeah, let's get wasted"

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General POV

Gibby drove Freddie to his uncle's bar. Greg Gibson wasn't what you can call a *nice guy*, but he understood the love pain. Gibby explained to him the situation and Greg Gibson, sympathetically, gave Freddie Benson his first beer. The first taste of alcohol, made him grimace, it wasn't something Freddie was used to, but three sips later he found himself enjoying it. It gave him an immediate sensation of freedom, and Gibby felt proud of himself for being the one able to provide it.

When Gibby heard about the break up, he didn't really knew what to say, because let's face it, The Gibby is not a man of words, but actions, but he went to see Freddie anyway. Not able to think about anything good to say, Gibby simply remembered what his uncle once told him *the cure for love pain is a good beer, it cleans the soul*. And that was what he told Freddie. However, Gibby never thought Freddie would take his words in consideration, and he was shocked to say the least when Freddie called.

Half an hour later, Freddie Benson was doing some male bonding around the bar, hearing stories of other guys, about other girls, and other hearts broken. After the sixth beer, Freddie decided that wasn't going to cut it anymore, he needed something stronger. Marlon Hayes, a truck driver, whose

wife left a couple of years ago, always hanged around the bar on his free time, and offered Freddie his first shot of tequila. Freddie Benson became a fan of the hot beverage in less than two shots.

"Freddie..." Gibby tried to take Freddie off the counter.

"Gibbay my man! The view up here is am-a-zin-g" he hiccupped "amazing-ing duuude!"

"Freddie get down" he tried to grab Freddie's arm, but he jerked away.

"Nooooo!" everybody sang.

"Don't, Gibby" his uncle told him "can't you see the boy needs this?"

"But uncle!" Gibby tried to argue "he can fall and break something, then his mother will break me!"

"My mother is a nut case man!" Freddie cracked up "she was pregnant with me for fucking eleven months... the woman is batshit!"

Everybody started to laugh.

"I miss music. I don't hear music since my girlfriend went MIA on me and then broke up with me" Freddie stopped for a while, looking sad, then started to laugh again "put some music on DJ!"

"You're the boss Freddie!" Uncle Greg turned the stereo on.

"J-LO?" Freddie yelled.

"Is there a problem?" Marlon asked, sounding ominous.

"Nah..." Freddie shrugged "ON THE FLOOR BABE!"

"On the floor!" the others yelled.

Gibby never thought in his whole life, he would see Freddie Benson dancing Jennifer Lopez on top of a bar counter, but that was exactly what he was facing right now and that worried him. Freddie would jump, wiggle his hips and sometimes try to sing along, but failed miserably.

"LA, LALALALALALA, LALALA!" was the only thing he knew how to sing "on the floor, la la la la!"

"Freddie..." Gibby tried to take him off the counter again, but Freddie almost kicked him in the face.

"Man I can't sing this song!" Freddie laughed, and Gibby thought he never saw Freddie this loose "dude... gimme that" Freddie snatched the bottle of tequila from Greg's hand and started to devour it.

After several failed attempts to take him home, Gibby gave up, throwing his hands in the air before reaching for his phone. It was one in the morning and Brad was probably sleeping, but he called his friend anyway. Gibby knew that he was the only one who could take Freddie back home before something bad happened. Brad's phone ringed twenty times before he picked up

*"Gibby? You better have a damn good reason to wake me up at one in the morning"* Brad wasn't very happy with the call.

"Brad... I need your help. See, I brought Freddie to my uncle's bar and he is a little..." Gibby looked at Freddie, using a empty tequila bottle to sing Metallica "drunk"

"Gib, what the fuck? You got Freddie drunk?" he hissed.

"Sorry man, he asked me to"

"Fine, tell me where it is and I'll be right there"

*This is something I never want to see again*, thought Brad, laying eyes on his drunken best friend. Freddie's hair was a mess, his plaid shirt was unbuttoned and his white wife beater was wrinkled and probably stained with liquor. Despite looking ridiculous, dancing on top of the counter, he was smiling, like a five years old in Christmas Eve. Brad shook his head, approaching Freddie.

"Brad! My friend!" he yelled "look guys, this is my best fucking friend in the whole world!"

"Hey" Brad waved "Freddie, come on. Let's get you home"

"But it's Friday night dude. I donwanna go wome!" he whined.

"Freddie, come on. It's time"

Brad yanked Freddie off the counter against everybody's pleas, paid the bill and took him outside.

"Where's the car Gibby?" he held Freddie's head while he threw up.

"Uh... we took a cab here" Brad glared at him "I thought it was better, because if we were both drunk we wouldn't die in a car crash! The Gibby is too young to die" he mused.

"Fine whatever. I don't have any money anymore. I spent it all in the cab here, and Freddie's money is in your uncle's bar now... I figure you don't have any either"

"No"

"We'll walk" Brad patted Freddie on the back, helping him getting up.

"Kay"

*"I'm falling through the doors of the emergency room! Can anybody help me with these exit wound? I don't know how much more love, this heart can lose, and I'm dying, dying from these exit wounds. Woooounds, where their leaving, the scars you're keeping. Exit wounds!"* Freddie's voice cracked as he tried to sing The Script's *Exit Wounds*.

*"And I wish you could give me the cold shoulder. And I wish you could still give me a hard time. And I wish I could still wish it was over, but even if wishing is a waste of time even if I never cross your mind. I'll leave the door on the latch if you ever come back if you ever come back. They'll be a light in the hall and the key under the mat, if you ever come back. They'll be a smile on my face and the kettle on, and it will be just like you were never gone"*

Brad and Gibby were carrying Freddie on the streets, and the brunet boy kept screaming his lungs out all The Script's songs he could muster, much to his friends annoyance.

*"Cause I still don't know how to act, don't know what to say. Still wear the scars like it was yesterday, but you're long gone and moved on. Cause you're long gone, but I still don't know where to start, still finding my way. Still talk about you like it was yesterday. But you're long gone and moved on. But you're long gone, you moved on ... It gets under my skin to see you with him and it's not me that you're with. Oh from this moment on I'm changing the way I feel yeah. From this moment on, it's time to get a real!"*

"Freddie, stop it!" Brad told him, making Freddie crack up a laugh.

*"Dude! Sing with me" he said a little too close from Brad's face, and his friend could almost taste everything he drank tonight "And my mates are all there trying to calm me down 'cause I'm shouting your name all over town. I'm swearing if I go there now I can change your mind, turn it all around. And I now that I'm drunk but I'll say the words, and she'll listen this time even though its lust. Dial her number and confess to her I'm still in love. But all I heard was nothing! NOTHING. SHE SAID NOTHING! OOOH NOTHING! I GOT NOTHING I GOT NOTHING!"*

"Quit it!" Brad hollered, trying to support Freddie's weight in his arm while Gibby did the same.

*"Am I better off dead? Am I better off a quitter? They say I'm better off now, than I ever was with her"* Freddie finished quietly.

After an awkward silence between the three of them, Freddie started to laugh again, uncontrollably, shaking and making harder for his friends to carry him. Brad decided he didn't like drunken Freddie. Something made Freddie's laughter die completely.

"I can walk" he said, almost sounding sober.

Brad and Gibby took a chance and let go of him, slowly. Freddie stood up on his own sticking his hand inside his pocket, searching for something. Brad watched him grab his phone.

"What are doing?"

"Didn't you heard Danny O'Donoghue?" he pressed Sam's number on speed dial, but her phone was off, so he called her house.

"Who?" Gibby asked.

"The Script's singer..." Brad watched Freddie, unsure of what his friend was doing.

She wasn't picking up, but he waited patiently, singing a bit more.

*"What am I suppose to do when the best part of me was always you? What am I suppose to say when I'm all choked up and you're ok? I'm falling to pieces. I'm falling to pieces. They say bad things happen for a reason, but no wise words gonna stop the bleeding. 'Coz she moved on while I'm still grieving, 'coz when a heart breaks no it don't break even, even, no!"*

He stopped as soon as he heard a female voice, muffed on the other line. His heart skip a beat, it was now or never.

"Sam... Sammy please... don't do this to me. I love you. Don't break up with me. I love you more than anything and without I'm shit!"

"Freddie? Are you drunk?"

"No... well... a little, but listen, that's not important" he hiccupped "what matters is that I'm so in love with you, please don't leave me because I'm not me without you baby. There's no Freddie without Sam. I don't know what I did wrong, but if you tell me I'll fix this chizz" Brad tried to take the phone off Freddie's hand and save him from the humiliation, but he refused to hand over.

"Freddie..."

"No listen! Listen to me. When I fell in love with you I knew this was not going to be easy, but I also didn't know it would be this hard. But that doesn't matter because I rather die trying than give up on you Sam... I can't give up on you. I'll never give up... fuck Sam! Can't you see how much I love you? Tell me what I did wrong and I'll fix it... because we can go through anything, as long as we're together... tell me what you want... I'll do it. Sammy... my little demon... I love you. So, so much. Please say something"

She was speechless on the other side of the line and Freddie choked, feeling like he was going to throw up again. His knees buckled, and he dropped the phone on the floor. Brad reached to hold his head up, while he threw up again, and Gibby picked his phone off the floor. He threw up a little bit more, before leaning his head against Brad's shoulder.

"She said nothing"

"What?" Brad adjusted his weight in one arm, while Gibby did the same.

"She said nothing... I'm sleepy"

"I know... let's get you home" the trio began to walk again, heading to the Bushwell Plaza.

"She's my lobster Brad" he whispered against Brad's neck.

"She's what?"

"My lobster... you never saw *Friends*?"

"Yeah but..."

"Season two, episode 14. The One With The Prom Video. Phoebe tells Ross, Rachel is his lobster" he sighed "Sam is my lobster"

"Dude..." Brad shook his head, not really knowing if Freddie had a point or this was just drunk talk.

"*It's a known fact that lobsters fall in love and mate for life*" he chuckled "she said it... and they hold claws... around their tank... forever"

"Man..." Brad never felt so bad for someone before in his life.

After helping Freddie with one more round of vomit, he grabbed a blanket and threw over his friend, who was passed out on the couch. He had a very hurtful expression on his face that made Brad sigh, this shit was so fucked up. Gibby passed out on the armchair, but Brad couldn't bring himself to fall asleep, so he sat on the floor, contemplating Freddie's *lobster theory*. After half an hour, the fatigue won him over and Brad dozed off.

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Pam Puckett dropped the phone with her mouth hanging open. She was speechless. The boy drank his ass off and called Sam, but Sam was sleeping on a fetal position after crying the whole night. So, Pam Puckett answered the phone. She walked to her daughter's bedroom again. Sam was in the same position, and although she was asleep, her face made it seem like she was still crying. *So much pain*, she thought. This can't be right. Maybe she was wrong, maybe when she told Sam those things she was thinking about herself.

Sam wasn't Pam, and Freddie wasn't Sam's father. *Damn it! I have to fix this! What did I do? I'll fix this.* But how to convince Sam that she was wrong? Now that she believed her? Pam knew she never been a good mother, and maybe while trying to help she inflicted pain on her child. This was wrong, and she knew something had to be done. Soon.

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#### **Little bit of next chapter:**

"Excuse me?"

"You heard her!" Brad stepped in "now go there and do something, because I don't wanna clean drunken Freddie's vomit anymore!"

"That's right!" Carly said "do something or you're going to lose him, you big jerk!" she smacked Sam in the head.

"Ouch! Carly!"

"You're insecure and scared, but you gotta open up to love or else you'll be damaged forever!"

"Carly I don't-"

"I'm not done yet" Carly's voice reached a tone, only dogs could hear, fortunately the music saved the ears of those farther away from her. Only Brad and Sam didn't have the same luck "you hear me out Puckett. I'll talk some sense into your head, even if I have to shove it down your throat. Love requires an amount of effort, and it's difficult, it's hard but it's so worth the trouble. What Freddie feels for you is true love, and I know you feel it too, but you're a coward! You call yourself brave, but only a true brave person risks everything jumping in this crazy river called love. He was in, all in, but you never were. Whether you jump or you give up forever! I'm pretty sure he can find someone who's willing to jump with him"

Sam felt her chest ache with the slight possibility to lose him for someone else. She couldn't lose him. She wouldn't lose him. Grabbing a can of wahoo punch out of the fridge, she walked towards Patrice with a plan. In order to talk to Freddie, she needed to get rid of Patrice.

"You go girl!" Carly cheered.

## \*Chapter 49\*: iLove Lobsters And Lemonade

A/N: ready for the reunion? First let's talk about some things for a bit.

First of all:

Patrice and Freddie - She is a very complicated and damaged girl, but she's not a bad person. She acts the way she acts for a reason (I'll explain everything later) but not with Freddie. He is different from every other guy she ever met, he rejected her because he was in love with his girlfriend, and he loved her enough to don't want anybody else. She never experienced that. Patrice never had true friends, not the ones who really cared about her and she never felt comfortable enough to open up about her issues with anyone. That night when she got stuck in the elevator with Freddie, they talked, and she felt like she could tell him her story, and he wouldn't judge her. He has the ability to see beyond the appearances and that's why she feels comfortable with him. He thinks she is like a wounded animal that just need help, and he sees beyond everything. She reminds him of Sam in some aspects, they're both insecure, always thinking less of themselves and never think they deserve anything. I personally like her character, and I think she's going to stick around for a very long time.

Secondly:

Carly - she was wrong and she'll apologize, but when she saw Pete and Sam, she was already pissed and at that point she was just seeing red. But remember, she didn't run to tell Freddie what happened because she didn't want him to think badly of Sam not until she knew what was really going on. She stormed out because she was mad, and she overreacted, but when time came she will be there ready to help Sam and Freddie get together.

Thirdly:

Pam - she doesn't know how to be a mother because she actually never tried. She's too caught up on her own pain, and she can't really see Sam and Freddie being together forever. Pam doesn't believe in love, because her heart was broken and she was left alone with two kids to raise, in other words, she's bitter, but she's trying to get better.

And last:

Sam - she's scared. Sam has many issues she has to work on just like Patrice but she can't do it on her own, however she's afraid to open up completely and get hurt. Sam had to watch Pam sleeping around all her life just to mend her broken heart and she doesn't want to turn out like her mother. She doesn't want to admit that she cares about Pam's opinion but she does and it's important to her, so if her own mother doesn't think she's good for Freddie, then maybe she isn't. Trust is one of the issues she will have to work on, learn how to open up and don't let people get into her head so very easily.

Freddie - he has daddy issues and abandonment issues as well. His father is a constant reminder of what feels like to be abandoned, to be rejected. Freddie spent a long time being rejected by Carly, and even though he wasn't really in love with her, he felt the need to keep pushing and maybe someday she would accept and love him. With Sam he felt loved for the first time, completely loved, he finally found someone who loved him for who he was and that made him want to do anything he could to try to keep her. He tried to be the perfect boyfriend because then she would have no reasons to leave. He's gotten more mature, but his heart was broken, so he needed to get that angst and anger off his chest. If perfection wasn't good for her, then maybe if he had more flaws she would want him back, so here comes the alcohol and the ridiculous little show. He thought he had everything under control by acting like a perfect human being, but this doesn't happen on the real world, because no one is perfect.

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Brad's POV

Good thing he doesn't snore, unlike Gibby, who sounds a lot like an angry bear. I borrowed Freddie laptop to find a cure for the massive hangover waiting for my friend when he wakes up. I came across some interesting sites and find some stuff that might help. Knowing that Freddie wouldn't be up until noon, I went to the market down the street and bought some Gatorade and orange juice. Mrs. Benson had eggs on her fridge and crackers somewhere around the kitchen.

I forgot how tired I was and came back to Freddie's apartment, putting the things in the fridge. He's going to need this pretty soon. I looked over to Gibby who was sleeping soundly, but not showing any sign of drunkenness, I guess he didn't get wasted last night. Man, this was ridiculous, I get that he's upset and shit, but this is too much. Last night's show was a bit too much. However, by the end of the night, while walking back home, he calmed down and even asked me to sleep on the couch.

I didn't get any sleep, trying to decide whether or not to tell Carly about all the commotion on the bar and all the way back home. But I knew from the beginning I was going to tell her anyway, there's no point keeping this from Carly. Around eleven, I finished cleaning the bathroom where Freddie threw up twice, not wanting to leave any evidence behind for Mrs. Benson to find, and made my way across the hall. I knocked on the door twice, and Carly greeted me in footie pajamas.

"Hey babe" I smiled weakly.

"Hey... you look awful honey" she caressed my cheek.

"We need to talk... no I need to tell you something" I walked in and fell on the couch "man I'm tired"

"Why? What do you wanna talk about?" she sat by my side.

"Freddie" I sighed, kicking my shoes off.

"What about him? What happened? Did he do something? What?" she freaked out "he did something bad?"

"No babe... well, yeah" her eyes went wide "I got a call from Gibby at one in the morning, asking me to go pick up Freddie on a bar"

"Abar?" she hollered.

"Yeah. He drank his ass off, danced on top of the counter and sang all the way here"

"Oh my God!" Carly covered her mouth.

"That's not everything. He called Sam and begged her to go back to him. It was awful and I had to spend the whole night cleaning his vomit and listening to his whines. I hate that he's like this Carls..."

"Brad, this is so bad! Where is he now?"

"Sleeping on the couch. Apparently his room smells like her and he refuses to go in there. I need to be there when he wakes up, to help him through hangover" I massaged my sore head "this sucks Carly"

"I know babe" she wrapped her arms around my neck"

"Yeah" I sighed "I'm so tired"

"Listen, let me take a shower and I'll help you with him okay?" I nodded "go, I'll meet you there in a few" she kissed me softly before slipping away from my arms.

"Kay" I put my shoes back on went back to Freddie's.

When I got into the apartment I smelled eggs. Gibby was up, making some breakfast and not wearing a shirt.

"Hey, are you hungry?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Yeah, I'm starving" I looked over Freddie, still asleep.

"I don't think he's going to wake up anytime soon" I stated.

"He's so fucked up, man. I never should've taken him there" he said guilty.

"Knowing Freddie like I do, he would've gone anyways, so it was better to have a friend watching his back" I sat on the coffee table, staring at my drunken best friend.

"Yeah I guess... still I feel pretty bad"

"Well, don't"

Ten minutes later Carly knocked on the door, but Freddie just kept sleeping. She sat on the couch, putting his head on her lap, giving me a pained look. I sighed, and she started to stroke his hair, just like the other morning, looking down at him sadly.

"I miss him. I miss them. Together. I miss Seddie" she mused "now everything is bad"

Freddie started to move and mumble incoherent sentences, before opening his eyes slowly. He looked at me, then at Carly, before frowning, with a pained expression on his face. Shit, it's too bright in here! I ran over and closed the curtains quickly.

"Fuck! My head hurt like a bastard" he brought his hand to his head "shit!"

"Well, you drank your ass off" I told him.

"Damn Brad, don't yell! UGH this hurts so badly!" he complained.

"I'm not... never mind, I'll just whisper"

"Freddie, what got into ya? I mean, going to a bar? Drinking your ass off? Come on!" Carly began.

"Listen Carls, I appreciate you trying to help and all but... can we not do this right now?" he sat up "I can't remember what happened"

"You drank a lot" Gibby said, leaning against the counter "danced on top of the counter, sang with an empty tequila bottle, threw up a lot, and sang all the way back here!"

"Oh chizz!" he rubbed the sides of his head.

"And there's something else you should know" he looked at me scared "you called Sam"

"No... what did I say?"

"Abunch of things, but they all involved you guys being back together" I told him.

"Shit! Shit! Shit! OW!" he rubbed his temples "man, this is bad... now she's just going to laugh on my face!"

"She won't" Carly said "Freddie, first things first" she put her hands on his shoulders "take a shower and brush your teeth"

"Then come back here, I have something for your hangover" I told him.

"Put on some pajamas, you're going to need all the sleep you can get" Gibby told him with a snicker.

"And this time on your bed" Carly gave him a stern look.

"Fine... I'll do that..." he sighed "thanks guys"

"Just go" I shoved him towards his room.

"I don't wanna go in there" he whispered to me.

"Too bad man, you have to. Stop being a puss and do it" I shoved him harder.

"Okay..."

I looked at Carly, then at Gibby. This needed to stop soon, there was no way I would let this go on anymore. This was ridiculous and he needed to snap out of that, right now.

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Carly's POV

Freddie was getting some sleep, and so was Brad. My poor boyfriend is such a good friend; he spent the whole night wake taking care of Freddie, who was drunk out of his mind. I get why he's sad, but that doesn't give him the right to do that. I told Brad to get some sleep in my bedroom, while I tried to track Sam's stupid ass down. I tried before, to talk to her about this whole thing, but it didn't work, so now I'm going to give her a piece of my mind. I was holding up because I didn't want to hurt my best friend, but now I reached my breaking point. I also know I should be there for her, but I'm so mad she broke up with him for no good reason, and this thing with Pete, it's just suspicious.

UGH! I hate him with all of me, he's the responsible for all this suffering, and I can't believe Sam could do this. She claimed to love Freddie for years, but now she dumps him for skinny ass Pete? Come on! I was furious out of my mind when the bell rang, I hoped it was Sam. I swung the door open, reveling one very sad looking Pam Puckett.

"Pam? What are you doing here?" I asked; when she walked pass me into the apartment.

"I need to talk to you Carly. It's about Sam"

"If you're looking for her I don-" she raised her hand, making me shut up.

"This whole break up thing is my fault. I told Sam she wasn't good enough for the boy and she actually believed me. I told her a bunch of things that made her think less of herself" she confessed.

"What? Why? You're her mother; you're not supposed to put her down!" I hollered "what kind of parent are you?"

"I'm not the best kind okay!" she sat on the couch, throwing her bag on the floor "I thought that I was protecting her, I thought that she would go through the same things I did and I didn't want that. But what I failed to realize was, Sam's not me. She's better and she always is going to be. I don't know how to be a mother Carly, I never learn that, and after everything that happened in my life, especially with Sam's dad, I don't know... I just thought I was opening her eyes, doing her a favor. But watching her crying every night before bed is killing me. And after last night's phone call... I just..."

"What phone call?"

"Freddie called the house. He was so drunk he thought I was Sam and said all these things. I just hate to see her suffering, even more than I hate to admit I was wrong about this one. And I need your help to make her see, before she loses him for good" she sighed "will you help me?"

"Only because they're my two best friends and I can't see them hurting like that anymore..." I remembered something "but wait... so why is she with Pete already?"

"Pete? Who's Pete?"

"Her ex... they're like together now... I don't even know if they are..."

"No, they're not. I'm pretty sure she has no one, or else she wouldn't cry herself to sleep every night" she stated.

"You're sure?"

"Yeah, I know that. I can hear her sobbing from the hallway. She only broke up with him because she thinks she's not good enough for him. She thinks she's doing him a favor"

"This is absurd! He's in pain, he's sad, he's broken!" I hollered "he loves her Pam, he doesn't think she's not good enough"

"Carly... just help me, let's do this for them"

"Sure" I sighed "I thought Sam was over that already"

"What do you mean?"

"She had this issue before, and Freddie reassured her how much he loved her. I guess that's why she lied to him when she broke up with him..."

"She lied"

"Yeah, she told him a bunch of lies, because she knew that if she told him the truth he would just reassure her all over again" I trailed off "I guess you fucked up her head pretty bad"

"Don't remind me. But how are we going to get her here? We need to talk to her, like... now"

"I have an idea... call her. Tell her something happened to me and she'll come running"

"Lie?" I nodded "I can do that" she pulled out her phone "it's ringing" Pam bit her lip with anticipation "Sammy... I know you don't wanna talk to me, just listen... I got a call from Carly's. Something bad happen, I guess you should go there and check it out... I don't know, Spencer was nervous, he told me something about a stairs... okay, go there kid. Bye"

"So?"

"Done. Let's wait for a bit"

"I'm so stupid" I confessed "I've been a terrible friend to her"

"You and me both kid, you and me both" Pam patted my shoulder.

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Sam's POV

Oh my god! What happened? Is Carly hurt? Is Freddie hurt? No, please god, don't let it be him. Don't let it be him! I prayed the whole way to the Bushwell, my mind was on Freddie. If something happens to him I'll... be lost. There's no Sam without Freddie, and even though we're not together anymore, being able to see him, to know he's okay is already a lot to me. I loved him more than anything, and I just wanted us to be together forever, but unfortunately that wasn't happening. Still, I prayed for him to be alright.

Kicking the door open, I rushed into Carly's apartment, only to find my mother sitting on the couch, talking to my best friend. Oh no... something very bad happened.

"What happened? Is everyone okay? Is Freddie okay? Carly! Speak!" I hollered.

"Sam... listen, we have something to talk to you about" Carly said, standing up.

"WHAT?"

"Sammy... listen. I was wrong when I told you you're not good for Freddie. I was only thinking about myself, what I've been through. That has nothing to do with you" my mother started.

"What are you trying to say?"

"That this whole shit is stupid Sam!" Carly snapped "your reasons are stupid!"

"Carly you don't get!" I tried to argue.

"And never will, because it makes no sense!"

"Stop girls! Listen Sam, Carly's right. I was wrong. You're not me... you're so much better" she tried to touch me, but I stepped back.

"No. Just because you changed your mind doesn't mean I'm magically going to be good for him!"

"You're good for him you asshole!" Carly yelled "he loves you!"

"Is that why you called me here?" I was so mad; my face was probably red "to change my mind?"

"Yes!" they yelled.

"Well, too bad! Cause it isn't working!"

"Sam... do you remember that boyfriend I had... the one who kept calling" I knew it was pointless to argue so I just nodded "well, do you remember that I started to tape the phone calls?" I nodded irritated again "well, it just kept recording. It records every phone call!"

"Is this getting somewhere?" I hollered.

"Yes!" she took a small CD off her purse "listen to this. Carly...?"

"Sure" Carly put the CD on the stereo.

There was a silence, then a wind noise before a familiar voice reached my ears. Oh, that voice... that always penetrates through my soul....

"Sam... Sammy please... don't do this to me. I love you. Don't break up with me. I love you more than anything and without I'm shit!"

"Freddie? Are you drunk?" I hear my mother ask.

Freddie? Drunk? Those two words don't go together. The dork never had a sip of beer in his life, how come he can be drunk?

"No... well... a little, but listen, that's not important" he hiccupped "what matters is that I'm so in love with you, please don't leave me because I'm not me without you baby. There's no Freddie without Sam. I don't know what I did wrong, but if you tell me I'll fix this chizz"

"Freddie..."

"No listen! Listen to me. When I fell in love with you I knew this was not going to be easy, but I also didn't know it would be this hard. But that doesn't matter because I rather die trying than give up on you Sam... I can't give up on you. I'll never give up... fuck Sam! Can't you see how much I love you? Tell me what I did wrong and I'll fix it... because we can go through anything, as long as we're together... tell me what you want... I'll do it. Sammy... my little demon... I love you. So, so much. Please say something"

And then was silence again.

"What...?"

"He called last night, drunk out of his mind, and you know Sammy, drunken people tend to be honest to the bone. Baby, I realized something, this boy loves you. Like, really loves you. Your father never loved me and that's the difference between us. I misjudged him, and you, but only because I was trying to protect you from getting hurt. I guess I didn't do a very good job" she looked down sadly.

"Sam... Freddie is so in love with you, he would never think you're not good enough for him. And even if you don't get into a fancy college, did it ever occur to you that you could just go with him to Boston and get a job while he studied?" Carly, put her hand on my shoulder.

"I... I'm so confused... is he okay?"

"He's asleep now, but he was very bad. Sam..." Carly breathed "are you with Pete? Did you dump Freddie to stay with Pete?"

"What? Me and Pete? No, I'm not with Pete" I defended myself.

"I saw him in your house that day... he was hugging you. And all the little secrets..." she trailed off "did you cheat on Freddie?"

"No! Never!" I hollered in my defense "Carly... I'm not with Pete and I could never be. He's gay"

"What?" she asked, her jaw hitting the floor.

"That's what you heard. That was the secret I was keeping. Listen. The day before my anniversary with Freddie, I went to Marvin's bar to borrow some cash, I wanted to give the dork his nerdy thingy back. So after Marv gave me the money, I sat on the counter and started to chat with Paul, the bartender. Paul just graduated and wants to save some money before going to Julliard. Anyway, Paul asked me about my boyfriend, and then told me about his. I didn't know he was gay, until that day I didn't know Pete was either. So he asked me if I wanted to meet his bf, and I said yes. His shift was ending, and his bf would be waiting for him outside, in the backdoor. When I got there I saw Pete, and Paul introduced us. Pete freaked out; he didn't want anyone to know he was gay. His family is religious and stuff, and his grandma was really sick and that could kill her. He freaked out and Paul got upset, because he wasn't brave enough to tell his own family who he really was. Paul broke up with him. Since then, Pete is stalking me so I could keep his secret, but eventually we became friends. He's been giving me advices, and telling me to go back to Freddie"

"But..." she was shocked "I saw him... hugging you"

"Yeah, because he just got back with Paul. He convinced him to give him more time to tell his folks"

"Sam... Freddie thinks you broke up with him because of Pete"

"Why would he think that?"

"Because of the secrets, the phone calls" she sat back on the couch "why didn't you tell us?"

"It's not my secret to tell, really. Yesterday he told me I could tell you and Freddie..." I sighed.

"So now go tell Freddie that and get back together, so it can rain again!" my mother said.

"What?" me and Carly looked at her confused.

"I realized that this crazy weather began after you and Freddie broke up. It's been hot for a week now, and I don't think it's going to rain until you set things straight" she smirked "this is God's way to tell you that you're belong with that boy"

"I don't know... I'm confused. I need time to think about it"

"Oh Sam... just do it!" Carly said impatiently.

"I can't!" I growled "I need to think things through"

"Fine. I'm going to Maya's birthday party tonight; if you need some time to think, just hang around here. I don't think Freddie will be leaving his apartment, so you won't run into him"

"That's okay" I threw myself in the couch "I just want to be alone"

"I'm so sorry Sam. I was a terrible friend, I shouldn't jump to conclusion, I should've known better"

"It doesn't matter anymore okay?" I rubbed her arm "I'm not the best friend in the world too. What time is the party?"

"I'll be off by seven. Spencer hasn't been home in three days, so you can sleep in his room. Brad's upstairs sleeping in my room because he didn't get any sleep last night?"

"Why?" Pam smirked.

"He was too busy picking up Freddie in the bar and wiping his vomit off the floor!" she said angrily.

"Oh..." my mom grimaced "he's a good friend"

"I know..." Carly said "I'm going to get ready and wake up Brad... just get out of here before he sees you. He's pissed at you"

"Fine, whatever" I said before turning on my heels to walk away "thanks mom... for the talk" I said over my shoulder.

"I love you Sammy. And I'm sorry"

"It's okay"

But it wasn't, and I knew it. I still had a lot of thinking to do, but it was pretty much set in stone that I was an idiot. I kept replaying the phone call over and over again in Spencer's stereo sound. His drunken voice, so deep, digging into my brain, making my heart ache. I hated to hurt him; I never wanted to see sadness in his eyes again. So, I had an important choice to make, forget about my fear and live the moment, with no guarantee of tomorrow, or just lose him now and never really know what might've happened?

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#### Freddie's POV

I woke up on the hard floor of the fire escape. Thanks to this crazy weather, I could sleep out here without getting a cold, and my thick sleeping bag helped too. I didn't want to go back into my room, it smelled like her, since she left. I didn't want any reminders of her, even if I wanted her 24/7. After that little show in the bar, I decided it was time to get a grip, she was already with someone else, so I should be moving on too. So why was that so hard?

Maybe because I'm a wuss-sappy-nub-drama-queen? Maybe I'm seeing the problem bigger than what it really is. I'm seventeen, and just because my girlfriend broke up with me doesn't mean my life is over. And even if I love her more than anything and still wish we were together, I need to move on... but I can't. I want to, but I can't. She's my fucking lobster. I enjoyed the silence of the apartment, thanking God my mother agreed on taking Gun Smoke to a freak parents event, somewhere around the state.

But wanting doesn't change anything. I walked into my bedroom, fighting the urge to sniff my pillows just to see if they smelled like her too. I needed a shower, I needed to shave and most importantly; brush my teeth. I got a *Carly shower*, spending at least thirty minutes under the hot water, before putting some clothes on. There's really not much I could do around here, so I just turned on the TV. *Nick and Norah's whatever is the rest of the name, because I'm too tired to give a fuck* was on, but I was on the mood to watch True Blood.

*Knock, knock.* I knew it wasn't Brad, because he left a message saying he would be at Maya's birthday party. I dragged my feet, and opened the door, without looking out my peephole.

There she was, standing in front of me, wearing high heels and a white dress. Strapless, but not as short as the clothes she used to wear. Her hair was on a ponytail and she smiled at me. I could tell she was wearing less makeup than she normally would.

"Hey" I waved lamely.

"Hey... what are you doing here? It's Maya's b-day, come on. Let's go to the party!" she grabbed my arm, rocking to the sides.

"Patrice... I'm not in the mood for partying" I exhaled.

"Don't care Freddie. You can't lock yourself in here forever... besides, you look like shit"

"Hangover" I shrugged.

"Hangover? You? What happened?"

"Why don't you come in and I'll tell you" I said, pulling her into the apartment with me.

I told her what happened, and I never felt so ashamed. The look she gave me, burned into my head, and I could tell she was upset and disappointed. After I told her the whole story she sighed and stood up, glaring at me.

"I thought you were better than this" she let out.

"Patrice I..."

"No Freddie, this is unacceptable! Even if Sam is really with this Pete guy, it doesn't give you reasons to walk around, drinking till' you drop"

"I know, and believe me, I feel ashamed"

"Then change your clothes and let's go to this party. You need to breathe some fresh air, you need to get out of here, and not to go to a bar!" she glared at me.

"Fine, fine... we'll stay ten minutes and leave alright?"

"Fine by me... go, put something nice on. There will fireworks at midnight, the time of her birth"

As I entered Maya's party, I felt out of my element, and totally lost. I'm not a party rat, and I'm not in the mood for partying. But I figured it could be a good distraction. Patrice said we were going to dance away our sorrow, and I decided to just go with it. Because I'm not blind, I noticed Carly's glares, and Brad's confused stares, but tonight I didn't want to deal with this. I just wanted to forget.

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#### General POV

Carly Shay was pissed. She was this close to get her friends back together and now Freddie was about to ruin everything? Why did he have to show up with this girl? He was going to ruin the progress she was making with Sam, she was almost there, almost breaking her. Now this! Fan-bam-tastic! For her lucky, Brad saw this as a golden opportunity. Sam was almost changing her mind about the whole break up thing, and if she thought she was about to lose for someone else, she would freak out and just try to fix things between them. He told Carly to call Sam and tell her exactly what was going on. And he was right, in matter of minutes, Sam was there, eyes searching for Freddie and the girl in the white dress.

They were in the middle of the room, dancing at the sound of Simple Plan's *Jet lag*. Well, she was dancing, Freddie was moving to the sides, changing his weight from one foot to the other, sometimes moving his hips while singing along. On the other side of the apartment, a pair of angry blue eyes glared at them, especially the girl. Freddie didn't seem as willing as Patrice, or comfortable at all. Some guys would take Freddie Benson for a fool. First, he lost the blond, and now he refuses to tap the brunette, who was so willing? But the blond on the other side of the room, knew that the first part wasn't true. He still had her, and always would. That was why she was constantly sending death glares to the brunette dancing with him. The whole time, wishing she would suddenly drop dead.

Everybody was too busy with their own affair to notice that. Everyone but Carly Shay. She picked up her friend's vibe and nudged Brad, who nodded. It was time to do something. The blond was tapping her foot on the floor, arms crossed, narrowed eyebrows and a frown.

"Sam" she warned.

"Carly?" Sam used her *don't bug me now* tone.

She was too busy wishing Patrice was dead to care about Carly. Sam was angry and scared that she could actually lose Freddie to this girl. It wasn't right, and she should do something, but at the same time she was cautious; Sam didn't know what Freddie's reaction would be like, and throwing a tantrum could make things worse. Carly narrowed her eyes, and Sam knew what was coming, but she wasn't in the mood for that. Her best friend was good with long speeches, and she was going to talk for an hour and try to lecture Sam about love and stuff. Little did she know, her best friend had other plans.

"Punch her or something" Carly said.

"What?" Sam's jaw hit the floor.

"You gotta do something and fast. Throw Wahoo punch at her or something. Just do something about it!" Sam kept staring at Carly, in utter shock.

Happy to get Sam's attention, Carly smirked victoriously at Brad.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard her!" Brad stepped in "now go there and do something, because I don't wanna clean drunken Freddie's vomit never again!"

"That's right!" Carly said "do something or you're going to lose him, you big jerk!" she smacked Sam in the head.

"Ouch! Carly!"

"You're insecure and scared, but you gotta open up to love or else you'll be damaged forever!"

"Carly I don't..."

"I'm not done yet!" Carly's voice reached a tone, only dogs could hear, fortunately the music saved the ears of those farther away from her. Only Brad and Sam didn't have the same luck "you hear me out Puckett. I'll talk some sense into your head, even if I have to shove it down your throat. Love requires an amount of effort, and it's hard but it's so worth the trouble. What Freddie feels for you is true love, and I know you feel it too, but you're a coward! You call yourself brave, but only a true brave person risks everything jumping in this crazy river called love. He was in, all in, but you never were. Whether you jump, or you give up forever! I'm pretty sure he can find someone who's willing to jump with him"

Sam felt her chest ache with the slight possibility to lose him for someone else. She couldn't lose him. She wouldn't lose him. Grabbing a can of wahoo punch out of the counter, she walked towards Patrice with a plan. In order to talk to Freddie, she needed to get rid of Patrice.

"You go girl!" Carly cheered.

"You totally rock babe" Brad kissed Carly's head

Brad and Carly watched as Sam made her move. She was careful enough not to spill the wahoo punch in random people. That stinky soda had one especial mission to accomplish. At the sound of Lady Gaga's *You and I*, the drink meet its destiny when Sam collided with Patrice, emptying the can on her white dress.

"Ah!" she screamed.

"Sam!" Freddie complained.

"Sorry, my bad!" Sam shrugged.

"It's okay..." Patrice said, trying to clean her cleavage "it's fine"

"I'm so sorry" Sam said sarcastically "it was an accident"

"Are you okay?" he asked Patrice.

"I'm fine. Listen, I'm going to clean this up" she told him "you two, talk"

She turned around and walked away, heart on her hand, knowing that maybe all of her chances with Freddie were going down tonight. If Sam did what she did it was because she was jealous, and if she was jealous was because she still loved him. He obviously still loved her, so Patrice knew that tonight was over for her. It was good while it lasted, now it was time to move on and accept the facts.

"What the heck is wrong with you?" Freddie glared at her; she saw fire in his eyes.

"I said I was sorry" she tried to play innocent "I didn't mean it"

"Oh, come on Sam! I know you better than this" he put his hands on his hips.

Freddie always found deeply amusing Sam's jealousy, but not tonight.

"I can't believe you could be so selfish with me. You don't have the right" and he walked away.

Sam followed Freddie out of the party. He was fast, and angry, so she had to run to catch up with him. She called his name a couple of times, but he didn't stop, or even looked back.

"Freddie, let's talk"

"This is not fair Sam! You don't want me, but you don't want anybody to have me? You're so selfish" he snapped, but didn't stop walking.

"That's not truth" she cried.

"What? Not truth? Come on!" he scoffed "you just threw wahoo punch on a girl who was dancing with me" he growled, turning around to face her.

"No, this part it's true. I don't want anybody to have you" she tried to be as honest as she could "the first part it's not true"

He froze. Freddie didn't know what to think. Apart of him was happy to hear it, but the other was red with anger. If she wanted him in the first place why would she break up with him?

"So you want me? You still want me?"

"Yeah" she whispered.

Anger catch up with him. All the bullshit he put through all these years, this was the worst. She wasn't to mess up with his head, but his heart and that was mean.

"Then why you broke up with me?" he said, letting his anger speak.

"Because I'm stupid"

"Not good enough Sam" he turned his back at her and stormed out again.

"Damn it!" she followed him.

Sam was only able to catch up with him once they were out of the building. Man he was fast!

"Freddie please, can we talk?"

"No Sam! Why would we talk? What for?" he kept walking.

She followed him until they were in front of the Bushwell plaza, not stopping to catch her breath. Sam had one important decision to make; keep her pride and lose Freddie, or just stop being so stubborn and get him back. She knew what was more important. He was more important than her own fears, and if they would be together forever, only the time would tell, but she wasn't going to waste anymore time being stupid.

"Freddie, please. Let's talk!" she begged, following him inside the lobby.

"There's nothing for us to talk about. I put up with all of your crap Sam, this time I won't. If you don't know what you want, then I know what I don't want" he let out all his anger and angst into his words.

"I know what I want" she said firmly.

"And what's that, Sam?" he asked over his shoulder.

"You" she hoped this would make him stop climbing the stairs, but he didn't. He didn't look back.

Okay, she needed to look at her priorities again. What she wanted the most? She knew the answer: she wanted him, now. Okay, there it goes, it was her final chance.

"I love you" she smiled when he froze two steps ahead of her.

Freddie's heart was beating fast, threatening to rip out of his chest. He waited, and dreamed to hear this again, it was everything that he wanted and more. His heart felt warm and light. Happy. She loved him, and he felt like kissing her, he wanted to turn around and kiss her desperately, but his mind went back to when she broke up with him. He remembered what she said to him; love was not enough. He took a good look at her pretty features.

"But love is not enough, remember?" he said coolly.

She told him that before, she lied about it, because to her his love was more than just enough. And there he was, that night, begging her not to leave him, telling her he loved her, and she just broke his heart, telling his love was not enough to make her stay. He waited for her to say something, anything, but what could she say? He got tired, and shook his head in disappointment, then walked away, leaving her hanging. Freddie was leaving and she was letting him go? What the heck was wrong with her? That was not what she came here for, she was not going to lose him again. *You gotta do something* Carly's voice echoed in her head. *I gotta do something, anything, I'm not going to lose him, not again.*

When she reached his floor, he wasn't nowhere to be found, but his apartment door was unlocked. Sam took a deep breath and opened the door. She looked for Freddie inside his room, in the living room, bathroom, kitchen, and nothing. There was only one place left to search, the fire escape. She didn't bother knocking on the window this time, he was standing there alone, gazing at the city. All she could see was his back, she wanted to come closer and touch that perfect brown hair of his, but it was a dangerous move to make. Sam tripped on the sleeping bag that was lying on the floor, with pillows and a sheet. She wondered what the heck they were doing there.

"You have a bed on your fire escape" by then he already knew she was there, behind him.

"I couldn't sleep in my room" he continued to gaze the stars.

"Why?"

"My room smells like you" she wasn't expecting to hear this.

Sam was so sorry for the pain she caused him and wanted to take it all back, and make it go away.

"I was wrong and I lied" she confessed "what I told you was a big fat lie" because he didn't say anything, she kept going "when I told your love was not enough I lied, it's more than good enough, it's more than good, it's too good to be truth"

"Then why you broke up with me?" it was all he wanted to know.

"Because I love you"

"That doesn't make any sense, Sam" he mumbled.

"I love you too much Freddie. I know how amazing you are and how brilliant your future will be, I can't be the one to stand in your way... I'm not... I'm not good enough for you" her voice cracked and she felt her eyes started to watering.

He turned around to look at her, like she was mad or something. He honestly thought that they were over this issue, but apparently that was just the beginning. Her statement sounded like madness to him. What the hell was she talking about? Why would she still think that after everything they went through? This was bullshit.

"What the heck are you talking about?" he growled.

"You will be brilliant, you can do so much, you gonna go to a fancy college and meet people like you. You're going to meet people, and you'll see that you're wasting your time on me"

"Oh, don't give me this crap Sam! What that has to do with anything? You think I would forget about you in college? You know I love you and I would take anywhere with me" he hollered.

"Freddie, I'm not like this and probably never will go into a good college, or any college at all. I'll just stay here and work at The Chili My Bowl. I'll never be good enough for you, and even if you don't leave me, you'll regret it, and we would be unhappy and I would be just like my mother and you would leave me!"

He glared at her for a moment, before opening his mouth to speak "who told you this? Your mother?" he didn't need an answer to know the truth.

"Well... she was just trying to—" he cut her off.

"I put up with every crap you said and did to me all of these years. I would accept if you broke up with me because I'm too boring, too nerdy and even too good, but because you don't think you're good enough for me?" he scoffed "you don't know what's good enough for me, you don't get to decide. You don't think for me Puckett, I had my mother for that my whole life and I don't need you too!" his words were like thousands of knives cutting through her soul. No one could hurt her like he did, and she came to realize no one could hurt him like she did.

"You're not good enough for me? you are enough for me, you made me happy, I love you goddamit!" he turned his back to her again "you claim that you love me, but you ought to love yourself before you can ever love me"

She wiped the tears off her face. He was right, he was so right. She tried to find her voice, to regain her strength. She needed to tell him something, anything that would bring him back to her.

"I was scared. I can live with the fact that I'll never be good enough for you, but I couldn't bear if you found out. I'm afraid okay? I'm afraid that you will leave me just like my father did to my mother, he said he loved her, he said he cared, but in the end he packed his bags and left! My mother has her flaws, but in her own way she was trying to protect me. I so scared I decided to run, because that's what I do Freddie" she took a deep breath "I run before things crumble over me. I thought that if I left you before you could leave me, it wouldn't hurt so much, but it does, because being without you suck either way" she screamed.

Sam let out everything that was on her chest and suddenly, the weight on her backs disappeared. This was all she could say and if he decided not to believe her, there was nothing else she could do.

Hearing those words broke Freddie's heart. He knew Sam was frightened, but he never knew how much. She had so many scars, and there was no way she could learn how to love if she was never told. He thought about her mother and her father, he thought about her life and her sister, there was no way she could learn how to love from those people. He knew she meant every word she said, she opened her heart for him, letting him see her entirely for the first time and he couldn't overlook that. Sam looked so exposed, so frightened, all he wanted to do was hug her, hold her and never let her go. Freddie wanted to tell her he wouldn't leave her and that he loved her.

***(I forgot to put it before but you guys should read this listening to Lifehouse's Everything (live in studio) it's perfection!)***

Suddenly the angry he felt was replaced with an amorous feeling. Freddie felt the love they shared taking over him as he walked towards her capturing her lips with his own. He kissed so desperately, he was longing for her, he wanted her more than he wanted to breath. Sam too felt like her lungs just started to function properly again. The whole time without him was killing her, she felt like she couldn't breathe, Sam needed this, she wanted this so much. It might seem a bit too out of personality for her, but she didn't care, Sam wasted too much time with this crap and all she wanted now was the boy in front of her.

His hands wandered around every part of her, while she wrapped her arms around his neck, deepening the kiss. Freddie moaned when he felt her tongue inside his mouth. He missed her curves, her skin, her lips, her eyes. He wanted to eat her alive if he could, and Sam knew that and she knew this kiss was different. Her heart was beating fast inside her chest, she knew it was time to be with him, and as close to him as she possible could. She wanted to give herself to him there and then.

Eventually he pulled away so both of them could breathe., touching her forehead with his own.

"Don't ever do this to me! You heard me?" she nodded "don't ever leave me again. I don't care if you don't get into college, still I would take you with me to Boston so we could be together because I have no plans in leaving you. I don't want anyone else and I doubt I'm ever going to. You're my lobster Sam, you'll always be"

She smiled, knowing exactly what he was talking about. They were each other's lobsters, and they would hold on to each other forever.

"You're my lobster too Benson. I'm sorry I was a coward"

"Just promise you won't leave me again" he begged.

"I won't, I love you" she leaned forward capturing his lips into a maddening kiss.

Her hands slowly traveled through his broad shoulders and chest, unbuttoning his shirt. Freddie broke the kiss to suck on her neck, inhaling her scent, that perfume he missed so much. The same taking over his whole bedroom, and he didn't want to sleep there because it smelled like her, and that made him angry. He didn't want it to be there but he didn't want it to go away either. He stuck his head into her curls, sniffing her again and again. Her scent was enough to make him hard.

Sam felt his erection poking her thigh, and that sent shivers down her spine. She wanted have him now. Freddie started to trace little wet kisses all over her jaw and throat while she finished unbuttoning his shirt, sliding it down his shoulder. That brought Freddie back to reality.

"Sam? What are you doing?" he held her hands against his chest.

"Making love to you" her eyes begged for him to take her there and then.

"Are you sure?" he stroked her hands with his thumbs.

"Yes, I never been so sure"

He smiled and let her take his shirt off. They kissed, this time furiously rubbing their bodies against each other. Sam grabbed a handful of his hair and yanked, making him yelp. Freddie pulled away to suck on her neck, not really caring if he was leaving marks, because she was his to do whatever he wanted to, and in that moment he wanted to brand her, cover her with evidences of his hunger for her. Sam threw her head back, shifting a moan, god his mouth felt so good on her neck.

"God Sam... I miss you so much" he kissed all over her throat and back to her jaw.

"Ah... Freddie" Sam gasped, grinding her hips harder against his arousal, feeling her own panties getting soaked.

Freddie tugged on the hem of her shirt, pulling it up and over her head. He immediately attacked her breasts, kissing, nibbling and sucking whatever the bra left exposed.

"Oh lord... Freddie... don't stop" she cried out, gripping his shoulders for support.

His hands went to the small of her back, then under the claps of her bra, before he could free her breasts, a drop of cold water fell on his bare back. At the first moment, Freddie didn't seem to mind and kept sucking and licking all over her cleavage, then the droplets became rain, pouring down on him.

"Shit! It's raining" he growled.

"Oh my..." Sam began to laugh.

"It's not funny!" he snorted, picking their shirts off the floor along with his pillows and sleeping bag, tossing everything inside the apartment.

"Oh I just remembering something" she said.

"What?" he tried to climb the window and pull her inside with him, but she pulled him backwards into the fire escape.

"My mother said that it doesn't rain in a week" she smiled.

"So?" he said, all covered in rain.

"We broke up a week ago. And now we're back, it's raining again" she wrapped her arms around his neck "isn't it funny?"

"I guess the rain was waiting for us" he pressed his lips against her briefly, before putting her over his shoulder and carrying her into the apartment.

He tossed her in before climbing the window himself, getting rid of his shoes and wet socks. Sam did the same, tossing her converse somewhere around the room. He grabbed her by the waist and slammed her soaked body against his, earning a squeal from the blond. Finally, he unclasped her wet bra and tossed somewhere into the darkness of his room. She rubbed her breasts against his bare chest, making him moan, his manhood hardening even more.

"I need you. Want you... love you so much... I can't be without Samantha" normally, Sam would kick someone who called her by her full name, but the honest and sexy way he said it, made her feel hot all over.

"I love you too Fredward Benson. Forever"

She made a quick work to get rid of his jeans and boxers, leaving him exposed in front of her. Freddie watched as she pulled back ogling his naked body, but her lustful stare was too much for him to take without doing anything. He rushed forward, tossing her on the bed, practically yanking her pants and underwear down her legs, and planting wet kisses on her now exposed thighs. He lifted her leg, and threw over his shoulders, kneeling on the floor to lick the back of her knees. Sam cried out his name, back arching away from the bed in pleasure. He did the same thing with her other leg, earning a moan from her, before licking and nibbling his way up to her heated core.

The intention wasn't to tease, not tonight, because they were both longed for each other, sharing a raw moment of desire and love. Freddie kissed over her clit, and she bucked against his mouth, trying to get closer to him. He separated her lips with his fingers and licked her up and down, agonizing slowly.

"Oh Freddie... Freddie..." she tugged on his bedspread, spreading her legs as wide as they could go, while he kept working on her clit.

Freddie had her panting and shaking underneath his touch, before releasing her clit from his lips. She whined in protest, but moaned as soon as his body covered hers, coming down on top of her. He wrapped his arm around her waist to adjust her, bringing her to the middle of his bed, before lowering his head to kiss all over her breasts. Their first time supposed to be slow and lovingly, that was how Freddie wanted her to remind their first night together, so he forced himself to calm down, fighting the urge to thrust, and thrust hard. He pulled away panting, and calming himself.

"I love you, don't ever doubt that, don't ever try to run away from me again" he kissed her forehead "just trust me Sam, trust me please"

Warm tears rolled down her face as she looked into his dazzling brown eyes. She never wanted to be away from him, ever again "I won't. I promise. I trust you with my life"

He lowered his head, placing soft kisses on her shoulders, then her throat and her jaw. He wanted her to feel loved, wanted and special, because that's what she was to him. Sam rubbed her small foot over his leg, up and down his calf making him curl his toes and purr. His wet tongue circled her rosy nipple and flicked it, making the small bud hard.

"Oh... my god... Freddie, touch me" she gasped feeling the need to be touch.

The ache between her legs only increased, when his warm hand roamed all over her pubic area, but didn't touch her where she needed to be touched.

"Don't tease me, please, I miss you so much"

He responded by running his fingers over her folds, then dipping two of them in between, grazing slightly against her clit. He felt her, so warm and wet already, waiting for him. Freddie moved his hand from her core to her thigh, feeling it wet as well. He groaned, she was dripping with desire.

"Sam... you're dripping" he growled.

"Yes Freddie... I'm dripping for you" she moaned.

"Fuck!"

He pressed his thumb against her aching clit, and enjoyed himself as she arched her back off the bed and bucked her hips against his hand with a moan. He continued to rub her, and when he felt she was close, he removed his hand and pulled away. If glares could kill, he would be dead by now,

because Sam was beyond frustrated as she watched him move away from her.

"What?" she growled.

"Wait... just a bit" he swung the drawer open and grabbed a foil package, ripping it with his teeth and quickly rolling down on his erection "are you sure about this?"

"Yes... I'm already soaking you bedspread Freddie" he felt his rocket throbbing with desire, and his heart beating fast, with love.

Giving a sweet kiss on her forehead he positioned himself in front of her entrance. Just to be sure she wouldn't back out like last time; he looked into her eyes and paid attention to her every expression. She was smiling, her eyes shining as she wrapped her arms around his neck, bringing him close for a soft kiss.

"I love you Samantha Puckett"

"I love you Fredward Benson"

Freddie made his first move. A small thrust, between her folds and into her heat. Sam gasped, feeling a slight discomfort, but as he moved into her, the head of his manhood fully inside of her, she cried out in pain. Freddie wasn't taken aback by her pain, but couldn't help but moan at how good and tight she felt around him.

"You're okay?" he whispered.

"Yeah... it hurts a bit... put a little more in"

"Okay"

She gripped his shoulders, as he pulled back a little and thrust into her, putting more of himself inside of her. The pain was almost unbearable, and Sam thought she never felt so much pain before. He kept going until he was all the way in, grinding his teeth to keep himself from thrusting in and out. Tears rolled down her cheek again, the sharp pain all over her lower area was making her dizzy.

"I'm so sorry" he kissed her forehead.

He kissed her slowly, but Sam was grinding her teeth, nails digging into his bare back. After a few seconds, she felt the discomfort fading away, and she whispered into his ear, telling him to move. And he moved, he pulled back, and thrust back in, pulled back, thrust back in, slowly. It still hurt, but not as much as the first time, and soon Sam began to feel the pain being replaced by the delicious feeling of having him inside of her.

"Ah... you're okay?" he gasped.

"Yeah, it's just a bit uncomfortable... I'm okay now... god Freddie, you're fucking huge" she moaned, as he moved inside of her again "you can go faster now"

Those five words were all he wanted to hear since he first entered her. The slow pace was killing him, he needed more friction. Freddie pulled almost all the way out and thrust back in faster. He did this twice, making Sam's eyes roll to the back of her head. Now that the pain was completely gone, she could feel every inch of him pulsing inside of her, and that made her crazy. Sam opened her legs wider, wanting for him to go deeper, and he pulled back and thrusting into her harder and deeper.

"Oh lord... oh my god!" she cried out and he groaned.

"Ah... Sam..." he hooked her leg around his hips, and thrust harder than before.

"Fuck Freddie... I love you... oh my god... oh my god!"

Sam bucked against him, lifting her hips off the bed to meet his every thrust, always panting for more. She dug her nails into his back, clawing him, ignored his cries of pain. Inflict pain on him was always her favorite hobby, but not anymore, this was much better. Sweat began to collect at every part of their exposed bodies as they moved in sync.

"Freddie... Freddie... I'm so close... I'm almost there" she hollered, not being able to control how loud she was being.

"Me too... Sam... my god... I want to feel you... go ahead and lose it" Sam gripped on his wet hair.

His thrusts became harder and faster, deep inside of her, and she knew the next morning she would be limping but that wasn't important. Wrapping her two legs around his waist, her body began to shake and squirm against her will. He was making her feel so good, she was right over the edge, just about to fall.

"OH... OH... AH... MMMMM... FREDDIE!" she hollered, the neighbors would probably be covering their ears at that moment.

"Oh my god..." he moaned when her walls began to clench around him.

It was all so good, the friction, the warmth, the feelings and Sam couldn't take any more of that delicious torture, she needed to let go. And she did, getting lost into an amazing bliss, as her mind went blank and her body arched again, for the last time. The fireworks began at Maya's party, and that was the perfect soundtrack for what was about to happen.

"FREDDIE!" she came screaming his name and that was enough to send him over the edge.

"Fuck, Sam... I" he intertwined their fingers.

Freddie squirmed and shifted, moving in and out of her sporadically, as his orgasm washed over his body. He collapsed on top of her and as soon as he stopped moving her body went limp. Trying to catch their breaths, both kept the position for a while, not able to move. Freddie pulled out of her, watching Sam pant, still too sensitive. Nothing ever felt so good and he doubted he could ever feel this way with anyone, but his crazy, blond headed demon.

Still on top, he rolled off her, pulling her into his arms, just because he needed to proximity "wow... that was the best night of my life" he kissed her damp hair.

"Mine too Benson... mine too" she lifted her head off his chest and started to kiss all over his face, wherever she could reach "thank you"

"No, thank you" he gave her the same treatment "I love you"

"I love you too, big dork"

Freddie chuckled, feeling completely happy for the first time in his life. He hoped nothing would change that. Looking over Sam, he smiled at how pretty she looked when she slept, how serene and sweet. This was the first time in a week she felt asleep so quickly, it felt so good to be surrounded by his warmth, feeling safe and loved. Didn't take long for Freddie to fall asleep too. There was things they needed to talk about, things left unsaid, but that could wait until the morning.

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**A virtual kiss and hug for my friend SAM-seddie-FREDDIE! HAPPY 100TH MESSAGE ANNIVERSARY! This chap is for you kid!**

**Also wann thank to the amazing reviewers from:**

**jesrod82**

**JuleFor**

**jamiewalsh**

**decipher (what do you mean when you said painful?)**

**Nameless**

**Alessia - I'm from Brasil, so I'm not expert either :)**

**Awesome Person55 - I have no idea what happened! If they break up, then why Jennette's still wearing those huge heels in future episodes? Dan is trolling with us, and I'm confused too because after the episode was over a pic from the kiss at had this for description - Sam and Freddie ALWAYS kiss and make up... I don't know what happened really.**

**To all my other reviewers, YOU'RE THE BEST! And to answer your question, this fic will have about 55 to 60 chaps, then I'll write the sequel - iSeddie Senior year. All the drama about college, weddings, babies and daddys.**

## \*Chapter 50\*: iWonderland

A/N: iQ? Eh, T-Bo was funny, Freddie was hot, loved the Benson's apartment and Sam's big fork, the rest was disappointing. Little bit of peace, little bit of seddie lemon, little bit of Seddie love, but not everything is flowers and sun shining, enjoy this sap chap, next one won't be so lovely! (mischievous grin) Oh I couldn't wait for my beta, because some people are just asking for the chap, so have mercy with this unedited (is that even a word?) chapter, test starts tomorrow, so I'll be super busy! But next chapter is almost done!

XOXO

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Sam's POV

He was circling my belly button and occasionally plating small kisses around it. I felt so lazy, so exhausted, the boy worn me out last night, but I was beyond ecstatic. My fingers dip into his silky strands, just to feel him, touch him a little bit, like he was touching me. Man, if I knew sex was that good I would've done it sooner, silly Sam. Freddie nuzzled my stomach, his hand on the side of my thigh. We woke up around eight, and just cuddle without saying a word. It was a quite comfortable silence, but I felt like there were still things that we needed to talk about. Freddie is a talker, just like Carly, and I knew there was no way I could escape *the talk* we're going to have sooner or later. And I can't even distract him, because I'm sore as hell. Last night was a mix of pain and pleasure; fortunately pleasure took over and stayed with me till the end. Let's not forget that we spent the night in each other's arms, and that's as comforting as hearing him say *I love you*.

"You have the cutest belly button" he spoke after an hour of silence.

"Thanks... you have the cutest lips" I traced my index finger over the curve of his lips.

"Sam... there's things we still need to talk about"

Even though I knew this was inevitable, I had to groan, things were too good to be true "I know... what you wanna talk about first?"

He rested his chin between my breasts and sighed "future"

"Future? Are you planning on building a time machine Fredward?" I snorted.

"Ha, and once again ha" he kissed the swell of my breasts "our future Sam, you being scared of our future, you being scared of having a future with me"

"I'm not... Freddie, I'm scared of not having a future with you, that's what scares me" I stroked his cheek "not having you in my life scares me"

"Well, that makes us two, but Sam, we have to work on our issues, you know that right?" I nodded "the first issue we have to work on is trust. I need you to trust me, if this relationship is going somewhere"

"Yeah, you're right. But I do trust you, ya know" I smiled "if I had to pick the person I trust the most, it would be you"

"Really?" his eyes lit up "not Carly?"

"Nope, it would be you. Every time. You never let me down, not even once" I kissed his nose "Can I point out an issue now?" I raised my hand.

"Sure" he looked at me suspiciously "go ahead"

"Perfection" he frowned "I don't want to date Captain Awesome, or Fredperf, or Fredward The Flawless" he snickered "I wanna date Captain Dork, Fridgeek, Fredward The Nerd"

"I can do that..." he bit his lip "do you think I was pushing too far?"

"Alittle, but I do appreciate everything that you did, it made me feel special" I said honestly.

"Good, cause that's what I was going for" he kissed my nipples, making me shiver a bit "okay, my turn. Fear"

"Fear?" I repeated.

"Yeah, you have to stop being so damn afraid, Sam. I'm not going anywhere, so get over this and accept the fact that you can't get rid of me" his hands were on my sides, slowly running his fingers up and down, making hard for me to focus.

"I can try that, but I'll need help" he nodded "okay... I can't try to stop being so negative about everything, if you help me" he leaned forward and kissed my throat.

"Always"

"Now, me... time"

"Time?"

"Time. I'm going to need a lot of your time now that we started this, because baby" I hooked my leg around his "mama likey"

"Oh..." Freddie stuck his head in between my boobs and chuckled, this warm breath tickling me "I can do that... no, I will do that. My turn. Honesty"

"Ah... I guess I know where this is going"

"Yep. No more secrets Sam, I mean it..." he trailed off, making his thinking face.

I guess he remembered something, because he pulled away from me like I was on fire or something, sitting on the edge of the bed, hands supporting his chin.

"Tell me about Pete" he silently asked.

"Pete... okay, Pete..."

"Were you with him?" he cut me off.

"No, never. Freddie..." I sat on the bed, right behind him, wrapping my arms around his neck "Pete's gay"

"WHAT?" his head shot back, almost hitting mine "Pete's... is... he is...?"

"Gay, you can say it Freddie" I snorted.

"I know, it's just... wow, really?"

"Uh huh, to the bone" I smiled, cuddling against his back "I found out, and he begged me not to tell anyone, that was the big secret"

"Oh... wow..." he began to laugh, pushing me on the bed, and coming on top of me, kissing wherever he could reach "Sam... so you were never..."

"Nope. You're the first, the one and the last, deal with that" I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, bringing closer.

"Man, I don't think I ever been so happy about someone's masculinity or lack of therefore" he snorted, head back on my breasts "thank god"

"Yeah, thank Paul" he shot me a confused look "Pete's bf"

"Introduce us and I'll thank him personally" silence fell over us again, before I spoken up.

"Alcohol" I stated "you can't get drunk ever again"

"I can do that... but I can't promise I won't drink again, I guess I kind like it" I smacked his head "ouch! Come on! Have you ever tasted tequila?"

"You drank tequila?" I hollered.

"YUP! And I liked it, well after throwing up ten times, I kind of realize that getting wasted it's not for me, but I do enjoy drinking a bit" I glared at him "socially and occasionally"

"Good, because I won't be taking anymore drunken calls from you" he looked so ashamed "by the way, it was Pam on the phone, I was asleep"

"Oh my god..." he rubbed his face "I'm beyond embarrassed"

"You should be" I kissed his neck, pushing his head down against my chest again "your turn"

"Sorry, I was out of my mind thinking that you were with Pete. I overheard Carly telling Brad she saw him at your house... I just snapped"

I wished I never done anything to hurt him, anything to break his heart, I was so stupid, but never again. I'll never leave this boy again. Maybe I should say something to make the sadness in his eyes fade away,

"I'm so sorry Freddie" I caress his face.

"Nah, it's okay" but in his eyes I could see it wasn't.

"I love you" I kissed him senseless, trying to make him forget, but I knew deep down inside wasn't possible, but still I hoped to easy the pain.

"I love you squared" he smiled, kissing the tip of my nose.

"What?" I giggled.

"You know... Like  $4^2$  is the same as  $4 \times 4 = 16$ ... you just have to multipl-" I shut him up with a kiss.

"Benson, can it! I hate math and you know that. Let's stick to I love you squared, and leave it to that"

"Sorry, fine" I kissed my chin "but I do love you squared"

"Eh, and I do hate math, but if you put it like that..." I shrugged.

"I can do that if you want, maybe you'll learn something"

"Maybe, but let's not get crazy" I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, his head on my boobs "next subject?"

"College" oh no...

"Freddie..." he lifted his head and glared at me.

"Sam, shut up okay. You think you can't get into a good college right? Well, you'll never know if you don't try, and if you don't make any effort Sam... you won't get anywhere"

"If you're going to start, then I better just go" I tried to get up, but he pinned me against the bed.

"NO! What were we talking about just now? No more running away from me! I know you're capable, and I know you can be anything you want, but you don't try, and that frustrates me. I hate to see so much being wasted. It's not my place to tell you what to do with your life, but since I'm a big part of it and I'll always be around, I think I'm entitled to an opinion" I nodded "I think, that if you tried harder in school, you could get into Boston University easily"

"Isn't it too early to be talking about this?" I whined.

"No, the sooner the better. Let's make a deal, if you work hard, really dedicate yourself to school and stuff, I'll buy you a big ham every 15 days" I licked my lips with anticipation "I know you can do this"

"Okay, fine, deal" I shook his hand "but let's say that I do good in school, one year is not good enough to make up for the rest of my school life"

"If you really dedicate and did some extracurricular activities, I'm pretty sure you could get in, beside you have credit for iCarly, I'm sure it counts"

"Fine Benson, let's say I do all this things and let's say I get into Boston University. How am I supposed to pay for it? I can't get a scholarship, I've been to juvy, they won't give me a scholarship and I can't afford to pay for it"

"I would pay for you" he kissed my cheeks.

"I don't think Marissa would be happy to pay for me to go to college" I chuckled sadly.

"I would pay Sam, not my mother"

"How? Where on earth you would get enough money to pay for this?" I was started to get frustrated.

"I've got cash" he kissed over my jaw and chin.

"The eight dollars your mother gives you every month? Or you would sell all of your Galaxy Wars stuff? This is not like our dates Freddie, this is something more, this is beyond you"

"I have cash Sam" he said pointedly.

"You? Okay, how?" I crossed my arms, covering my breasts.

"My father" he said naturally, unwrapping my arms to leave my chest exposed.

Freddie never spoke of his dad, and every time I tried, he would just change the subject, maybe now it's my opening and I can get some answers from him.

"Your father?" now I was interested "you never spoke of him before..."

"Well, there's not much to tell" he shrugged.

"No, what did we just talk about? Don't runaway, trust, honesty?" I just turned the tables Benson!

"Fine... he has a bunch of money and he sends it to me every month. He opened an account for me when I was nine, and he deposits money every month. And he opened a college fund for me, so I'll have everything set and waiting for me after I graduate"

"If you have so much money, why the hell you had to sell your stuff to pay for our dates? And how come you don't buy that Land Rover you dream about?"

"I never touched the money, it's been there for eight years, I never put my hands on it. Never wanted to, but for you I would, any day" I kissed me passionately, settling himself between my legs.

"I didn't know that... so how much money is in there?" I started to play with his hair.

"Don't know, don't care" he began to kiss me again, but groaned when I pulled away "I'm trying to make out here"

"Tell about him. What happened between the two of you?" I pleaded, needing to know more about him.

"He left us, when I was eight, Sam, there's not much to tell, I just... not ready to talk about it yet. I promise I will, just not now" Freddie kissed my neck and nibbled earlobe.

"Okay, fine I'll wait until you're ready" I gasped, feeling his thigh rubbing against my center "Freddie... I'm a bit sore... and hungry"

"Sore? Did I hurt you that much?" he pulled away taken aback with my statement.

"No dork. It was the best night of my life, but I was a virgin and you are... super big" he smirked and raised his eyebrows cockily "I'll be okay as soon as I can grab a bite" I kissed him one more time.

"Okay... ham sandwich?" he got up, putting his boxers on, but I grabbed his arm, pulling him to the bed again "Huh?"

"You stay... get some rest, because as soon as mama is healed you'll need all of your strength. I'll make us something to eat" I kissed his ear "sleep a little Fredward, mama will be right back"

He nodded and lay on the bed like the good boy that he is. I grabbed his sheet and tucked him into bed, giving a kiss on the forehead before putting on one of his shirts. I collected our clothes off the floor, and took it to the laundry room downstairs. It was pretty early and most of the people were on vacation, so the building was kinda desert. After taking care of the laundry I went into the kitchen looking for something to make. Marissa is a bit of a freak and I still don't know how come she's not a vegan, but with Gun Smoke around, there was always bacon and ham somewhere in her fridge, and that's why I like him.

Neither of them was around, and I'm pretty sure they are somewhere getting frisky. Once in a while, Freddie tells me his mom took Gun Smoke to an aggressive parents convention, but I doubt that. That's her way of getting some without letting her precious little son scarred for life. That's why mama is pretty sure that Mrs. Benson is somewhere getting some real action from her bf. Even Marissa needs it, and I know I totally know why.

I made pancakes, waffles, eggs benedict, fried some bacon and made two large ham sandwiches. What I love about the Bensons kitchen is that it's always full. Before Gun Smoke came around, it was full of healthy shit, well, Mrs. Benson still have some of that tofu shit around, only now she has normal people food too. I made coffee, and some orange juice before putting everything in a tray and taking to Freddie's room. I still had a lot of apologizing to do. What I did was pretty bad and I knew it, I hurt him while trying to help him. But I failed to notice that maybe, I was good enough for him, because I loved him in a way no one ever could.

Freddie looked so cute sleeping. He looked like a little boy, eyes closed, a small smile of his lips and a serene expression. I smiled, he looked so peaceful, and content, and thank god he didn't snore. I placed the food on the edge of the bed before crawling towards him, kissing whatever bit of skin

I could reach. I kissed over his exposed stomach, his navel, his rock hard abs and his broad chest, before nuzzling his throat and nibbling his chin.

"Wake, wake sleepyhead" I whispered in his ear.

"Mmmmm, that's the best way to wake up..." he wrapped his arm around my waist, making me lay on top of him.

"I made you breakfast, let's eat before it gets cold" I kissed behind his ear and his eyelashes fluttered open.

"You made *me* breakfast?"

"Yes, so enjoy it because that's not something you're going to see so soon" I thumped his nose earning a yelp from my gorgeous boyfriend.

"I guess. Mmm baby?" his hand going inside my shirt and squeezing my ass.

"Yeah?" I purred, feeling his hands moving up and down my back.

"Can we stay here all day today?" aw, he looked a lot like a little boy again... asking Santa for a new computer, how cute!

"Well, I'll have to call my mom some time, tell her I'm alive and tell Carly, so she won't come looking for us"

"Fine... I'm hungry"

"Then what are we waiting for?" I sat up, bringing the tray closer to us "we have ourselves eggs Benedict, waffles, pancakes, bacon, two ham sandwiches, coffee and orange juice"

"Oh wow! That's one hell of a breakfast!" he smiled.

"And for dessert..." he raised his eyebrows suggestively "fruit salad, pervert"

"Ah..." he pouted "can I eat from your belly button?"

I felt my face flush with the thought of him eating from my body "of course...why not? Now eat dork-yo, I wanna know if you like it"

Not that'll ever admit, but knowing if he liked my cook was important to me. I knew he liked my cupcakes, but this is real food, breakfast. Maybe one day I can make him lunch, and even dinner. I watched gingerly while Freddie took his fork, dip into the eggs and put a small amount inside his mouth. With every chew, my heart raced a bit, what if he hates it? What if I suck at it? Suddenly, his brows went up and his face had with this familiar expression... where did I see this before? Oh that's right... last night. It was pleasure. Freddie let out a loud moan and squeezed his eyes shut.

"Sam, oh my god... this" he moaned again "is so good!"

Oh thank god... he likes it. Freddie dipped his fork in the eggs again, this time taking a chunk of waffles along with it and shoving inside his mouth with a moan.

"Soo... oh... good!" he mumbled, mouthful of food.

"Glad you like it, now eat it properly, and chew your food Fredward, this way you will choke"

"Okay mommy" he snickered, before taking a bite of his pancakes "I didn't know you could be so good at this cooking thing, I knew you were a food person, I just didn't know you were so skillful. I mean, the cupcake was awesome, but this... mmm even better"

"Glad you enjoy it" I shifted a little bit, noticing I was a little sore still, but not as much as before "after this is over, we'll brush our teeth and get to business"

"Oh my Samantha... already?" I loved and hated when he acted all cocky "I thought you needed a break"

"Oh come on nerd, I can take whatever you got" I smirked seductively.

"It's a challenge then" he kissed me, slowly then bit my lower lip hard "be ready baby"

"I already am" I took his hand and put in between my legs "can't you feel it?"

"Sam..." he groaned and tried to kiss me again, but I pushed him away "what the heck?"

"Food!" I turned my attention back to my bacon.

"Damn it... you can't do that, it's just mean!" he whined.

"I'm mean" I shrugged grabbing a bite from his sandwich "eat it or I will"

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#### Freddie's POV

Strawberry. I never liked strawberry so much before in my life, I contemplated, while eating it from Sam's belly button. She actually let me eat fruit salad from her body, and man I was enjoying it. I've been ecstatic since I found out Pete was gay, and he and Sam never had anything. She never had anyone, besides me and that pleased me a lot. Sure, it did something to my ego, but besides that it did something to my heart. Sam never wanted anybody else, just me; I was the first, the one and the last, just like she said.

We're together again and that's all that matters. I would love to say that all the problems were over, but we still have issues to work on; however we're stronger now than ever before. Last night was so intense, so amazing and filled with love, just like I knew our first time would be. And man it was hot, fuck it was beyond hot, it was... amazing, wonderful, perfect. The way it felt to be inside of her, with her tight, warm walls clenching around me... it was paradise. I couldn't wait to do it without a condom, to feel every bit of her without any barriers.

"Mmm Freddie" she moaned when I licked the last trace of fruit salad from her stomach "Freddie... Freddie..."

"Say my name" I asked, my tongue going around her navel "say my name"

"Freddie... ah... lower" she tried to push my head down, but I jerked her hand away "lower..."

"Say please" I demanded.

"Please... just lick me there, put your mouth there" she squirmed, lifting her hips off the bed, trying to get it closer to my mouth "Freddie, please put your mouth on my..." she trailed off, I knew she hated the word *pussy* "clit..."

"Mmm, in other words you want me go down on you?" I rolled her clit between my fingers, like I did with her nipples.

"YES! OH MY GOD YES" she screamed.

"I can do that... and, after that? What you want after that?" I kissed over her hipbones and thighs "huh Sam? After that what?"

"I want... I want you inside of me" she gasped, feeling my tongue in contact with her throbbing clit "oh... Freddie... please..."

"Please what?" I asked, sucking on her small mound "huh?"

"Please, make me... cum" she moaned, legs wrapping around my head.

I couldn't hear anything with her thighs pressed against my ears, but when she began to shake I knew she was almost there, and I wanted to be there with her. Now that we're finally doing it I keep thinking about the amazing things we can do together. And I might say that maybe I've been researching around the internet some nice thing to do with her. I unwrapped her legs and pulled away, she groaned, but as soon as I put the condom on Sam smiled at me sweetly.

"Ready for this? You think you can go again?" I asked her.

"Yes, I can take whatever you got"

"You're sure about that?" I teased her, brushing the tip of my manhood against her clit.

"Yes... oh god, fuck! Just put it in please... I can't take it anymore"

"Alright..."

Her skin was so soft underneath my hands, and I could spend the whole day touching her, however, right now, I have needs to fulfill. Grabbing her leg and putting over my shoulder, I thrust into her slowly, letting her get used to me. She winced a bit, still uncomfortable because of my size, but moaned as soon as I buried myself deep inside of her. Dang she was tight, and warm and I was in so deep, it made me dizzy.

At first, I forced myself to go slow, so she could enjoy and feel no discomfort, I didn't want her sore again. My rocket was both a gift and a curse, a gift because not many guys can afford to have it, and a curse because not many girls are properly equipped to handle it. Thank God Sam took it pretty deep, even thought she was a virgin until yesterday, I guess with the time she might get used to me and I won't have to hold back, because that's pretty difficult.

"Freddie... Freddie... you're in so deep" she moaned, her nails clawing my back.

"Ah... am I hurting you babe?" I asked just to be sure.

"No... you think you can go... you know... faster?" man she was amazing!

"You're sure?" she nodded, grinding her hips against mine furiously.

"Yes please... I love it slow but, I want it harder"

Not needing to hear anymore I did as she asked me. I didn't want to hurt her, never, but I couldn't control myself anymore, she wanted this, I was going to give it to her. I pulled out and thrust back in harder than ever before, watching as she arched her back and gasped. I kept doing it, always quickening my pace. Her moans and gasps were making me so turned on, the sight of her was so amazing. The way she arched her back, and the way her eyes were squeezed shut, made me cry out in pleasure. How did I ever get so lucky? Adjusting my hips, I found a new angle, which could make me hit this special place inside of her.

"OH FUCK!" her back were so arched I thought she would break for bending liked that "FREDDIE OH MY GOD DO IT AGAIN"

I complied, moving harder and faster, hitting that magic spot that made her scream and beg. Suddenly and idea hit me, and I wrapped her legs around me, carrying her out of the room.

"What are you doing?"

"Wait and see"

Sam gripped tightly on my shoulders, giggling all the way to the kitchen. I lay her on my kitchen table, earning a confused look from her, but as soon as I thrust again, she cried out louder than before. I spread her legs wider, and gripped her hips, lifting her up to meet my thrusts, and soon we were in sync. She gripped the sides of the table till her knuckles turned white, and that only made me more fired up.

"FREDDIE! OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD" she was hollering so loud, I'm pretty sure Carly heard it.

I made her do a lot of things, but holler like a crazy woman? That was not on the list. For the first time, I was driving her completely nuts, and lost into the sensations, for the first time I was making her scream loud enough for the whole state of Washington to hear. I kept going and going, thrusting as hard as I physically could.

"OH GOD... I'M ALMOST THERE, PLEASE BABY... DON'T STOP" I had to fight the urge to cover her mouth, she was being so loud I was afraid someone would call the cops. Nah, it was worth it.

"Sam... shit... Sam..." I bent over to kiss her breasts, not stopping moving, not slowing down.

"AH! AH! OH... FREDDIE, FUCK!" her thighs started to shake and her walls clenched around me.

"Sam, oh lord... fuck Sam..." I thrust harder, slamming my hips against hers.

"AH!" she hollered one last time, reaching her end.

"Fuck!" I went over the edge with her, then collapsed on top of my beautiful girlfriend.

"Oh my god... that was the best idea ever Freddie..." she panted, arms going around my neck.

"I have to agree" I kissed her softly, brushing her bangs to the side "mmm... I'm feeling sleepy"

"Let's take a nap... you worn me out dork" she chuckled.

I smiled and carried her back into the bedroom. We fell on the bed and dozed off immediately. Oh, things are finally perfect, and I have a feeling they'll get better and better.

---

Sam's POV

Around three o'clock, I convinced Freddie to let me go to Carly's and tell her the good news. He didn't want me to leave, but I was sure if I stayed MIA on Carly she would be knocking on our door soon, so there was no point in hiding. I kissed his forehead and told him to get some sleep; I was going to need him full of energy when I got back. I put on the same clothes I wore last night, but went barefoot to Carly's. Man, I was sore. After his performance in the shower, I was completely done, exhausted and sore. He might have done some damage to my insides, but who cares? I don't.

I opened Carly's door, to find her on the couch, sucking on Brad's face. I cleaned my throat and they pulled back.

"Hey Carly, ditch Dorko McBieber, we need to talk"

"Hey!" he protested "I don't look like Justin Bieber"

"Tell that to your hair" I snorted "I need to talk to you"

"Hey, I wanna know what happened last night" he said.

"Go ask Sir Dorks ALot, he's asleep, but the door is unlocked"

"Fine, I'll go" he kissed my friend's forehead and patted my arm, before heading to Freddie's.

"So, tell me everything" she squeaked "come on! Did you guys made up?"

"First thing... calm down" I laughed "you look like a bouncing ball"

"Come on Sam. Tell me, what happened?" she pulled me to the couch with her.

"Didn't you hear?" I was hollering like crazy, how come she didn't hear me?

"What? I just woke up, I was exhausted from last night, it was awesome, I slept like a rock!" she pointed at her footie pajamas.

"Oh, then let me tell you what happened"

"We talked, and I told him everything, and he forgave me... and we... we, you know..." I blushed.

"No... you? You what?"

"We did it Carls... the deed" I gestured.

"Oh my god Sam!" she squeaked "oh my god, so you're back to together for real?"

"Yeah... and stronger than before" I smiled.

"So, was it good?"

"Hell yeah...! Well in the beginning it hurt, but then got better and better. He was so amazing, and he's so..." I zoned out, thinking about how great and delicious he was.

"Sweet?"

"Yeah, sweet..." I trailed off, imagining him again.

"Oh... I'm so glad Sam!" she grimaced "I so happy for you"

"It was magical Carls, and so intense..."

Carly bit a cushion, trying not to scream as I told her everything that happened last night. I detailed a little just to freak her out, this kid is so easy. We lay on her bed staring at the ceiling as we talked about all that happened this week and the issues I had to work on. This would be hard, but as long as I had Freddie, Carly and even Brad with me I could do it. Or so I think. Nearly an hour later, Brad and Freddie came in, laughing and talking, as happy as me and Carly. We went all to the Groovy Smoothies, together like it should be. Wendy and Gibby met us there, and we just enjoyed spending time with our friends.

Now everything is the way it supposed to be, me and Freddie, Carly and Brad, and our friends to tag along. And Mrs. Benson wasn't back until Tuesday, which was even better. Now I just needed to go home and grab a bunch of clothes, even though Freddie thinks that clothes are unnecessary. I still

need them to get out of the apartment. He said we wouldn't be getting out, but I still needed clean underwear.

"But you won't be wearing any underwear while I'm around" he kissed my neck.

"Baby... come on, I need clothes, huh? Tooth brush, pajamas..."

"You can wear my clothes... and my pajamas and my tooth brush..." he sneaked his hand inside my shirt and into my bra.

"Freddie come on..." I gasped, feeling his fingers rolling my nipple "I need to tell my mother I'm alive, please?"

"Ugh" he groaned "fine, but you are mine until Tuesday and there's no way I'm letting you leave this apartment again"

"Fine, okay. Can we go now?" I pouted.

"Okay... let's go" he kissed my hand and we headed out the door.

Man I was in paradise, I'm so happy right now, nothing can bring me down. He's with me, he loves me, and the rest are just details, right now the world is a beautiful place, and I can hear birds singing. Pathetic, but good pathetic. He's my lobster, and I'm his.

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#### Freddie's POV

As I parked in front of Sam's house, I began to think about all the things I would like to say to Pam Puckett. Because of her, Sam was scarred for life, and had to deal with her mother's past hunting her everywhere she went. Because of Pam Puckett, Sam was now scared of loving someone and open up completely, she was afraid of letting me see all of her, who she really was. Because of Pam Puckett she broke up with me last week, and caused us both pain and suffering. What kind of mother does that to her child? What kind of mother tells her daughter she's not good enough? My mother might be crazy, but at least she's not mean.

"Okay, come on in. I'm going to grab a bunch of clothes, and we're out okay?" I nodded, following her into the small white house.

There she was, Pam Puckett, sitting on the couch, watching an episode of Frasier. Immediately all the things I went through this hell of a week came to my mind, because looking at her face was a constant reminder of why Sam did what she did, and why she was so afraid. I'm sure Sam wouldn't even think about that anymore if Pam didn't open her huge mouth. In other words: she was the one to blame. That's why I forgave Sam so easily, because I should be mad, but I couldn't, now I see how much her mother messed up her head. It's not entirely her fault if she doesn't know how to trust and hope for the best, how could she ever learn from this woman? How can you learn how to trust from someone who constantly lets you down?

"Hey kiddo, sweet lips. I guess everything is okay now huh?" she smiled, looking between Sam and me.

"Yep!" Sam gave me a quick kiss "and I'll be heading out soon. Only here to grab a few clothes and I'm out. Be back by Tuesday"

"Oh I see" she smirked "your mother's not home?"

"No... I'll be at Carly's mom" my pretty girlfriend turned three shades of crimson.

"Huh... yeah, sure" she replied sarcastically "at Carly's"

"Alright..." Sam looked around awkwardly "I'll be right back okay?"

"Okay" I gave her a chaste kiss and watched her go into her room.

There was an awkward silence after Sam left, but I could tell Pam wanted to say something, anything to easy things between us, 'cause I knew that she knew that I knew everything. Complicated right? I too wanted to say something, well some things. Mean things. However, I couldn't bring myself to start a conversation.

"So? I trust you two are being safe" she finally let out, looking straight into my eyes.

"Yes. Because my priority is to protect her, for the real reasons" I said pointedly.

"Listen sweet lips, I'm sorry for what happened, okay? I was just doing what I thought it was best for my daughter, but I was wrong, it happens" she shrugged.

"Apparently happens a lot with you" I scoffed.

"And you think you can teach me how to parent my child?" she said angrily "go have a kid first, then we talk about that"

"I get what you were trying to do Pam, what I don't get is why would think that Sam isn't good enough for me. My take is, that you were thinking about yourself when you told her that, and was your mistake, to think, even for a second that she is anything like you, when she's obviously much better" I was careful not to speak loud, I was angry, but Sam didn't need any more drama, and having her mother and her boyfriend arguing it's not good for her right now.

"I know that now Freddie. I was selfish and too caught up on my own pain to ever realize that maybe she was meant for more than this" she confessed, sincerely.

"I always knew that" I stated.

"You're a good kid and I trust you'll be good for her, but Sam is complicated, do you really think you can handle that?"

"Trust me Pam, I've been handling it for more years than you know, and really doesn't matter how much work is going to take, because I know that I want to be with her and I'll do anything to keep her. I love your daughter enough to try and try how many times are necessary"

"Good. It's good to know. And if you ever hurt her, I have some relatives that would love to do some damage to your pretty face" she gestured "and all the rest"

"I believe you, but I can't promise you I won't hurt her, because I'm not perfect, and even though I tried to be, that's not what Sam wants. But this I'll promise you; if I ever hurt her, I'll do my best to fix it"

"That's good enough for me kid" she smiled "in fact it's much better than that *I'll never hurt her or I rather die than hurt her* crap" cringed.

"What up?"

Sam came into the living room carrying her book bag, filled with clothes, two fatcakes on her hands and a quizzical look or her face.

"Just chatting" I smiled, grabbing her heavy bag from her "moving in?"

"Eh, you never know what you might need" she shrugged "everything okay?" Sam gave me that *is everything okay? What's happening in here* look, but I just smiled and traced my index finger from her forehead to the tip of her nose, I knew she loved that "ready to go?"

"Uh huh, let's get going" I grabbed her hand and waited for her to say goodbye to her mother.

"Alright, mom, I'll be at Carly's, be back by Tuesday and... well that's pretty much it" she shrugged.

"Wait a minute young lady" Pam called out when Sam started to drag me out of there.

"What?" she groaned.

"You think I'm some kind of idiot" we both gave her a confused look "I know you two are doing it, and I also know you're going to sleep over his house, so at least be honest with me"

"Fine!" Sam groaned, turning ten different shades of red "I'll be at Freddie's"

"Good, now hold on" Pam stormed out of the living room, returning a few seconds later, holding a black box in her hands "for you. Be safe"

She handed Sam a box of condoms, I guess they were new, because it was sealed, but with Puckett's you never know. Sam read something in the box and tossed back to Pam.

"Can't use them"

"What?" Pam and I said.

"Too small for Freddie" she smiled.

"Sam!" I protested.

"What?" Pam grabbed the box while I turned purple "it's for average size..." she trailed off, staring at my crotch.

"Great" I mumbled angrily to myself "thanks Sam, now your mom it's looking at my... private parts"

"Sorry kid..." she took her eyes off me "really?" she asked Sam.

"Yep. He needs large size condoms" she snickered.

"Sam!" I grabbed her wrist "we're out of here" I began to drag her out the door when Pam called again.

"At least..." she stuck her hand inside her pocket "let me give you this..." she gave Sam a twenty dollar bill "momma wants to give her little baby her first set of condoms"

"That's it!" I dragged Sam out of the house and shoved her into my car "if you ever talk about my... thing ever again to anyone, you're not going to see it again in your life! Got it?"

"Oh please..." she snorted, coming closer to me while I buckle my seatbelt "gonna tell me you never want to be inside of me again? Huh?" she huskily whispered against my ear "gonna tell me that you don't like how it feels to be inside of me?" Sam bit my earlobe, making me groan "gonna tell me you don't want me anywhere near your rocket anymore?"

"I-I... shit" I began to stutter, feeling her hand on my package "Sam... I can't drive with you doing this" she gave me a hard squeeze "DAMN! Just... it embarrasses me"

"Then why don't you punish me?" she flicked my earlobe with her tongue "huh? Punish me"

"When we get home... you're dead" I grabbed her by the waist, coming closer to her, slightly brushing my lips against hers "you think you're sore now? wait, just wait"

"Ah!" she gasped, feeling my hand in between her thighs "promise?"

"I would do it right now, but I don't have a condom with me... but wait until we get home... you're a goner Puckett" I pulled away, while she panted for more, and started the car.

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Sam's POV

I dropped my things on the floor of Freddie's room, while he attacked my neck with his soft lips. Dang, this boy doesn't get tired? Not that I'm complaining, but we already did it like... three times since yesterday? His bed, kitchen table, and shower... yeah, three times. And he was getting better and better. I tugged on the hem of his shirt, trying to get it out, because he looks better without it, and his pants. Yeah, it's a fact, he looks better without clothes.

"Freddie... take off the damn shirt!" I demanded, tugging harder, trying to get rid of that stupid thing "come on!"

"Easy princess... we have all night" he took his shirt off, slowly, teasing me with which every inch of exposed skin.

"Faster damn it!" I grabbed the damn shirt and yanked off him "I want you naked! Now!"

"Your wish is an order" he watched while I undid his belt "but I have a wish" he grabbed my hands, not allowing me to unzip his pants.

"What?"

"Your shirt, must be gone too" he let go of my arms and sat on the bed "and your pants"

"Fine" I yanked my shirt off my body and quickly got rid of my pants "but I want to be on top this time"

"Fine by me... the view from bellow is going to be awesome" he smiled.

I tugged on his belt and made him stand up, quickly getting rid of his pants. Once we were both in our underwear, I pushed him backwards onto the bed and quickly straddled his waist, dying to get my hands on him. I wanted to make him moan, that was my turn to be in control, to make him whimper and beg for more. Freddie grabbed a handful of my hair, making my head hang back, but I slapped his hand away, leaning down to kiss all over his torso, always moving my hips against the tent inside his boxers.

He tried to flip us, so he would be on top, but I bit his nipple making him yelp. Mama is control now Benson, there's no way I'll let you escape me. Freddie tried to fight me again, because I was teasing the hell out of him, and for the bulge inside his underwear and the way he was moaning I knew he couldn't take it anymore.

"Quiet boy! I'm the boss now" I said, licking over his collarbone.

"Sam, damn it! Just, stop teasing me!" he growled.

"Nah, this is fun!" I grind my hips against his erection.

"Sam..." he warned me, trying to hold my hips still, but I pinned him on the bed "Sam!"

"No... I'm the boss Benson, so sit back and enjoy it!"

I moved my hips against his crotch, making an eight motion, then sat down on him hard. I guess that was his breaking point, because he screamed, and sat up suddenly, knocking us both to the ground. I landed on my ass, on top of his pants, and he landed in between my legs.

"Damn it Freddie! I told you I wanted to be on top tonight!"

"And I'll let you... if you stop teasing me" he delivered hot kisses all over my jaw "and this bra needs to go"

Freddie removed my bra, tossing somewhere far away from us, and just attacked my breasts. I loved the way his hot and wet tongue made my skin burn the moment he touched me. I wrapped my legs around his waist, really not caring if I was on top or not, I just needed to feel him. And I was feeling him, poking my inner thigh, making me wetter than before.

"Fuck! I changed my mind! You can be on top" I moaned.

"Nope!" he kissed all over my stomach and sat up between my legs "I want you, to ride me"

The way he said it, made me shudder. The look on his face, drove me crazy. He just smirked, laying on top of me, kissing wherever he could reach. Damn this boy, damn him! Freddie removed my underwear with his teeth, and I hollered his name.

"Oh Freddie... man, you're good at it"

"Thanks ma'am" he kissed my throbbing core.

"AH!"

"You like that?" I nodded "then let e see if you like this" he slid a finger inside of me, making me cry out his name.

"Oh my god... it's so... good" I moaned when he started to pump his finger in and out.

Afamiliar feeling was building up inside of me as his finger moved in a quicker pace and soon I knew I was going to explode. It was all so good... that made my body vibrate. Wait... I'm vibrating, but... it's coming from... my backs.

"Freddie..." I panted "I'm vibrating"

"Mmm... already?" he smirked.

"No..." I reached behind my back and inside his pants' pocket "I'm vibrating" I grabbed his phone.

"Ignore it" he continued his magic, not even caring who was calling.

"It's... ah... oh... Carly" I said between moans.

"Ignore it" he bent, his tongue circling my clit.

"Kay" I ignore Carly's call and threw his phone across the room.

He gave me one last kiss down there, and pulled away, I groaned "I know, but since you wanna be on top you have to do the work" he flipped us over "It's Freddie's night"

"Fine dork"

I complied, licking and kissing up and down his torso, teasing him with my tongue. Freddie dig his fingers into my waist, making me move on top of

him, ribbing against his erection.

"Somebody is up" I giggled.

"And ready to play" he threw his head back, offering me his throat eagerly.

"Mmm" I licked a long trace from his collarbone to his jaw line "you wanna put it in, for just a bit to see how it feels like?" I teased.

"Damn it Sam!" he groaned and gripped my hips harder.

With one small thrust he would be inside of me without anything between us, and even though it was very risky, it was also very excited and I wanted to feel him too. I adjusted myself on top of him, ready to let him in completely, just for a little bit, just to know what it feels like, but a loud bang made me pull away.

**BANG, BANG, BANG!**

"Guys open up! I know you're in there!" Carly shouted.

"Damn it!" Freddie whispered "let's keep quiet and she'll go away"

**BANG, BANG, BANG!**

"Come on! Freddie, Spencer has your spare key, I'll go grab it if you don't let me in!"

"Shit, Freddie put some clothes on, I'll go get the door" I tried to get up, but he wouldn't let me.

"No way, can't you see I'm in no condition to stop right now?" he said pointedly.

"Baby, I don't wanna waste it too, but if I don't open the door Carly will walk in on us, and that's something that will scar her for life"

"Fuck! I hate her so much! I wanted to see you... riding me like a wild amazon" he traced his fingers through my belly.

"And we'll do that as soon as she's gone" I bent over to kiss him.

"Come on you guys!"

"Let me go?" I pouted "please?"

"Fine" he released me, and I grabbed his shirt, that was on the floor and put it on.

Carly was such a cockblock, first she called us in the gym when I was about to go down on him for the first time, she went nuts when we shared our first kiss, and now this? COCKBLOCK! I opened the door, wearing nothing but Freddie's shirt and a scowl.

"You're such a cockblock Shay. This better be good" I crossed my arms.

"Oh please Sam, I thought you were sore!" she whispered.

"Eh, that's not important, what's important is, I was in the middle of something, so buzz off" I tried to close the door, but she put her foot on it.

"Nope! I have something I think you and Freddie will like" she took two small tickets off her pocket.

"What's...?" I trailed off, looking at what she just handed me "Wonderland? That's like... the best theme park ever!"

"I know. And as you know, today they're opening here in Seattle, so... let's go!"

"Where did you get those?" I squealed.

"Brad's dad. Anyway, do you happen to know who is singing there, tonight?" she smirked.

"No..."

"Love me now... Parachute!"

"Oh my god Freddie loves that band!"

"So, let's go them! But we have to leave now, so go get ready and don't do... anything other than get dressed" she warned.

"Okay..." I hugged her "thank you Shay"

"Go get ready!" she shoved me "go!"

"Alright!"

Man this is going to be awesome! Everything is going so good, I'm back with Freddie, he's great in bed, and now this? What I did to deserve so much? Man, this is awesome! Thank you God, for being so good to me. I guess after all these miserable years, I'm finally getting the happiness I somewhat deserve. This is going to be great!

To be continued...

## \*Chapter 51\*: iSet Fire To The Rain

A/N: Hey guys, I'm running out of time, I have a big economy test tomorrow and I absolutely hate economy. It's been a crazy week for me in college with the tests and everything, and I was waiting for my beta, but she didn't PM me back so I decided to update. I just wanted to say thank you for all my amazing reviewers, five more chapters and this fic will be done, but I'm working on the sequel right now and I have it all planned out! I'm a little busy fangirling about Dair and Klaine, but chapter 57 is almost done!

Seddiexx - you rock! thank you so much, a virtual hug to you!

decipher - your reviewers always makes me happy! And I felt the same way about iQ, but it doesn't matter I still love iCarly! And BTW I have a feeling (or a crazy dream) that something seddie major will happen in iStill Psycho!

jesrod82 - teenagers and their urges! Good thing Carly knows when to cockblock!

Nameless - the Pam scene came from a dream, because a day before I had a conversation about sex with my mother and it was a nightmare! So I was so traumatized that I end up dreaming about it, but with Pam Puckett instead of my mother. Came out funny I guess.

chickenluver319 - I wish I was Dan, if I could run the show it would be called iSeddie by now and there would be a lot of make out and Creddie would never date, in fact Carly and Freddie would be siblings, twins maybe. (I'm crazy)

Everybody I didn't mention, I love you too, your reviewers make me really happy. I was thinking you guys could help me reach 1000 reviewers by the end of the story, that would be really great! But anyway, I'll shut up now!

And PLEASE don't be mad at me with this chapter, I have it all carefully planned out, remember that.

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*...I set fire to the rain, watched it pour as I touched your face, well, it burned while I cried, 'cause I heard it screaming out your name, your name...*

*(Adele – Set Fire To The Rain)*

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Freddie's POV

The concert was awesome, no it was more than awesome, it was perfect by all means. To see one of my favorite bands with my girlfriend by my side, it was amazing. Brad's dad has a friend who organizes concerts, so he got us some tickets for the opening of Wonderland's themed park here in Seattle. Wonderland is a huge park, named after Lewis Carroll famous *Alice in Wonderland*, it only became a theme park when Tim Burton created a whole new universe to this story.

There's three of them in the whole world, one in England, one in Tokyo and now one in Seattle. There's a park in Canada that's called Wonderland, but it has nothing to do with this one. They're all brand new, and tonight was the opening, so they hired a lot of bands to sing. Besides Parachute, Allstars Weekend, The Maine, The Duke Spirit and The Kooks played here too. It was like a little festival, each band sang five songs, and it was beyond awesome. I'm ecstatic, and frankly cannot shut up about it.

"Freddie, it was awesome, now please, shut up!" Sam whined, when I started to detail all my favorite parts of the show.

We were currently sitting on a table in front of the hot dog place, and although I'm not the biggest fan of this kind of food, I can't deny it was the best I ever ate.

"But... I'm so... it was so..."

"I know dorkhead" she chuckled "and I'm ecstatic too, this place is a wonderland, but I'm not going on and on about it... oh man, look at that" she jumped off her seat.

My eyes followed her gaze over a huge rollercoaster. The park was so big, and because of the concert, we didn't walk around much, this was the first time we were going to this direction. Sam squeezed my hand, abandoning her hot dog, eyes craving a ride on that monstrous thing. Carly and Brad chuckled to themselves, while Gibby finished his fries.

"Come on! Let's go, let's go, let's go!" she tried to drag me out of my chair "come on Fredhead!"

"Babe... I'm not going to ride on that thing"

"Don't be a puss Fredweird, come on dude... look at that..." she grabbed my chin forcing me to look up "how many times in your life you saw a thing that huge"

"Well..." I smirked.

"Oh come on, no penises jokes!" Brad groaned.

"Hey, I didn't say anything, Mr. Dirty mind" I shot back "okay, we'll go, but let me at least finish my food first and give me ten minutes, because I don't wanna puke"

"Yay!" she gave me a sweet eager kiss "you're the best boyfriend ever!"

"Guys, I'm not going into that thing" Carly cringed in Brad's lap "I'm too young to die"

"Don't be a big puss Shay" Sam patted her hair "it's a lifetime experience, and it's not like you're going to do it again anytime soon"

"Sorry, no deal, I'm not going" she shook her head "will you stay with me babe?"

"Well..." I could see it in his eyes that he really wanted to go "sure"

"No, come on Carly, can't you see he really wanna go!" Sam protested.

"You do?" she looked up to him "if you do, you can go, I'll just stay with Gibby"

"I'm going too" said Gibby, eating the last french fry in the bowl "sorry"

"Nah it's fine" she shrugged "Wendy?"

"Not missing this for anything Carly, sorry"

"Man!" she whined like the little brat she is sometimes.

"Come on babe, let's go, it won't be that bad" Brad nuzzled her neck "I'll be with you, the whole time"

"Fine, whatever" she cringed.

"Then, come on, let's wait in the line" I grabbed Sam's hand and paid the bill.

As we waited in the line, I glanced at Sam, and the way her hair looked so smooth around her shoulders. I've always thought her hair seemed smooth, like really smooth, and secretly wished to run my fingers through it over and over again. The first time I did it, I got the chills, she had managed to stick gum in her hair and I offered to help. As soon as I touched her for the first time, I let out a quiet sigh, but quickly shook it off, going back to my denial world. Now I can touch her smooth strands whenever I desire.

Sam was practically chewing her fingers off, grinning once in a while, and I just smiled at it. Her blond curls would bounce whenever she moved, and I couldn't help but to want to run my fingers through her golden silky strands. Her hair cascaded her neck, like a waterfall, a blond waterfall, and the sight of it amazed the hell out of me. I lifted my arm and reached for it, running my fingers through her perfect curls.

"What was that for?" she stopped being excited altogether and gave me an amused grin.

"I love your hair" it was a simple statement, not a confession.

"Thank you?"

"You might not know this, but I wanted to get my hands on your hair again since the gum incident" now, that was a confession.

"Really?"

"Really"

We looked at each other. Just looked, not like we did this morning, with such lust we could eat each other alive, and not like we did yesterday, with longing and hurt. We just looked at each other, Sam and Freddie, two distinct individuals that somehow managed to find each other along the way and now, and can't help but become one. Not that we morphed into Seddie altogether, because we could manage to be ourselves in this relationship, but we became one the moment we loved each other for the first time, and I don't mean physical love. This might seem sappy and too romantic, but I could spend hours looking at her, without touching, just looking, however our eye contact was broken, when the man before us told us it was time to go.

After the ride in the biggest rollercoaster I've ever seen, Carly was vomiting, while Brad held her hair. I glanced at him, my poor friend, always dealing with other people's vomits. Gibby was shaking head to toe and Wendy claimed to be dizzy. I personally felt as normal as before, maybe Sam is rubbing off on me. Speaking of Sam, she seemed to be lost into an amazing bliss, always saying how awesome that park was, she seemed to be the only one who truly enjoyed the ride.

"Oh man, you guys are such weaklings" she snorted "what about you babe? Not feeling weak in the knee like Gibson over there?"

"Nope, I'm fine" I kissed the side of her head "want me to grab you something to drink?"

"You're such a good boyfriend, dork. Sure, I'm a bit thirsty"

"Okay, I'll be right back"

I went on my mission to buy Sam a peppy cola, but I got distracted and got lost into the awesomeness of that park. And I literally got lost. First thing I looked for was a map of the park, since it was so humongous, took me twenty minutes to find it. She didn't call me, and I figured it was because she was having such an amazing time, she forgot about me altogether. See, other guys would be at least offended, but I knew my girl, it was just her way, she was naturally careless. I bought her a soda can and, with a little help of a map, made my way back to the rollercoaster, but they weren't there anymore. Shit! I grabbed my phone and realized the battery was gone, maybe Sam called me to tell me where they were going, but I couldn't know.

"Great, now I'm lost, in this huge place and don't even know where they are"

Damn gigantic park! I spent nearly an hour looking for them, and nothing. Maybe I should go back to the parking lot, they'll have to leave some time.

"Lost?" Patrice asked from behind me.

"Afamiliar face! Thank god!" I hugged her briefly, noticing how she seemed to tense up when I wrapped my arms around her "sorry, I'm just excited to find someone that I know"

"No problem. So are you lost?" she cleared her throat, trying to ease the awkwardness that settled between us.

"Yeah. I went to buy Sam a drink, and got lost" I looked around "this park is huge"

"So, you guys are back together now" she stated sadly, but smiled after all "I thought you would be"

"Yeah..." I looked down; avoiding eye contact seemed the best thing to do.

"Freddie, this doesn't need to be awkward between us" she put her hand on my shoulder "we're friends, and I'm happy for you!"

"You are?" I looked up to her, sabotaging my attempt to avoid her big black eyes.

"Yeah" she smiled "I mean, you're my friend, my only friend, and I hated to see you look like shit this week" Patrice shrugged "you look much better now though"

"I'm. We had a conversation, and we're going to work our issues, you know try harder"

"Why did she do it? Why did she broke up with you?" her curiosity wasn't mean or filled with cruel intentions, I could tell.

"Well, it's kinda complicated"

Since I was lost, and not able to find anyone anyway, I sat down on a bench to explain to Patrice what happened. She didn't seem so surprised when I told her what Pam did, but then again she has her fair share of mother issues. She told me they were doing much better after our conversation in the elevator, and that she finally had the guts to let out everything she had buried deep inside her heart for so long. Now Patrice and her mother were working their issues and trying to be better for each other, as a family. I was glad to hear it, it's good to help your friends and after everything that happened to me this week, I started to see her as a friend. Sure, I grabbed her phone and texted Brad, asking him where they were. He told me they were by the Ferris Wheel, and Sam was crazy looking for me. I told him I would be there in a sec.

"So, I talked to her mom, and seems like everything will be fine from now on, of course we still have to work on our issues, but I think we'll be fine"

"You know Freddie, sometimes mothers do the wrong thing thinking they're helping their kids, it's not fair and complicated, but they're trying to do the best for us. Like when your mother acts over-protective of you, it's because she wants you safe and healthy. Sam's mom did what she did thinking she was saving her daughter from disappointment. Her methods sucked, and her theory was a complete fail, but her intentions were good. Much like my mother, when she did... what she did. But I don't blame her anymore, I used to think it was all her fault, but I knew I made mistakes too, no one forced me to become that person, but I did, because I thought it was who I was supposed to be. I couldn't stop and realize I was being stupidly blind until you told me that"

"I'm glad to know that you and your mom are working your issues Patrice. It's not good to have it all buried deep inside of you" I rubbed her arm "I'm glad you're going back to be you, and not that disgusting person you were trying to be"

"Thank you Freddie. You know, you remind me of my dad" I snorted "seriously, a lot, and I think that's why I like you so much"

"Oh jeez, I thought it was because my fascinating personality" I said playing offended "tell me about him"

"Well, he was smart as hell, just like you. And sweet. He would take me every Sunday afternoon, after I finished my homework, to the park and we would eat ice cream and just talk about our day" she swallowed a lump, trying her best not to get emotional "I miss him, every Sunday"

There was nothing I could say, I didn't know how it was to be loved by a father, I never had that, I didn't miss my dad or cared about him at all. There was nothing I could say to her because that feeling was unknown to me, so I just grabbed her hand and smiled, and she smiled back.

"God, you remind me of him!" she chuckled "so much"

"So that's why you were taking so long"

I turned my head to look at her, she had her hand on her hips, and a scowl on her face. By the look in her eyes, I could see the trouble was just around the corner.

"Sam, let's talk about this okay" I got up and tried to touch her, but she slapped my hand away "you seriously are going to do this right now?"

"Now I know, why it was taking you so long, this bitch was distracting you and you let her Freddie!" she shoved me.

"Okay, let's not get childish here! I bumped into a friend and was having a friendly conversation, there's nothing wrong with that!"

"Nothing? Nothing, Freddie? So now you can walk around with her and expect me to think it's nothing? It's just an innocent friendship, and I'm delusional, right?" she hollered.

"Yes! That's all that is!" I was hollering back at her, trying to explain "like I talk to Carly, or Wendy!"

"Don't you dare compare, they are too different! So that's what you call love, I turn my back and you run off with her?" she hollered.

"That's not fair Sam, you questioning my love for you like that. After everything you put me through this week, you really expect me to sit back and let you question my love for you? You are dead wrong Puckett. I told you before, and I'm going to tell you again, when you mess with my head, it's fine, but when you mess with my heart... there's something else entirely and I'm not gonna sit back and put up with it!"

People around us were staring, but I didn't care, that didn't make me lower my voice, I was so mad with her, once again, and as far as I cared, the rest of the world could blow up.

"Fine, but I don't want you being friends with her" I gaped at her, she couldn't be serious "so, ditch the bitch, and let's go"

"You can't be serious right now. Sam, please, please let's not do this"

"I'm serious, I don't usually tell you who you should be friends with, but sure hell you can't be friends with her" she pointed at Patrice, who looked beyond embarrassed "I don't want you being friends with her, she wants to break us up!"

"Stop with being all paranoid! She's not trying anything! You can't seriously be doing this to me right now, you have to trust me. I love you, but I don't know what else to do to make you see that. I'm going to pretend you didn't say that and we'll talk when we get home"

"So, you just going to ignore my opinion, like it means shit, and be friends with her anyway?"

"No... Sam, you have to trust me, what did we talk about today? You have to trust me, or else..." she cut me off

"Or else what?" she challenged me, shoving me backwards twice "huh Freddie? Or else what?"

"Or else this relationship will go to shit!" I finished.

She didn't say anything, just stared at me. After what it seemed a lifetime, she stormed out. Of course she would expect me to follow her, but I didn't, she had to learn how to trust me and she had no right to doubt my love for her like that.

"Freddie?" Patrice said quietly after a long time speechless "you should go after her"

"No!" I turned to look at her "she has to learn how to trust me how I trust her, because even knowing she is the best liar I've ever met, I trust her every word, without questioning, so I deserve some credit!"

"Maybe its best if we don't talk anymore" she continued speaking ignoring my replies "it's probably for the best, it's okay I'm not mad"

"Patrice, I'll handle things with Sam, just not now, I'm mad and I would probably say something I would regret. She hurts me so much when she acts like that" I ran my hands through my hair "I better go"

"Yeah..."

I waved goodbye and left, heading to the parking lot. Brad and Gibby were there, they told me the girls went home with Wendy and that Sam was beyond pissed. I didn't tell them what happened, I wasn't on the mood for any kind of conversation. We drove home silently, and even after I dropped Gibby home, Brad didn't say anything. We had this unspoken agreement, not to push each other's limits, he respected my wish not to talk, and I appreciated that. I went home and threw myself at my bed, sighing. Sam wasn't there so I figured he would be at Carly's. I had to urge to go after her, and even if I did I wouldn't, because I did nothing wrong and I don't deserve this. She should know me by now, and not matter what she should trust me like I trust her.

Just when you think things are perfect, something happens and proves to you, nothing is perfect.

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Sam's POV

I arrived at Carly's pissed out of my mind. He refused to give up her friendship, he refused to listen to me. Why? Why is he doing this to me? Can't he see what she's trying to do? He can't seriously be that blind. I kicked Carly's footstool ignoring her questions, I just wanted to be alone, and not look at his face. I told her everything because I was so mad I couldn't keep it to myself and because I figured she wouldn't stop asking unless I told her.

"Can you believe him? But he'll regret and he'll come back begging for my forgiveness!" I said with conviction.

"Sam, I think you're overreacting. You have to trust him, he's smart and he loves you, if she was up to something he would know by now, he's not oblivious and naive anymore"

"What? Don't you remember how she used to play dirty? He asked me to stay away from Pete that time" I scowled "and now you expect me not to ask him to do the same?"

"Yeah, you have a point, but still, you have to trust him, like he trusted you even though he knew no one could lie better than you"

"I trust him, I do, I don't trust her, she's the one I don't trust"

"Yeah, but you're letting all your anger fall down on him"

"He was the one talking to her, he was the one calling her a friend! She wants him, I know that, why can't he understand that I'm just..."

"Insecure? I thought you guys talked about it, and he loves you Sam, so much he wouldn't ruin what you guys have over some girl!"

"No! I'M PISSED Carls! Pissed, that's all!"

I sat on the couch feeling defeated. What else I could think when I saw them together? Did he really expect me to believe they were just friends? He couldn't be that naive. The knock on the door woke me up from my dreams. I knew it was him, it had to be, he had to say he was sorry so we could go back to being happy. Carly opened the door and her jaw hit the floor, I decided to check out who it was.

"I need to talk to Sam" I couldn't believe Patrice was standing there.

She actually had the guts to come here. I'm going to hurt her really bad right now.

"What are you doing here?" I snapped "if you here to-"

"Shut up Sam!" se hollered, entering the apartment without an invitation "my turn to speak!"

She shoved me, and I fell backwards, sitting on the couch, shocked.

"Me and Freddie are friends. FRIENDS! And nothing more, and you know why? Because he loves you, and he could never feel anything for me, or anyone else for that matter, because you're the only one he wants. You know how many girls want that? Want a guy like you have? Every single heterosexual girl in the face of earth! And yes, I have feelings for him, but not because he's hot and handsome, but because when he looks at me, he sees beyond my flesh. When he looks at me he doesn't judge me for my past, he just... he sees me for who I am. And I don't mean that pushy bitch you know, but the real me, the person who I used to be before everything went to shit in my life!"

She stopped, taking a deep breath, and I didn't know what to say, neither did Carly. Patrice didn't seem or sound like that girl who always tried to steal Freddie away from me, she didn't seem that same girl who used little kids to get close to him, there was something different in her eyes, and the way she spoke, something I wasn't familiar with.

"Freddie became a good friend to me since we got stuck into that elevator. You know Sam, I know a million people, but I don't have one single friend, not a real one. The only person in my life who looked at me with care was him, since my dad died I didn't have anyone to tell me it wasn't my fault, I didn't have anyone to tell me I wasn't the one to blame. No one took the time to tell me what happened wasn't my fault"

What the heck is she talking about?

"When I was fifteen, I bugged my dad the whole day to buy me a new computer. It was a Sunday afternoon, and usually we went to the park to eat ice cream and just talk about our week, but that day I needed the damn computer, and I couldn't wait. So we went to the store and he bought it for me, he knew I wanted that more than anything, so he bought for me. When we were leaving the store, this guy with a gun approached us, he told me to give him the computer, or else he would shoot. I was a spoiled little brat and I didn't hand him that damn computer. He pulled a gun to shoot me, and my dad threw himself at me, sheltering me from the bullet and got shot"

She stopped for a while, tears rolling down her cheek. I didn't know what to think, I didn't know how to act. She was sobbing but seemed determinate to continue her story.

"After he died, my mother got depressed. I knew she blamed me, she never said it, but the way she looked at me... I knew she blamed me, but why wouldn't she? I was the one to blame. I was so lonely, I just wanted someone to tell me that everything would be alright, but my mother was never home and when she was she just locked herself in her bedroom. I had no one, I just needed someone, I just needed to feel loved, but no one... no one would love me, my own mother wouldn't..."

I looked at Carly, who looked heartbroken. I was, taken aback by this, I was... speechless.

"My dad's boss, he was a great man, and they had been friends for years. He was my godfather, and he was the only person who, since the funeral, came to ask me if I was okay. He stopped by everyday to see how I was, he would talk to me and made me company. With him I felt a little closer to my father, I had someone to look up to, and someone who would care about me, when no one else did. My parents didn't have any siblings, my grandparents were long gone, and I didn't have many friends in school. He was the only one... the only one there when I needed someone. My mother started to work late, always trying to avoid me. One night, I had a nightmare with the man who killed my dad, and she wasn't home, so I called Greg, my godfather, twenty minutes later he was there. He held me close, told me he loved me and that he would always take care of me..." she trailed off, and I feared I knew where this was going.

"He kissed me... the rest you can figure out. I didn't want it, but I was afraid, that if I rejected him, he would abandon me and I was going to be left alone for good again. I needed to be cared and loved, that's why every time he would come by and... well, I couldn't say no, or so I thought, I was too scared to be alone. I never stopped him because I thought I needed him, I thought that was love, but it wasn't. My mother was so oblivious to everything, she only find out because... because I..." she started to choke and sob uncontrollably "I got pregnant"

Wow, I couldn't ever imagine this... I guess now I knew why Freddie was so sympathetic towards her, he had this superhero complex where he needed to help everyone all the time.

"She forced me to say who the father was, and when I did she couldn't believe. She went nuts, said I was home wrecker, told me I had no business hooking up with a married man... she confronted him, his wife found out. When everyone found out, I thought he would stay by my side, and tell them it wasn't my fault, but he did quite the opposite, he told everyone I seduced him, that it was my fault. He told everyone I got pregnant to get money out of him and that I was a whore. Even my own mother believed him, but then again he was very convincing. She forced me to get an abortion... you don't know how scared I was, how lonely and broken hearted I felt. My mother could never look at me, I killed her husband and tainted her honor in the same year..." she snorted "oh what a great daughter I was"

I was trying to find my voice, words to say, but nothing came, my jaw was on the floor, and my heart was shattered. No one should go through so much at fifteen. And I thought I had mommy issues. Silly Sam.

"They told me so many times I was a worthless bitch, they looked at me like I was nothing but a home wrecker and I wind up believing them, I wind up becoming the hideous person you knew. But don't think even for I second I don't acknowledge my mistakes, because I do. And I think about it every day. I used to think that the only way I could be loved was if I gave men what they wanted, but then I met Freddie, and he was totally different, the way he told me to back off because he loved you and wouldn't leave you... that did something to me Sam and I never wanted anything so bad in my life..." she smiled sadly "that night we got stuck into the elevator... I was so afraid, feeling suffocated and trapped... I tend to say too much when I'm nervous, so I wind up telling him what happened to me. He listened quietly, and I was bracing myself for what would come next, I could swear he would give me the same look my mother did... but he didn't. He didn't judge me, and he told me it wasn't my fault. He said so many things that made me think about what I was doing with my life Sam, he told me I didn't have to live in the past and that I was only hurting myself by doing it. He told me I didn't have to be that person that just because people think of me that way doesn't mean that's who I really am"

"He said that he knew an amazing girl who had the same problem. She as hiding from the world, hiding her feelings, afraid if the world saw her for what she really was, she would get hurt. She was hiding behind a brick wall she built for herself, but once she broke through it... she saw the light. She lived for the first time. I knew right away he was talking about you" she chuckled "you had to see the smile on his face Sam... I couldn't try to break you guys up anymore, because that would make him unhappy. I've saw him unhappy this week when you left him, and trust me, I did not enjoy it. After the conversation we had, I decided to talk to my mom, tell her everything I've been keeping inside myself for so long, and now we're doing much better. We're going to the therapist to work on our issues, it's weird, but it's for the best. I could never do anything to hurt him, I'm not that mean, he deserves the best, and he does not deserve what you did today. If you want, I'll stop talking to him, and that will suck, because he's my only real friend, but if that's what you want... I'll do it"

I needed a moment to analyze everything I just heard. She went through some pretty bad situations that made her who she is today. Goddamit, she had to watch her father die, got pregnant and got an abortion in the same year, not mentioning the lack of love from her mother, and that I know how it feels like. It must be horrible have someone you love got shot in front of you, for you, and I totally get why she was feeling so guilty.

"I could never imagine Patrice... any of this... I'm so sorry" I was chocked up, and feeling a bit ashamed of myself.

"It's okay, you know. Just go talk to him and tell him you're sorry" she encouraged "he won't give in this time"

"It sound a lot like Freddie, what he said to you, it's just his way... he loves to help everyone like the good boy that he is" I smiled.

"So? You want me to stop talking to him? Because if you do, I would, the last thing I want is to cause any more problems between you guys... I just want to be me again, and I know it's going to be a long way, and I long time till I can find myself again, so I'll be too busy to try to sabotage your relationship" she chuckled and I joined her.

"Oh... man" we cracked up, and Carly looked at us like we were crazy "ah... Patrice, its okay... seems like you need this friendship"

She smiled brightly "maybe we could... you know be friends too?"

"Well, we can be friendly. How about that?" I stood up and offered her my hand.

"That's good for me" she shook my hand "you should probably talk to him right now"

"I will" I looked at her for a while, really looked at her for the first in my life "thank you. For coming here and tell me all this"

"Eh, never mind, just go, talk to him" she gripped my wrist and dragged me out of the apartment "go ahead. I'm going to bed now, maybe read a bit"

"You read?" I asked surprised, and stupidly.

"Don't tell anyone, it's my secret" she winked "bye Sam"

After she left, I leaned against Freddie's door thinking about words to say. I've been stupid, again, and here I was, trying to apologize, again. I have to start to get my shit together and be in this relationship in my two feet. I have to jump, and I have to do it already. Without bothering to knock I walked in, making a beeline to Freddie's room, where I found him laying on the bed, reading *The Hungry Games* and wearing that pair of nerd glasses I loved so much. I guess I was staring at him like an idiot, because he suddenly sighed and put the book over his stomach.

"Just say whatever is that you wanna say" he said staring at the ceiling.

"I'm sorry, I really am"

"You should be, you overreacted, but that's not entirely your fault, I should respect your feelings, even if they make no sense" he put the book on his night stand and sat up "I'm sorry too"

After a minute or so, I ran over him and threw myself at him, hugging him tightly.

"Sorry Freddie, I'll be a better girlfriend, I swear" he wrapped his arms around me.

"You are the best girlfriend ever, I'm sorry for what I said okay?" he pulled back to kiss me "why we keep being stupid?"

"I don't know... but hey, you were right I have no right to tell you who to be friends with, I was just jealous"

"You totally have a point, I asked you the same thing before with Pete didn't I?" I nodded "but with him was different because you liked him once and I thought you could like him again"

"That's absurd"

"I know that now... Patrice is really just a friend, you may not believe this, but she actually could use some real friends" he said sympathetically.

"I know... she came over and told me... everything" I felt embarrassed again "she told me she wouldn't try to break us up, because of you, she said you couldn't be happy without me"

"That's true" he snickered "she told you? Everything?"

"Everything. I feel so bad for her, and that explains a lot actually... but I also know she has feelings for you, real feelings and that scares me"

"For a brave person you get scared too easily Miss Puckett" he poked my ribs.

"Ha ha!" I flicked his nose "only when it comes to you, I only feel like this with you. And I don't like that, makes me feel like such a girl"

"I'm sorry, and I really am sorry, I wish we could just go back to the way we were before, you know being Sam and Freddie again" I nodded "She's actually nice person when you get to know her. She actually beat my ass in Guitar Hero" he chuckled.

"Guitar Hero?"

"Yeah, she took me to The Arcade when you... well, when we were apart. She didn't bust a move, or tried to make me forget about you, she just wanted to get me out of the house" he shrugged.

"Maybe she could really use your friendship" I admitted "but that's it! Friendship and nothing more!"

"Of course" he laughed "maybe you could be her friend too, this way we could finally have some peace"

"Freddie... I don't know, it's not possible for me to like her overnight, and even though what she told me made me sympathize with her, still... I don't know" I sighed "I just don't know."

"It would be really nice if you could try..." he pouted "let's hang out tomorrow, you me and her, let's go to The Arcade"

"Fine" I gave up "but I make no promises"

"Yay!" he kissed me, and laid back on the bed "thank you honey"

"Whatever..." I kissed his neck "wanna get back to what we were doing before Carly cockblocked us?"

"Not really" I sat up, looking at him in utter shock "I just wanna lay here with you"

His arms went around my waist again, bringing me closer, making me lay my head on his chest. So comfortable, so right, so relaxing. His smell was intoxicating, and made me feel safe and sound... soon my eyes were heavy, everything seemed so far away as I fell asleep. I felt Freddie removing my shoes and jeans, then lay back next to me.

"Night honey" he kissed my forehead.

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Freddie's POV

After I called Patrice, she couldn't believe Sam agreed on hanging out with her, but she was pretty eager. I couldn't believe it either, but here we were,

standing in front of The Arcade, me and my beautiful girl, holding hands. She was hesitating, and I feared she was going to give up, it meant so much to me they could get along, it meant we would have some peace. Sam took a deep breath and forced a smile, this was hard, I knew it, after everything that happened between them, but now they will be able to see each other in a different light, maybe they'll even become friends. That's what I wished.

"It's okay if you don't want to do this" I told her.

"I want to, I do" she said with little conviction.

"Sam, come on" I squeezed her hand "tell me what you wanna do"

"I want peace Freddie, I want wake up one day and don't have problems between us" she sighed "if she's your friend then maybe I should give her a chance, at least try to be civil around her" she wrapped her arms around my neck "man, this is going to be hard"

"You can do this, but we really have to get inside now, it's raining" that exact moment a thunderstorm started pouring down on us "come on"

I spotted Patrice sitting on a bench, waiting for us. She seemed nervous, tapping her foot on the floor and looking around. This was going to be hard for both of them, Sam had to hang out with a girl who had feelings for her boyfriend, and Patrice had to hang out with the girlfriend of the guy she had feelings for. And I'm in the middle of this mess, but hopefully they'll get along fine and I'll finally have some peace. I knew it wasn't possible for them to become great friends overnight, or anytime soon really, but I'm a believer, so I won't give up. I also can't force Sam into something she doesn't want to do, I would never do that, I guess she has to want this, otherwise it won't work.

"Hi" said Patrice, standing up and offering Sam her hand.

"Hey" Sam hesitated, but shook her hand anyway.

I smiled at her as a way to say *good job*.

"So? Are we ready for this?" I asked them.

"Sure. What do you guys wanna do first?" Patrice asked, a little tense.

"I heard you kicked Freddie's butt in *Guitar Hero*" Sam commented, breaking the tension between them "I'd like to see that"

"Oh, I'll be glad to do it again" she smiled deviously "ready to lose again Freddie?"

"Uh Freddie" Sam poked my ribs.

"Oh my... what to do huh?" I sighed.

Man we had fun, the three of us, hanging around and goofing off, like three kids after school spending their lunch money on games. I even had fun losing to Patrice three times, while Sam laughed her ass off the entire time. They even came up with some new nicknames for me, can you believe it? The whole time, they acted pretty civil around each other, and even teamed up against me to play *Assassin*... oh well. I knew both of them were trying their best to do this, and I knew it was because of me, so I felt all giddy and flattered. What a luck bastard I am.

I was so proud of Sam for being mature about this, and of Patrice for trying. These two are more alike than they realize, and I think they can be good friends if they try, and that would be pretty cool. Boy I'm so lucky, seems like it was only yesterday when I had no girls falling over me, and now I have two? Not that I would ever feel anything other than friendship for Patrice, but still it's pretty flattering. Two smart, funny and hot girls in love with me? Me? Nerd little me? Seems so surreal. Patrice helped me when I was down and I'm proud to know I helped her with her issues, but that's what friends are for after all.

Sam still seemed a little tense and inconspicuously glanced at Patrice sometimes, especially when she was close, or talking to me. Not that she was having a jealous attack, but she was just being careful, and I couldn't condemn her for that. Patrice seemed a bit uncomfortable at first, always afraid of what to say or do next to Sam, but her fears died down a bit and she began to relax more and more. She also seemed a little sad whenever Sam would hug me, or kiss me. Of course we didn't make out in front of her; it was just a light kiss on the lips sometimes or on the cheek. My favorite part of the evening, was banter with Sam again, surprisingly I missed the whole *dork vs. demon* thing we had going on before. When the girls decided to hunt me down playing *Assassin*, and I was alone, I had to hide, because shit, those girls were crazy fast.

"Come on man! This is not fair" I whined "great, so I'm supposed to sit around and be a target?" I yelled after Sam almost shot me.

"Great" I chuckled "hey!" I ducked one of Patrice's shots "take it easy girls, I'm only one!"

Man, those girls are going to kill me.

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Sam's POV

Of course it was awkward as hell at first, I was suspicious and she was uncomfortable, but then I came up with the idea of playing *Assassin* against Freddie so we could kill a bit of the tension hanging in the room. It actually worked. Like I said before, it's not like we're going to be best friends by tomorrow, but I was looking forward to some civil relationship with her, one where we could stay in the same room and not kill each other. It helped to know she wasn't going to hit on him whenever she had the chance, and maybe I could accept their friendship. However, that didn't mean I was going to simply trust her with my life or let them hanging around alone for too long. I'm not jealous, honestly, but a girl needs to be careful especially because she tried before.

Freddie has this contagious thing about him, once you get to know him he makes you wanna be better, like his opinion matters, even though I used to deny it. And I can't blame her for feeling that way.

"Did you see it? I almost had him" she whispered.

"Yeah, he's a sneaky little bastard!" I hissed.

"We get him next time" she assured me.

Another thing I'm starting to like about her is that she is pretty bad ass and sneaky just like me.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"I don't k-" BOOM! "what the heck?"

"Oh my God Sam!" Patrice pointed at a big machine in the end of the room, it exploded, fire spreading everywhere. It was all so fast, and soon everything was burning. The other machines exploded as soon as the fire came in contact with them, making a loud noise.

"Shit!" I heard people screaming and everybody started to run around panicking.

"Come on!" she grabbed my arm, and started to drag me with her "come on!"

"Where's Freddie?" I didn't realize, until now, he wasn't with me "Freddie?"

"Oh my God... I don't know!" she panicked.

"We gotta find him!" I hollered.

There was so many people around, panicking, running, bumping against each other, I never saw such a mess. Two girls bumped on us, sending me to the ground. Patrice helped me stand up, but pushed me away when a metal bar fell two inches away from my head.

"Careful" she gripped my wrist again and we started to run, like everyone else, but to the opposite side of the warehouse.

"Freddie!" please God, let me find him, let me find him safe and sound "Freddie!"

"Freddie, where are you? Freddie?" we kept yelling.

"You girls gotta get out of here" the security guard tried to push us out "get out!"

"No! My boyfriend is there somewhere, I gotta find him" I said desperately.

He kept pushing us, trying to get us out of there, saying things I couldn't hear. My mind was on Freddie, I wasn't going to leave without him. I put up a fight, so did Patrice, but she was weaker, and when a second guy grabbed her arm, she was dragged out of there.

"Let me go! You gotta let me go!" I hollered.

I could hear so many cries for help, so many screams of pain, it was horrible, the smell was horrible and the smoke was suffocating me, but I wouldn't leave without him.

"Your boyfriend is probably outside, miss, you gonna get us both killed!" he wrapped his arms around my legs and threw me over his shoulder, but I kept kicking and screaming.

"Freddie!"

"Sam?" I could hear his voice, mixed with the horrible sounds in the background.

"It's him, he is in there! Freddie!" I squirmed, trying to free myself from the security guard's arms "let me go! Freddie!"

I couldn't hear him anymore, it was too late, I was already out the door, rain pouring down on me. As soon as my feet hit the ground I broke into a run to get back into The Arcade, but Patrice held my forearms.

"No! Patrice, I heard him! He was calling me! He's in there!" I tried to fight her to get free.

"Sam, stop you can't go back in there! You'll get yourself killed!" she hollered.

"I don't care! He's in there!"

"You canno-"

BOOM! A big explosion sent us stumbling backwards.

"NO!"

No! Please God, no! Don't take him away from me, please don't do this.

To be continued...

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**Remember... trust me, you wont regret!**

## \*Chapter 52\*: iSafe And Sound

*... If I could just see you, everything would be all right. If I'd see you this darkness would turn to light.*

*And I will walk on water. And you will catch me if I fall. And I will get lost into your eyes.*

*I know everything will be all right, I know everything is alright...*

*(Lifehouse – Storm)*

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General POV

Smoke. Fire. Screams. Cries. Patrice... no Freddie. Sam opened her eyes and realized she had closed them as soon as the explosion happened. How everything went to shit so fast? In one moment things were great, she remembered laughing and enjoying an awkward afternoon with her boyfriend and a girl who liked him, and now... that. She didn't even know how to classify this. Should she call it a tragedy? Fate? Destiny? Accident? Sam didn't know what she was supposed to do, because to be honest, she couldn't bring herself to think about it. Think about what just happened meant have to wonder where was Freddie, and her heart couldn't... she just couldn't think about it.

Patrice looked with wide eyes towards the fire. Sam was standing in front of her, frozen in utter shock. Freddie was in there... and there was now a bunch of fire and ashes. The firemen tried over and over again to extinguish the fire, but The Arcade was a big place, there were flames everywhere. Freddie was there. In there. In the fire. They weren't the only ones standing outside watching that horrible scene, they were part of a crowd of people who made out alive, the rest just burned to death, or got hit with one of the many metal bars falling as the place crumbled.

Sam remembered why she felt so upset when she saw Freddie with Patrice the other day. It was because he called her friend. If he could be friends with her, then he could have feelings for her, like he once had for Carly. He liked brunettes, that was a known fact, and Patrice happened to be fragile, delicate, a damsel needing to be saved, aspects that a boy like Freddie couldn't overlook. That was her initial thought, but later on she came to realize it was stupid, and didn't make any sense.

The whole thing made her pissed, not scared, just very pissed, because another Carly was trying to get in her way, and that did not please Sam. That same night, after learning the truth about Patrice, Sam came to realize that she was nothing like Carly. Her best friend couldn't understand pain, it wasn't part of her happy world, and Sam admired that. She felt sympathy towards Patrice, that's why she agreed on coming in the first place, however when a metal bar almost hit her in the head and killed her, Patrice was the one who pushed her out of the way, saving her life. So maybe she wasn't all that bad, Sam could begin to understand why Freddie was fond of her...

And that's when her mind came out of denial land. Freddie. He was in there. He never left.

"No... He... can't... no..." those were the biggest words she could form.

"Sam..."

"Freddie... Freddie..."

"Sam..." Patrice's voice came out shaky, unable to keep her tears from rolling down her cheek.

"Freddie"

Nothing, but his name, could come out of her mouth. He was inside that place, probably burn to death, how could she deal with this? No, he must be okay somewhere, maybe if she went there to look for him she could find him safe and sound, alive, just waiting to be saved.

"I have... to go, look for him"

Sam broke into a run, but Patrice wrapped her arms around her shoulders, to keep her from running towards the fire.

"No! Let me go" Sam squirmed, but only with one quarter of her force, trying to break free.

"You can't go in there!" Patrice tightened her hold on Sam, trying to make her stop moving, stop fighting.

"No! You stupid bitch, he needs me, he's in there somewhere, and these useless shitheads are doing nothing to save him!"

The pain was way too unbearable, and she couldn't accept anything other than having Freddie alive, and back to her.

"Sam! Stop, you can't save him, you can't go in there!" Patrice tried to argue "you wanna get yourself killed? Is that it?"

Sam turned around and hit her across the face. She didn't punch her, she did something she used to do with Freddie; Sam bitch slapped Patrice, who wasn't scared, or offended or shocked. Patrice kept her hands where they were, around Sam, while the blond slapped her and punched her, over and over again.

"Sam, stop, please stop" the brunette's voice cracked, arms wrapped around the blond, bringing her closer "stop please"

"No! Don't tell me what to do, I hate you!"

Sam was screaming at the top of her lungs, kicking, punching and trying to get out of Patrice's hold. She didn't like that girl, and that girl didn't like her, then why the hell would she even care what happened to Sam? She shouldn't have pushed her away from the metal bar, she shouldn't grab her by the arm and lead her out of the crazy crowd, she shouldn't try to do anything for her, because Freddie wasn't there to see her, he wasn't there, so she couldn't impress him. So why the hell was she doing it?

Maybe it was because, sometimes, people do things for other people. Simple as that. Still putting up a fight, Sam started accepting the arms wrapped around her, there was no point fighting against it, because Patrice wasn't letting go anytime soon.

"He can't... I can't... no please no"

"I know, it's okay, I know..." those simple words made Sam tug on Patrice's shirt, and bit her lip, trying not to cry.

The two girls remained wrapped around each other. In time like those, the differences were pushed aside, and everyone around them seemed to understand the pain. Sam and Patrice might have hated each other at one point, but now that wasn't important, because when two people share the same pain, they began to understand each other better, whether they want it or not.

"You girls okay?"

Patrice opened her eyes to look at the boy with the breathless voice, and she froze, arms falling on her sides, which brought Sam back to reality. She turned around, heart beating fast, still so scared that was nothing but a mirage.

"Are you two hurt?" he asked, hands on his knees.

"F-Freddie?" Sam stuttered.

"Yeah..." he seemed a bit out of it, but aside from breathless and possibly traumatized, he looked fine. He was alive.

Next thing he knew, the blond had her arms tightly wrapped around his neck, slightly suffocating him. She had to touch him to believe the nightmare was over. Those were the worst minutes of her life, and she never wanted to think about it ever again.

"I'm fine Sam" he mumbled.

"Oh... you... I was so scared... I thought... I never saw you leaving"

"I heard your voice, calling my name" he said breathlessly "I couldn't reach you, but I knew you wouldn't get out without me... I couldn't scream, too much smoke, suffocating me... so I had to find another way to get out... if you knew I was out, then you would get out too" he coughed vigorously "I saw the back door and ran there... and then the place exploded... I went to the ground" he coughed again.

"Oh my god... we need to get you to a hospital" she said hugging him even tighter.

"I'm fine Sam, I really am" he said, but it didn't ease the hold she had on his neck.

Sam tried not to cry, she didn't want him to see her crying like a little girl, but on the inside it was exactly how she felt, small and scared. She started to shake uncontrollably, after everything that just happened she was afraid to let go of him, she was afraid if she did, something bad might happen. Being so close to lose him, made her realize she wasn't as tough as she thought, and she was completely frightened by that. Being weak was her greatest fear, and when it came to Freddie she felt anything he did could make her melt, or break down and she hated he had this power over her. But at the same time he also made her feel better, loved, special and those were things no one ever made her feel.

It wasn't an easy scene to watch, but it made Patrice sure he was well taken care of. She couldn't lie and say she didn't want to be the one holding him, but as she watched Sam fight to risk her life to go back inside the fire, just to find him, she knew that what they shared couldn't be compared to anything she felt for him. Surprisingly, she was okay with that. Now, watching the desperate way how Sam held onto him, made her realize that even though she couldn't have him, she wanted that someday, she wanted to share that kind of bond with someone.

Life was short and she spent too much time pretending to be something she wasn't, and seeing these two people, who happened to be so in love they couldn't handle be apart, she wished to find someone who would love her that much. The thought was scary, to have someone having that much power over you. What if they leave? Then what are you supposed to do? How can you move on? But the way Sam and Freddie held onto to each other that moment, made her realize that some stories have a happy ending.

"I was so... I thought you..." Sam mumbled, trying her best to swallow her tears. *I'm not going to cry* she said to herself "are you hurt?" she withdrew, releasing his neck and looking for bruises.

"I'm fine..."

"No you're not" the blond spotted the red liquid rolling down his forehead "oh my god you're bleeding!"

"Sam, it's just a cut... I'm fine" he coughed harder this time "just really tired" his head ached like a bastard, but he didn't need her freaking out even more.

"Freddie, you should get this checked out" said Patrice, making the couple realize she was still there.

"I'm fine. You're okay? You're okay Sam?" he asked both girls, glanced between them to make sure they were okay "you girls okay?"

"We're fine" she reassured him "but you need to go to a hospital"

"No I don't! I'm jus-" he got cut off by a cough attack.

"That's it! I'm taking you to a hospital!" Sam looked around for the paramedics "hey you!" she called the young man who just got out of the ambulance.

"Sam...!" he wasn't able to protest much, because another series of painfully strong coughs caught him off guard, making him bend his knees and grab Sam's shoulder for support.

"You're not okay, so stop being stupid and let me get you help!" she hollered "my boyfriend just got out of there, he needs help!"

The paramedics rushed to get him into the ambulance, against his will, but he was way too tired to fight.

"No, it's okay, I'm fine" he insisted.

"Son, we have to get you some help okay?" the older paramedic told him.

Freddie reached his forehead to wipe the blood that was rolling down his face towards his ear, but the man pushed his hand away.

"Shut up Freddie!" Sam snapped "you could've died today, your fucking forehead is hanging open so just shut the fuck up because I'm not going to lose you because you're too much of a wuss to go to the hospital and face the doctor's big needle!"

He complied, taken aback by her reaction. She was on the verge, and he knew she was right, he needed to go to the hospital, maybe get some stitches then go back home. Sam spotted a few reporters there to cover the fire, but she didn't want them anywhere near to Freddie right now.

"Patrice, get in now" she hissed.

"Sorry Miss, only you can ride" said the paramedic.

"Listen" Sam grabbed him by the collar of his shirt "you don't wanna get on my bad side right now, so let her come with me and shut the hell up!"

The brunette complied, sitting next to Sam in the back of the ambulance, and Sam glance between Patrice and Freddie, who was falling asleep slowly.

"Son, you cannot fall asleep, okay?" the man started to clean Freddie wound.

"Freddie, hey" Sam grabbed his hand squeezing it "talk to me, you have to stay up"

"But I'm tired..."

"You can't fall asleep because we don't know if you have a concussion or something worst, so stay awake son" the man continued to clean the blood out of Freddie's forehead.

Sam's eyes went wide, threatening to fly off their sockets.

"Concussion?"

"Yeah, it all depends of the strength which he hit his head and where" the paramedic, grabbed some bottle and put a bit of liquid on Freddie's forehead.

"AH!" Freddie squirmed and hollered in pain.

"What the hell?" Sam held his hand tighter.

"He'll be fine, but we have to make sure the cut wont infect" the man threw the gauze in the trash can and opened another package, wiping the blood out of Freddie's forehead again "he's losing blood. He's going to need a few stitches, probably ten or twelve"

Looking at Freddie, who seemed weak and groggy, a solitary tear rolled down her cheek, but she was fast and discrete, wiping it away. The nightmare wasn't over yet, she still could lose him. Sam was having an internal freak out when the man said he was losing blood, she thought she would hyperventilate. Patrice, who was calmer, put her hand over Sam's. They weren't the best of the friends, but in times like these, that hardly even mattered. Sam looked at her and smiled, a small and sad smile. Patrice could tell she wanted to cry, she could see her eyes tearing, looking back at Freddie. He didn't know how lucky he was, to have someone like Sam in his life.

"Freddie, you gotta stay awake... come on dork, don't fall asleep, talk to me"

"So many screams... the smell..." he mumbled "the smell of burning flesh was the worst thing..."

"I know, I know... but you're okay now" she brushed his short bangs out of his forehead, noticing that one of his perfect shaped eyebrows was scorched.

"I'm fine, I know I'm" he smiled at her, trying to make her see he was in fact just very tired "I'm fine blondie..."

"We're here" said the driver.

The men carried Freddie on a gurney inside the hospital. He complained the whole way there, saying that he could walk by himself. The girls followed them, Sam always telling him to shut the fuck up, she didn't want to risk him having a motherfucking concussion or something.

"He's going to need stitches, we'll check for another bruises, do some exams, look for internal bleeding or fractures. Also we want to make sure he doesn't have a concussion. You girls can wait here" the doctor instructed them.

"I have to go with him! Please, I wanna be with him" Sam Puckett never begs for anything, but she didn't feel like leaving him at that moment.

"Sorry Miss, you can't but I'll keep you posted, it won't take too long and you'll be able to see him"

"No, you don't get it, I can't leave him alone, I'm not going to leave him alone! I need to be with him" reason just flew off the window and Sam started to yell at the doctor.

"Miss, calm down" Patrice held Sam's forearms "he's fine, he's awake, we just want to make sure he's one hundred percent okay so we can release him and you can take him home"

"Just wait here and drink some water, you need to calm down" said the nurse "the exams won't take long and I promise that afterwards I'll let you see him. You don't want to end up having a mental breakdown in front of the patient, this will be bad for him"

"Okay..." Sam took a deep breath "alright, I'll be right here"

"Sure" the nurse and the doctor left to check on Freddie.

"Sam you gotta calm down" Patrice put her arm around Sam's shoulders "here... sit, I'll get you some water"

"Patrice" Sam gripped her wrist before she could walk away.

"Yeah?"

"Thank you"

"No need to thank me. I kinda need some water myself so..."

"No, thank you for saving my life today..." she spoke quietly.

"Sam" Patrice grabbed Sam's hands "you don't need to thank me. I like to think you would've done the same thing for me"

"I would" she whispered.

"I know, now sit down and let me get you some water"

Twenty minutes of waiting exhaustedly, Sam was beginning to doze off when Carly, Brad and Spencer stormed into the hallway, very agitated. She stood up, next to Patrice and began to explain the situation. Carly hugged Sam for about a minute, almost suffocating her friend. She was pissed she had to see it on the news, but Sam said she was too tired and forgot to call. Brad had to drive because Spencer was trying to keep Carly from freaking out, she was very nervous, sobbing and choking. Wendy and Gibby arrived right after. They were surprised to see Patrice there, but left the questions for a better time. It all seemed so surreal, especially to Sam, who was still waiting to wake up from a bad dream.

"I was beyond freaking out Sam, when I couldn't reach you or Freddie... you could've called!"

"I'm sorry Carls, but I was worried I didn't think about anything other than Freddie!"

"It's fine... but you know you'll have to call Mrs. Benson don't you?"

"Shit!" Sam had completely forgotten about Marissa "you're right, I better call her... otherwise she'll just freak the shit out"

"She'll go batshit crazy no matter what, but I think it's the best thing to do, you know... call her"

"Samantha?" the nurse, leaving Freddie's room, called "he's awake and he wishes to see you"

"Oh thank god!" she rushed into his room.

Freddie was sitting on the bed, smiling. He had a huge bandage on his head, but he seemed fine, a little exhausted, but fine.

"Hey blondie" he opened his arms for her.

She ignored the stupid nickname and threw herself at his arms, wrapping her arms around his neck tightly.

"I'm fine Sam" he said for the tenth time that day.

"You're sure?" she asked against his neck.

"Yes sweetie, I'm fine"

"I was so scared..." she admitted.

"I know, me too" he pulled back, holding her face in his hands "I could hear you but I couldn't reach you, and I got so scared, but not because of me but because I knew you wouldn't get out without me. So I had to find another way out so I could get you out of there. I found the back door, but the doorknob was too hot for me to touch it so I had to kick it open. It took me a while... but as soon as I was out, I tried to look for you but the place blew up. I fell on the ground and hit my head. When I got up, I was afraid that you were still in there... when I didn't know if you were out I..." he was cut off by Sam pressing her lips against his.

"Damn it Benson! You make me feel so weak! So scared and I hate that! I almost shit my pants thinking that you were in there"

"Are you going to cry?" he teased.

"Shut up!" she shoved him playfully.

"Ouch!"

"Oh my god... did I hurt you?" she checked for bruises

"Nope babe, I'm fine" he chuckled wrapping his arms around her waist "you're okay right?"

"Yeah, but if it wasn't for Patrice I wouldn't be here"

"WHAT?"

"She saved my life Freddie. A fucking metal bar on fire was going to hit me in the head and she pushed me out of the way" now was Freddie's time to hug her tightly, almost suffocating her.

"Jesus Sam! Oh my god you could've died... I could've lost you" he chocked.

"But you didn't, and I didn't lose you and that's all that matters" she ruffled his hair and smiled.

"Thank God..." he sighed, putting her hands on his heart "I almost shit my pants right now"

"We're okay, it's fine"

"Yeah, but I didn't need to go to the hospital you know" he said annoyed.

"Yes you did! You were losing blood jackass" she shoved him "you inhaled smoke, and you were this close to become barbecue!"

"But I feel fine, sure my head hurts, but other than that I feel okay. You know I hate hospitals" he muttered.

"And I hate to see you like this, and I hated to think you were dead, and I hate to have to call your mother, but we can't have what we want all the time right?" Sam was seriously beginning to feel irritated.

"Sorry" he kissed her forehead and stuck his head into her curls "I'm sorry. Shit my mother will go crazy"

"Freddie, I smell like ashtray, you seriously don't want to hug me right now"

"Don't care Puckett" he planted a wet kiss over her collarbone "is everybody out there?"

"Yeah, you wanna see them?" Sam pressed her lips gently against his and stroked his cheek "you're okay right?"

"This is the tenth time you asked me that and I'll answer you the same thing every time. I'm fine baby" he intertwined their fingers "this is not like the taco truck accident; I'm not broken, just bruised, tired and stinky!"

"Whatever you say nerd. Who do you wanna see first? Your boyfriend, Bobo McBieber?" she teased.

"Ha, ha, and no. Can you get Patrice in here?"

She looked at him for a second; waiting for that familiar bad feeling to take over her, but it never came. Sam realized her mind about Patrice was forever changed and her presence or her relationship with Freddie was no longer something to worry about.

"Sure thing dorkwad, I'll bring her to you. Do you want water too?" he nodded "okay, I'll be right back" she kissed the top of his ridiculously messed hair and left the room.

Carly, Spencer, Brad, Wendy and Gibby jumped to their feet, waiting for news. Sam knew Carly could swear she was the next to see Freddie, and she hated to have to break it to her friend it wasn't the case.

"Patrice?" the brunette had her head on her hands, her elbows on her thighs and seemed beyond exhausted, but she stood up quickly to the sound of her name

"Yeah?"

"He wants to see you now"

"Oh... okay" when Patrice got into the room and closed the door behind her, Carly grabbed Sam's hand and dragged her to the corner.

"What the hell?" she hissed.

"He asked to see her"

"Why?"

"Because they are friends" Sam shrugged.

"And you're cool with that?"

"Yeah" Carly gave her a *why on earth* look "because she saved my life today Carly, I guess I can cut her some slack!"

"Oh" Carly released Sam's hand "I didn't know that"

"Yeah, so if he wants to see her, let him see her. I'm going to call Marissa" Sam growled stealing Carly's phone "I'm in for a long conversation"

Patrice walked gingerly inside Freddie's hospital room. She knew Freddie wanted to see her, but she didn't know why or what for. It's not like she was expecting to be the next name he would call, but it made her happy, not in a romantic way though. The girl was aware that they could never be a couple, but they could be something much more special, they could be best friends. That was better than good enough for her.

"Hey"

"Hey you" he patted the spot next to him on the bed, telling her to sit down.

"You're okay?" she complied, sitting next to him "we were very scared, Sam-" she was cut off by him, wrapping his arms around her waist.

"Thank you so much" he whispered.

"What for?" she wrapped her arms around his neck.

"You saved me today" he said against her neck.

"No I didn't"

"Yes you did. You saved Sam's life" he pulled back and held her face in his hands "you saved me when you saved her"

"I would do this for anyone"

"But you did it for her and for that I'm thankful" he pressed his lips hard against her forehead, making the girl smile "I'll never forget that"

"That's what friends do, right? So you own me nothing" she pulled away smiling.

"She likes you, ya know. She might not know that yet, but she does"

"She's just thankful" Patrice shrugged.

"That too, but I know she likes you" he rubbed her arms.

"You're okay right?"

"I am. What about you?"

"Fine, but I smell really bad" she sniffed her own hair "and I have to go home and tell my mom what happened"

"Yeah, you're right. I wish I could just get up and go home" she glared at him "seriously. Did you girls get checked up?"

"Yeah, like right after we got here. We're fine. Not even one scratch"

"See ya later then?"

"See ya" she stood up and kissed his forehead "don't be stubborn, do what the doctor says and obey Sam, she is really worried"

"Yes mother!"

"Bye friend"

"Bye friend" he smiled "thank you"

"You're welcome, now stop saying that!"

He chuckled when she left the room, thinking about how good things would be from now on. It took a massive explosion and several deaths to get these two girls to bond, but god knows what he's doing. Freddie sighed, trying to relax, he always hated hospitals, it reminded him when his granddad had cancer.

"Oh my god Freddie!" Carly rushed into the room and wrapped her arms around his neck, suffocating the poor boy "oh my god, I was so worried. Oh my god, are you hurt? Where does it hurt? Did the doctors tell you that you're okay?"

"Carly, calm down, I'm fine" he tried to unwrap her arms off his neck, but damn she was strong.

"Carly, you're going to kill him like that" Brad walked into the room "you're okay man?"

"I'm fine, and tired of that question" he growled.

Brad grabbed Carly and yanked her off Freddie, making room for himself. He just stopped by the bed, sticking his thumbs inside his pockets.

"Just hug me" Freddie scoffed "you know you want to"

"Nah, I'm good" he snorted.

"Come on dude... you know, I know and she knows that you want to" he poked Brad playfully on the ribs.

"I'm good man" Freddie laughed and opened his arms for him.

Brad bit his lip, and looked around, making sure Carly wasn't going to take a picture of them or something. When he remembered her phone was with Sam, he sighed and moved forward, very quick wrapping his arms around his friend's upper body.

"You're okay, right man?"

"I'm fine dude, don't get too emotional!"

"You scared the hell out of us, ya know? Sam too, we thought something bad had happen with you two" he whispered.

"I know, I'm sorry"

"Carly freaked the shit out when she saw the news, we all knew you guys were there... she almost fainted" Freddie snickered "don't laugh, wasn't funny"

"Uh!" Sam cleaned her throat, interrupting the boys' silent conversation "I knew you missed your boyfriend"

"Ha, ha" said the boys.

"Hey I don't like sharing either, but your bromance is just too cute" she laughed with Carly.

Brad pulled away and sat on the foot of the bed, Carly leaned against him and he wrapped his arm around her waist. Sam took her spot next to Freddie, kissing his forehead.

"Your mother freaked out"

"I knew she would"

"What did she say?" he wrapped an arm around her waist and started to play with her hair.

"That she was trying to be your friend and give you some space, but it obviously didn't work, so she was catching the first flight tonight and give you a good old tick bath"

"Oh man!" he growled.

"Okay, I'm kidding, she didn't say anything about a tick bath, but she freaked out. Now your freedom is gone mister"

"Great... by the way, when can I leave?"

"Why the hurry?" Brad asked.

"I hate hospitals, and I'm starting to feel itchy" he sighed "and because I'm super fine"

"You'll leave when the doctor tells you it's okay to leave" he was trying to scratch his back and failing miserably, so Sam stood up and did it for him

"Carly, Brad can you get the rest of the guys in here, let's get this visit thing over with"

"Sure, we'll do that" Carly gave Freddie a kiss on the forehead and Brad tapped his shoulder.

"Stay alive dude"

"I will"

The couple left the room, and Freddie sighed again, feeling exhausted. He hated all that attention and everyone treating him like he was breakable. He hated that Sam was so worried, he hated that he smelled like human barbecue, and he hated to lay in a hospital bed with nothing but a hospital robe. Hospitals were nothing but a reminder of when his granddad died. So many months watching someone he loved suffer and struggle, only to face a painful death in the end. Leave, he just wanted to leave that stupid place, but the doctor said he could only be released after the exams were ready and if there was nothing wrong with him. Freddie knew nothing was wrong with him, physically at least, mentally was something else entirely.

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Sam's POV

My ear were hurting from hearing Marissa go on and on, saying she should never left, saying she was going to lock Freddie inside his room until college, hearing her cry, hearing her never ending questions about his situation, but my suffering was nothing compared to Freddie's. She called when he was in the hospital, and literally kept sobbing in his hear for two entire hours. Poor thing. I had the feeling she was going to come out worst than before. However, I totally get how she was feeling, I was still worried, and shaken about what happened, and not even seeing, not even hearing the doctor say he was okay seemed to calm me down.

Sure, I was motivated to be strong, no melting down in front of him, he had enough and didn't need to deal with me freaking out now. Of course, he knew me too well, so every now and then he turned to me and said he was okay. Freddie came all the way home in Spencer's car singing Red Hot Chili Peppers' *Otherside* and *By The Way*, to prove to me he was alright.

"Alright, we're here" I said, opening the door to the Benson's apartment "Whatcha wanna do first? Take a shower?"

"Yeah, I stinky and smell like hospital" he sniffed himself, grimacing "and I'm also very hungry."

"We'll do this, you'll take a shower in your room, and I'll make you something to eat..." I trailed off "no, I need a shower too"

"So, let's take a shower princess" he grabbed my hand and smirked.

"Nice try stud. You'll take a shower in your room I'll use the bathroom down the hall"

"What? Why?" he complained.

"We'll be faster this way" he pouted, and I kissed his nose "baby, you're tired, I'm tired..."

"You're just worried that I'm still hurt or something"

"That too... but still... do it okay, I'll be out in a minute to make us something to eat"

"I wanted to have passionate, angst filled, desperate sex"

"I do too, just not right now" I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him passionately.

"Mmm... what?" he growled when I pulled away.

"Go take a shower grumpy" I shoved him inside his bedroom, but he gripped my wrist and hugged me.

"I thought I would never see you again today" he whispered.

"I thought the same thing..." I bit my lip trying not to cry or choke on my words "but you're okay now, and I'm here and that's all that matters"

"Yeah" I put my hands on each side of his face.

"Now go take a shower and meet me in the kitchen" he nodded and left.

The truth was, I needed to be alone for a while to cry. And that was what I did as soon as the hot water hit my back. I didn't want him to see me crying, it made me look weak and he needed me to be strong right now. Around eleven, we were in bed cuddling, not speaking. I wasn't in the mood to talk, but if he needed I would listen, he didn't say anything, and I wasn't going to push him, at least not today. Even when he told me he was okay, I couldn't bring myself to believe it. I knew he really wanted to be okay, but he wasn't, and I'm not going to pressure him today.

"How was the conversation with your mother?" I told him and he groaned.

"She kept sobbing again and again, telling me she was coming home soon" he sighed "I didn't want to worry her, it was the fifth time she called today. She also said there were no flights for tonight, so was going to drive here"

"You're her only child, she's worried" I started to play with the hair in his forearm "but it's a 15 hour drive..."

"I know, I know... that's why she's leaving tonight, probably already did"

"She is crazy" I shook my head.

"At least is going to take her a while to get here" he brought me closer and I snuggled against his chest.

"Freddie!"

"What? At least she won't wake us up in the middle of the night freaking the shit out"

"Yeah... are you tired?" he nodded "then let's get some sleep" I kissed his forehead, and over the bandage in his head, careful not to hurt him, then his nose and finally his lips.

"I love you" he whispered.

"I love you too" I snuggled against his chest, hugging him closer.

I wanted to feel him, and love him and have him inside of me again, but I feared that if I did, I was going to cry like a little girl during the sex, so I'll only do it again when I'm sure I'll be able to hold my shit together. And today, I know I'm not going to be able to hold back the tears, today I was on the edge of an emotional breakdown. So damn fragile, and I hated it. How after years of being a strong and tough bad ass, I feel like I'm in the verge of tears at any minute now? It's all his fault, he's the one who makes me feel like a weakling little girl. He has this power over me, which sucks and scares me. With one touch he could make me melt in less than a second, and that's not fair at all. My reputation went to shit.

I was so tired I fell asleep the moment I closed my eyes, and for what it seemed to be only a second I felt myself waking up again. Freddie sat up suddenly, almost knocking me off the bed. He was gripping the sheets hard, and panting heavily, not mentioning he was all covered in sweat.

"Baby, what's up?" I put my hand on his shoulder, and he looked at me like he just woke up from a trance or something "Freddie?"

"Sorry..." he cleaned his throat "I woke you up?"

"I don't care... are you okay?" I wrapped both arms around his shoulders.

"Yeah, just had a bad dream..."

"Wanna talk about it? I brushed his damp bangs off his forehead and away from his bandages.

"No... I'm fine... I just need a bath again" he rubbed his face "I'm fine, I'm fine" he said it like a whisper, and I knew he was talking to himself.

"Freddie, I know everything happened today was pretty messed up, but if you need to talk I'm here" I turned his face to me "you have me, for whatever you need"

"I don't need to talk about anything" I glared at him "not right now, but I could really use a shower"

"Then let's go" I stood up and offered him my hand, he took it and smiled.

I sat on the bathtub behind him, my legs on each side of his body and my hands washing his hair and backs. Freddie was silent the whole time, thinking. He didn't even try to have his way with me or anything, and that worried me. I wrapped my arms around his neck before getting out of the bathtub and grabbing a clean towel. I dried his body and hair, being careful not to hurt his head. I changed his bandages, impressed with myself that I could actually do this right. He looked at me with a small smile on his lips, and when I looked inside those big brown pools of emotion, I couldn't hold back anymore, I cried.

He wrapped his arms around me and allowed me to cry on the crook of his neck. I was so afraid I'd never see those eyes again, but he was here with me. He hugged me until I stopped sobbing. Great, I cried in front of him. Shit, so much for holding back my tears.

"Sam, I love you. You know that right?" he whispered.

"Yeah, I know that"

"You're my forever. I'm here and I'm not going anywhere"

"And you're mine. I love you nerd" I wrapped the towel around his waist.

"I'm aware of that" he gave me a small but sincere smile.

"Good, never forget"

"I won't"

Freddie wrapped one arm around my waist and grabbed the back of my neck, kissing me passionately. He picked me up, carrying me to the bed. I wrapped my legs around his waist, throwing his towel on the floor, hands messing his wet hair, always careful not to hurt his stitches.

"Freddie..." I panted when he laid me on the bed, coming over me, kissing everywhere.

"I love you..." a wet kiss on each foot "so much..." a lick on each shin "I need you..." several nibbles over my thighs "forever"

I opened my arms for him, telling him to join me, but he ignored my request, biting the inside of my thigh, close to my most private area.

"Ah... Freddie" I cried out his name, arching my back when his tongue reached my center.

He flicked his tongue over my clit and sucked it. Shit, everything he did was so good, but tonight I wanted to feel him inside of me, no teasing, I didn't want to go without him. I wasn't planning on going down that road tonight, but I already cried, so fuck it!

"Please, don't tease, I need you right now" I moaned.

"Just... let me..." he kissed my stomach, licked my belly button and ran his teeth over my ribcage "let me love you"

"Oh god" I arched my back further when he took my nipple inside his mouth.

I loved the feeling of having him all over me like that, of his mouth on my skin, of his wet tongue sending shivers down my spine.

"I need you inside of me please, don't make me wait anymore" I groaned, feeling his arousal rubbing against me "Freddie please..."

He put more of my breast inside his mouth while kneading the other. I hooked one leg around his waist, forcing him to rub against my core. He grinded

against me, and I moved my hips upwards against him.

"Oh lord... please, please..." damn this boy!

He grabbed a handful of my hair and kissed me senseless.

"Please..." I didn't have to beg anymore, he pulled away and quickly found a condom by his nightstand "let me"

Freddie sat on the edge of the bed and I kneeled in front of him, putting the condom on the tip of his rocket and rolling down with my mouth.

"Fuck Sam... shit, oh my god" he shuddered.

"Now make love to me nub" I laid back on the bed, opening my arms and legs for him.

I wanted to feel the love he had for me, I wanted to have him inside of me because just a few hours ago, I risked losing this forever. He kissed me again, more passionately than ever before and a bit desperate, like he was trying to make this moment last forever. I ran my nails down his back and wrapped my legs around his waist, begging him to penetrate me, and he complied thrusting slowly into me, making my eyes roll to the back of my head.

"Oh..." I gasped, feeling every inch of him as he moved inside of me "god..."

This made me feel alive, and so close to him, closer than I've ever felt with anyone in my life. He kept moving, in and out settling a slow and agonizing pace for us. We kept moving in sync and it felt so damn good. I opened my eyes to find him staring at me, with those big brown eyes, and I couldn't help but kiss him again. Any excuse to shut my eyes, and his, because I knew if kept staring at him that long I was going to cry like a fucking puss again.

Suddenly, he wrapped his arm around me and sat up, still inside of me, making me straddle him. God, the angles it provided felt so good, he was super deep inside of me, and my clit was pressed against his crotch. The friction was enough to make my stomach flip-flop.

"Oh my god... Oh Freddie... oh god!" I felt him thrusting upwards inside of me, and I had to grind down against him "ah! Oh... holy shit!"

"Move with me Samantha" he whispered huskily against my mouth.

Jesus, that turned me on so much, the way his voice got low and deep, husky and manly, it was enough to drive me crazy. I tugged on his hair with both hands, far, far away from his stitches. I did as he asked me, I moved with him, up and down, slowly building enough friction to make him cry out my name.

"Jesus, Sam... I love you..." he bent to lick my breast and I hollered, the combined sensations were like heaven.

"Oh god... oh god.... Oh GOD!" I moved faster and faster, and he thrust upwards harder and harder.

"Look at me..." when I refused, he grabbed my hair and forced me to look at him "look at me"

It was like he knew what was going through my mind, it was like he could read me, he knew, and I knew that he knew what my emotions were right now. He knew that I was mentally on the verge of tears. I tightened my grip on him and our pace quickened.

"I want you to let it out Sam... again, let it out" he whispered and I moaned loudly.

"I..." there was nothing I could say, words felt so insignificant right now, so I kept looking inside his beautiful eyes.

It didn't take too long for me to reach my end, I dig my nails into his shoulder blades and cried out feeling my muscles clenching around him. He moaned so loud, gripping my thigh and waist tightly.

"AH!" I came, whimpering and panting against his ear.

This time was so intense, I guess it was because we could've lost each other today and I never wanted to feel this way again. He gave me a few seconds to calm myself down, but he didn't move, just kept one arm around me, his hand moving to my hair, to tug on it. He gently yanked my head back a little to whisper in my ear.

*"I don't mind spending every day out on your corner in the pouring rain. Look for the girl with the broken smile, ask her if she wants to stay awhile and she will be loved"* he whispered.

Damn him, he was the only one who knew I loved that goddamn song!

*"I know where you hide, alone in your car. Know all of the things that make you who you are. I know that goodbye means nothing at all, comes back and beg me to catch her every time she falls..."*

Shit! Shit! Shit! I felt them, warm and wet rolling down my cheeks. A solitary tear became a waterfall, like an open tap. I wrapped my arms tighter around him, sobbing like a fucking weakling. The thing I hated the most about Freddie was that he could make me melt. He could break through my walls, that I spent years carefully building for my own protection, and could just reach my heart and steal it, doing whatever the hell he wanted with it. I hated to feel weak, but with him I felt like I could just drop the façade and let myself be a girl, that was hidden inside of me for so long.

"Even if I died today, I would always be with you that will never change" he pulled away, hands on my face, wiping away my tears "I need you to know, that even if I go, you'll never be alone. I'll be here..." he put his hand over my heart "always"

I nodded and let him comfort me. This was the worst day of my life. Freddie lay back, putting my head on his chest. I cried myself to sleep, with him by my side, saying everything was okay and kissing my tears away. I woke up around one in the afternoon, still feeling like shit, but way better than yesterday. I immediately missed his warmth, and opened my eyes searching for him. He wasn't there, and I started to panic, then I saw a note on his nightstand.

***Don't freak out! Couldn't sleep, watching TV.***

Oh boy... I shook my head and got up quickly brushing my teeth, washing my face and putting my messy hair in a bun. He was sitting on the couch

watching the rerun of Friends. I knew he loved that show.

"Hey" I sat next to him, throwing my legs over his lap.

"Hey" he rubbed my knee.

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"You needed to sleep, besides you looked so cute, I just couldn't" he shrugged and smiled.

"When did you wake up?" I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"Noon" he changed channels, stopping on MTV. Cody Simpson's video won some sort of competition against Big Time Something, or something.

"You should have... had another bad dream?"

"Is this kid some sort of Australian Justin Bieber?" he ignored my question.

"Freddie..." I sighed.

"Seriously, I mean... how many other Justin Biebers exist? There's that Lady Gaga kid... Grayson something"

"Freddie we have to talk about it. Did you have another nightmare?"

"But, this is actually a nice song... catchy but nice"

"Stop it, Benson don't run away from the subject!" I shoved him, but he had his eyes glued on the screen.

*"Give me the chance to love you, I'll tell you the only reason why..."* he sang along with that scrawny little blond kid *"...cause you're on my mind!"*

"Benson!" I growled.

"See? Catchy! *You're on my mind, you're on my mind all day and night... cause you are on my mind!*" he sang a little too loud "Jeez, his nose is so ugly! At least Bieber looks a little better"

"FREDDIE!" I hollered, making him turn his head and look at me "stop avoiding this like it doesn't matter! We have to talk about this, just open up to me"

"Fine, you wanna talk about? Let's talk about it" he turned his body towards me, facing me "I saw a guy burn to death, he was on fire, screaming for help and I did nothing. I saw a girl trapped under a gigantic metal bar, but I couldn't stop to help her, I couldn't do anything except run and hear her cries like a pathetic wuss. I couldn't help anyone because the only thing on my mind was you. I needed to find you, to make sure you got out. I needed to get to you and see if you were alive and safe"

I didn't say anything. He was inside that hell house longer than me, and he saw some pretty bad stuff, stuff he'll probably never forget. Good work on not pressure him Sam, good work!

"Freddie..." I put my hand on his cheek.

"Now every time I close my eyes I dream, I see it, I relive it. It sucks Sam, but I don't want to keep talking about it, because it requires thinking about it, and I don't want to do that anymore. I keep telling myself I'm fine, I keep telling everyone I'm fine, but I'm afraid not to be. I'm afraid I'm never going to be fine again" he said the last sentence quietly.

"I know... you'll get through this, I know you will because you're strong. But, maybe you could... you know, talk to someone about it" he shot me a death glare.

"I'm not crazy okay? I don't need a doctor, I'm fine" he growled.

"I didn't say you were crazy, you're just traumatized"

"You were there too, why don't you talk to someone too?"

"Because I wasn't paying attention to anything around me I was too busy trying to find you and I wasn't there for too long like you were" I straddled him, burying my face on the crook of his neck "It's okay, ya know? To feel weak, I hate it, but sometimes we have to allow ourselves to be, we're humans after all. And besides, even if you were crazy, I would still love you, and visit you in the mental institution of your choosing, and bring you delicious snacks. And I would have sex with you in a nuthouse, because I love you and it would be a crazy thing to do. Which is what I do most of the time, ya know, crazy stuff. Pretty much all the time"

"Crazy stuff huh? Like loving me? This little nerd, who is slightly paranoid, and annoyingly good?"

"Yeah, like that. But hey, you should be crazy to like me too. An abrasive, violent, mental unstable blond, who likes to lick swing sets and knock down truck drivers with nothing but a carton of milk"

"Yeah, I guess we're both insane" he laughed and kissed the side of my head.

"Are you hungry?" I pulled back, resting my forehead against his.

"Uh huh" he nodded.

"Good, then go wash your face because you look like shit right now" he glared at me "then I'll feed you, change your bandages, and you'll get some sleep until your mother get here"

"Alright Captain Puckett" he kissed me again.

"Now go!" I got off his lap and pointed at the direction of his room.

"Sure thing" he grabbed me by the waist and kissed me again, slapping my butt before running to his bedroom.

"You'll pay me for that Benson!"

I shook my head and laughed. It was going to be hard making him get over everything that happened, but it wasn't impossible and that was enough for me. I went to the kitchen thinking about what I should cook for him. He needed a good food, real, food not the turkey sandwich I made for him last night. Maybe I could make some lasagna... I know he loves that, so I opened the cabinet looking for what I needed, but the bell rang.

"Marissa has the key, so it's probably Carly" I opened the door, reveling an man in a very expensive looking suit, probably forty-something "can I help you?"

"I'm here to see Fredward Benson"

"Are you from the police department? The hospital? The fire department? Reporter?" I glared at him.

"No. I'm Leonard Benson. Freddie's father"

Holy cow... looking at him right now he does look like Freddie... no he was the spit image of Freddie, only older and dressed in fancy clothes, but wait... his dad's name is Frederick, not Leonard.

"Yeah, don't think so... Freddie's dad's name is Frederick, not Leonard" I snorted.

"Frederick?" the man seemed so confused "no. Frederick was my father... I'm Leonard, Freddie's father"

Wait, so Frederick was Freddie's granddad? Why did he lie then?

"Sam, who is it?"

Freddie stopped his tracks looking at the man before me. His eyes went wide and he was pale, like he just saw a ghost. Freddie opened his mouth, twice but didn't really say anything.

"Son, are you okay?" the man got into the apartment, walking fast towards Freddie "I saw it on the news... you're okay?"

He wrapped his arms around Freddie, who was stiff like a board, his mouth hanging open.

To be continued...

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**Thank you guys for the reviews, I know some people got confused about the way I ended last chapter, but it was necessary, not just anything would bring Freddie's dad to town! Oh and I wanna send a virtual hug to all my readers, and I want to answer a question a lot of people are asking me.**

**I don't know what happened to my PIC BUDDY Princess Starlight... she stopped updating and never PM me back... It's sad, I miss her story so much!**

**SAM-seddie-FREDDIE, I love you kid! Just wanted to let you know.**

**And I know I shouldn't be fangirling about real people (Monchele), but who saw the Aussie KCA? OH JATHAN MAKES IT SO EASY FOR ME TO SHIP THEM, even though I shouldn't because they're real people! I'm happy the friendship is back (I will not say they were flirting cause I can't be sure... but it looked like) Anyway... those amazing pics... Oh my... and Jennette totally loved Nathan's quiff, but what can I say? The boy is hot as hell!**

**You guys should totally check out this fic called iApuckettlypse... OH MY GOD next to the Ballad this fic is the best I've ever read!**

**Anyway, there's a Maroon 5 song in this chapter, because it's my favorite band, they were here last week and I couldn't go to the concert (Rock In Rio), so I'm crying for a week now. I just had to mention them, because I love them so much... Adam Levine is my future husband number 8 in case you all don't know... XD Oh and that's also why I cried while writing this chapter, because I was listening to the show... great I'm crying again!**

**Next chapter is called iDaddy's Little Boy.**

## \*Chapter 53\*: iDaddy's Little Boy

*We accept the love we think we deserve*

*(Stephen Chbosky – The Perks Of Being A Wallflower)*

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Sam's POV

"What are you doing here?" he finally stuttered.

"Came to see if you were okay" Leonard pulled away for a moment, turning Freddie around like a dummy, making sure he was okay.

"What are you doing here?" he repeated the question like a broken record.

"I told you son, I saw it on the news and I took the private jet here" he grabbed Freddie's chin, lifting his head up to take a better look at the bruise in his head.

"What are you doing here?" I was pretty sure he was going to keep asking until he got the answer he wanted.

"Freddie..." Leonard started but Freddie pushed his hands away.

"You didn't need to come all the way from New York. You could've just called"

"That wouldn't be enough" he tried to touch Freddie again, but he backed away "I needed to know if you were okay"

Freddie was silent for a second, then he opened his arms, like you do when the police searches for drugs or whatever. He turned around, pointing at his back, then turned to his front again pointing at his cut.

"Ten stitches, but other than that I'm fine. You saw it for yourself, now if you'll excuse me" Freddie walked to the door "I need to eat and take a nap before my mother gets here"

"Son, don't be like that..." Leonard sighed "I came to see if you were okay"

"And you have. Now leave"

"Freddie..."

"You've been depositing the money every month, that's more than enough" he faked a smile.

"You never touched the money. Yes I keep a track on the account"

"Well, I never needed to, my mom gives me everything I need. But don't worry, I'll work on it. I'll spend it as soon as I get into college. Now, if you'll excuse me..." he held the door open.

"Fine. Here's the hotel I'm staying in" he wrote down the name on a piece of paper he had inside his pocket "here's my room and the phone... if you need anything..."

"I won't, don't worry. You can leave now"

I never saw Freddie being so rude to anyone in my life, there was a fire in his eyes, but his face was a blank, like he had no emotion for this man that was in front of us. Leonard complied, walking towards the door. He stopped in front of Freddie, and reached out his hand to touch him, but Freddie stepped back, not allowing any kind of physical contact. His father gave up and left. The second he was out the door, Freddie kicked it shut and banged his hand against the wooden material.

"Freddie..."

"Not now Sam!" he growled "I'm going to take a shower"

He stormed out of the room, leaving me alone with a thousand of questions. This was going to hard I could tell. Something very bad happened between him and his dad, something he wasn't willing to forget. Or forgive.

As we sit silently on the table, the only sound I can hear is him chewing. He's eating faster than ever before, like he hasn't eaten in a week. I expected it was because my food was that good, but I knew it was because if he kept his mouth full he couldn't answer my question. He was hoping I would get the hint.

"This upsets me" I started, he keep eating "every damn time I had a problem you forced it out of me"

He didn't even lift his head off the damn lasagna to look at me.

"You say I need to trust you with my problems, and I'm doing a hard work trying to, but when it comes to you, this rule isn't valid. Am I right?"

He took a sip from his peppy cola, and continued to ignore me.

"Damn it Freddie!" I stood up, and yanked the plate off his sight "talk to me, don't do this, don't push me away"

"What do you want me to say?" he stood up, almost knocking down the table "huh? What do you want me to say?"

"I wanna know what's going through your mind right now!"

"What's going through my mind right now?" he put his index finger on his chin "let me see... oh yeah, I was trying to eat and you're being a pain in my ass!"

I gasped. He never talked to me like that before.

"Oh... I'm sorry, for caring about you" I put his plate back on the table "I didn't know that was capital offense. Jerk!"

"Sam..."

Screw him, I just wanted to help, but if he doesn't want my help... well, he might as well just fuck himself. I stormed out of the room, going to his bedroom, throwing myself at his bed. The only thing I wanted to do was help him, and he was pushing me away. Just like I always did to him, but I expected him to be better than that. Guess I was wrong.

I growled and covered my face with his pillow, inhaling his cinnamon scent. Why does everything have to be so hard? One minute I could swear we're going to be happy and problem free, and now this. Why can't we just be like normal couples? Why can't we just have a minute of peace? And why, why on earth can we be more open with each other? I felt the bed sagging, as he sat next to me. I turned to my side, not wanting to see his face.

"I'm sorry, I was an idiot. I shouldn't talk to you like that" he laid behind me, arm around my waist "I'm sorry"

"I should kick your fucking ass for that" I turned around to face him "never, ever talk to me like that again Benson. Ever"

"I won't. I promise Princess Puckett. I'm so sorry" I saw so much sincerity in his eyes.

"God Freddie, I just want to help. Talk to me please... please?"

He gazed me for a moment, then sat up, rubbing his face.

"He never hugged me before" I sat up and wrapped my arms around his shoulders "never ever"

"What did he do to you?"

"Nothing"

"Freddie..."

"No I mean it... and that's the problem, he did nothing"

"Okay, I'm confused"

"He and my mom are distant cousins as you know" I nodded "so, he was fooling around with my mom, like he did to every other cousin he had. He and my mom... you now" he made an awkward hand movement "but she got pregnant, so my granddad forced him to marry her. Otherwise he would stop paying for law school. Every day, since the day I was born, he looked at me like I ruined his life Sam, every time. Like I was the one to blame for his failures. He never wanted to marry my mom, he never loved her, he just wanted to have a good time with his last virgin cousin and move on, but I ruined his plans. For eight years, he never hugged me once, he never ever called me son, he used to call me *kid*. Hey *kid*, don't do that *kid*, stop bugging me *kid*. All I ever wanted was for him to go to my science fair, or take me out to get ice cream, or I don't know... call me *son*"

Dang it, what should I say? I barely knew my dad, and I don't have the best mother/daughter relationship, there's nothing I can say to him right now.

"They fought a lot, they were loud. I heard every time my mother cried because he was out with another woman, or because he kept telling her she ruined his life. He finished law school, in Harvard as he always dreamed, then when I was eight, he left us. First, he picked me up in school, which he never did before, then he told me to watch TV, went to his room and packed his bags. When he was about to leave I asked him where he was going and he just said: tell your mother I'm not coming back. I never saw my mom so miserable before, something inside of her changed, forever, like she was broken. She used to be fun you know, we used to go to the park once in a week, she used to help me with my homework and we had a lot of fun doing my science projects. After he left, she was quiet, she still helped me with homework, but it wasn't the same thing as before. Our walks in the park? Forget that" he snorted "never happened again. My mom used to tell jokes Sam, she used to be funny... now she's... crazy"

"Later we found out he moved to New York with his secretary. Wanna know why my mom didn't like you?" I nodded "mostly because you remind her of the woman he left her for"

"What?"

"Blond, big boobs, hot as hell. She thinks you'll steal me away from her too" he chuckled "of course he always sent money that was his way to prove my granddad he could do it, he was a man. He was the man. At first, like it was his obligation, he called me, once in a month, and my birthday. He sent gifts, expensive stuff, and money, lots of money. He couldn't let anyone think his son was some sort of hobo bastard, no, I had to be well taken care of because he was rich, he had cash" he mocked "it was his way to prove himself to everyone. While he live in New York with his new wife and her two perfect, blond, athletic kids, my mom and I had to take care of his father, dying of cancer. He never even bothered to call, but sure he paid for the funeral!"

Freddie rubbed his face, and ran his hands through his hair. I never ever imagined he could have so many problems with dad. That's why he's so insecure, but he's so loved, even if his dad doesn't, I do, Marissa does, Carly does, Spencer, Brad, Gibby, Gun Smoke, Patrice.

"Freddie, that doesn't matter, you know. You have people here who love you, I love you, your mom loves you. Never forget that" I held him tighter.

"I know babe. I just don't get it, you know. Why is he here now? He never bothered to come before, why now?"

"Well I don't know how his twisted mind works. All I know is, you never ruined anyone's life, you're amazing Freddie. You're an amazing guy, and your friends love you, your mom loves you more than anything, and me. God, boy!" I shifted and sat on his lap "I love you so fucking much. Remember that whenever you feel sad"

"I know" he cupped my face "and I love you more than anything" he wrapped his arms around me, hugging me tightly "I just want him to go back to wherever the hell he came from"

"Uh huh" I kissed his neck "if he's here to hurt you, then I'll make sure he goes straight to hell"

"Oh, he will anyway. He's a horrible person"

"How so?" I pulled away.

"All of his clients are rich criminals, perverts with cash, mobsters... whoever can pay more" he scoffed "do you have any idea of how many bad guys he helped skip justice? How many bad people are walking around doing bad stuff because he doesn't have a single honest bone in his body? He's a bad person"

I knew this was something difficult for a good guy like Freddie to understand. What his father did for money was bad, sure, but people do worst things every day.

"That's why you never touched his money? Because you think is dirty?"

"Yeah..."

"Baby... its just money ya know, doesn't matter where it came from, if you're not using for evil, then isn't evil"

"I just... its dirty money. Money that put a criminal back on the streets!"

"I know, but you're not the one to blame for that!" I intertwined my fingers behind his neck "if you don't want to use it, fine, but I'm not going to let this get to your head, ever. Do you understand me dork?" he nodded.

"I would use the money for you... like I told you before, if you ever want to go to college I wou-" I pressed my lips against his.

"Don't start Freddie, please not now. If you don't want to touch the money, then I don't want you to. Not even for me"

"But Sam!"

"No buts!" I kissed him again "every dime in this whole goddamn world is dirty Freddie, there's no escape from that"

"I know... but that's not the only reason why I never used the money"

"What's the other reason?"

"I don't quite know... I guess part of me just wanted to prove him I don't need him, I just wanted to show him I'm fine without him"

"And you are" I hugged him tightly "he's the one who's missing not having a great son like you. And you're winning, by not having to share anything other than DNA with this guy"

"You're right" he pulled away and kissed me "I have you, and my mom, and my friends, I don't need him. Besides, it's not like I don't have a fatherly figure... Gun Smoke has his flaws, but he's one hell of a guy"

"I know babe..." I bit my lip "that reminds me... why did you lie?"

"About what?"

"About his name. You said his name was Frederick, but Frederick was your granddad"

"You asked me my dad's name, and he's not my dad, he's my biological father. My granddad was my dad; he was the one who took care of me and my mom when he left. So technically I never lied"

"I guess..." I ruffled his hair and he laughed "get some sleep babe, I'll clean the table and do the dishes"

"You don't have to. We can do it together and then we can lay here and take a nap"

"No, I think you're going to need all the strength you have when your mother gets here" I stood up and he groaned "please dork, do it"

"Fine. Kiss" I leaned and kissed him, when I tried to pull away he tossed me on the bed and kissed all over my collarbone.

"Freddie... seriously...?" I gasped, feeling his lips on my neck "come on... save your strength for later, stud"

"Nope, my mother is going to lock me in here till college, I have no idea when I'll be able to have a little fun time with you again" he unbuttoned my jeans.

"Ah... damn it..." I gave up when he stuck his hand inside my underwear.

After we had our little fun time, I kissed his forehead and left him there, sleeping. He needed all the rest he could get, and hopefully he wouldn't have any nightmare, at least not now. I washed the dishes, and cleaned the kitchen. I went over to Carly's and told her the news. She was as surprised as I was with Freddie's father's visit, and as pissed as I was with his whole story. Spencer even set fire on a fork (don't ask me how that's possible) while hearing the story.

"So that's what happened. I mean, can you believe that guy? And now he has the nerve to show up... what the heck is wrong with him?"

"Oh my! No wonder Freddie doesn't want to see him. What a horrible person" Carly said, drinking her disgusting lemonade she called especial.

"Yeah. What a prick, but if he even for a second try to hurt Fredalope, I'll kick his fancy lawyer's ass"

"I'll help" Spencer said "but Freddie doesn't need him, he has us. And Gun Smoke, who loves him like a father should love a son"

"He does, doesn't he?" she smiled.

"I know..." I glanced between Carly and Spencer. I guess they got over that whole Griffin issue "I have to go now, check on Freddie before Marissa gets here"

"Oh my god... are you going to tell her, her ex is in town?" Carly asked.

"Guess I have to, because I know Freddie won't"

"Hey guys" Brad said opening the door.

"Hey baby" Carly stood up and greeted him with a kiss.

"Hey Brad" Spencer said from the kitchen.

"Hey Hobo McBieber"

"Ha, ha Sam. So anyway, I was going to check on Freddie..."

"Yeah, save it for another time. He's asleep" I stood up, grabbing the last muffin from the basket on the coffee table "have to go my dorks. Carly, tell Justin McGeekeer the news"

"What news?" he asked.

"Sit down baby, let me tell you a story"

I came back to Freddie's apartment, and thank god he was sleeping soundly. Not that he needs me to babysit him, because he's a big boy... in every meaning of the word, but with everything that happened to him since yesterday, I just wanna make sure he's okay. When it comes to my problems he's good in talking about it, giving advice, and forcing it out of me, but when he's the one having problems... he refuses to talk about it, like his problems are going to upset me or something. I guess he has his own walls, but if he can break through mine, I can break through his.

A knock on the door woke me up from my thoughts. I opened up and my mother hugged me so tight I thought I was going to suffocate. Marvin was right behind her, and he let out a breath he seemed to be holding for hours. Mother, let go of me and slapped my face.

"Ouch!" I put my hand on my cheek.

"How could you? You wanted to kill me? Is that it?" she started to holler "you wanted to kill me Samantha?"

"Mother stop yelling!" I hissed "Freddie is asleep!"

"No! I won't stop yelling! You should've called me! A phone call Sam! To let me know you were alive! Your sister called me today, she saw it on the internet! We were so worried! We didn't know where you were! I called Carly and she told me you were here! Why didn't you call me?"

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry... so much happened today I just... I forgot"

"You forgot to call your mother, but you surely didn't forget to sleep over at your boyfriend's house!"

"That's not true! I'm here because Freddie almost died yesterday, because he needed ten stitches on his forehead, because he's so damn bummed with what happened that he keeps dreaming about it!"

"Oh..." she trailed off.

"I'm sorry mom, I should've called. And I was going to, this morning but then... Freddie's father came here"

"His what?"

"His father... turns out he doesn't really fancy his father, so I was making sure he wouldn't have a mental breakdown. I'm sorry mom, I was careless, I'm sorry. I really am"

"Oh Sammy..." Pam wrapped her arms around me again, sobbing against my neck "I was so worried. I thought something bad happened"

"Mom... I'm fine. I got out of there without a scratch. Freddie was the one who got hurt. He left seconds before the place exploded" I comforted her.

"Oh my..." she pulled away and sniffed "is he okay?"

"Yeah. He's fine... physically at least. Mentally... well, I'm not so sure"

"What does that mean?"

"Just that... well, never mind, I'll help him through whatever... hey Marvin"

"Hey Sammy. We were very worried about you" he stepped forward and gave me a hug "thank god you're okay kid"

"I'm fine. Seriously. I was more worried than anything else, even though I hate to admit it"

"Okay, now let's go home" my mother wiped the tears off her eyes along with her mascara.

"Sorry mom, I'm not leaving Freddie. Marissa isn't here and I'll not leave his side" I stood my ground "I won't leave him alone"

"But Sam...!" she whined.

"No buts! I'm fine, you saw it for yourself, I don't even have a scratch"

"Samantha. I won't tell you twice! You'll come home with me right now!"

"And do what? Walk around the place worrying about him while you observe? No, I'm not going. I'll be home when Marissa gets here... or tomorrow"

"Sam!"

"Mom!"

"Okay stop that" Marvin stood between us "listen, Pam, if Sam wants to stay let her"

"But!"

"No, honey she's right. She's okay, and Freddie probably needs her more than you do right now, besides he cannot be alone right now. But Sam, you must come home in the morning"

"Yes, yes I will!"

My mother hugged me for about a minute, before finally going back to our house. I was deeply sorry for not calling her, and I knew I should, but my mind was running a mile a minute since yesterday. I was going to call her, let her know I was fine, but then Freddie's dad came along and I forgot all about it. Well, she saw me now, didn't she? So she knows I'm alright. About three o'clock, I decided to make him some snack and wake him up with a kiss, try to make him feel better. I kept telling myself not to baby him, but he was mad, and even if he denied I was sure he was a bit sad. But then I heard the door clicking, and somebody running inside the apartment.

"Where is him? Where's my baby? Where's my Freddie?" Marissa dropped her purse on the floor.

"Hey Marissa... Gun Smoke" he nodded at me. He seemed as worried as Marissa, but the guy had a lot of self control.

"You tell me where he is!" she grabbed me by the collar of my shirt, aka Freddie's shirt.

"Settle down Crazy" I took her hands off me "he's asleep. He's fine, he ate and I changed his bandages. The doctor told us he was good to go, sure he needed a few stitches, but he's fine now. Here..." I grabbed Freddie's exams that were over the table and handed to her "his exams"

She ripped the envelope open, read the papers and looked at each exam twice.

"Oh thank god..." Marissa put her hand on her heart "where is my baby?"

"He's in his room, sleeping. Don't wake him up with your craziness, okay? Just do it slow, he's been a little bummed since yesterday"

"No kidding!" she snarled.

"Relax" I put my hand on her shoulder "he's fine Marissa, he's alive and okay"

"I was so scared" she admitted, her eyes beginning to water.

"Me too... god, I never felt so damn afraid before, and even with the doctor telling me he was alright, still I couldn't relax, my heart was beating so fast, and even when I saw... I still felt like I could lose him"

"Oh... Samantha... I'm so..." she finally cried, wrapping her arms around my shoulders and soaking my shirt.

That was not something I ever expected coming from her, I was out of reaction. Why should I do? Hug her back? We have our share of problems, but we love Freddie more than anything. I sighed, and wrapped my arms around her upper body. Man, this is weird.

"It's okay now... it's alright"

I allowed Marissa to cry on my shoulder, because she was feeling the exact same thing I felt yesterday, and today, and a minute ago. When we almost lose the person we love the most, our emotions are put into a blender, mixed, and then spilled everywhere. I stroked her back, not really sure of what to do, this was something new for me, because let's face it, we're not best friends.

"He's fine, ya know... he's okay Crazy" I assured her.

"Oh my god... you took a good care of him?"

"Yes, I fed him, changed his bandages, and now I made him some snack. He's asleep for a while now. Why don't you go check on him and take this with you" I gave her the tray with big sub I made for him, orange juice and muffins.

"I will... I will" she wiped away her tears "thank you Samantha"

"Oh, before you go..." I had to tell her, because I knew he wouldn't "Leonard was here today"

"What?" I had to run and grab the tray she almost dropped "what?"

"Yeah, he was here. Came to see if Freddie was okay"

"How did Freddie react?" Gun Smoke asked.

"Let's just say he wasn't very happy, but now he's better"

"Oh my god. I knew I should never left, I knew I had to stay close to my baby boy"

"Marissa, is not your fault. It would have happened either way" Gun Smoke put his hand on her shoulder.

"How do you know that?" she growled.

"Because when something is meant to happen it always does. We can't change that"

"I'm going to see my son now" she grabbed the tray from me "thank you"

"You're welcome Crazy"

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Freddie's POV

After my mother woke me up sobbing her head off, I felt tired. Sam went home to get some clothes, and she didn't even have to fight with my mother to spend the night, because mom seemed somewhat thankful that she took care of me. She promised she would be back soon, and to guarantee she would be Gun Smoke gave her a ride. He hugged me tightly for about ten seconds, but didn't say much, that's what I liked about him I guess. He wasn't a man of words, but his actions spoke for himself. I've got a lot of visits today, which I appreciated but don't necessarily wanted, today was shitty and I just wanted to be alone. Carly, Brad and Spencer brought me cupcakes and more tight hugs, Wendy, Gibby and Tasha made me laugh a little and actually relax for the first time today, and Patrice sat down and talked to me for a while.

I wasn't sure how I was feeling about Leonard's visit, I mean he never came here before, he never cared and now this? Why? Why would he even bother to come? He should've sent a check or something like he always does. In fact, it's easier for me this way, because I don't get my hopes up how I did when I was a kid.

Once, all I wanted was to be hugged by him, to see him in Christmas, holydays, birthdays. But that desire slowly faded away as I watched my grandpa die. He never even bothered to come and see his father, his own father. Then why would he even bother to see me? The boy who ruined part of his life. I guess after years and years getting the same cold shoulder, I kinda became cold to him as well. It was an automatic reaction to his figure, my mind was used to this, this distance between us, and now I don't know how to be near him... I don't want to.

After talking to Sam I realized I have everything I need to have a happy life. A loving, yet crazy-ish mother. A quiet and cool stepdad... I'm not even sure if I should call him that, because his more than just some guy who's dating my mom to me. Great friends, who love and put up with me. iCarly, a hit web show that's off the hook. And most importantly, a beautiful girl who loves me as much as I love her. I had love all around me, so if he didn't love me, that wasn't quite important, I had enough love to go by.

"Hey baby" my mom knocked on my door before I told her it was okay to come in "how are you feeling"

"Mom, you asked me that ten times already" I whined "I'm fine. Where is Sam?"

"She's not back yet, her mother is probably worried about her as well" she sat quietly on the foot of my bed "honey? Samantha told me your dad was here today"

"Oh no..."

I can't believe we're going to get into this conversation now.

"Yes. How do you feel about it?" she put her hand on my knee.

"I don't feel anything about it. I just wish he wasn't here, it's easier when he's not. I'm used to the distance... this... I don't know how to deal with this"

"I know sweetie. I wish I could tell you what to do, or even something that would make you feel better, but I'm just as shocked as you are"

"Yeah. But hopefully he's going away soon" I was interrupted by the doorbell ringing "you think it's Sam?" I jumped.

"Honey, relax. I don't think it's Samantha, Joe has the key, he wouldn't ring the bell" my mother got up and I followed her "maybe it's Carly or Spencer, even Bradley"

"I guess" I still had a bit of hope it was Sam, I've been dying to see her since she left fifteen minutes ago. UGH, what's wrong with me?

"Hey Marissa" oh no... not him again.

My father stood before us, wearing one of his many expensive suits. Only god knows what he wants this time.

"May I come in?" he asked my mother, but she looked at me for approval. Before either of us could respond, he walked in, stopping in front of me "Fredward"

"What are you doing here?" don't I ever have a better question?

"I came to see you son. I know you don't really want me here, but hear me out" I nodded and he proceeded "I was so worried when I saw the news. I figured you were hurt and I..."

"You never came here before, why would it be different now?" I asked.

"Son..."

"No, no. No, no... you didn't come here when grandpa was sick, or when he died. Or to his funeral, so why now? Why are you here now?"

"I just thought..."

"No, I don't care what you thought. I don't need you here. I already have access to the bank account, and don't worry, I'll use the money, but I don't need you here. So leave!" I shouted "go back to whatever hellhole you came from!"

"Fredward!" my mother reprimanded me.

"No mother, we both know that we don't need him. His presence is unnecessary, so I might as well save him some trouble and let him know that!"

"Son, you're being unfair. I came all the way from New York because I was worried about you and that's how you thank me?" oh no... he didn't.

"Thank you? Thank you for what exactly?" I growled "for ignoring me my whole life? For making my mom miserable? For giving me a cold shoulder since the day I was born?"

He looked at me for a second, like he couldn't understand what I was saying, like he didn't know what I was talking about.

"I don't need you, never did and never will!"

I watched Sam and Gun Smoke walking into the apartment. She dropped her bag on the floor and advanced towards me, but my mother held her arm and shook her head. Sam stopped and bit her lip nervously.

"What's going on here?" Gun Smoke asked from behind Leonard "Freddie? What's going on here?"

"Oh nothing... he's leaving"

"Who is this?" Leonard asked.

"I'm Joe Andrews, Marissa's boyfriend" he offered Leonard his hand. My so called father analyzed him for a second before shaking his hand politely "and you are?"

"Leonard Benson. Freddie's father"

"Oh sure, of course you are... is that a problem Freddie?" he looked at me asking if I wanted him to kick this man out of my house.

"No, like I said, he was just leaving. Right Leonard?" I opened the door for him "right?"

"Son, we need to talk. Forget about the past Freddie, I'm here because I worry about you. When I saw that you almost died, I worried that something would happen to you, or me and I would never get to know my own son. I just want to mend my mistakes"

I wish I could believe him, but I didn't. And even if he's being honest I didn't care. I didn't care about him and I didn't want him in my life; his presence is unnecessary to me right now.

"Maybe I don't want to know you" I said harshly "but there's nothing to worry about, I don't hate you, I just don't need you in my life. But I appreciate the money; I guess that's good enough. It's being good enough for you for years right? So why wouldn't be good enough for me?"

I clenched my jaw waiting for him to respond, but he didn't. He looked at the floor and sighed, everybody around looked like they were walking on a minefield. You could actually touch the tension in the room, but hey, what the hell? I don't care! - Insert happy face here! -

"Okay, I'm going, but I won't leave town until we talk Freddie. If don't come to visit me in the hotel, I'll keep coming here" he stopped right in front of me, and I saw how much I actually looked like him, physically at least "I neglected our relationship for years, and I won't do it again. I want to be part of your life son, please let me"

Once, this was all I that I wanted and looking at this man right now, I don't know why. He'd hurt me and my mother so many times, I don't think it's possible for me to open my heart to him ever again.

"Please, go"

Leonard sighed, tried to touch me, but I stepped back just like yesterday, and he left. I closed the door and turned around, my mother, Sam and Gun Smoke was looking at me cautiously, like I was going to freak out at any minute, but I wasn't. Like I said before, his presence doesn't affect me that much, not anymore.

"So? Wanna put your bag in my room Sam?" I walked over her, grabbed her hand and kissed it.

"I uh..." she looked around, then to my mom "I don't... know"

"Freddie?" my mom put her hand on my shoulder "don't you wanna talk about it?"

"About what? Sam sleeping in my room? Because that's where she'll be sleeping, ya know?"

"No, Freddie, I think she means what just happen" Sam said.

"No I don't. I'm fine" I smiled at her.

"Honey... I think you should... give your father another chance"

Please tell me that my mother didn't just say that... please tell me she's against me in this one.

"Mother? I'm going to pretend I didn't hear it"

"No Fredward, we're going to talk about this. That man you just kicked out of here is your father, whether you want it or not"

"No he's not!" I turned around "no he's a stranger! I don't see him since I was eight, I don't care about him and until yesterday he didn't care about me either!"

"Don't use that tone with me young man!"

"Maybe if you weren't against me I wouldn't!" I shouted.

"Freddie! Don't talk to your mother like that" Gun Smoke growled.

"You know what? I'm going to pretend we never had this conversation!" I told her "I'm going to my room now, and pretend this last twenty minutes never happened!"

I stormed out and slammed the door. Ugh! This is so fucked up! Now even my own mother agrees with him! What the heck? I lay in my bed thinking about what just happened. He was trying to sneak back into my life and I wasn't comfortable with that. Of course, I didn't hate him, hate was a strong feeling and it required for me to actually have any sort of feeling towards him, which was not the case. He was, to me, like a chair in the living room, its presence is unnecessary and I honestly don't care what happens to it. Giving the circumstances, I would care more about that chair in the living room, than my own father.

Don't take me for the bad guy, he deserves it. He never, ever had been there for me so I got used to go by without a father. When my mother met Gun Smoke, I found that fatherly figure I've been unconsciously searching for, and now, with Sam as my girlfriend my life is complete. See? There is no point in reconnecting with Leonard now, I don't need him. I'm fine.

"Hey" Gun Smoke stuck his head inside my room "can I come in?"

Sam was the person I really wanted to see right now, but that doesn't matter, seems to me I can't get anything I want lately, like a little privacy.

"Yeah sure" I sat up; making room for him "I'm sorry for the way I spoke to my mom"

"Don't tell me that, tell her" he sat on the edge of the bed, and I chuckled, he seemed too big for my bed "Freddie, I know that you don't want to talk about, and I'm not going to force you, however I want you to know that I'm here for you, for whatever you need"

"I know... it's just... I'm used to not having him in my life and to be honest I like it better this way, and now he's here and he wants to be a part of my life? I don't know how I feel about this"

"Your mother told me everything that happened, and honestly I think that guy is a douche, but he's your father and nothing ever going to change that"

"He might be my biological father, but he's not my father. He never was. I feel closer to you than I ever felt to him my entire life, he never done anything to change that. He never bothered to kill the distance between us, so why the hell should I want him in my life now?"

"You know boy, I don't have kids of my own, and since I've met you and your mom, I feel like you're the closest thing to a family that I ever had" he put his hand on my shoulder and gave me a hard squeeze "so pay attention because I'm only going to say this once. I love your mother more than anything, but she's not the only one I love boy. I love you too, like you're my own son"

I felt the cold tears threatening to spill out of my eyes. Since I was a boy I always wished to have a fatherly figure, someone who would do father/son things with me. That's why I enjoyed fencing with Spencer so much, I fantasized I was actually doing it with my own dad, and when my mother tried to forbid me from taking classes I wouldn't give up. Maybe I secretly needed that little fantasy to fill out the empty space my father left. Of course someone can only pretend Spencer is his father until a certain point, and after Gun Smoke came into my life I felt myself replacing my own fatherly fantasies with this great man's presence.

"I love you like you're my own dad"

"But boy, you know that even if I wanted to be your father, I couldn't, not biologically anyway. If you don't want to have your father being a part of your life, I get it, but I don't think you should do it without trying first" I opened my mouth to protest but he cut me off "I'm not telling you what to do, I'm just giving you an advice and you have the choice to take it or not. For better or for worse, you still have me. In my heart, you'll always be my son, but there's a guy out there, who belongs in this position and I think you should at least talk to him. If after this you still want him out of your life, than I will be more than happy to fill in"

I nodded and looked down. Maybe he's right, but I still don't feel like giving Leonard a chance. He makes little difference to my life right now and I don't know if he's worth the risk.

"I'll think about that, just not right now. But you know, to me you're always going to fill this space, this position is yours. Even though we don't know each other for a lifetime, I feel like I know you better than him"

"I feel the same way kid... this is all not very manly, that's why it won't happen again" he cleaned his throat uncomfortably and I chuckled "but since it's a onetime thing... maybe we could... you know..."

"Hug?" I teased.

"Yeah... I was going to say shake hands but..." I opened my arms and waited for him.

Joseph Daniel Andrews, aka Gun Smoke has been a better father to me in one year than my own father was my whole life, and that ladies and gentlemen isn't something a boy can overlook. I felt his strong arms wrapping around my upper body as we hugged, and I felt like a little boy again. I've wanted this for so long from my dad, I've waited and waited, now that I have it from someone else, why should I let him in? He may want to know me, he may need to know me, but I don't need him. Not anymore.

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#### Sam's POV

After Leonard left, I was going to talk to Freddie, but Gun Smoke said he needed to have a word with the boy. Since everything that happened these days I feel like I'm being too over protecting of him and that sickens me. I feel like Mrs. Benson now! YUCK! Maybe what he really needed was a manly conversation with the only guy he really looked up to. But since Gun Smoke left to talk to Freddie, Marissa and I've been staring at nothing very awkwardly. We sat silently until she started to chuckle.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"You sounded like me this morning, when I asked you about Freddie" great, she noticed it too? Shit, I'm losing myself here...

"And that sickens me"

"You know Sam, you and I are very different people, but we have something very strong in common. We both love Freddie a lot"

"I guess... still, I'm worried that I'm losing myself, ya know? I don't feel the same"

"Then be yourself again. Since his father left, I didn't have the will to be who was again. I guess that when I got married to him I lost the person that I was and became someone else, and when he left I lost both, who was and who I was at the moment. The only thing left to me was Freddie, so I dedicated my life to him, and kinda forgot about me, who I was. Took me sixteen years to let myself be Marissa again, and I had to work hard to make that happen. Of course Joe is the main reason why I decided to be Marissa instead of Mrs. Benson"

"I never thought a man like him would ever want anything to do with me, but he loves me and I love him back in a way I never loved anyone before. I know how much you love my son, but I don't advise you to live for him, forget about you, who you are and morph into some sort of one-soul with him. I think that what makes you and Freddie so great together is the fact that you two are individuals with different personalities. I hate to admit that you fit perfectly because you two are so imperfect"

Holy mother of Jesus! I can't believe Marissa Benson is telling I'm a perfect match for her little boy! Holy Shirley!

"I-I... don't know what to say right now"

"Yeah, believe me. One of the reasons why I never really wanted Freddie to date Carly is because they're too similar, too good, too nice... my god that would be boring. And I know she's your friend but, man that girl annoys me. So does Patrice you know? I guess I can't complain that he's with you instead of those two" she shrugged.

"Okay... let me grab my jaw from the floor"

"I know this all seems really weird coming from me"

"No shit" she glared at me "sorry"

"But I guess it's time to accept that my baby has grown. And now that I saw how good he's taken care of, I don't need to be up his ass so much" okay, now I jaw is on the floor for real "maybe I can get a little time for myself now, do the things I always wanted to do and never dared"

"Like what?"

"I don't know... go to a cruise or visit Hawaii" she said nonchalantly.

"Wow... I feel like I'm the twilight zone right now" Marissa laughed.

"Yeah, yeah... it's pretty weird I guess. Just wait here a sec" she got up and practically ran to her bedroom.

Okay, alright, did Marissa Benson just tell me all these things? Did she say Freddie and I were perfect together? Did she say he was well taken care of with me? And more importantly, did she say ASS? Speaking of the devil, she returned a few seconds later holding a black box in her hands.

"I wanted to give you something to prove how much I appreciate you caring for my son that much" she told me to stand up and stopped a few inches away from me "this is for you"

She opened the small box revealing a beautiful and big white gold locket. Holy Shirley...!

"For me...? Marissa..." I touched it "this look expensive"

"Oh don't worry, this was my mother's" she took the locket in her hand and told me to turn around "I didn't buy it"

"Holy crap... and you're giving it to me? Why?"

"Because I'm thankful and because it goes well with you well with your bracelet... and because I don't really like it" she put it on me then turned me around "and it sure looks better on you"

I touched my new piece of jewelry, not believing what just happen. Holy Shirley!

"Oh wow... its heavy" I said lamely.

"I know... here" she opened the locket in three parts, making room for about four pictures (**A/N: Sam's locket in my profile**) "you should fill it with the pictures of the ones you love"

"Thank you" I smiled at her for a second then closed the locket.

"Don't let go of who you are, even if you are a trouble-maker delinquent"

"I won't" I nodded.

Gun Smoke came into the living room and broke our eye contact. He seemed to be a little happy, of course you couldn't say he was smiling, but he had this certain... blissful look in his eyes. Inconspicuously, of course. He wrapped his arms around Marissa's waist and she leaned against him smiling.

"The boy is waiting for you in there"

"Thanks... I'll go now" I told them "thank you" I muttered to Marissa, who nodded.

Freddie was sitting on his bed playing with his phone, when he saw me he smiled and I remembered why I fell in love with him. Because he was this adorable, kind-hearted nub, who happened to be very attractive. And he fell in love with me because I was the only one in his life that made him go crazy over and over again, and I wanted to be that girl again.

"Hello there Frednubs" I straddled his stretched legs.

"Hello there Sammy" he put his phone on his nightstand and his hands on my waist "hey... where did you get that?"

"Your mother gave it to me" he gaped at me "believe me I was more surprised than you. She wanted to thank me for taking such a good care of you"

"And you certainly do" he pressed his lips against mine, but I didn't respond as eagerly as I usually do "what's the matter?"

"We're too intense... I don't feel like myself anymore Freddie, we're too... heavy"

"I know... I thought so too..." he sighed heavily "I kinda miss you being the blond headed demon you always been"

"I miss that too... I feel like I'm losing myself and I don't like it. Same thing is happening to you, and I miss that little dork I used to pick on. I feel like... we morphed into Seddie..." I whispered like it was something bawdy.

He gasped, faking shock "oh my... I guess you're right, we are too intense..." he grabbed my hands and intertwined our fingers.

"I miss being shallow" I pouted.

"Me too" he mirrored my expression "let's bicker!"

"What?" I laughed.

"Let's banter. I miss fighting with you... come on... uh... blonde headed demon!"

"Okay, you useless dork!" I laughed harder.

"Uh... blondie!" he laughed.

"Nerd!"

"Delinquent!"

"Geek!"

"Maniac!"

"Nub!"

"Crazy!"

"Wuss!"

"Goldie Locks!"

"Shut up nub!"

"No, you shut up, Sam-jerk" we both cracked up.

"Oh, don't talk to me like that Benson!"

"Or what?"

"I'll break your face!"

We argued for two hours about nothing in particular and everything at the same time. However, we did it with a huge grin on our faces; it felt more like revelry than a fight. Man, it feels good to be ourselves again!

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Hey guys, I'll be quick. First I wanna thank for all the reviews, and I want to recommend this two fics *The Past and the Pending*, it's complete, but it's awesome, and the oneshot *The Incident*, same author. Read the *Past* and the *Pending* first, and then the *Incident*, you'll know why. These two are from the same author TheMaywat, Great fics.

Okay, now I want to make an announcement, "TwinNumber1-Kaily" will be translating my story to Spanish, so people who don't understand in English can read it too!

Now my thank you and a virtual kiss to all of you, especially Seddiexx, who always has my back! Thank you! I hope you guys can enjoy this chapter, and I'm going to try to make things lighter, but there's still problems to solve, however the sequel will be funnier and lighter! Help me get 1000 reviews before this fic is over!

Okay, I'm going to read The Ballad now!

## \*Chapter 54\*: iClosure

**Warning:** in the end of the chapter, there's a very heavy lemon, see the thing is, I don't write lemons as I said before, my friend Anna does. So saturday was her b-day so she made me promise I would use this lemon. She'll kill me, but I didn't like it, but she's my friend and I didn't have any money to buy a gift, so \*shrug\*. So, if you don't like heavy lemons, just skip to the very last sentence, it's all you need to know about next chapter.

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*...I just need a little of your time, a little of your time.*

*To say the words I never said.*

*Just need a little of your time, a little of your time.*

*To show you that I am not dead...*

*(Maroon 5 – Little Of Your Time)*

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Sam's POV

Two days after all the commotion on Freddie's apartment, we agreed on spending some time apart. Since we broke up and got back together, we've been anything but ourselves and maybe what we needed was some time apart with our friends, doing things we used to do before this whole mess begun. That's why I'm with Carly and Wendy at the Build a Bra right now. I miss hanging out with my friends, especially Carly. And Freddie is out there somewhere with Gibby and Brad, doing his techy nerd things.

Of course before we agreed on spending some time apart, we went to the hospital to visit Sophie. She was more than thrilled to know I got my shit together and fixed my mistakes. She was also worried about Freddie, and hugged him for ten minutes as soon as she saw him. Soph was such a sweetheart, I was so happy that we were on good terms again, she was important to Freddie, and to me as well. If I ever had a daughter, I wanted it to be just like her. Freddie was so happy to know she was improving and responding to the treatment so well. Maybe things will finally work out good.

"Look at this" I nudged Carly, pointing at the black lace matching panties and bra.

"Quite revealing don't you think?" she said.

"Oh, hello? Why do you think it draw my attention..." I picked the matching underwear in my hands to take a better look "do you think Freddie will like it?"

"I think he'll rip this out of you" Wendy replied.

"Oh nooo, he won't" I said looking at the price tag "in fact, I'll be the one taking it off to make sure he won't ruin this baby. I don't know when I'll be able to afford another sexy ass lingerie like that"

"Your mom is giving you an allowance?" Carly asked, ogling a glow in the dark bra.

"Yeah. She's been up my ass since the whole accident" I grimaced.

"She's just worried Sam, you could've died" Carly pointed.

"Yeah, but I didn't. Now every now and then she stares at me and hugs me" I cringed "don't get me wrong, I love her, but not even Marissa does that anymore"

"Speaking of her..." Carly grabbed a pair of pink panties "how's things with her?"

"Much better" I grinned "she even gave me this baby" I showed her my locket.

"WOW!" she almost yanked the thing out of my neck just to look at it.

"Jeez Carls, my neck!"

"Wow Sam. Is this white gold?" Wendy asked.

"Yep. It was her mother's, now it's mine"

"Wow... wow..." Carly was out of reaction "wow... that's so surreal"

"I know right? But she gave me" I put my locket back inside my shirt.

"What's up with Bensons and jewelry?" Wendy chuckled "man, I need to get myself a boyfriend like Freddie"

"Oh sorry Wends, he's one of a kind" I patted her shoulder "and he's mine, so don't even think about it"

"Hey, I'm your friend here! I would never" she said offended "but he's looking so hot lately"

"And his growing hotness is all mine!" I glared at her and she laughed.

"I know Sam, I'm just messing withcha!" she ruffled my hair.

"Dude!" I whined.

Carly was ahead of us, looking at some sexy lingerie.

"Hey Cariotta... what are you planning to do with that?" she was holding a push-up red bra.

"Nothing!" she tossed it back in the place it was before "nothing at all!"

"Aw, Carly is planning to make sweet love with Justin McHorny?" I teased.

"No!" she was red like pepper "well... we've been dating for a while so I figured..."

"Oh my god, Carly has the urges!" Wendy covered her mouth with wide eyes, I did the same.

"Ha, ha very funny you guys. Maybe... just maybe we could... have some romantic night, ya know? I mean I love him, he loves me... so why not? You and Freddie do it all the time!"

"Hey, we don't do it all the time!" I replied "although I wish we did"

"Ew Sam!" she grimaced.

"What? I want to have animal, wild, crazy, rough sex with the nub" I mused "he's sweet, but sometimes I just wish... I mean, I see how he wants to go rougher sometimes. Throw me against walls, and just fuck me until I can't sit, but he's Freddie, he won't do it unless I tell him I want to, and maybe not even if I tell him... maybe if I force him, if I seduce him... I should pick a fight with him, yeah... make him lose control and fuck me senseless"

When I was done talking, Carly was pale and looked like she was going to throw up, and Wendy was trying to pick her jaw off the floor.

"What? He's so good at it, sometimes I think I'm going to pass out when he does his magic. I even blacked out twice"

"Okay, please I don't need to know that" Carly put her hand on her stomach "please I don't need to picture Freddie fucking you until you can't sit"

"I can do that for you!" I grinned.

"Okay, it's hard to imagine Freddie going all wild and rough with anyone" Wendy said.

"Bitch, you don't know my man" I said with my fake ghetto accent.

"Alright" she chuckled "let's shop so you can seduce your dork, Carly can bang hers and I can be forever alone"

"Wends... you'll find a man eventually" I put my arm around her shoulder "I heard one of Freddie's nerd friends is available"

"Ew Sam! I think Freddie is the only hot nerd walking among us humans"

"Superman, Batman and what about Tony Stark?" I pointed "he's pretty hot, nerd, smart and rich"

"Who?" Carly and Wendy asked.

"Oh my god! Iron Man anyone?" I groaned to their ignorance "Robert Downey Jr.?"

"Oh... right..." they mused.

"Hot, but not real person, so" Wendy shrugged.

"Shane, Wendy! He just broke up with whoever the hell he was dating. I was there when Freddie was talking on the phone with him" I spotted a purple garter skirt and matching bra "I can introduce you guys if you want"

"Oh Sam!" Wendy hugged me "you would do that for me?"

"Sure thing, I'm getting some, Carly will be getting some, why can't you be getting some too?" I shrugged.

"Oh my god, guys" Carly's cheeks were flushed "don't go mentioning this to anyone please!"

"We won't" we said.

"Don't worry Carls, we keep this a secret. I won't let anyone know you're planning to bang Justin Bieber look alike" I patted her head.

"Whatever. Sam, don't you think that this is a little slutty?" she pointed at the garter skirt I chose and the push-up bra that sure would make my boobs look two times bigger than they actually are.

"Yeah, and that's why I'm buying it. I doubt Freddie will refuse to fuck me like an animal after he sees me in this!" I smirked.

"Ew, god... let's just pay for this and get out of here before you start to give me more details you already do!" she stormed out leaving me and Wendy chuckling.

At the end of the day we bought some hot stuff and headed to Glitter Gloss. I was bracing myself to an endless hour with Carly and Wendy between colored shades and gloss. I don't know why they take so long to buy makeup; I do it in five minutes. I pick the one that go well with my skin color, and then pay for it. It isn't that hard, you know? But no, they have to go and spend a million light years to do that. While they kept debating what color of gloss was better with a certain outfit, I choose I black shade that makes my eye pop, mascara that my makes my eyelashes bigger and thicker and some strawberry lip gloss. I'm going to make Fredwild go crazy tonight. I want him to do me like there's no tomorrow, I even borrowed the keys of Marvin's apartment for that. Tonight is goin' to be good!

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#### Freddie's POV

Today I went to the gym with Brad and Gibby. It was so much fun to watch them struggling to do one push-up, while I could do one hundred with one arm. Sure, I missed Sam, but man she was right we needed some time to ourselves. Despite the fact I had no idea where she was or what she was doing, I didn't text her, I'm not going to be Mr. Where Are You? I'll see her when I see her, and meanwhile I'm going to hang out with my friends while she does the same.

I had kickboxing class today and the boys watched me. Gun Smoke tried to convince them practice some martial art, but after one try he gave up. He never gave up on me, not even when I sucked in the beginning, so you must imagine how well Brad and Gibby did. It was fun go back to training; it's been a while since I don't hit the gym and I was starting to my swag. This cannot happen, if I ever lose this body Sam will kill me, then bring me back to life just to kill me again.

Pretty much everyone in the gym came to talk to me about the accident. Even the douche trio stopped by to "congrats" me for being alive. Some people even started to call me *the boy who lived*. Oh well. My face was on the papers as *web star survives fire*. I guess that's how Leonard found out about it all. Man I hate the press, if they didn't come spilling the beans he would never be here bugging me right now and life would be good.

Brad, Gibby and I went to the Groovy Smoothies after the gym. Some girls from the table in the corner tried to flirt with us, and even though we're all taken, Gibby tried to flirt back; he can never resist a pretty face. Brad and I had to remind him he had a girlfriend before he did something he would regret.

"So anyway, I never really understood how your mother allowed you to take kickboxing classes" Brad commented, drinking his smoothie.

"I guess it was because she was infatuated with Gun Smoke" I cringed "and because I threatened her"

"You what?" they asked.

"I threatened her... I told her I was going to live with my grandma if she didn't allow me to have a life" I chuckled "of course I would never move across the city, but she doesn't know that. And after a while she saw that I was actually pretty good at it and just chilled"

"Man, I didn't know you had it in ya" Gibby complimented me.

"Well, Sam always had too much influence on me" I shrugged.

"So? How's your head?" Brad asked.

"It's fine really" I touched my forehead "I'm taking the bandages off today, I've wore it for long enough, now I'm done with it"

We paid for our smoothies and headed home. I'm not going to lie, this was fun, but I missed Sam, I haven't kissed her in... 48 hours, the only thing my body desired right now was the feel or her smooth skin against me. With everything that happened these days I haven't been able to have real fun with her, and I don't mean sex, that we had plenty, I mean real fun, just hang out and laugh with her, or take her out and have fun. I missed that more than anything.

"Hey mom, I'm home" I called "mom?"

"Okay... uh... he's here" she was talking on the phone "I'll see what I can do... fine... alright. Bye"

"Hey, who were you talking to?" I dropped my bag on the floor.

"Don't be mad" oh man, not this... not him. Fuck!

"Mom! What the hell? I thought this was my decision!" I growled.

"I know, and it is, but..." she stopped talking when the front door opened.

"Hello my peeps" Sam greeted me with a small kiss on the lips "what's the matter?"

"Mom is being on his side again"

"I'm not on his side" she protested "but don't you see he won't go away until you guys have a man to man conversation?"

"I already said everything I wanted to say mom!" I whined.

"No you didn't. I know you babe, I know that you're not all repressed anger and hurt feelings towards him" he caressed my face.

"Yes, you're right. Because I don't feel anything for him anymore. Not a thing!" I explained slowly.

"Baby... just make this easy for all of us" she sighed "he wants to take us out for dinner tonight, all of us. You, me, Joe and Sam. He wants to talk to you"

"Hell no!" I snarled "no, I won't go! I won't"

"Freddie!"

"No mother, I won't go! And that's final!" I stormed out of the living room almost running to my room and slamming the door behind me.

Why they don't understand I don't want anything to do with this guy? Ugh! Why is everybody bitching about him to me? Is not possible that they don't see I couldn't care less about him. I groaned, my face pressed against the pillow so hard I thought I was going to suffocate myself.

"You're being a brat Benson" Sam said, straddling my backs "you know that right? Geeky boy"

"I don't care!" my voice was muffled by the pillow "I'm not going Sam, I don't care!"

"Listen, I know you don't want anything to do with this, and I can't blame you for that" she grabbed my shoulder and turned me around, sitting on my legs "but I'm tired of the drama Freddie, and he obviously won't go away without talking to you and god I want this to be over!"

"Sam, I don't care, I'm not going"

"Okay..." she sighed "let's put it this way... if you go and get this over with we can go back to being crazy and fun! I miss that Freddie, I can't take anymore of this drama show that's going on in our lives"

"I know baby... but please don't ask this of me" I cupped her face "please sweetie"

"Alright... okay... I'm going to have to play dirty here" she got off me and left the room.

"Hey? Where are you going?" I sat up.

"Wait for me, I'll be right back" she shouted.

Took her a about a minute or so to get back to me. She was holding a Build A Bra bag and sat on top of me.

"See this?" she took a purple garter-skirt off the bag.

"Yeah... I see this" I tried to touch it but she held it out of my reach.

"No, no... you wanna see me in this?" She whispered huskily into my ear "huh Benson? Do you?"

"Hell yeah" I tried to grab her, bring her close but she scooted away.

"Then stop being a brat!" she slapped me across the head.

"Sam!" I whined.

"We'll go to the dinner..." she muttered, crawling back to me "and I'll wear a very tight, very sexy dress..." she wrapped her legs around my waist "and if you behave like a good boy..." she took my earlobe between her teeth "I'll take you to Marvin's apartment, I got the key this morning..." she starts to gyrate her hips against my own and all I could do was groan "and I'll wear this for you and you can throw me in bed..." her voice was so damn low it made me shudder "on my knees and hands... and you can fuck me like an wild animal..."

I tried to touch her, but she grabbed my wrist tightly, still moving her hips against mine.

"Sam... damn it! This is not fair!" I growled.

"You want it Benson? Huh? Wanna fuck me until I can't sit?" she gripped my hair with both hands, moving her hips harder against mine making me painfully aroused.

"Yes... I do..." I moaned "but I don't want to hurt you..."

"I want you to hurt me... but you can only have all of this..." she pointed at herself "if you can make a few sacrifices"

"UGH!"

"Yeah, yeah..." she got off me, grabbing that tiny thing she called lingerie "I want this to be over with, soon and the only way it's going to, is if you end this"

"I guess..." I collapsed backwards into my bed and covered my face with the pillow "fine I will... but afterwards.... I want my reward" I felt her sitting on my crotch "UGH, Sam..."

"I'll reward you good Benson... trust me" she removed the pillow off my face and kissed me "let's get this over with"

"Okay I guess I can do that"

"Good boy" she gave me one last kiss before going away.

"Fuck" what I wouldn't do for this girl?

About eight o'clock I was sitting in the living room with Gun Smoke waiting for my mom and Sam to be ready. Mom was taking more time to get ready than usual and I guess that was a pride thing, after all he did to her I guess that was her way to show him how much better she was without him. We both were.

"I think we're going to be late" Gun Smoke said.

"No kidding" I scoffed "man, where is Sam?"

"I don't know about her, but I am ready" my mom called from behind us.

She looked so different, wearing a black dress, high heels, her hair was pulled up in an elegant bun, she was wearing a silver necklace and a pair of matching earrings. I could swear she was wearing a bit of makeup, slightly of course.

"Oh wow mom"

"Thank you darling" she smiled.

I looked over Gun Smoke, his jaw was on the floor. I don't think he is used to see her dressing like that more than I am.

"You look..." he cleared his throat "great darling"

"Oh thank you honey" she gave him a peck on the lips and I grimaced "where's Samantha?"

"Here, here" Sam called from behind us.

Now was my time to collect my jaw off the floor. Sam was wearing a sparkly blue tight dress, (**A/N: the same dress Jennette was wearing in the KCA orange carpet, pic on my profile**) that didn't show much cleavage, but hugged her body in a way that made my mind wander. Her magnificent thighs were exposed and in her feet, heels that were so tall I had no idea how she could walk on them. She looked delicious.

"Hey there my peeps"

"Wha-what-w... I... wow" I stuttered like an idiot.

"Samantha... you look..." my mother gave her an unpleasant look "lovely"

"Wow... wow..." I muttered.

"It's all you can say Benson?" she teased "I thought you were smarter than that"

"Let's get going okay?" my mother grabbed Gun Smoke's hand and dragged him out the door.

"Oh my god Sam!" I grabbed her by the waist and pulled her flush against me "you drive me crazy, you know that?"

"I'm aware of that" she pressed her breasts against my chest "if you behave Benson... I'll let you ravish me tonight"

"Holy... Shirley..." I attached my mouth to her neck.

"Ah, fuck... Freddie...!" she gripped my hair "don't mark me!"

"Shhh" I whispered and continued to attack her neck "I won't baby... not for a few hours"

"God!" she groaned "I can't wait to have you inside of me... I miss you so much!"

"We had sex two days ago Sam" I sucked her skin between my teeth.

"Yeah... two DAYS ago, not two hours" she whined and whimpered, pulling my hair.

"True, but it was slow and hot..." I bit her bottom lip "so hot!"

I couldn't control myself with this girl sometimes. When she slept over, surprisingly my mother allowed her to stay in my room, but not funny business. However, what she can't hear won't hurt her. We did it very slowly, and man it was hot. Of course I had to cover Sam's mouth because the girl doesn't know how to be quiet. She says it's my fault because I'm so damn good at it, oh well, what can I say?

"Sure, but what I want is rough, animal, crazy and loud sex" she crushed her chest against mine.

"And I'll give you that blondie..." I cupped her ass and squeezed it "I'll give you plenty of that"

"Uh-huh!" Gun Smoke cleared his throat "let's go boy, you can do that later"

"Oh and I will" I interlaced my fingers with Sam's and walked out of the apartment "let's go baby"

If I was having second thoughts about tonight, they all died the moment I saw Sam in that sexy thingy she called a dress. I was damned the moment she walked into my apartment and I knew it, this night was going to be a huge sacrifice, but she was going to make it worth the trip.

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#### Sam's POV

Freddie was chewing his fingernails off, and I started to wonder if this was a good idea in the first place. He seemed so nervous and very distracted he didn't even ogle my body when we got into the car. I was sure he was going to grope me whenever Marissa wasn't looking, but he kept gazing out the window. Nevertheless he looked pretty hot, with a white buttoned shirt, a black jacket and dark jeans, not mentioning his hair, molded in a perfect quiff. Damn this boy, when did he start to grow into such an attractive man?

"Hey baby?" I shook him "baby?"

"Yeah... yeah..." he rubbed his face "hey"

"Are you nervous?" I whispered.

"A little bit" he smiled.

"We'll be here with you and if he says something that hurts you I'll kick his ass"

"I'll help" Gun Smoke said, eyes on the road.

Freddie snickered and leaned his head against my shoulder.

"You look really pretty" he whispered, running his hands over my thigh. Now that's my Freddie.

"You do too, dork" I kissed the top of his head, careful not to ruin his quiff "you took off your bandages" I ran my fingers slightly over his cut.

"Yeah, I was tired of it. Do you think it will leave a scar?" he turned his head up, so I could look at it.

"I think it will leave a very sexy scar" I kissed carefully over each stitch.

"Good" he gave me a chaste kiss on the lips.

"We're here" Marissa called.

"Oh boy..." Freddie sighed and sat upright.

"Why don't you kids go ahead while I find somewhere to park the car?" Gun Smoke offered.

"I guess we can do that" I said.

The restaurant where Leonard wanted to meet us was gigantic, and looked so expensive. I gripped Freddie's hand, interlacing our fingers while we

walked in. He looked nervous as hell, so I gave him a light kiss on the cheek.

"Hey... you can do this dork. If you can date me then you can do this easily" I snorted.

"I guess..." he breathed "alright... okay"

The maître spotted us, standing there like two idiots. He gave us a stern look and marched towards us.

"May I help you?" he had a french accent, and looked like he had a carrot stuck inside his ass.

"Yes, we're here to meet Leonard Benson" I said. He looked at me like I was some sort of well paid prostitute.

"And you are...?" cocky bitch, who the hell does he think he is? And why is he looking at us like we're scum?

"I'm his son" Freddie said.

The maître, cleaned his throat, and shirked under Freddie's hard gaze. No one looked at me like that, and even though I didn't need Freddie to defend me, still it was pretty hot. The cocky French scrawny, took us to the table were Freddie's father waited, drinking some sort of expensive scotch. He saw Freddie and stood up immediately, smiling. Freddie never returned the smile, if anything he looked more bored than ever.

"Son, you came" he offered Freddie his hand, but he simply ignored it.

"I'm only here because Sam promised she'll let me fuck her like a crazy wild animal afterwards" he said coolly "on her knees"

Leonard chuckled, looking proudly at his boy, and I just gaped at him. What the hell?

"Freddie!" I slapped his shoulder.

"Please sit down..." Leonard told us "where is your mother? And...?"

"Gun Smoke" Freddie said.

"Yeah. Where are they?" I had the feeling Leonard didn't like Gun Smoke very much.

"Parking the car..." I said "look, they're here"

Marissa and Gun Smoke walked hand in hand towards our table. She looked ready to kill, but in an elegant not slutty way. He looked ready to kill, if Leonard did something to Freddie or any of us. Leonard stood up and greeted them, shaking Gun Smoke's hand and kissing Marissa's, making her cringe and her two men clench their jaw. Freddie didn't like the way his father touched his mother, he didn't like the way he talked to her or the fact that he was around her. He was very protective of her, and that's something he gets from Crazy, even if he doesn't realize it. I could tell Leonard wasn't trying to flirt with Marissa though, but he was sure trying to mark his territory, trying to show Gun Smoke he was here first, he was Freddie's father. He might've just peed all over the dork for good measure.

Leonard was determinate to make conversation with his son, even if Freddie wasn't interested. He asked Fredalupe about everything and anything at the same time, what liked to do, eat, listen, watch... what he didn't like to do, eat, listen, watch... it was a boring ritual, but that's what we're here for, so he can get to know his son. Daddy of the year was very surprised to hear that Freddie was a champion in fencing and kickboxing. I don't think he ever pegged his son for an athlete, I know I didn't.

"So, son, what are the big plans for the future?" said Leonard taking a sip of his expensive wine.

"Eh, you know... college, a job..." he said nonchalantly "marriage, kids, a dog" he smiled at me and I smiled back.

"Where do you wanna go to college?" he pushed

"MIT" Freddie said taking a bite of his beef "they have the best engineering and IT department, also the best in electrical engineering and computer science"

"What do you wanna do for living?"

"I think I'm going to go for computer science or electrical engineering, maybe even IT" Freddie shrugged. Of course the big dork would work with computers for the rest of his life. He would be a pearman, and make loads of money.

"That sounds interesting" Leonard commented "your brother wants to go to Harvard, you know study law, so you guys will be close"

"I don't have a brother" Freddie snarled.

"Son, you know what I mean... Sarah's kids, I raised them like my own, so they are your siblings" he said like it was no big deal "Brian is on the football team, and Lara is a cheerleader. You should come to New York and get to know them, you would like them"

Marissa looked worriedly at Freddie, and Gun Smoke held her hand. I could see my dork was gripping his teeth hard and clenching his jaw. This was a big issue for Freddie, to know that his father raised someone else's kids, but his own. Freddie took a deep breath, and I held his hand for, trying to remember him how much he was loved.

"You raised them like your own, right?" Freddie asked and Leonard nodded "unlike me"

Freddie stood up, almost knocking down the table.

"I'm going to the bathroom" he stormed out, leaving us behind.

I was going to follow him, but Gun Smoke was faster. He stood up and almost growled at Leonard, who seemed a bit confused. This guys is so oblivious about his own son, but he doesn't know Freddie at all, so I guess he would be lost right now. I felt the blood starting to boil inside of me, all I wanted to do was stand up and punch him in the head, but, much to my surprise, someone else beat me to it.

"I agreed to this because I thought my son needed some closure" Marissa said calmly "but if you're here to hurt him, I'll feel obligated to kick your ass"

Leonard and I stared at her, mouth open, seeing a fire in her eyes I never saw before. It was a known fact she was overbearing momma bear, but I couldn't imagine she could be so... fierce and menacingly.

"I don't give a rat's ass about what you did to me. I'm over that, in fact I have to thank you. You did me a favor by leaving me, because if you didn't I wouldn't meet Joe and I wouldn't be this happy" she said angrily, but satisfied "But this is not about me, it never was, so that's why I'll take it way more personal. I couldn't stand up for myself, I couldn't fight for me, but for my son I'll do it all. And if you even for a second hurt that boy, I'll kick your ass and see this girl over here?" she pointed at me "she can kick your ass effortless any day. And I'll let her do it, in a heartbeat. And that man, that you stare at so much, thinking that you're above him, he would break every bone in your body because of my son. Because Leonard, you can be Freddie's biological father, but in my baby's heart, Joe is the one he acknowledges as dad"

Leonard sunk into his chair and quietly took a sip from his drink. He had it coming, but I was surprised it came from Marissa. Sure, she's crazy, and she would do anything for Freddie, but still, she said she would kick his ass! Man, she's getting better than I would ever expect.

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#### Freddie's POV

Brother. I don't have any brothers, how can he even say that to me? It's like he's rubbing it on my face. I always knew he liked her kids more than me, and that bothered me for a while, but not anymore. It's just... I don't even know why I'm so angry. I've always been aware of this, so why does it make me this mad now? I took a sharp breath and washed my face. My face... his face. Why do I have to look like him so much? I hate my face, because it's a constant reminder that I'm somehow related to him.

"Hey boy" I saw him on the mirror, Gun Smoke was leaning against the restroom's door, arms crossed over his chest "want me to kick his ass? Just say the word and I will"

"Nah... I don't even know why I'm mad... and I don't even know if I'm mad. This is all so confusing" I shook my head and rubbed my face "but I know I don't wanna be here, or anywhere near him"

"Freddie..." he let his arms fall to his sides and walked towards me. He put his hand on my shoulder and squeezed it "I know I told you to try this, and I think you should, but if this is too hard for you to do, then don't do it. Forget what everyone wants, forget what he wants, what your mother wants, what Sam wants... what do you want? Huh? What's your choice?"

"I want to tell him I don't want him in my life. I want to tell him I don't need him, that I'm fine" I said confidently "I wanna tell him you're my father"

He looked at me for a second and nodded. I wanted that man back in the table to be a distant memory of my past, and this man behind me to be the one who would be there whenever I needed.

"If you want to tell him I'm your father, then I'll tell him you're my son, son" he smiled, for the first time since we met, he really smiled, like he meant it.

I turned around and smiled back. Gun Smoke did something I wasn't expecting, he hugged me very tight. It was a shock at first, but then I hugged him back, wrapping my arms around him just as tight. He patted me and the back and pulled away.

"Let's go kid, no son of mine hides in the bathroom" he said and I smiled. He walked out and I followed, stopping by the door.

"Yes... dad"

It's been ten years since I don't call anyone dad. Last time I said it was on the day Leonard left, and I never knew I was going to say it again, and I never knew that when I did, would feel this good. Gun Smoke, turned around again, a little honest smile on his lips, and his eyes looked watery, but hey he's Gun Smoke, he doesn't cry, so he just patted my arm roughly.

"It's okay if I call you that?"

"If I'm your dad you should call me that, but I'm expecting you address to me as Sir as well" he said seriously and I chuckled "not kidding. If you want to be my kid, you have to take everything that comes with the responsibility of being my kid. You think you can handle it?"

"Eh I think I can" I shrugged "you think you can handle being my father?"

"Believe me Freddie, if I could be your coach when you used to suck in pretty much everything, I can be your father" he chuckled. He CHUCKLED ... wow he never chuckled before "this means you're going with me to football games, baseball games, basket games, MMA fights, F1 and every other sport known to man"

"Oh my..." I sighed "so this also means you're going with me to the Galaxy Wars convention, Pear Company convention, any technology related event..." he sighed and rubbed his face.

"I think we can work some kind of deal" he put his arm around my shoulders "let's get this over with"

We walked back to our table, smiling a little bit. I saw Sam, my mother and Leonard sitting extremely awkwardly and not speaking. I was surprised to see that Sam seemed so calm and even amused with something. When she saw me, she smiled, that devious little smile that always let me know something was up. Maybe she did something, but judging by Leonard's face, I'd say she didn't hit him or anything. Maybe something happened, that's not related to Sam. whatever the hell it is, it can wait, I have better things to do right now. I stopped next to Leonard's chair and cleaned my throat. For seventeen years I've been wanting to say a few words to this man, and tonight I'm finally going to let it out.

"Can you pay the bill so we can talk outside?"

"Sure son" he gave me a questioning look, but did as I asked.

I grabbed Sam's hand and walked outside to the parking lot. I wasn't going to let out everything, I've been burying deep inside of me for long years, in front of everyone in the restaurant. Judging by the look on her face Sam was curious to know what I was up to, but I gave her a smile, which she returned, squeezing my hand and nodding. Whatever the words I wanted to say, would come out as soon as I looked at his face. Sam and I stopped in the middle of the parking lot waiting for them to get here. She was silent the whole time, just holding my hand. When Leonard, my mom and Gun

Smoke finally arrived, I took a deep breath and let go of Sam's hand. It was time to just let go of my past.

"Son..." he started, but I raised my hand making him shut up.

"No, let me do the talking" I said "okay... since I was a kid all I ever wanted was a father. When you left, I spent nights wishing you would come back so we could be a family again, even if you were a shitty father I still wanted you back. After grandpa died, I started to see you with different eyes, and I grew up not wanting you around me anymore. But, deep down inside, whenever I saw some kid with his father, I secretly wished you would do exactly what you're trying to do right now... however, I met Gun Smoke, and he became everything I always wanted for a father. Sure he has his flaws, but nobody is perfect. So I learned to go by just fine without you, and now you're here. You want to get to know me and you want to be in my life, but I can never look at you and see a father and that's not going to change"

I looked over his shoulder, and saw my mother biting her lip, and Gun Smoke very calmly holding her hand. That was my family.

"I can't do this father/son thing with you because in my heart, that man behind you, the same man you've been looking at like you're so much better than him, he is the one who I want to call dad. He is the one I want there when I graduate from school, from college, when I get married, when I have my first child. I appreciate what you're doing, but you're only doing it because of what happened. If you really wanted to know me you would've done it sooner, and it wouldn't take an explosion to make you come here"

Gun Smoke was looking at me so proudly, it made me feel proud of myself.

"There was a time, when I would give everything just to have you doing what you're doing right now, but that time is gone. You and I might share the same DNA and even the same face, but you're not my father, I don't know you and despite your efforts to know me, you don't. Since that's not going to change, I suggest you go back to your family, your house and your life. I have a great family and that's more than you can offer me"

Leonard gazed at me for a moment. He looked sad, I dare say even a bit broken, but it made no difference to me.

"Freddie" he started "I understand everything you said, and I respect your choice. But let me tell you something, since I was a boy, I had many differences with my father. He was a sort of man who doesn't accept differences. I know he was a great granddad to you and you loved him, but as a father he wasn't so great at all. My mother died giving birth to me and he raised me all by himself. It wasn't easy growing up with him, he was too uptight and indifferent, and I swore to god I would be nothing like him and since I was a teenager I started doing things just to upset him. Everything I did was to get to him, so he would see me, he would see that I wasn't a reflection of himself but a person, with feelings of my own. I confess that what I did to your mother was just to upset him, he loved her, she was his favorite niece. Sometimes I wondered if he loved her more than me, and you know what? I guess he did"

My mother had a confused look in her eyes; I don't think she knew any of this.

"After I graduated I felt free, like it was time for me to move on from him, and the only thing I thought about was him, what he would think, what he would say. I never even for a second realized I was doing to you the same thing he did to me. So I left, and I never came back again. Don't think it was easy for me to know that my father was dying, but I can't deny I felt relieved, I felt free. Now I didn't have to prove anything to him, now he couldn't judge me like he constantly did. I know he loved you, you were the hope of the son he always wanted to have, the son I couldn't be. I've made many mistakes, and I don't blame him for any of them, but my desire to piss him off was so strong I didn't realize was becoming everything I swore I would never be. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I always thought that someday I would have the time to get to know you son, and mend the mistakes of the past, but when that accident happened, I realized life was short and I was running out of time. Anything could happen someday, I would die without knowing you. That night I heard about the fire, I sat down and thought about everything I was doing with my life. My biggest regret was not being a part of your life"

"I know that maybe you will never look at me like you look at him" he pointed at Gun Smoke "and maybe you will never call me father, but if you could just give me a chance to be your friend... I just want to know how you're doing in school and what you like and what you don't. I wanna know if you're good and healthy, that you're happy..."

Okay... I wasn't expecting this. What should I do? Give him a chance to be a part of my life or just say bye, bye? I was afraid to let him in, afraid I would end up getting hurt again, but if I already have a father, he'll be more like an older friend, like Spencer, but normal... I wouldn't feel a bit disappointed if he didn't call or write because it's not like he's my dad anyway... what to do? This is all so confusing, I can't just decide it right now, I need time to think about it.

"I need time. I need to think about it, and I don't think I can do this tonight"

"Okay son, I understand... okay listen, I'm going back to New York tomorrow morning, and here's my private cell phone, you can call me when you make up your mind" he gave me a black visit card with his name and number on it "no pressure, just take your time son"

"I'll do that" I offered him my hand for the first time in my life, he smiled and took it, shaking it "thanks for coming, I really needed some closure"

"I hope this is the end of a relationship and the beginning of another, a better one" he patted my arm.

"We'll see about that" I smiled.

He smiled and hugged me again. For the second time in my whole life. This time I wasn't shocked, or irritated, I was normal... cool. Only this time, I hugged him back and I could tell he hugged me a little tighter when I did it. We pulled away and smiled. This is the end and the beginning, hopefully now I'm going to get some peace in my life, I know I need it. He patted me in the shoulder and walked over my mother... and father.

"Marissa, I know that I have a lot to apologize for, but seem like you're doing well, you're happy and even thankful that I left. But still, I'm sorry" he said honestly.

"It's okay Leonard, I'm over that already. Have a good life" mom smiled.

"And Joe..." he turned to my dad "thank you for taking care of him. I cannot begin to tell you how jealous I'm, but I know you'll make a better father than I ever could, so thank you" he offered his hand and my dad took it.

"You don't have to thank me" dad was simple, he didn't need to say anything else.

Leonard looked at me one last time before getting into his car. He drove and stopped right next to me.

"Goodbye son, at least for now" I nodded and he drove away.

And just like that it was over. After so many years I never thought solving things with Leonard would be so easy. With the life I have now, it's true that as a father he makes little difference, but as a friend maybe... a person can never have enough friends. Sam grabbed my hand and interlaced our fingers.

"Thank god it's over" she whispered.

"Yeah... do you know what that means?"

"What?"

"We're drama free!" I cheered.

"Oh... that's right! Thank god!" she kissed me.

Mom and dad... wow feels so weird saying it, but in a good way, parked the car right next to us.

"Let's go home" mom said.

"Actually mom... I think I'm going to take Sam out" I told her "hang out a little bit"

"No, Fredward it's late and-" dad cut her off.

"Marissa, let the boy have some fun" he said.

"But..."

"No. No buts. Just be careful boy" he warned me "be *careful*" he said pointedly.

"I will" I nodded "sir"

Mom smiled gleefully. I knew she always wanted to have a family too.

"Goodnight. See you in the morning son" he said and started the engine.

"Tomorrow?" my mother yelled "tomorrow? No... Joe..." she protested, but dad was already driving away.

"So? Where's Marvin's apartment?" I asked Sam, who's been awfully quiet.

"Let's get a cab and I'll show you lover boy" she kissed my cheek.

Oh, this is going to be good!

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Sam's POV

We entered the apartment all wrapped up in each other. I managed to open the door without letting go of his mouth, while he ravished me entirely. Only god knows how long I've been wanting this. His hands on me, all over me, without that emotional bullshit involved, just simple hot animal sex. God knows I'm not an emotional person, and lately I've been dragged into this big ball of drama, well, not tonight. Tonight it's all about the flesh, raw desire and sweat. Holy Shirley!

Freddie kicked the bedroom door shut and shoved me against it, coming over me and pressing his body against mine. Marvin's apartment wasn't so big, it had a one bedroom, two bathrooms, a kitchen and living room. Because he was practically living with my mom his place was always vacant.

"Oh shit... dork" I cried out when he picked me up and wrapped my legs around his waist.

"Tonight I wanna hear you beg for it Puckett" he said, grinding the bulge inside his pants against me.

"Ah... good god!" I moaned, feeling his teeth sinking into the skin of my neck.

"You said you wanted to go rough..." he growled against my ear "I'll give you what you want... and more"

I groaned. Jesus, I'm going to get in trouble for asking for too much, but who cares, this is exactly what I need. Freddie pressed me harder against the wall, his hands on my breasts and his mouth on my neck. This is all very, very good, but I have a little something for him and I want to show him right now. I dropped my legs on the floor and pushed him away.

"What? What's the matter? Did I do anything wrong?"

"No dork... but I have something I want you to see, wait here alright?" I gripped his earlobe with my teeth and pulled.

"Ugh... what you want to show me?" he groaned.

"Remember that little something I showed you earlier?" I whispered grabbing his package.

"God... yeah I do" he groaned.

"Well, you wanna see me in it right?" I squeezed his package.

"Yeah..." he nodded repeatedly "god yeah"

"Then wait here like a good boy" I stroked him one last time.

"Wait" he called "you're not wearing it underneath your dress?"

"No. My dress it's too tight"

"So what are you wearing underneath your dress?"

"Nothing" I whispered before heading to the bathroom.

I heard him moaning when I closed the bathroom door. I hid my sexy lingerie in Marvin's bathroom so my mother wouldn't steal it. Still, I can't believe I actually bought woman's panties... I can't believe I bought purple lingerie with black playboy bunnies. But here I'm standing in front of a mirror wearing a push up bra, a purple garter skirt and a matching pair of stockings, ending right in the middle of my thigh. Oh, did I mention I'm also wearing a motherfucking thong? Comfortable? Sexy? No, I feel ridiculous, but I guess Freddie will like it a lot. I put on a pair of black fuck me heels I borrowed from Wendy, and stepped out of the bathroom. ([All in my profile](#))

Freddie was sitting on the bed tapping his foot on the floor nervously. I realized he got rid of his clothes already, leaving just a pair of black boxer briefs that did wonders to his voluminous package. When he saw me his jaw hit the floor and he gripped the bedspread so hard his knuckles turned white.

"Jesus... god... Sam!" he growled, standing up.

"I guess you started without me dork" I said seductively leaning against the door frame "you just couldn't wait could ya?"

"I saved us some time... and got rid of these" he pointed at the floor to his clothes, socks and shoes "get your pretty little ass over here!"

I walked slowly, the most torturous slow pace known to man. Freddie was so awestruck he didn't even lost his patience. His eyes kept wandering all around me, trying to brand that image inside his head. I saw the tent in his underwear growing and felt proud of myself at how easily I could turn him on.

"Goddamn it Sam! Get over here!" he growled.

"You want me Benson?" I stopped "come and get me then"

I put my hands on my waist and smirked, waiting for him to make his move. Freddie rushed towards me, grabbing me by the ass and picking me up. I squeaked and wrapped my legs around his waist. I thought he was just going to throw me in bed and ravish me, but he walked away from the bed and sat me on the small dresser.

"Freddie... what?" he pressed his lips against mine hard and parted my lips forcefully with his tongue, shoving it inside my mouth.

The boy didn't even give me time to react, he just grinded against me and ravished my mouth. When the shock was finally gone I began to react, clawing his back and letting my tongue dance with his. But he wasn't giving me any time to catch up with him, because the next thing I knew, his mouth was leaving mine to practically eat my neck.

"Oh god..." I moaned, throwing my head back and letting him do whatever the heck he wants to do with me.

His hands were on my upper thighs now, then on my ass, then on the back of my knees, lifting my legs up to a point I had to lean against the wall. My heels were on the dresser now and his mouth on the swell of my breasts, then lower and lower and lower until he reached my throbbing core. I swear his next move would be forever branded into my mind, as the most strangely sexy thing I've ever experienced. He BIT my lip over my thong. He opened his mouth and gripped my pussy lips with his teeth, not hard enough to hurt, but hard enough to make me holler.

"MY GOD FREDDIE!" he pulled away alarmed of any pain he might had caused me.

"Did I...?" I didn't give him any time to say anything else; I just pressed my lips against his almost swallowing him whole.

"Fuck me" I whispered "fuck the shit out of me Freddie, please"

He grunted and ripped my thong off. If I wasn't so damn horny I would've smacked him in the head for destroying that very expensive pair of woman's embarrassment. But as soon his mouth came down over my heated core I forget everything about everything. I threw my head back, banging against the wall, so lost into the sensations that I completely forgot about the pain. He was licking me so vigorously that after a few minutes I was already about to explode. And I did, man it was so intense.

"FREDDIE! Oh Jesus... oh... ah... my... damn... god..." my body started to spasm as I reached the most painful orgasm I've ever experienced.

But the boy wasn't going to give me time to calm down. As soon as I reached my peek he inserted a finger inside me, pumping me without mercy.

"Oh... god... oh... my... Freddie... Freddie... Freddie..." I hollered, feeling so close already, for the second time today.

"You want more Sam? Huh? Tell me!" when I didn't answer, he grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked my head back "tell me! You want more?" he demanded.

"YES! Please, yes!" I wasn't even making sense right now, and when he inserted a second finger inside of me I lost every coherent thought left on my head.

"GOD!" I gripped his hair for support, while he continued his ministrations.

Jesus Christ! If I thought that the first orgasm was painful, this one was the death of me. I came so hard, clenching my muscles around his fingers and screaming his name. He didn't remove his fingers off me or stopped pumping them, Freddie just continued to finger-fuck me merciless.

"Another?" he growled against my ear "do you want another Sam?" he crooked his fingers inside of me reaching my g-spot.

"OH GOD! I... I can't... I..." I whimpered.

"Of course you can, love. Let's go for another. Shall we?" before I could answer he lowered his head, dropping to his knees to lick me again.

"AH!" I grunted, feeling his tongue flick repeatedly over my super sensitive clit "this is too much... I can't... it's too... AH! GOD!" he nibbled my rock hard mound, dragging me forcefully to another orgasm.

"AH!" I screamed with such a high pitched voice it hurt my ears "Freddie... Jesus! Oh... oh... oh... GOD!" I exploded against his face.

He pulled away proud of his work while I just whimpered and panted. Damn this boy... I can't... even... breathe.

"I... Jesus... Freddie... I... need a break" I begged breathlessly.

"Sorry Sammy, no breaks for you" I whimpered "you asked me to fuck the shit out of you, now deal with it, because tonight, there will be no resting for any of us sweetness."

I whined when he picked me up and carried me to bed. I guess I'm literally screwed, and honestly I like it. He threw my ass in bed, and made me sit on the edge, facing his huge tent.

"Freddie wants some love now" he announced "go ahead... do the work"

"Benson... I should smack you in the head for talking to me like that!" I growled.

"But you won't" he smirked grabbing a handful of my hair again "now do it Samantha!"

Good God... I was so damn wet already. What's wrong with me? I'm getting turned on with him bossing me and talking to me like I'm so sort of whore... yeah, I guess I am. I gripped the waistband of his underwear and yanked down, letting it pool around his ankles. He smirked and stepped out of his boxer briefs, not letting go of my hair. I grabbed his manhood in hand and stroked it. He grunted and tightened his grip on my hair, making me yelp. Took less convincing than I expected to get him to fuck me silly, I guess Freddie Benson is a wild beast just waiting to get out. Now that I released this beast, I'll have to deal with the consequences... and I can't wait for it.

I put the head of his rocket inside of my mouth and started to squeeze his balls with my hand. He moaned and thrust into my mouth, making me take more of him. I tried to deep throat him, but I couldn't, however I went as far as I could, thanking god I didn't have any gag reflex. After a while, I guess he got tired, or maybe he was almost reaching his end, because he grabbed me by the hair and removed my mouth of his rocket.

"Ready for this?" he asked, grabbing a condom and ripping the foil package open.

"Are you ready? Nub?" I teased, opening my legs as far as they could go.

"Shit!" he rolled the condom on his erection and grabbed my hips, turning me around "on your knees Puckett!"

"Don't you wanna take these off?" I pointed at my outfit.

He growled and yanked my bra out of me, like a fucking caveman "the rest you can leave it on" I moaned loudly with lust "now, on your knees"

He demanded and I complied, peeking at him over my shoulder. Freddie smirked and kneeled behind me, gripping my breast with one hand and my hips with the other. He kneaded my left breast and slid into me in one quick, hard motion.

"AH!" I screamed. This position felt so damn good.

Freddie pulled out and thrust back in, slamming his hips against my ass. I cried out, and he did it again, and again and again. It was getting hard to control how loud I was being, but that made him even more fire up, because he started to thrust with wild abandon, pumping in and out so deliciously I could purr if I wasn't screaming so fucking much. He held onto my hips with both hands and started to slam me backwards against him.

"Is this rough enough for you Samantha?" he growled "answer me damn it!"

"YES!" I hollered "God Freddie!"

"Am I fucking you properly?" slam "huh?" slam "answer me!"

"OH FUCK!" slam, slam, slam "Yes... oh... my... fucking... GOD!"

In no time he had me coming all over again, for the fucking fourth time tonight. JESUS CHRIST!

AH! AH! FREDDIE... FREDDIE... FREDDIE..." I couldn't stop screaming while he kept pumping me hard.

I dig my nails into the pillows, almost making holes in it. He started to grunt and picked up his pace even more, fucking the shit out of me. I lifted my head up to look at him and resumed screaming my lungs out.

"Fuck Sam! God! You're so damn tight... and wet... I can't even..." he growled loudly, but not as loud as me.

Feeling him almost over the edge drove me insane. And like that, one more time, I started to shake and writhe, my arms almost giving up as I reached the most delicious orgasm ever in my whole life. I hollered so loud, the neighbors would think he was killing me. Speaking of Freddie, he came right after I cried out his name for the third time. The boy gripped my hips so tightly, digging his fingers inside my skin, I'm sure he would leave marks. My body finally collapsed of exhaustion, and Freddie followed suit, right on top of me. I grunted, feeling his weight crushing me, but it wasn't for long, because he rolled off me catching his breath.

"The... most... amazing... fucking... thing... ever!" he said.

"My... damn... god... holy... Jesus..." I whimpered "I'm done... literally, the best thing ever!"

"Yeah..." he chuckled "I love you Sam"

"Don't go getting all sappy on me now Benson. Let me recover for a while and I'll make you scream" I ran my hands over his sweat abs.

"Oh Puckett, I'll make you holler till you pass out!" he smirked kissing my neck.

"Damn it! Give me a break Benson!" I whimpered.

"Nope... no breaks for you" he said coming over me again. I moaned and just accepted the fact that I was doomed.

We didn't get any sleep until five in the morning. The boy kept me up all night and fucked me until I begged him for some rest. I knew Marissa would be going crazy right now, her baby boy never spent the night out with a girl before, but we had Gun Smoke on our side and that should be enough to calm her down. And maybe she's even getting some right now. About eleven o'clock, I was sleeping so soundly, when I heard Freddie's phone ringing.

"Get up nerd" I mumbled "your fucking phone is ringing... get rid of it!"

He hummed some incoherent words, but nevertheless got up and reached for his phone.

"Hello?" he mumbled sleepily "yeah it's me..."

"Who is it?" I grunted.

"Hi Natalie..." suddenly his tone of voice changed, like he suddenly woke up "what...?"

Who the fuck was Natalie? I opened my eyes and looked at his face. He was frowning, and seemed concerned. After a minute or so, Freddie dropped his phone on the floor.

"What? What's the matter?" I got up and walked over him, still glowing from our previous fuck-me-nonstop night.

"Soph... she's dead"

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**Alrighty guys. I know this lemon was... well a bit too dirty, but I had to put it, since many of you can see in my reviews, my lovely friend Anna, gave me this lemon as a gift and just made me put it in this chapter. I was supposed to update yesterday, but I couldn't with all the dairness from Monday I was just fangirling like a crazy person. Okay, so I'll be quick, first of all, this is chapter was to solve things out with Leonard, so we can all move on. Next chapter will be the last, some drama in the beginning, but it will soon end so we can have all the seddieness back. Anyway, I have the sequel planned out, but as soon as I finish this fic, I'll write something else. Don't worry, it's a quick Seddie fic, it will have ten chapters and won't be too long. It will be a drama, so if you like drama, go read it! And I'll be giving you guys a sneak peek of the first chapter in the last one of this fic. Don't worry, I'm not going to take a long time to update the sequel, the new fics going to be pretty quick and it will give me time to really prepare for the sequel.**

**Thanks for all the reviews, and if you guys could just help me reach 900 reviews that would be awesome! And Anna, please don't call me bitch on the internet!**

## \*Chapter 55\*: The End Where I Begin

So, things have been pretty rough for me right now, but I found the will to continue this fic, because of you guys, always supporting me. This is for you. I hope the chapter is not too short, but all the problems were already solved and this is just the resolution. The ending and the new beginning. Thank you guys so much for all the support and love.

-S. Benson

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*Sometimes tears say all there is to say. Sometime your first scars won't ever fade, away...*

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Sam's POV

It's been two days since Sophie funeral. I was on my way to the Bushwell Plaza, thinking about how things can change suddenly. Life is so damn short, and sometimes it passes us by so quickly, like a flash, we don't even get to enjoy it fully because we're too worried about shallow and stupid things. With Sophie gone, I started to think a lot about things I never did before, like future and stuff. I never quite thought about what I was going to be doing ten years from now, and before Freddie I never even knew if I wanted a family.

I know for sure I want him there, with me, but I never really thought about much more than that. Things with my mother are better now, but they weren't always this peachy. My dad I didn't even know, although I would always wonder where he was or what he was doing. My sister and I barely speak, and it's not like she doesn't try, because she does, but I was still too hurt to let her in and admit I missed her. Mel and I were always together, like Batman and Robin, mom wasn't always around so we had to take care of each other. When she got the scholarship I thought for sure she was going to decline it, Mel wouldn't leave me all alone to deal with mom. But she accepted it and moved away as quickly as possible.

For years I was mad at her for leaving me behind and all alone, when I would never do that to her. It wasn't like I didn't want to escape either, there were nights when mom came home drunk and I had to deal with her, help her puke and put her in bed, because Mel kept sobbing and whining on the floor. I wanted an escape from that too, but I would never leave her behind. I hated her guts for what she did, and although I don't hate her anymore I didn't actually kept much contact with her.

She was my twin sister for Pete's sake! At the time, I never thought that we were different and just because I wouldn't do something it didn't mean she wouldn't too. My first reaction was anger, because I wouldn't leave her behind like she left me, that was the right thing to do in my mind, but Melanie was different from me, and maybe the right thing to do in her mind was leave. I met Carly, who became a sister to me, but there were those days when I just missed Melanie.

The day I came back from Sophie's funeral, I kept thinking about that, and decided to call her. We talked about three hours, we said things we never said before and although I still think she is a wuss and a prissy, I have to admit solving my story with her felt nice. Of course she sobbed and whimpered, like the little girl that she is, and I was disgusted, but I kept my most sharp comments for another time. Mother was very pleased we were on good terms again, and to be honest, so did I.

I've been thinking a lot, and although that's never a good sign, I've been analyzing certain things. I couldn't help but feel bad for Freddie in a certain way. Even though I just reconnected with my sister, I had Melanie, Carly had Spencer, Gibby had Guppy and Brad had his sister, but Freddie... he had no one. AlFreddo didn't have any siblings and he must've felt lonely as a child. Back in the day I never thought about this, but now I see that I kinda helped him feel more and more alone whenever I told him nobody would love him and that we're not friends. This of course, it's on the past, and now he's doing much better, we're doing much better.

Speaking of Le Dork, he's been awfully quiet and bummed since Sophie died. Freddie had a great, big heart that could fit an entire nation inside, and he took a liking to people very quickly. To be honest, he is a bit too caring, but this is one of the flaws that make me love him so much. He didn't say a word about Sophie, no one single verb about anything that happened. My guess is that, if he avoided talking about it, then it wouldn't hurt as much, it wouldn't feel like it happened. The funeral was sad, and Freddie was quiet the whole time.

Sophie's mom, Natalie, couldn't stand being around anyone, she was too bummed and needed to lie down. Sophie's dad, Mason, had to take care of everything on his own, of course he had family and close friends to help, but in the end he was all alone. The funeral was one of the most difficult things I had to do, saying goodbye wasn't easy, and even thought I didn't know her for too long, I knew the basics, she was a sweet, witty and amazing little girl who deserved better than this, she deserved to have a life filled with happiness.

Even though she had cancer, and her parents had to be prepared for the worst, the death was a shock to everyone, especially the doctors. Soph was doing just fine, improving, responding to the treatment and one day she just... died. It didn't make any sense, but I guess God knows what he's doing, otherwise we wouldn't be here.

I didn't bother to knock on Freddie's door, because it was Saturday and Marissa was home, so I just opened the door and announced my presence.

"Hello there people" I greeted Marissa, who was in the kitchen and Gun Smoke, who was watching the game on TV.

"Hey Sam" he said, not taking his eyes off the game.

"Samantha" Marissa said over her shoulder "will you have lunch with us?"

"What are you cooking?" I peeked over the counter.

"Steak, a salad, baked potatoes and carrots"

"Can I pass the carrots? I hate them!"

"Sure... if you want to have bad hair" she shrugged.

"Bad hair?" I asked.

"You know, carrots are very good for the hair" she said "and I know my Freddie loves your hair. You should take a good care of it"

"Oh..." I trailed off. Freddie did like my hair... but those were carrots, and I wasn't about to make an exception just because Freddie liked my hair "no, I'll pass"

"Suit yourself" she said flatly "but it would keep your hair shiny and strong, and you would never have to worry about chemical products like the ones Carly uses" dang it! Freddie was right, this woman could be very persuasive.

"Fine! A few won't kill" I sighed "where's Freddie?"

"In his room" Gun Smoke answered from the living room "he's been there since the funeral... can you get him out?"

"I'll try papa Joe" I joked and he growled "I'll try, but if you hear screams, don't worry just cover your ears"

Marissa gave me a mortified look, and I just grinned in satisfaction. She's making me eat carrots; I have to have my revenge somehow. I ignored her protests and her cries for me to leave the door open, I just waved her off and made a beeline for Freddie's room. I knocked on the door twice, before opening it. Le Dorkhead was sitting on his bed, legs stretched, reading *The Perks Of Being Wallflower*. He saw me and smiled, closed his book and placed it on the nightstand.

"Hey" I said coyly.

"Hey..." he said softly.

"How you're doing nerd boy?" I sat on the edge of his bed, next to him.

"I'm..." he thought for a while, choosing the better answer to give me "fine"

"Fine huh?" I asked suspiciously "okay, if you say so" I shrugged.

"I'm okay Sam, believe me" he held his arms open for me, and I straddled his lap and wrapped my arms around his neck.

"You being the sappy nub you are, all emotional and shit, I have to ask, do you want to talk about it?"

"No, I don't wanna talk about it" I glared at him "but I do want to talk about something"

"Okay, do tell" I pulled back a little, arms on his shoulders, to pay better attention at his face.

"What do you think I should do about Leonard?"

Okay, I didn't expect him to ask my opinion in this matter. Freddie was very reserved when it comes to his problems with Leonard, and usually he talks to Gun Smoke about it. Sure he told me what happened, but he never ever asked my opinion in this subject before.

"Well..." I was so unprepared for this conversation I had to think for a while "I don't know Freddie, I mean sure he made mistakes, bad mistakes and his problems with his own dad don't justify what he did to you, but if he's trying"

He looked at me and nodded.

"All I'm saying, or trying to say is, you have two guys who want to be your father, and yeah right, his timing is a little wrong, but better late than never right?" he nodded again "besides you don't have to compromise in being his son, like he said he just wants to be your friend. You could talk to him from time to time, and if he screw up again it won't hurt so much, because now you have a father"

"So... you're saying that I should let him be my friend and not my father?"

"Whatever you feel more comfortable with. I know that maybe you will never look at him and see a father, but I don't know if you should cut him off your life. And you're not the one who always says everyone deserves a second chance? There you go, take your own advice" I suggested.

"Uh..." he paused "what about you?"

"What about me?"

"You're not curious about your dad? I mean, do you even know anything about him?" he said, toying with my hair.

"No. I know everything there is to know about him" I shrugged "he is a low life scumbag, that's pretty much it"

"Did your mother tell you that?" he raised his eyebrows.

"No, but what kind of man abandons his own kids? I tell you what kind, a low life scumbag!"

"Leonard did the same thing, and you're telling me to give the guy a second chance. Shouldn't you take your own advice?" he poked my ribs playfully.

"Ugh Freddie!" I whined "don't think I don't know what you're doing. Occupying your mind with my problems so you won't have to deal with your own"

"That's... true. I'm sorry Sam... I've been doing a lot of thinking lately, about life and stuff, and I don't know... I thought you might like some closure too, or maybe just you know... I don't know, I'm sorry"

I looked down, thinking a little bit. It was a fact I didn't know who he was or what he was doing with his life and to be fair I was a bit curious, but was it enough to go for it? To try to reach out to him and be disappointed? Pam never spoke much of him, not when she was sober anyway, and I never really asked, I didn't really wanna know. However I always felt like some part of me was missing, his whole side of the family was a blur, and that bothered me. I didn't like to feel like a bastard.

"Maybe... I don't know Freddie, it's been so long and I'm not sure if I wanna know anything about him"

"Well... if you want me to track him down I can. Think about this..." his voice changed from morbid, to eager "we can find him, drive there and you can meet him"

"Freddie..." I sighed "I don't know okay! Jeez!"

"If you do this I can do the Leonard thing" he said "come on! If I can do this, so can you"

"Just because you can do something doesn't mean that I have too!" I snapped "we're not one Freddie! We're two different persons! Jesus!"

He opened his mouth, about to say something but decided against it. Instead he looked down, his arms falling to his sides. I felt cold without the warmth of his touch, and regretted talking to him like that, even if he was trying to run away from his problems he had good intentions, he always did. I sighed and cupped his face.

"I'm sorry" I said softly "I know you just want me to be happy, but I'm not ready to talk about it, or do something about it. My father is a subject I don't like to touch"

"No" he sighed "I'm sorry... I shouldn't push you to do something you don't want just because I want to run away from my problems"

"Nah, it's fine" I shrugged off "I push you, you push me, that's how we roll!"

"That's not normal"

"We're not normal, and you know what I mean, we just roll different than everyone else"

"You got that right" he chuckled "but we love each other that should be enough"

"It is! And you buy me good food, you're clean and smell nice and you're good in bed" I said matter-of-factly.

"Oh! Is that so? That's why you love me?" I nodded "alright, I can live with that"

"Oh you will, cause there is no way you can get away from me Benson"

"I wouldn't even try" he pressed his lips softly against mine, licking my bottom lip waiting for the entrance, I gave him eagerly.

Freddie gripped my waist and shifted, laying me on the bed, coming on top of me. He grabbed a handful of my hair with one hand and with the other he interlaced our fingers. The kiss was sweet, oh so sweet, like we haven't been kissing in a while. He stroked my cheek lovingly and rolled his tongue against mine. After a minute or so he pulled away, giving me a long and soft peck on the lips before kissing my chin and laying his head on my chest. My hands went automatically to his hair, to caress his scalp. The moments like these were the ones I appreciated the most. The quiet moments, when we didn't need to say anything, just enjoy each other's company; those were the ones I would remember forever.

"Samantha! Fredward!" Marissa called from the kitchen "lunch is ready!"

And now my sweet moment was ruined by Marissa Crazy Benson. Freddie groaned, and I did the same. He lifted his head up and kissed both my breasts before standing up. He held his hand for me.

"Let's go Princess"

"Yeah, I hope I can survive the carrots!" I groaned and he chuckled.

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#### Carly's POV

I had everything prepared for tonight. Candles, cute lingerie, clean white sheets and most importantly, no Spencer. I asked Maya to help me get him out of the house for the night, it was a hard thing for me to do, because I usually don't go around sharing private details of my life with any of Spencer's girlfriend, but Maya is different. Of course she gave me that knowing smirk and a wink, which made me blush. I've been dating Brad for a while now, and I like him so much, it's time to go to the next step.

Having sex with Griffin is my biggest regret, I should've never wasted on him something so private and special. Back then I thought we had a connection, even feelings for each other, but now I see it wasn't true, none of it. Is no secret that I've always been a boy crazy kind of girl, and being alone is my weak spot, I like being admired by boys, I like when they flirt with me and give me full attention. Shallow, I know and I'm trying to change, but boys had always been a big part of my life. My world does not evolve around it, but it is in fact a big part of it.

The only guy I've ever went far beyond the line was Griffin, and it was only two times, before him all of my relationships were about making out PG-13 style and holding hands. Brad is different from any other guy I've ever dated, with him I don't have to worry if my hair is perfect or if my makeup is right, he likes me despite the looks and I appreciate that. I've told a few boys, including Griffin that I loved them, but looking back right now I realize I didn't really. The feeling I get when I'm with Brad can't be compared to anything I've ever felt before. I wish I haven't been so stupid, if I was smarter and not a foolish little girl, this could have been my first time, with the guy I really love. Freddie once told me *you can't erase the past, but you can write a new future*, and that's what I'm doing tonight.

I made sure Sam wouldn't be here either, but that was easy because since that little girl's funeral she's been around Freddie a lot. She knows that he was very attached to Sophie and that he's very sad she is gone, so Sam is trying to be supportive, well... as much as Sam can be. Alone in my apartment, I settle everything in its right place and waited for Brad to arrive. He thinks we're having dinner and watching a movie like any other date. What I like about him so much is, that sometimes he can be so naïve, which make him different from Griffin. I heard a knock on the door, and my heart went BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. It's time.

Taking a deep breath I opened it slowly, revealing my boyfriend dressed in casual clothes. Denim jeans, a blue sweater and sneakers.

"Hey baby" he said with a smile.

"Hey you" I leaned forward and gave him a chaste kiss "come on in sweetie"

I tried to act as cool as I could, but on the inside I was freaking out. I'd only been intimate with one guy before, and even though I love Brad I couldn't help but be nervous. I smoothed my dress and sat on the couch, Brad followed suit, putting his arm around me.

"So? Whatcha wanna do today?" he asked casually.

"Oh... I made us dinner..." I gulped "you wanna... eat now?"

"You're nervous" he stated "why are you nervous?"

"Oh, you know... you never ate my food before..." I lied "and I'm afraid you'll not like it"

"Oh come on Carls, I love you, I will love your food" he chuckled.

"Alright then. Let's eat"

After dinner, I washed the dishes and Brad helped me dry them. I gave him a thousand glances from the corner of my eye, and he always caught me. By the time we ended cleaning up the kitchen he already knew something was up.

"Carly?" he called when we were in the couch watching a movie "what's wrong?"

"Wrong?" I gulped "nothing is wrong baby"

"Yes, there is something wrong. You're different, acting weird and you look nervous"

"Ah..." I paused.

"Tell me what's wrong" he cupped my chin and made me look at him.

"Brad..." I took a deep breath "let's go upstairs"

"You wanna show me something?"

"Yeah" I grabbed him by the collar of his sweater and pressed my lips against his.

I put all of me in this kiss. Everybody knows I can't be the most fatal and sexy girl in the world, but I managed to make him groan a couple of times during that kiss. Of course I'm not all oblivious to the seduction art, and Sam is a lot of help. She never been with many guys, and sexually she only had Freddie, but the girl is a natural, like she knows what she's doing and when she should do it. It's scary. After I pulled away Brad seemed a little dazed, like somebody hit him in the head, I smiled, feeling satisfied with my work.

"I love you" I said simply.

"I love you too Carly" now he was nervous.

"Let's go upstairs" I stood up and grabbed his hand.

He smiled and followed me to my room. Tonight I wanted to feel close to him, like I've never been to anyone, and I know he's going to make it so special.

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*... Sometimes we don't learn from our mistakes. Sometimes we've no choice but to walk away, away...*

---

Freddie's POV

I've been down. Lately, seems like everything around me is crumbling down, and when I manage to rebuild myself, something new comes right after, and falls over me again. I miss the times when everything was so simple, just school, iCarly and Sam beating my ass every day. Speaking of Sam, she is the best thing in my life right now. Since Sophie funeral, she's been so sweet to me, or as sweet as Sam can be. I don't really like to think about my recent problems, thinking about it makes it more real, and right now I'm in denial.

Sophie's death is a forbidden subject around me. I'm in denial, I don't want to think about it. She was doing so good, and I can't understand why any of this happened, seems like God is punishing me for something I did, by throwing all this shit on me. Honestly, I don't get it. I'm a good person, a good son and a good boyfriend, I really don't know why I deserve so much shit. If past life exists, like I believe, don't tell that to my mom, I guess I've been a bad person and now I'm paying for my sins.

Okay, okay, that was a little bit exaggerated, but I'm just so... surrounded by problems that I don't even know what to think. And don't even get me started on the Leonard subject. Solving things with him was easier than I thought it would be, but it doesn't mean I'm ready to have him in my life. The more I think about it, the more confused I get, and my mother is not helping. She's been nervous about my decision and I get it, it will affect all of us, but she keeps pushing me to make up my mind, and constantly asking me if I wanna talk.

UGH! I need a break!

After dinner, I decided that I needed to get out of the house. I called Sam and asked her to go to the park, walk a little and grab an ice cream, and of course she didn't say no, Sam never says no to any contents she might ingest. I picked her out on her house; Pam and Marvin are in Vegas for the rest of the week.

"So Fredcream..." she started "what's the deal?"

Its impressive how she can read me, she looks at me and she knows something is up. Oh this girl...

"Nothing" I said, in vain of course, I knew she would caught me in a lie.

Sam licked her ice cream and shifted in the bench. She looked up, gazing at the starry sky.

"You know I'm going to find out eventually. You're a terrible liar, we already established that, and I have people skill, mad skills. I'm going to get it out of you eventually Fredward and it's not going to be pretty, so why don't you save us the trouble and tell me once and for all?"

There is no point hiding anything from this girl. She knows something is up, so she'll chase me to the depths of hell and get it out of me. But I wasn't ready to let her win yet.

"Did you consider what we talked about earlier?" I asked.

"What we talked about earlier? You know mama doesn't have the best memory when it comes to words"

"About you finding your father..." she gave me a glared but I continued anyway "come on Sam, won't you curious? You have to be at least a little bit"

"Freddie, stop that okay? Just because you have daddy issues that need to be fixed, it doesn't mean I do too!" she shouted.

"Listen, I know that! I just thought that maybe..." I paused and sighed "sorry, I don't even know what I was thinking"

"It's fine" she licked the rest of her ice cream "I get it, you know? You have so much in your head right now, you wanna escape your problems, but you can't do that hiding behind mine"

"I guess you're right... sorry babe" I kissed the top of her head.

"Eh, it's fine" she finished her ice cream and got up "the night is beautiful. Let's go for a walk then we can go to my place. There's something I want to show you"

"Okay sweetheart" she grimaced and I laughed "sorry"

We walked for about twenty minutes around the park, holding hands and talking about constellations and space. Sam didn't understand anything about it, and I did my best to explain, but she got tired eventually and told me to shut up. Walking back to where I parked my car, I saw a big, beautiful tree with purple flowers. Can you believe it? Purple flowers in this time of year? It's not even spring! I had an idea. We got into the car and I started the engine.

Ten minutes later we were on Sam's house. I dropped my keys on the counter top, the same idea I had in the park still hanging around inside of my head. It would be a great surprise for Sam, and although I know she doesn't like romance, this will definitely be something she's enjoy. I hope.

"So? You wanted to show me something?" I said.

"Yeah, but first call your mother, tell her you're not going home tonight" she said, throwing her coat in the couch.

"Sam... she'll freak!"

"Then tell your dad" I got a little giddy every time someone says that "tell him I'm all alone here..." she started with an innocent voice "that mommy is not home and Sammy is afraid. She needs company"

"Okay... I can do that" I kissed her forehead and called home.

My mother was being less pushy and over-protective, but she still was Marissa Benson. Meaning; she would freak with the thought of me in Sam's house for the whole night. Mother still swears I'm a pretty little virgin, innocent boy. Oh well... I guess when I'm a father I will want to believe the same thing about my daughter. Took me half an hour to convince mom to let me stay, I must say dad was very helpful, as always. Wow, still a little awkward to say it, but in the good way.

"Pronto! I can stay..." I turned around and realized Sam wasn't here "Sam? Where are you?"

"Here Benson" she got out of the kitchen dressed in an orange sweat pants and a shirt with Chuck Norris' face on it.

"Hey... nice PJs" I chuckled.

"Oh... look in the back of it!" she turned her back to me.

In the back of her white shirt, it was written in big bold letters; *Imma roundhouse kick ya sucka!*

"Pretty" I laughed "very pretty!"

"I know right!" she smiled "anyway, while you were in the phone with mama Crazy, I made us some snacks, took a bath and changed... wow, she talks like hell!"

"Okay" I tried to get into her room but she stepped in front of me "what now?"

"You can't walk in here like that" she shook her head.

"Like what?" I looked down.

"First, go take a shower" she pointed at the bathroom "there are clean towels there"

"So now I'm too dirty to walk into your room?" I crossed my arms.

"Not any other day"

"What's so special about today?"

"You'll see" she smirked "anyway... take a shower, there's a shirt there waiting for you. Don't put your pants though, just leave the boxers"

"Alright..." I trailed off suspicious.

"I grabbed a few of your bathroom stuff this morning while you were helping your mom with the dishes" she said matter-of-factly.

"You mean you stole my things?"

"Just a tooth brush, and your soap, mama loves that thing"

"Okay Sam... I'll do that" I pressed my lips against hers briefly and marched to the bathroom.

Just when you think you know Sam... she goes and steals hygenic utensils from your bathroom... Oh well. When I came back, Sam wasn't in the living room and the door of her bedroom was closed. I rolled my eyes with a smile on my face and knocked on the door.

**(You guys should totally read this following scene listening to Paramore's *The Only Exception*)**

"May I come in?"

"*Sure thing Benson! But careful on your way in! Be gentle! Smooth!*" she replied.

"Alright Sam" I just hope whatever she's planning doesn't involve me getting hurt in some way "I'm coming in!"

I opened the door and the first thing I saw was a bunch of blankets. Her whole room was covered in blankets, like a big tent. They were from different colors, some had figures, the rest were plain, but they covered the whole room.

"Sam?" I called.

"Hey dork!" her voice came from bellow me.

Sam was kneeling inside the blanket mess. She had the most beautiful smile on her face.

"What's all that?" I asked.

"*Fort Puckett*, and you're not invited, you're my prisoner!" she smirked deviously.

"What...?" I chuckled.

"A blanket fort, dweeb! Jeez, didn't have a childhood I see" she shook her head "poor little Fredward"

"A blanket fort? Won't you a bit too old for this?"

"Old? Who's old? You're old!" I slapped my shin "come down here and let me show you the awesomeness of my blanket fort!"

I chuckled, but kneeled and joined her into The Fort Puckett. Inside the mess of blankets, there were a lot of things, interesting things. At least ten or twelve pillows were holding the structure of the fort, and another six on the floor. I'm pretty sure she put up about three thick bedspreads on the floor to make it smooth enough for us to lie down comfortably. Sam took her time to decorate the thing too, with Christmas's lights and three table lamps because the room was dark. The stuffed cangaroo I gave her on our second date was there too, lying on the floor, smiling.

"So?" she asked.

"WOW! You did all that in half an hour?" I'm amazed!

"Mama is pretty useful when she wants to be dork" she smirked.

"You sure are Princess Puckett" I sat down next to her and kissed her forehead "this is amazing Sam"

"You need to relax a little Fredtense" she moved and sat behind me, leaning against the pillow "let mama help you out a little, okay?"

"Sure thing" I leaned against her, and she wrapped her arms around my shoulders.

"Now... movie" she grabbed the remote and turned on the TV.

The medium size, flat screen, TV that Marvin gave to her, was also on the floor along with the DVD. Sam told me to turn off the table lamps, because the light from the TV would be enough to light up Fort Puckett.

"We're going to start with the original *Willy Wonka and The Chocolate Factory*, then we'll see the better version, Tim Burton's fantastic *Charlie and The Chocolate Factory*!" she told me, kissing my neck sweetly.

"Alright!"

"Oh, and remember that you once told me we couldn't really watch *The Chocolate Factory* without candy?" I nodded "so I arranged that too" Sam uncovered a bunch of candy.

"Wow Sam!" I gaped... there's gotta be at least ten different types of candy in there "this is amazing"

"I know" she chuckled "and I'm even going to share with you tonight"

"Oh, that's news" I smiled and turned around so I could look at her "you're the best girlfriend in the world and I love you"

"You should Benson; you should love me a lot"

"I do... a lot!" I kissed her deeply, and sweetly.

"I know, you say that every day!" she rolled her eyes but smiled.

"You better get used to that pretty lady" I said with my fake southern accent.

"Alright Benson, enough with the crap, let's watch the movie and have a sugar overdose!"

We watched the two Chocolate Factory movies, ate all the candy we could manage and fell asleep to the sound of The Cure's MTV Unplugged. *Boys Don't Cry* gotta be one of my favorite songs of all times, and I'm pretty glad Sam and I dig the same kind of music. Speaking of Sam... man she's so amazing! She took the time to build a blanket fort just to make me a little happier, and she's been nothing but amazing these days, not too sweet, not too bitter, she's been both, in the right amount, which always pleased me more than anything. This girl... oh this girl. If she wanted to get my mind off the problems, then she succeeded. Is even possible for someone to be so imperfectly perfect?

Next morning I woke up earlier and went to the park work on my surprise. Sam was sleeping soundly when I came back two hours later. I made her breakfast and woke her up with a kiss. She ate it eagerly and we took a shower together. No, no fun time, just shower. I washed her hair and she washed my back. After that we changed and headed to the Bushwell Plaza. On our way there I stopped by the park, it's time to show her my surprise.

"Why are we here?" she asked, getting out of the car.

"I have a surprise for you Princess Puckett" I grabbed her hand and kissed it.

"Okay... I'm not a fan of surprises, but I guess I should be used to that by now" she shrugged.

"You're going to love this" I wasn't sure if she was going to love it, but it was worth a shot "come on"

"Alright" I lead her further into the park.

"Okay. Close your eyes" she groaned, but did what I asked.

"This better be good Benson"

"It will be" I let go of her hand and put her in front of the tree "open it"

"Okay" she opened her eyes, visibly annoyed, but when she saw my surprise, those same eyes went wide "what?"

I spent two hours this morning engraving carefully on the tree. What we had was something solid, that would last forever, and I wanted the world to see it too. Took me a lot of work, but I managed to write *Seddie* with big, perfect shaped letters. (Props to Sarah Lee, I had to modify a little). I chose *Seddie* because it was the junction of me and her, Sam and Freddie were just... too far apart, I needed something that would unite us, making us one. No hearts, no, just a name. I knew Sam would freak if I'd put a heart in there. But I did add something below, 01.03.09.

"I know it's a little too much, and that you don't like romance... but I wanted to do it. I'm a big nub, I know that too, but I think of our love as something strong and beautiful, like this tree and I wanted to make it ours"

"Freddie..." she whispered, still looking at the tree "this is ridiculous"

My heart stopped. Of all things I expected her to say, this was not on the list. I felt stupid for even doing it, I know Sam is not the kind of girl who likes this sort of thing and I should've known better than to do that.

"I'm sorry... I don't know what I was thinking. If you want I can..."

"Ridiculously sweet. Maybe too sweet, but so cute" she said ignoring me "so... beautiful. This must've been hard to do"

"Well..." I looked down at my slightly bruised hands "a little"

"That must've take a lot of time" she turned to me, grabbing my hands in hers "and you hurt yourself"

"No big deal" I shrugged.

"01.03.09? Our first kiss?" she asked.

"Yes. That was when it all started, that's when we started to look at each other with other eyes. That kiss was the match that sparked our fire" she looked at me for a while without saying anything.

"Never before in my life, had I thought would someone do this for me. This is the sort of thing boys do to Carly, or girls like her, not me. And you keep doing all this stuff I never thought anyone would bother to do, and it's for me..." she looked down at her bracelet.

"Always for you Princess Puckett" I kissed both her hands.

She smiled widely and kissed me. The kiss was so very intense, it made me shiver. There was nothing sexual about that kiss, just feelings. Love.

"You rock Benson... not always, but I guess you're entitled to have your moments" she shrugged.

"Thank you Samantha" I chuckled.

She smiled and kissed me, so sweetly I could taste a bit of heaven. Sam is not the sweetest girl in the world, but I guess she has her moments too. And this is definitely one of those I will remember forever.

"This is awesome in a very sappy way" she said.

"I can live with that" I laughed and kissed the top of her head "let's get going then Princess Puckett, our tree is going to be there when we get back"

"It better be, because I really dig this chizz"

---

*... Tried to break my heart, well it's broke. Tried to hang me high, well I'm choked.*

*Wanted rain on me, well I'm soaked, soaked to the skin...*

---

Sam's POV

Freddie was sweet enough to wake up before me and made some breakfast. I was trying to cheer him up last night and apparently I succeeded, because he woke up in a great mood. First, he made mini pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, coffee and some orange juice. I gotta say the nub is not all bad in the oven, but his coffee is certainly the best thing he's done so far. The best coffee I've ever tasted, so... wow, amazing. Last night was so good, we had fun like we didn't in a while, just basic good fun like normal couples do. It might have taken me a little work to put up *Fort Puckett* together when he was talking on the phone with his mom, but I don't regret it. It made him happy and that is what I was going for.

After breakfast we hang out for a while in the fort, talked about stuff and made out a little. I didn't push him to talk about anything really, because I just really wanted to have fun with him. And then he blew me away by doing something incredibly ridiculously sweet. I know Freddie is a romantic sweet boy and he knows I'm not a romantic sweet girl, but somehow the cheesy things he does works for me. The boy does things that I never expected anyone to do, and that impresses me.

Romance never had room in my life, until Freddie came along. I guess I can say I'm not a romantic girl, or that I don't like it because I never experienced it. Boys have been afraid of me most of my life, the ones who didn't were jerks and the one who weren't jerks were gay. Well, I guess the dork is better than any other guy, because he's just naturally amazing, he doesn't have to force it. When he does, I confess it irritates me, but when he let it flows, just naturally, it kinda sweeps me off my feet, and that's a hard thing to do. Surprisingly I'm not scared of that anymore.

And he was bold enough to do stuff he's not sure I'm going to like. He can't guess what my reaction will be, but he does it anyway. January 3, 2009, our first kiss. He said it was the match that sparked our fire, and that was exactly when I started to have feelings for him. I guess things must've changed for him too that night.

Life was good.

"I gotta let my mother know I'm alive, but you go ahead and eat all of the contents of Carly's fridge" he told me.

"Okay" I tiptoed and kissed him "you go ahead and let mama Benson know I didn't eat you up alive... although I really wanted to"

"Alright Princess" he kissed my forehead and walked into his apartment. I smiled and walked into Carly's "Carlotta?"

I made a beeline for the fridge, like always and called her again. Soon enough I had reach the ham and the creamy cheese. Mama is happy.

"Carle? You're home?" I turned the TV on and sat on the couch "guess not"

Girly Cow was on, and I was impressed at how many times I've turned on this TV and this saw this thing. It's like a never ending show. I shook my head and changed the channels.

"Oh! The Fairly Oddparents!" no one is home, so they won't catch me watching Timmy Turner and his pink shirt.

I was just bursting into laughing when Carly stormed downstairs wearing nothing but an oversized masculine sweater. Her hair was all messed up and her skin was sweaty and glowing. She saw me and her eyes went wide.

"Hey... I didn't know you were here..." she said gingerly "so...? How long you've been here?"

"Not long" I turned off the TV before she could see what I was watching.

"Okay..."

"So..." I looked at her, all of her, and then it suddenly hit me "you did sweet love with Justin Bieber look alike?"

"Sam!" she flushed.

"I take this as a yes" I grinned "so? Was it good?"

"I don't feel comfortable talking about this"

"Oh come on! I'm your best friend! Tell me!" I asked her but she shook her head "come on it can't be that hard! Listen to how I do it. Oh my god, I had sex with Freddie and it was awesome! He's so good, and dreamy. He was so amazing, really good in the sack!"

"Sam!" she protested "oh my god... this is so embarrassing!"

"Come on Carly! Tell me! Tell me, tell me! Please!" I pouted.

"Alright... he is amazing. So sweet, and damn it Sam, at the end, there was this thing... a feeling so powerful and amazing..." she breathed "oh my god..."

"It's called an orgasm Carly, and you never had one before?"

"No..." her face was bright red now "with Griffin... I didn't feel that, it was all pretty quick"

"WOW! So he's lame in the sack. Huh... at least Brad wasn't right?" she nodded and smiled "Man, I'm a lucky girl. I mean Freddie is so awesome, it's like he was born for this"

"Good for you" Carly looked up "so... you're going to stay here?"

"I was thinki-" the realization hit me in the head "oh my god, he's still there!" I laughed.

"Shhh! Be quiet!" she hissed.

"Alright Shay, I'm sorry" I chuckled "I'm going to go now... and leave you and Brad alone... have fun" I smirked.

"Oh my god! This is so embarrassing" I heard her say when I walked out of the apartment.

I made a beeline to Freddie's room, opening the door of his apartment, and greeting Gun Smoke, who was on his way out. Freddie was just finishing changing his shirt, and I caught a sight of those delicious abs.

"Hey babe" he said sweetly.

"Hey you" I sat on his bed "what's the agenda for today?"

"I had a brilliant idea" he said with an eager smile of his face.

"Do tell"

"You keep saying I'm trying to escape my problems, by occupying my head with yours right?" I nodded "so, I found a better way to run away from my problems"

"Share with me Benson"

"We're going away for a little trip" his smile grew wider "runaway... literally"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm tired of being here. My mother keeps pushing me to make a decision about Leonard, I'm constantly thinking about Sophie and what went wrong... I'm just tired of it all Sam. I need a break from this"

"Yeah, but how does running away will solve those problems?"

"It will take my mind out of it. It's something I never did before, something crazy... something new. Pure adrenaline!" he sounded like a eager little boy "it's going to be for at least a week, the last week of summer"

"Benson... you forget your mother can find you anywhere in the world? You do have a chip inside your nerdy brain"

"Yeah I do, but when I fell and hit my head after the accident at The Arcade, the chip stopped working"

"Oh..." I didn't like to be reminded of that awful day "so? Where do you suggest we go?"

"San Francisco. I heard they have great food there, the sight is amazing and I always wanted to drive across the Golden Gate Bridge"

"You had me in the good food part" he smiled "so when are we leaving?"

"Today... in fact, I'm already packed! So now we have to go to your house and pack!" he paused "oh, take a bikini with you, because we'll be going to the beach!"

"Okay"

"Oh, the blue bikini! You know how much I love it" he smirked.

"Good memories" I mused.

"Yeah... good memories" he mused "but we can create new ones with it"

"Totally!" I jumped off the bed and kissed him eagerly "this will be fun. Wanna write mommy a goodbye letter?"

"Already did Puckett" he said cockily.

"You're pathological Benson" I chuckled when he frowned.

"You have no room to talk about me. You're crazy!" he followed me out of the room.

"You're stupid! Why are you so stupid?" I smiled, closing the apartment door behind me.

"I'm stupid? You're a maniac Sam, honestly I don't know how I can put up with you!" he snickered pressing the elevator button.

"Because no other girl will be willing to have sex with your nubish ass!" I laughed and he joined me ignoring Lewbert's screams "I don't know how I can put up with your ugly face!"

"Ugly face? Please, you love my face! And besides, you know I can do stuff to you no other guy can" he smirked making a beeline to the parking lot.

"Yeah, I'm keeping you because you're good in the sack" I shrugged, getting into the car.

"So do you" he started the engine "please be quick when you pack. We have a thirteen hour's drive ahead of us!"

"Let's get going then" he drove off to my place.

This has the potential to be a train wreck, but I'm not sure if I care. Marissa will sure freak out and call the cops, before she'll faint of course, but honestly, I like seeing this side of Freddie. Bold, fearless... sexy. We still have a week before classes start and I want to spend every minute of it with him. I went home and packed quickly, just the basic stuff and that bikini he loved so much. We drove off after I made him buy me a bag of fatcakes, a bucket of fried chicken and a smoothie.

"You think I'm making the right decision? By running away?" he asked quietly a few minutes after we hit the road.

"A wise man once told me... that you can't run away from your problems. Do you know what I told him?"

"No"

"Shut up Benson!" I smiled and he laughed "simple"

"You're crazy though, you know that right?" he asked.

"And you love me, which makes you crazy as well" I stated, turning on the stereo.

"So, I guess we're both insane" he grabbed my hand and kissed it. I turned up the volume, making his speakers vibrate. He smiled, knowing how much I liked Flo Rida's *Good Feeling*.

*Oh sometimes I get a good feeling, yeah. I get a feeling that I never, never, never, never had before, no, no. I get a good feeling, yeah.* Just like that we

drove off, on our way to California

~FIN~

(For now at least)

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*... It's the end where I begin.*

*It's the end where I begin...*

*(The Script – The End Where I begin)*

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**Hey guys, this is the sneak peek of my new fic called Awake. Like I said before it's a drama, here's the summary: Sam and Freddie thought they were forcing a connection that wasn't there, however three weeks after the break up an accident will show them how mistaken they were.**

Chapter one – Hurts Like Heaven

*It was mutual. He kept telling himself. It was mutual. They both wanted this, because it was better this way. So why it sucks so much? Freddie Benson had been brokenhearted before, but that was nothing that would compare to how he was feeling at that moment. A part of him knew, when Sam stopped the elevator, everything was about to go down. And he wasn't wrong. At that moment, what Carly said had made so much sense, but afterwards he couldn't think why it did.*

*Sure, they were way too different, but was that enough to keep them apart? He didn't know. The truth was, since the moment they decided to end things, he's been regretting every second of it. As soon as he saw her walking out of the elevator, he feared that was it for them, even though, they said someday, Freddie feared that someday would never come. So he had to tell her how he felt, he couldn't move on without letting her know what was in his heart.*

*So he did it. He said the L word and he never regretted it. The feeling that took over him as the words came out of his mouth was inexplicably. Nothing ever felt that way before, saying I love you to someone never meant so much before. In his life, Freddie Benson had said I love you many times. To his mother, father, Carly... but the only time he meant it with every ounce of his soul, was when he said it to Sam Puckett.*

*His tormentor, the bane of his existence... the love of his life. Most people spend a lifetime without feeling what he felt for Sam, and he was deeply sorry for those people. Because what he felt was so strong, and so complete and he knew nothing would ever compare. It was even better when she said it back. She loved him back. And the moment the words escaped her mouth, he wondered so why are we breaking up? Oh right, because we're not ready yet. Or are we? Hard to tell...*

*..."Am I going to be your personal punching bag again?" he asked with a smile, opening the door of Carly's room for her.*

*"Nah... I guess Gibby is easier to beat, and better to humiliate. I'll stick with the verbal attack though"*

*"Fine by me" he shrugged and smiled.*

*The truth was, she knew touching him would be a dangerous deal. Whenever they touch or brushed against each other, she would get goose bumps, and that wasn't something she was ready to let it happen again. Not for a while at least. They were convinced the connection they shared was forced, little did they know some people would give everything to share with someone what they shared. It was a lifetime love, they just had to be ready to see it. And when they did, it would be amazing indeed...*

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Let me clarify things to you guys. **Awake** it's about a car crash that happens on second chapter. This crash will change the lives of Sam and Freddie and connect them in a way they never thought it was possible. It's a drama, so for those of you who don't like it, well, I don't recommend it. I've been known for writing intense drama, so you know what to expect. Also I added a little bit of romance and humor. I hope you all like it! I'll be updating tomorrow probably, so go there and check it out!

## \*Chapter 56\*: iSoundtrack

All songs mentioned in this story:

### ***Chapter 4***

Glee – Jar of Hearts

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### ***Chapter 14***

U2 – All I Want Is You

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### ***Chapter 15***

Parachute – Kiss Me Slowly

Adele – One and Only

Safetysuit – Anywhere But Here

Owl City – If My Heart Was a House

The Script – For the First Time

AM – Running Away

Dashboard Confessional – Stolen

Scissor Sisters – Skin Tight

Ellie Golding – I'll Hold My Breath

The Duke Spirit – Don't Wait

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### ***Chapter 20***

James Blunt – Calling Out Your Name

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### ***Chapter 26***

Owl City – Deer In The Headlights

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### ***Chapter 28***

Maroon 5 feat Lady Antebellum – Out Of Goodbyes

Lady Antebellum – Something 'Bout A Woman

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### ***Chapter 29***

John Mayer – Your Body Is A Wonderland

Maroon 5 – Secret

Kings Of Leon – I Want You

Nine Inch Nails – Closer

Santana feat Rob Thomas – Smooth

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### ***Chapter 34***

Matt Nathanson – Faster

Nicki Minaj – Super Bass

Coldplay – Every Teardrop Is A Waterfall

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### ***Chapter 35***

Parachute – White Dress

Nirvana – Smells Like Teen Spirit

Augustana – Fire

Nirvana – Come As You Are

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***Chapter 37***

Passion Pit – Little Secret

La Roux – I'm Not Your Toy

Elvis Presley – Suspicious Mind

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***Chapter 38***

Ellie Goulding – Heartbeats

Parachute – She (For Liz)

Lou Bega – Mambo Number 5

Sir Mix ALot – Baby Got Back

Pussycat Dolls – Don't Cha

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***Chapter 39***

Patrick Park – Life Is A Song

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***Chapter 40***

Katy Perry – Teenage Dream

The Verve – Lucy Man

Maroon 5 – She Will Be Loved

Michelle Branch – It's you

Parachute – Forever and always

Train – Your every color

Lifehouse – Hanging by a moment

Lady Gaga – You and I

Adele – Crazy for you

Bruno Mars – Just the way you are

Lady Antebellum – Just a kiss

The Script – I'm yours

Snow Patrol – Just say yes

John Mayer – Daughters

The Cranberries – Linger

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***Chapter 42***

Cobra Starship – You Make Me Feel

Neon Trees – Your Surrender

Billie Meyers – Kiss The Rain

Pitbull feat Mark Anthony – Rain Over Me

Glee – I'm Not Gonna Teach Your Boyfriend How To Dance With You

David Guetta feat Flo Rida and Nicki Minaj – Where Them Girls At

Pitbull feat Ne Yo – Give Me Everything

Steven Tyler – (It) Feels So Good

Nelly – Just A Dream

Shakira – Rabiosa  
Usher feat Will.. – OMG  
Parachute – Be Here  
Justin Bieber feat Sean Kingston – Eenie Meenie

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***Chapter 43***

Lil Wayne – Lollipop  
DJ Earworm – Like OMG Baby

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***Chapter 45***

Semisonic – Closing Time

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***Chapter 46***

John Mayer – Slow Dancing In A Burning Room

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***Chapter 47***

Erik Hassle – The Thanks I get

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***Chapter 48***

Pixie Lott – Catching Snowflakes  
Celine Dion – My Heart Will Go On  
Jennifer Lopez – On The Floor  
The Script – Exit Wounds  
The Script – If You Ever Come Back  
The Script – Long Gone Moved On  
The Script – Nothing  
The Script – Breakeven

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***Chapter 49***

Simple Plan feat Natasha Bedingfield – Jet Lag  
Lady Gaga – You And I  
Lifehouse – Everything

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***Chapter 51***

Adele – Set Fire To The Rain

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***Chapter 52***

Lifehouse – Storm  
Maroon 5 – She Will Be Loved

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***Chapter 54***

Maroon 5 – Little Of Your Time

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***Chapter 55***

The Cure – Boys Don't Cry  
Paramore – The Only Exception  
Flo Rida – Good Feeling

**Special thanks to:**

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RHrGreatness

Princesspucket

Julefor

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And to my all of the reviewers, thank you! You guys made this fic happen, and it's because of you all I managed to finish through this hard times.

I hope you'll stick with me to the sequel that's coming right after *Awake* is done. I'll be posting tomorrow so, check out my new fic, and tell me what you think!

Love,

-S. Benson