

This scene was part of the Lucas and Valerie fantasy life section of the book. It just wasn't as strong and so it got the axe. But if you wanted just a bit more of their happy time together, well here you go! Hope you enjoy it and thanks for reading.

"I thought we could go to the drive-in," Valerie said.

Lucas blinked slowly, shuttering those wolf-light eyes. "What do we drive into?" he asked, voice serious.

Val laughed. She couldn't help it. Would he ever lose that naivety, she wondered? "It's a place where they play movies. But you sit in your car and watch them."

He looked perplexed. "Why?"

She shrugged. "It's fun."

He still looked perplexed. "In what way?"

"Well...that's a good question. You...um...eat popcorn, drink sodas and watch a movie. It's like you're outside but you're also in this private little place, just the two of you."

She pulled up to the kiosk and handed the person a twenty.

"I should pay," he said. "I did not expect it." Whenever they went anywhere he wanted to pay for them, and she had to admit she liked it. But she didn't want him to feel obligated to pay all the time.

"Popcorn will be more. Don't worry," she said. She found a parking space next to a couple of teenagers who were making out. Lucas looked away from them and at her, a slightly predatory expression on his face.

"What are we to do here?" he asked.

She blushed. "They show a movie!" *Am I protesting? Because I'd much rather make out with him than watch some stupid movie.* Then the trailers came on screen and Lucas turned to look at the giant images, eyes wide.

"What is the film?" he asked, not taking his eyes from the screen, and Valerie thought he sounded curious.

"Titanic."

"The boat?" he asked, incredulously.

"Yeah.... You know it was a movie, right?"

"Why would someone want to watch the disaster?"

Valerie couldn't help but be astonished. "You're kidding me! There is no way you didn't know about Titanic. It was the highest grossing movie for like, ever. Leonardo DiCaprio can never go out in public again because of this movie."

"Ah. Of course."

“What? You remember now? I think you’re just pretending to know, wanting to save face because you realize how outrageous it is to be this out of touch.”

He neither agreed nor disagreed, just raised his eyebrow at her in that infuriating way he had.

“How old did you say you were?” she asked.

“I did not,” he responded.

What kind of answer was that? “Well then. Let me ask. How old are you?”

“Very old. Ancient.”

She thought she detected a small smile at the corner of his lips. “Great. You’re *really* not going to tell me?”

“No, I was simply doing the math. I am twenty-five.”

“Really? That’s young.” She supposed he could be twenty-five but something about that seemed so wrong. But why would he lie about it?

“I look older?” he asked and smiled, even, white teeth on display.

“Yes, just under ancient but somewhere over decrepit.”

He burst out in laughter, and it lit up his face, stealing her breath. “Am I here to watch a movie or is there...something else we may do?”

Did he mean make-out? “Do you mean make-out?”

He undid his seatbelt and angled his large body towards her. “Did you do this when you were younger?” he asked, voice husky. His head tilted slightly, eyes dropping to her lips. Her heart tried to burst from her mouth in a rush of excitement.

“I don’t know,” she said. “I mean, yes. I went to the drive-in.”

“With whom?” he asked, lips close to hers now.

She frowned, suddenly distracted from the momentous event that was before her. Why was he asking her a question when he was so close to kissing her? How could he expect her to stay focused enough to answer? He didn’t move closer, waiting for a response.

“Um, I don’t know. Jack maybe,” Valerie muttered, not even paying attention to the words that tripped out of her mouth. Would he kiss her now?

He froze, mouth bare inches from hers. “Did your father take you too?”

Her vision suddenly became blurry and she felt nauseous.

“Did you feel safe when you were younger?” he asked, these soft questions coming at her instead of the cases that she was waiting for. What an odd question. She felt it then, the strange feeling she had right before a nose bleed.

“Oh God! I’ll be back. Stay here!” she said and dashed out of the car. Valerie ran to the bathrooms and grabbed tissue, holding it to her streaming nose. At least she didn’t faint. What is

it about him? she wondered, pinching the bridge of her nose. She went into one of the stalls and sat on the lid of the toilet. Mortifying. He was about to kiss her. Kiss her! And she'd started bleeding instead.

*This relationship is doomed.*

She flushed the paper and went out to investigate the damage to her makeup in the mirror. Pale, slightly wide-eyed and maybe a touch green, Valerie fiddled with her hair, hoping it would refocus his attention away from her deathly pallor.

Before going back out to the car she got them popcorn, licorice, Reese's Pieces and a soda. She couldn't carry anything else. By the time she returned to the car, Kate Winslet was ass-deep in infatuation with Leo. Although to be fair, five minutes of time would be plenty for her to be infatuated.

Lucas jumped slightly when she opened the car door, the movie taking all of his attention.

"Enjoying the film?" she asked.

"Are you well?" he asked, looking her over as if she might have visible wounds.

"Yeah, thanks." Valerie gave him a weak smile and held out the popcorn and the drink for him to take while she got herself settled.

"Surely these are too large."

"Welcome to America. Portion-control be damned. Every company here wants to make you fat."

"Then perhaps you should not purchase it," he said in all serious.

Val blew out a breath as she opened the Reese's Pieces. Would he be so high and mighty after he tasted one? "Say ahh," she said and he scowled at her, watching her hand suspiciously.

"What do you mean say—" he started. She interrupted him by putting a Reese's Pieces into his mouth. He bit down once, then again, swallowing hesitantly.

"It's not poison!" Val said.

"It tastes peculiar."

"You mean delicious," she said and popped two into her mouth.

"Do I?" he asked, voice raised in question. "Let me try another one." She held out a Reese's to him and he took it between his lips, his tongue swiping her finger. Which reawakened her rather desperate desire to jump him.

"Well?" she asked, voice rather shaky. "Good, right?"

"I am still uncertain. Feed me another. But they are quite small. Perhaps if I tried more I would know." She took him at his word, pouring a few into her hand. "You may as well give me the box and all of its contents."

“The whole thing?” she asked, surprised. She checked his expression, beginning to suspect that he was messing with her. His inscrutable expression gave nothing away. “So you like them?”

“I do. Yes. I was...teasing you. Unsuccessfully, it seems.”

“No! It’s great. I was just surprised. You know, you’re not much of a prankster usually. But I like it. Lucas can make a joke, this is good news.”

Onscreen, the ship hit an iceberg and they both turned back to the movie. She was glad he was distracted, telling him he didn’t seem like he could make a joke probably wasn’t very nice.

Val had some popcorn and then some soda and the next thing she knew Lucas was holding her hand, Leo was slipping beneath the water and Val was trying not to let Lucas see her cry. When a tear dripped off her cheek, she gave up, grabbing a napkin and dabbing at her eyes.

“Why did we come to see this if it makes you cry?” he asked, quietly.

“It’s good. Everyone should see it. Besides, it’s one of my favorites even if it is too long and makes me miserable.”

He was quiet for a moment. “That is life, yes? It draws you in, mesmerizes you. For better or worse, one is ready to laugh or cry, to love and die for someone.”

Now *he* sounded choked up. Valerie turned to look at him, but he was staring out the window so she couldn’t see if he was sad or not. On one hand it would be sweet, even cute if he was crying. But on the other hand she didn’t want to see this big, tough guy cry, did she?

*Yes, you do. It will prove that he is different.* “I should have taken you to a comedy.”

“No,” he said quietly. A few moments passed and she thought he was finished, the conversation over and then he said, “It would not have mesmerized me. Not like this.” His voice was gravelly. He turned back to look at her and while he wasn’t crying, she thought his eyes looked a little misty.

“This...*you*, this entire experience is...consuming,” he said, and she found his inability to articulate what he wanted to say to be charming. Because he always knew what to say, always ready with a lie and words that cost him nothing. But those words were like a confession, were hard for him to say and she found herself hoping desperately that she would always remember this moment—when Lucas was speechless, struck dumb by the truth.

“Wait, did you just compare our date to a Reese’s?” she asked, trying to lighten the conversation.

“Yes, this is just as wonderful as an extremely large box of Reese’s Pieces,” he said, smiling and she thought his tone was sarcastic.

He thought a date with her was like peanut butter candy? Valerie smiled back at him.

*I can live with that.*