

6. Callie

The next morning I wake up to seeing Hazel with a little girl coloring on the floor next to my bed. I sit up and the little girl looks up at me and is a carbon copy of Hazel. She has the blonde hair with those piercing Hazel eyes.

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She runs up to me when she sees me awake.

"Hi I'm Callie and mommy said we could come color with you this morning" she still has that slightly childish twist on her words, I guessing her age around 4 or 5. Other than that she sounds pretty mature. I just smile in response.

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"Wanna color?" She asks. I look up at Hazel to see her smiling up at us still on the floor. I just nod my head and Callie brings up a couple of her coloring books and sits on the foot of my bed criss cross and hands me a princess notebook.

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We start coloring in silence until Callie looks up at me again,

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"What's your name?"

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Not knowing what to do I look at Hazel who quickly tells Callie to color and mind her business.

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I feel bad but I realize I haven't told anybody my name yet, not that I could have anyway. Looking at Callie I write it down above the princess I am coloring.

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Five minutes later I am completely done coloring the princess and I hand Callie the notebook back. She looks at the page before noticing my writing at the top. She looks at Hazel still on the floor,

"mommy what does this say? She wrote me a note with the princess!" Hazel quickly walks over confused until she looks at the name on the top.

"Grace" Hazel says

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"The princess's name is Grace? That's not right, this is supposed to be Cinderella mommy!" Callie says clearly distraught

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"No honey, she is telling you her name is Grace" Callie makes an 'o' with her mouth and looks at me

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"I think that's a really pretty name!" she says jumping and hugging me. I just smile and hug her back.

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"I think it's a really pretty name too" says a deep voice from the doorway. I look up to see James just standing there leaning against the door way.

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When I look at him I am not as scared as I was yesterday, I realize that he is really good looking and with his calm expression, he doesn't really look all that scary anymore. When I realize I am checking him out which everybody staring at me. I quickly blush and look down.

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Luckily he starts speaking without acknowledging the fact that I just stared at his gorgeous body for minutes with nobody saying anything.

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"The doctor says you are good to leave but you will need to come back in a couple of days so he can look at your leg. He has a new diet for you to be eating to help you gain some weight and help your muscles build back up. He also said you can't do an strenuous activity because even walking and running is going to be difficult for you until your muscles come back normally." Throughout his entire speech I am just staring at his lips, how much I want to kiss them..no!

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Snap out of it Grace! I think to myself, you cannot be wanting the guy who has taken you!

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"Grace?" I hear my name being called. I look up to see Hazel looking at me worriedly. I nod my head. Then James starts speaking again,

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"I can help you get back to the house or if you want Hazel can bring you there and hang out with you that's fine" he says this while looking around the room sorrow and hurt flashing across his face at the last of his sentence.

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I slowly stand up and get my balance on my wobbly legs before walking over to him at the door. When get closer I notice him visibly tense up before I reach my hand out and caress the side of his face.

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When my fingers make contact tingles shoot up my arm causing me to jump back and almost fall before two arms wrap around my waist with those same tingles going through me. I look up and see James has caught me and when I am back on my feet he lets me go.

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To be honest I was liking the tingles.

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Hazel clears her throat behind us and I turn around completely forgetting her and Callie were in the room.

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"Well I have to get Callie back for her nap soon...but if you want me to stay I can Grace?" Hazel asks. But I just shake my head no telling her it's alright.

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Her and Callie gather all of her things before leaving. When they walk by Callie hugs onto my leg tight and whispers "I hope you will play with me again sometime" before following her mother and running out of the room.

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I smile watching her go and when I look up at James, he is looking at me with the look of pure happiness, like a child on Christmas.

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