

Chapter 5 - Date

We pulled up to the diner having joked around in the car and serenading each other. I am having so much fun already. The diner was not packed but it had a fair number of people, enough that you had to raise your voice a bit so your companion can hear you. The atmosphere is cosy and energetic, I love this place immediately.

A waitress takes us to a little table in the back, which is intimately lit by a single lamp that gives off a soft yellow glow. Luke, in a gentlemanly manoeuvre, pulls out my chair for me and tucks me in.

"Why thank you sir." I giggle. He winks in reply.

Settling into the comfy chair I pick up the menu and browse, the waitress returns requesting our drinks. Once she has wandered off again I look around seeing who is here. There are families, one of which has a rather stropky child. Thank god no one from school is here. A throat clears in front of me and I divert my attention back to my date.

"I thought I would be the centre of your attention." He pouts. It's cute and I melt inside.

"Aw, poor baby. I really like it in here. You have taste."

He grins. "Nothing but the best for you Em."

His sweet statement causes a weird pang in my chest. Studying him closely, I notice he has a small scar on his nose. It only amplifies his appeal. His hair is not gelled as I thought either; it actually looks as though he has been running his fingers through it multiple times. That seems to be a habit of his when he is in a tight spot. He has the top button of his shirt undone but there is not a single crease on it. He looks stylish and handsome, then there is plain old me sat opposite him. He must be really bored to waste time with me.

Smoothing non-existent wrinkles out of my skirt, I shi uncomfortably under Luke's stare. Thankfully the waitress returns with my drink. I sip it gratefully, enjoying the feel of the cool liquid running down my throat to cool my hot body.

"So, what is your favourite colour?"

I pause. "Yellow, why?"

"Well I want to get to know you, isn't that what people do when they go out?" There is no teasing in his tone, so I relax. Pushing my worries of getting hurt later on to the back of my mind, I decide to throw caution to the wind. I deserve to have a little fun, I have been miserable since I was nine years old.

"What is yours?" Luke's shoulders visibly relax, he must have been nervous. I inwardly giggle, his efforts are sweet. All the more reason to have fun and open up for once.

"Blue, or black ... I dunno." He shrugs his shoulders in defeat. "What is your favourite film?" He continues.

"Wow, you're going to have to give me a minute here." My eyes focus on the lamp as I think. Luke watches me intently, hanging on to my every word. "I really like Top Gun, but only because of the volley ball bit when they are shirtless. I also cannot resist singing to the songs; my friend goes mad when I come in to school telling her to 'take my breath away.'" I giggle at my own joke "But I don't think I have a favourite. There are just too many out there. But I love superheroes"

There's a short silence before Luke bursts. "HIGH WAY TO THE DANGER ZOOONE!"

Laughter bursts out of me. Everyone is giving us dirty looks, but tears are running down my cheeks. Wrapping my arms around my midsection, I gasp between laughing. It was perfect, and surprising. But totally worth any embarrassment I may feel later. Luke has a grin plastered on his face; his shoulders are shaking in silent laughter.

"I know ... I am a natural." He straightens his collar, trying to act cool. This brings on another fit of giggles from me.

"Please stop!" I beg. "I think I just got a six pack from laughing so hard."

Before Luke can reply the waitress returns requesting our orders. I realise I haven't actually chosen anything. But it seems Luke has it under control. "Two burgers and fries please." He flashes his dazzling smile, making the waitress blush. A strange emotion manifests inside of me. Jealousy. It's not like he is your boyfriend or anything. Once the waitress has sauntered off, Luke looks back at me and raises an eyebrow. "If looks could kill" was all he said.

Crossing my arms, I feel anger simmer on the surface. "Well it's rude to flirt when you are out with someone else." I snap.

This time both his eyebrows reach his hairline. "Well at least that clears that up." He leans back in a relaxed posture, a small smirk playing on his lips.

"And what is that?"

"That you like me." He grins.

"I ... I ... as a friend yeah, but you are clearly implying something else!" I splutter.

"But you just implied this is a date ... And to agree to go on a date with someone implies you like them." He retorts

"I did not just imply any of that; I was just implying it was rude to ignore present company for someone else when you are with present company."

"See now that just made no sense! You implying that I flirted with that girl and ignored you, I was just being polite. But you keep implying things!"

"Stop using that word!" I screech.

"I can imply as many things as I like. But I do not like being lied to!" His anger is like a thick fog in the air. He looks like he could punch something. Did I really anger him that much?

"What do you want then? For me to admit I like you? Well, why didn't you just say so! I like you a lot! I think you are very handsome and polite, but I think Marco would be better company right now." I fume.

He frowns. Like that was not what he wanted. "You can't like me." He whispers.

"WHAT? Are all that? You tell me I cannot like you? Un-fucking-believable." I know my voice is getting louder and that I am drawing attention again, but I am too angry to care.

"Well, I was not expecting to be called handsome and polite." He looks down at his fingers which sit on his lap. "I don't want to hurt you. But if you like me the way you say you do ... then it is inevitable." His voice was so quiet I could barely hear him.

"So, all this," I wave my hand around the diner, "was all so I do not like you?" I am baffled, his logic is freaking annoying and backwards.

"No. I just cannot stay away!" He runs both hands through his hair, beseeching for me to understand with his eyes. "You call to me on a level I have never felt before. I'm the moth and you are the flame."

Well, I was not expecting that.

"How would you hurt me?" I ask so ly.

"I have too many secrets. Some of which I can never tell you." He replies just as so.

"Well, I am sure you have your reasons, but what about the other secrets? Can you tell me those?" I realise we have gone practically off topic, but curiosity got to me.

He heaves a big sigh. "They will only make you run away, and I do not want you to run away." He looks so defeated, it causes another one of those chest pains, which can only be my heart breaking for him.

"How can you be so sure? I mean, what more could surprise me? People don't think I notice the angels hiding on the roof tops watching me ... but I do. Birds follow me for fucks sake! There were angels at me father's funeral! More so than humans!" I am no doubt beginning to sound hysterical, but it is good to get it off my chest.

"What more could possibly surprise me?"

"You would be surprised." The corner of his mouth quirks up in a half smile.

"Oh hardy har har." I retort. "Ok how about a deal? Once a week we will go on a date, and we have to exchange one secret about each other at this date." I think this is a great plan, plus it would ensure I get to see him more. Go Emma!

An unattractive snort got my attention. Luke was slowly shaking his head. "Right, this is just an excuse for you to see me more." His smile was all arrogance.

Damn him. He must be a mind reader or something.

"No, I just think it is the only way to overcome this hurdle." A feeling of triumph overcomes me because I managed to keep my voice level.

"So you really do want to pursue a relationship with me? I mean, if that is what you mean ... right?" The shock in his voice surprised me. What did he expect? He is the first guy to treat me like a human being for as long as I can remember. Of course I am going to go for this! Carpe diem!

"Well, I kinda wanted to ask you that ... I mean, I know everyone calls me a freak and stuff, but most of it is lies! I do not lay eggs or anything!" Nice going Emma, just share all the shit he no doubt hadn't heard yet.

"Well I don't think you're a freak. In fact, I think Jessica is the freak, I mean seriously? Who throws fits like that anymore at this age? And they are the ones carrying dead birds around ... I mean come on! Weirder."

I never used to giggle before I met Luke, but if now I can't seem to stop. "Yeah, I guess she is." Luke stares at me, as if looking for something on my face and it is making me self-conscious. "What?"

"Your laughter is a beautiful sound."

My cheeks betray me by going on fire. "So is yours." I whisper. Thanks a lot mouth. Where is this confidence coming from? I don't like it! It makes me say stupid things. Luke smiles at me, as if he can hear my thoughts, only making me blush more. Stupid cheeks.

"You're too sweet Em." At least he looks embarrassed too!

Our food finally comes and we eat in a comfortable silence. I cannot seem to find the courage to ask why he is adopted. What if his parents had died horribly and I upset him? Or what if he was abandoned? Oh dear. Nibbling on a chip, I take another look around the diner. It has gotten busier since we have been here; people have to wait for a table. This place must be really popular, and lots of families are here. It's cute watching the parents interact with their children. One little girl particularly got my attention. She is sat in a wheel chair being spoon fed by her mother. The love in both their eyes, bring tears to my own.

"You want kids?" Luke asks.

"I wish." I sigh deeply; yearning for something you can never have is a whole new type of torture.

Luke looks confused by my answer. "I suppose you are still young." He comes to his own conclusion. But I hate it when people do that. Thinking they have all the answers to peoples own problems, like they know it all, what you go through.

"Actually I cannot have kids." It just slipped out.

"Why?" Luke's face shows no emotion, it's carefully blank.

I shrink back into myself. How to explain this. I could be blunt, or jumble up why words in a painful attempt at lying. I should not have said anything! Stupid.

"I never started my period. I know some women do not start until late, but I was really worried. So I begged my mum to take me to a doctor. Turns out I can never have kids. But they did not explain why. He just turned around, looked my straight in the eye, and said "no kids for you young lady" and my mum took me home, and then went back to work. Like nothing life changing just happened, not even a hug, nothing." Saying it out loud to someone actually made me feel better, I didn't realise I had started crying until a finger wiped them away. I was so deep in my memories I never noticed Luke had moved to sit next to me.

He looked lost. Without warning he pulled me into a hug, a very tight hug that forced the breath out of me. "I wish I could take your pain away." He whispers into my hair. I only just heard him he was so quiet.

"It's ok Luke; I just have to move on. I can adopt or I can see if IVF is possible. I mean it would be a while before I actually have to think about rearing this, but I have other options. Honestly I am fine." I try to smile reassuringly at him, but he does not look convinced.

"Ok let's start this one secret thing. I'll go first." He still has his arm around my shoulder, which squeezes me. I appreciate his attempt at a subject change. "I have had Marco since I was a young boy. We came home, - my adoptive mum and I - and I went to my room to play a er helping her shop, well, more like add sweets and crap to her shopping list." He laughs fondly at the memory. "Anyway, an egg was on my bed, just sat there. It has weird markings on it. As soon as I touched it, I felt something run through me and I knew exactly what that bird was feeling. You can call me a freak if you like but it was a mind blowing experience."

"No! You are not a freak. That sounds beautiful, like you both have a real bond. Do you still feel what he is feeling?" And I thought I was the only one with the weird connection with birds.

"Yeah, I can. And I think he knows what I feel too." I fell out of a tree once and he came flying to me. I only bruised myself, but I think he felt my pain. He would not leave me alone for a whole week a er that." He rolls his eyes as if the bird was stupid to care. I only like Marco more now; I have definitely forgiven him for the tapping incident.

"What is he feeling right now?" Awe drips from my every word.

He looks up for a second and his eyes become refocused. "He is content. But I think that is more because of me right now." His eyes focus on me again.

"How come?"

"You make me calm and happy." His words are full of sincerity, and I realise I may be falling hard and fast for him. And I have not known him for even a week yet!

You're in big trouble Emma.

"You finished?" Luke asks, throwing a couple of notes on the table. "I think it is time for part two of our date." I completely forgot that he had wanted to show me something.

He exits the booth and holds his hand out. I look at it for a second, and slowly place my hand in his. The electricity returns with a vengeance, and we both physically jerk.

"What the hell is that?" I screech.

"I ... I ..." Luke looks dumbfounded. "I do not have a clue ... at all. But it is obvious we have a connection." Now he looks smug. Caveman.