

Alana had always been his tagalong, surrogate kid sister type. There had been a brief attempt at dating when he was seventeen and she was sixteen, but he'd found it awkward and had broken it off after only three months. It had been relatively innocent physically during that time, and, although she was a beautiful girl even at that young age, Max was glad he'd never crossed the line with her and slept with her.

**Commented [TL1]:** In this day and age, I find it hard to believe that a 16 and 17 y/o were together for 3 months and didn't get to home base.

In contrast, it made absolutely no sense how Lilly had managed to invade his mind and how her very essence seemed to pour through his bloodstream in so short a time. He could not stop thinking about her, could not control his instantaneous attraction. All he knew right now was that he had to see Lilly and reassure himself that she was safe.

The brakes of Max's car protested as he slammed into his own driveway then roared into the garage. He practically sprinted inside before he calmed himself to more slowly proceed through the dark, quiet house to Lilly's room. He was half afraid to open the door and find her gone. When he cracked the door and light from the hallway spilled over the bed, illuminating Lilly's sleeping figure, Max finally began to breathe normally again.

Moving noiselessly into the room, Max crept over to the bed. Lilly lay curled on one side with her glorious mass of hair spread out on the pillow around her head, her face finally at peace in sleep. He reached out and, with utmost gentleness, brushed a hand along Lilly's cheek.

**Commented [TL2]:** Creep alert!

I think maybe this would feel less invasive and weird if she had fallen asleep on the couch watching TV or something, and maybe he can feel guilty for her staying up waiting on him

Max contented himself with pressing a tender kiss to her forehead before forcing himself to withdraw from the room. Suddenly exhausted beyond measure, Max made his way up to bed.

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Lilly's tortured screams ripped Max out of his peaceful dreaming with all the force of a hurricane. His heart slamming against his ribs, Max was on his feet and halfway down the stairs without a second thought even before he came fully awake.

He raced into Lilly's room to find her entangled in her sheets. Max quickly moved to free her. Lilly screamed again as Max touched her, thrashing away from him. Her eyes opened but saw only the image in her mind. Max felt chilled by the potent terror he found in her sightless gaze. Was she reliving her attack?

**Commented [TL3]:** Maybe if she falls asleep on the couch, he could bring in the sheet and blanket and cover her up, and then she gets entangled in them during her nightmare.