

PRT 394- "Battle of Love"

I sat on the floor of my living room looking at photos of Michelle and I. I knew what happened the other night wasn't just a one off thing. It proved she still loved me. I knew it after the way she clung to me all night. I also knew that her life was falling apart around her, even if she wouldn't acknowledge it. I knew the LA life scared her. I didn't know everything that was going on, but I knew enough to know she needed help and was spiraling out of control. I had pulled her out of the craziness before. She'd even written a song about it on her 'This Woman' album called 'You Take Me Home'. I needed to do that again...I needed to bring Michelle home before she got herself in too deep.

I looked at a picture of Mich and I that we'd taken in our apartment back in Lakeview. We looked so happy. We were so happy. I was an idiot to mess it up...and I realized now I was the one at fault for the break up. Michelle was trying to balance living a triple life and instead of supporting her I was always fighting with her because I thought it was too complicated. I knew that the Mystic Force team would eventually beat The Master and things would go back to normal...but instead of sticking it out I ruined our relationship. Michelle was just doing what she had to do for the fate of the world. Of all people I should have understood that.

I needed to talk to Michelle. What happened the other night proved there was still something between us. She even admitted she still loved me. She felt she was a different person but that was Sunset talking. I knew she was still the woman I loved and I had to get her back. It was time to go force her to talk to me. I was not going to lose her.

Michelle

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"Are you sure you're ok?" Rocky asked as he reached for my hand.

"Yeah Rock...I'm fine. A little hurt, but I'll live." I said.

"I just can't believe Raye would do that to you."

"I know. I was a little stunned too."

"Are you going to forgive her?"

"If Mina can forgive Amy for sleeping with Adam then I think I can forgive Raye for kissing Hunter."

Rocky nodded, "It seems like Chad has forgiven her too."

"Yeah. I heard they are back together...which is good. Their whole problem was Raye keeping her identity from him.

Now that the secret is out I think they have a real shot at having something good."

"I think so too. You know, we could have something good also." He said as he leaned closer to me.

"We do have something good." I said as I kissed him.

"No, we have something fun. You're still seeing Jesse and Ryan and God knows who else."

"I...Rock..."

"I know, you don't want commitment."

"No, I don't. Not right now."

"I just...I think we could be happy together."

"Rocky, I promise you, someday we will have commitment. I feel it in my heart...but not yet."

"How can you promise this won't be like last time? We were headed in a really good direction the RJ came along and..."

"I know what happened with RJ. Trust me...I'm not letting myself get swept away like that ever again. Rocky, you are who I want to be with. You have to believe that. I'm just not ready to be committed. If you can't handle that I understand. I'm not expecting you to wait."

"You know I'll wait for you, as long as it takes...I just wish it wouldn't take so long."

"I know Rock...I'm sorry...but I refused to commit to you before I'm ready. I don't want to risk hurting you."

"I understand...I do." Rocky said as he kissed me.

"Good. I do love you."

"I love you too Mich." Rocky said as there was a knock on the door, "Expecting company?"

I shook my head, "No actually. I'm not."

"Want me to get it?"

"Sure, if you want."

Rocky nodded and stood up. He went to the door to answer it.

“Oh god.” Rocky grumbled when he opened the door.

“Great...ugh...I need to talk to Michelle.” A familiar male voice said.

I stood up and walked over to the door, “Hunter, what are you doing here?”

“We need to talk.” He said.

“There’s nothing to talk about. Please leave.”

“No, not until you talk to me.”

“Hunter, she asked you to leave.” Rocky said, stepping in front of me protectively.

“Rocky, man, stay out of this. It doesn’t concern you.” Hunter said, glaring at Rocky.

“You’re harassing Michelle, it most certainly does concern me.”

“Michelle is standing right here and can speak for herself.” I said, annoyed, “Hunter, go or I’m calling the police.”

“Mich, please. I love you and I know you love me.” Hunter said.

That statement sent me into a whole new kind of fury, “You love me? Liar! You love me so much you kissed my friend?!”

Hunter looked taken aback, “You know about that?”

“Of course I know about that! Raye felt horrible about it and she apologized...clearly not a sentiment you share.”

“I didn’t mean for that to happen Mich...”

“Right. Of course not. Stop playing games Hunter, you don’t love me. You just can’t stand that I don’t want you back. You want what you can’t have.”

“That isn’t true. I do love you and I know I messed up before but I can make it up to you. The other night...I felt it...you still wanted me as much as I want you.”

“What happened the other night was a mistake and will never happen again.”

“I know you’re hurt that I kissed Raye but if you can forgive her, why not me?”

“Because Raye came clean about it and sincerely apologized. You were going to hide it from me which tells me you aren’t sorry. You just didn’t want to get caught because then I would know exactly the kind of man you are.”

“I am sorry!”

“Save it. I know you’re single so you have a right to kiss whoever you want...but why did it have to be my friend?”

“I told you, it was a mistake. And you have to know how much I love you. I lost Ronny because I love you too much.”

“You lost Ronny because you’re an idiot that can’t stand to see me happy with anyone else. Well guess what, I am happy without you.”

“Oh yeah right. You’re a mess Michelle, and everyone knows it.” Hunter said.

“Oh do they?”

“Yes! You’re a stung out drunk mess that needs someone to put her in her place instead of being around all these enablers.”

“Ok, first of all, I am not doing drugs...second of all my drinking is social, not an addiction, and third of all you know nothing about me so don’t pretend you do. Besides, I was doing just fine until I lost my daughter. I lost her because of you...doing this very thing! Enough is enough!”

“You know I never meant for that to happen. I feel horrible about Aubrey.”

“Yeah, well sorry won’t bring my daughter back to life.”

“You can’t blame me for her death.”

“If you would have stayed away I wouldn’t have gotten so stressed and Aubrey would still be alive!”

“I didn’t mean to hurt her.”

“Just like you didn’t mean to kiss Raye?”

“You can’t blame me for your life falling apart. You did that on your own.”

“You don’t know anything about me anymore.”

“I know enough to know you need help. LA is killing you and Rocky and all your other conquests are just letting it happen.”

“Ok, that’s enough. I would never let any harm come to Michelle and you know it!” Rocky chimed in.

“That’s why you stand by while she makes a fool of herself on Sunset.”

“She’s a grown woman and fully capable of making her own choices. She doesn’t need a life coach.”

“Yeah, she’s making such great decisions.”

“She got rid of you didn’t she? I’d say she is doing fine.”

Hunter made a face. I could tell he wanted to hit Rocky but was trying to control his temper.

“Hunter, please just go. I’m tired of fighting with you.” I said.

“Mich...” he started.

“Don’t. It’s over and you really need to accept that.”

“No...if I hadn’t kissed Raye would you consider giving me another chance?”

“It was a thought in the back of my mind until I found that out...but honestly, no, probably not. It’s over.”

“I can’t accept that.”

“You don’t have a choice.”

“Michelle, please. I’m begging you for another chance.”

“I’m going to close the door now and if you knock again I’m calling the cops. We’re done here. That’s it.”

“Mich, no...”

“She said leave...so leave.” Rocky said as he helped me push the door shut and lock it.

Hunter must have known I was serious about calling the police because he left.

“Are you ok?” Rocky asked once it was all over.

I shook my head, “No.”

“Come here.” He said as he pulled me into his arms. I started to cry. I did love Hunter but I knew how the story ended with him and it was never pretty...besides, he was partly responsible for Aubrey’s death and he had kissed Raye...I wasn’t sure I could ever forgive him.

Hunter

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I left Michelle’s and got in my truck. I sat there for awhile just seething. I was furious at Rocky for getting involved but I was even angrier at myself for going off on Michelle. Telling a girl she’s messed up is not a good strategy to get her back.

“Nice one Bradley.” I mumbled as I slammed my hands against the steering wheel of my truck.

I didn’t want to let Michelle go...I really didn’t. I wanted her back and I felt like that is what was supposed to happen, but I also didn’t want to go to jail and I knew she’d call the police if I went back to talk to her. Maybe it was time to try and move on after all. I didn’t like the idea, at all...

I finally pulled out of her apartment lot and headed to get something to eat. I went to a local restaurant I liked but I was greeted by the paparazzi. The second I got out of my car they ran over to me like vultures to flesh.

“Hunter, what happened with you and Ronny?”

“Any chance of reconciliation with Michelle?”

“Did you cheat on Ronny with Michelle? Was that the cause of the break up?”

I tried to ignore the questions and keep walking but I finally snapped.

“Just back off, all of you! Get a life!” I yelled as I rushed into the restaurant.

“Everything ok?” a voice behind me said. I turned around and saw Jessica. (Yes, Simpson.)

“No, not really.” I sighed.

“You eating alone?” she asked.

“Planned on it.”

“Want some company?”

“Sure, why not?”

Jessica and I got a table and sat down.

“So, what’s going on?” she asked after we ordered.

“My girlfriend dumped my, my ex-girlfriend hates me, and the damn vultures won’t leave me alone.” I said.

“Wow, I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, me too.”

“So, you ex that hates you...would that be Michelle?”

I nodded, “Yeah.”

“I was so surprised you two ever broke up.”

“Yeah, us too. I want her back but she’s having no part of it.”
“Oh wow. I’m really sorry. I know what that’s like.”
“Yeah, you just went through another break up didn’t you?”
“Yeah. It’s always hard.”
“Yes, it is. What have you been up to?”
“Trying to salvage my career after that country album that flopped.”
“You were a victim of poor promotion and bad song writing.”
“I like my songs.” She said with a pout.
“Yes, but clearly the public didn’t.”
“What do you know about music anyway? You’re a racer.”
“Yeah, a racer that dated Michelle Morris. I learned a thing or two.”
“Maybe I should date Michelle then.”
“Now that would be headline worthy.” I laughed.
“You’re laughing...good...you look much hotter when you smile.”
“Thanks.”

Jess and I had lunch and then went out the back.

“Thanks for lunch.” She said.

“Thanks for the company. I needed it...you wanna go back to my place and hang for a bit? We could watch a movie and just chill or whatever.” I said.

“Yeah, sure...I would like that.”

We each left in our own vehicle and met up at my apartment.

“Make yourself at home.” I said as I put a DVD in.

“Thanks.” She replied as she slipped her sandals off and sat on the sofa.

I turned the movie on and sat next to her. Over the course of the movie I noticed we were moving closer and closer to her. I finally reached my arm around her. She moved towards me and leaned closer. I liked where this was going. I finally decided to go for it. I turned my head and kissed her. She kissed me back and pretty soon the movie was all but forgotten. I finally broke the kiss and turned the TV off then I stood up and reached out my hand for hers.

“Come with me?” I asked.

Jess thought about it for a second then nodded, “OK.”

I took her hand and led her to my bedroom.

We got to my room and started to make out. I reached my hands under her shirt and slid it over my head. I kissed her neck.

“Oh god, Hunter.” She moaned.

“Mm, Jess.” I moaned as she reached her hands down my pants. Clothes started flying off after that. I got her to my bed and got on top of her.

“Do you have protection?” she asked.

I nodded and grabbed a condom from my bedside table. I put it on then pushed into her. She wrapped her legs around me as I thrust my hips faster and faster. I needed so badly to not think and this was amazing. In this moment we were the only two people that existed and that was all that mattered. It was perfect.

After we finished I held Jess and she snuggled against me. OK, so this probably wasn’t the best way to get over Michelle, but I had to do something. Clearly Michelle wasn’t going to speak to me anytime soon and my heart was breaking. I glanced towards my bedside table and saw a picture I had laid there of Mich and I. I sighed.

“Are you ok?” Jess asked.

“Fine. Just get some sleep.” I said as I closed my eyes. With my eyes closed I would pretend it was Michelle I was holding.