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The Girl Next Door

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One

Chapter 1



“I’m sure you’ll make lots of new friends there.” My father tried to comfort me to absolutely *no* avail. I rolled my eyes impatiently. I had left all my friends in, well, London. Yep, that’s right; my parents were so uncreative that they named me after the *city* I was from.

“Your father’s right London, you’ll meet plenty of friends there, I promise.” My mother looked back at me and smiled from her passenger’s seat. She ruffled up my hair. Ugh.

“It doesn’t help to mess up my hair, *gosh* mum...” I shrank into the backseat and shoved my headphones over my auburn hair, blasting Muse. After all, I had to prepare for the five hour drive to California. Yay.

*****Six hours later

We rolled our rent-a-car into our “home”. “We’re here!” My father said with the same faked cheeriness as my old headmaster, Ms. McGregory, on the first day of school. The house wasn’t big, and it wasn’t small. It wasn’t ugly, and it wasn’t amazing. It was just...there. I opened the door and swung my legs from the seat and onto the grand

ole' American pavement. My knees immediately buckled as I realized both my feet were asleep.

I cried out and braced my hands against the car. Big mistake. The car itself probably had enough heat coming from the outside to burn an egg. "Aaaaaahhh shhhiiiiii-" I stopped myself from releasing an array of expletives as my parents were literally a couple feet away, oblivious to their daughter's weird shenanigans. I removed my hands as fast as I had put them there. I had no choice but to lie in the grass on my back, kicking my legs in the air, trying to wake up my lower body.

"Makeitstopmakeitstopmakeitstop!" I cried to no one in particular, silently making amends with my math teacher, my parents, Obi Wan, Ms. McGreggory for pulling a prank that one time-

"Uhm...are you alright?" I snapped my mouth closed, my body freezing as I glanced up.

Two

Chapter 2



I found myself looking directly into a pair of the most magnificent pools of blue. No, scratch that. They were a light blue grey, like the sky before a storm. Flecks of green surrounded the rims and in around the iris. The stranger's iris had a corona of gold around it, with pupils that seemed to look *into* you.

She had a tanned face framed with bouncing black curls tinged with lavender streaks. The girl had to be around my age, about 16. Damn, she probably had every guy in school, falling for her, too. It was like you could write a couple paragraphs just describing how she looked.

I, on the other hand, had messy auburn hair that could never stay straight, and plain hazel green eyes to match. Not only that, but porcelain skin that seemed to never be able to tan. I was, the sexiest teen in the world. Every girl and boy was at my imminent disposal...HA. If only that was true.

I must've been staring for a long time because I heard her clear her throat. My face burned as hot as my parents' car. What a wonderful way to meet the ~~prettiest~~ hottest girl I've ever seen. I closed my gaping

mouth and licked my lips that were dryer than the Sahara.

“I can explain! My feet fell asleep so I was trying to wake them up and I burned my hands on my car because it’s hot enough to roast an egg so that’s why I was kicking my feet at the sky, and I’m Londoo-,” I babbled embarrassingly. *BLOODY HELL London, keep it together and act cool for once in your lifetime*, “I mean I’m um London.” I corrected myself breathily. I held out my hand, and then realized I was still on the ground. Facepalm. I stood up, dusting the dirt off my clothes. I held out my hand once again.

She took it, her hand dry and smooth, compared to my sweaty ones. “Yooo! I’m Paris, nice to meet yah, Um London.” She grew a dazzlingly white smile that reached her eyes. “I guess you’re new in town, huh?”

“I, uh just moved here from London.”

“Well, well.” She giggled. “Is it nice sharing a name with the place you lived?”

“It’s actually pretty terrible, to be honest.” I reflected on the tacky nicknames and jokes I got from everyone I met.

“Really? I think London is a pretty name. You got any boys back home?” She winked, ~~which was totally sexy, like how do people do that sexy wink?~~

I didn’t mean for it to come out, no pun intended. Of course, since I was so skilled in talking to attractive people, I just blurted it.

“I’m les.” I didn’t know what I was expecting. Disgust? Laughter? Either way, she managed to surprise me.

A ghost of a smile touched her soft pink lips. “Got any girls?”

I shrugged, color reaching my cheeks. “There was only a small fling back at home...It’s over now.” I remembered Ashley. She was bi, had blonde hair and blue eyes. I liked her- *a lot*. And then, she just randomly broke up with me. The story of my love life...

“Oh, sorry to hear tha-“ She was cut off by a loud voice that demanded to be heard.

Chapter 2

“PARIS!” Paris turned around slowly. A woman that resembled Paris had a tight black bun, with equally tight clothes that showed off her slim body stood behind her.

“Yes, mom?” She sighed inwardly.

“You’re supposed to be *helping out* your neighbors. Not standing here chit-chatting. Now get to work.” She crossed her arms. Paris’s mother reflected her beauty. She only had a couple strands of salt in her pepper black hair. Few wrinkles creased her smooth face; her body seemed to echo, ‘business’. A large cross necklace fell on her button-up ivory blouse, which matched her white cross earrings.

Her mum seemed to finally notice me. “Oh, hello there, I’m Paris’s mother. You can call me Ms. Wright.” Her forced smile didn’t meet her cold, cement grey eyes. “We live next door to your house.”

Three

Chapter 3



“Whoa! I think that’s the last of it! Thanks for your help.” My mother wheezed. Paris and her mother helped move the last of our belongings into our new house.

“Is there anything else we can help you with?” Ms. Wright asked.

“Oh no, we got it all,” My dad put his arm around me and my my mum.

“Since I know you probably won’t have time to get dinner ready, you can have dinner at our house. My husband is cooking as we speak.”

My mum broke into a smile of relief; she didn’t want to order takeout.

“Sure, thanks. We’d love to.”

****20 MINUTES LATER****

“London! Why don’t you wear your nice blue dress?” My mum rummaged through my near empty closet, fussing at me. I was lying on my wooden floor in the middle of my empty bed frame. Yeah, I was pretty comfortable.

“Because we’re just having one of those boring awkward two family

suppers to where I'd likely spill something on my clothes?" My mother huffed impatiently.

"It's better than *that* shirt. I don't get how you like *that* music." She made a point at glaring at my Fall Out Boy t-shirt. I gasped and immediately went on defensive-mode.

"Fall Out Boy is awesome! And cool! And awesome!" I crossed my arms over my chest. Hey, I might've had that shirt for years, but I loved it all the same. My mother pursed her lips.

"London Grace Skyes. I want you to look nice. You represent the face of this family. No, go, put it on, spit spot!"

Why couldn't our face be like slender man? Either way, I knew there wasn't any way of winning this argument with my mother. I sighed, defeated.

"Okay, mother. I'll wear the dress. She squealed and hugged me, dropping the blue dress on my head.

"Get dressed in ten minutes!" She called before leaving my room. I sighed once again and looked at the dress I had to wear. Ugly piece of fabric. I took off my old tights and faded Fall Out Boy t-shirt. I hesitated before putting on my dress; I've always hated that dreadful thing. I think my mum only wanted me to wear it so she could brag to my Aunt on how I loved the dress she got me for my birthday. Either that, or she actually took pleasure in torturing me. Probably the latter.

Since I actually had a bathroom in this house, which was probably the only plus of living here(besides having a hot neighbor), I checked myself out in my mirror.

Frizzy hair. Check.

Ugly wrinkled dress. Check.

Puffy bags under eyes from sleep deprivation. Check.

Unshaved legs. Check.

"Wow, I'm a super star." I said, grinning to no one in particular. I combed my messy hair a couple times, as if it would actually work if I

did it another hundred more times.

I dashed down the stairs in record speed. “K mum, I’m ready!” My mum appeared from the doorway, as if she magically ‘appearified’ there. She looked at me and did a once-over. She frowned at my hair.

“I guess that’s ‘good enough’. It would’ve been nice if you took the care to comb your hair.” She shook her head, pursing her lips. My dad came out from the living room.

“Molly, I think she looks absolutely great.” My dad said cheerfully.

“Hey, dad said I looked great, let’s go!” I grinned. I heard my mum ‘harumph’ and mumble under her breath.

“Mother knows best...”

After a couple of shuffling and ‘re-do hairing’, we were at the ‘GOD BLESS’ doormat to the Wright house. It didn’t even take a second after the doorbell rang before a scrawny little kid with a head full of curly black ‘hobbit hair’ answered the door.

“Hiyas!!! You guys must be the London family! You have neat voices.” He showed off his pearly whites, he couldn’t have been older than 7. Paris arrived behind him.

“Sorry, he’s my brother, Jacob,” She had an apologetic face and then grew a huge smile. She greeted my parents and ushered us into their house. “Yo London!” She did her flawless wink again and I couldn’t help but feel my upper lips tugging into a smile.

I studied their house. It was big, and everywhere you looked, there seemed to be motivational Christian posters, crosses, and paintings. It didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out they were pretty big on religion. Paris and her brother guided us to the dining room, a cozy place with a long oak wood table set with platters and china plates. *Just watch me break one of those china plates.* After all, I was the biggest klutz I knew.

“Hellloooooo, hellooo!” A huge voice boomed behind me, making me jump. I turned around, not knowing what to expect. It was a man.

Well, I could've just called him Hagrid. I mean, he was tall and burly like a giant. His swirly black curls almost fell to his shoulders and he had a dark puffy beard that covered half of his face. His eyes glinted with merriment.

"Did I scare you? Sorry, I'm not great at making first impressions. I'm Mr. Wright." He extended a large hand and I took it, his hand engulfing mine.

"Hi, I'm London...uhm from the Skyes family." I worked my "magical charm" of meeting new people, and stuttered.

"GOD BLESS!" He shouted, making me flinch. "From the skies of heaven you say?"

I deadpanned. "Um, no. I'm London, London Grace Skyes." Mr. Wright, or 'Hagrid', as I dubbed him clapped me on the back, laughing.

Ms. Wright emerged from the kitchen. "Hello everyone! The dinner will be ready in about ten minutes. Would you like anything to drink?" My parents asked for water and I just politely declined. Ms. Wright huffed, Jacob squealing as he ran around her.

"Paris, be good girl and show London around the house please." She put on her trademark tight lipped fake smile.

"Okaaay mother." Paris took my hand and wheeled me out of the dining room. She let go when we were in the quiet hallways.

Four

Chapter 4



“Uhm the bathroom’s over there, the library’s over there-“ I followed her up the stairs. “My brother’s room is there, my room is there, yeah I know it sucks.”

Paris opened the door to reveal her room. Paris’s room is like a huge middle finger up the ass of the rest of the beige-on-white medicated bible house. It had a big canopy bed with four long dark wooden posts sprouting from either end, a white translucent curtain covering the side. It’s not what surprises me, though.

Her wall was covered with tons of colorful posters, pictures, and drawings. You couldn’t even tell the color of the wall among the hundreds of plastered paper. A Fall Out Boy crammed in the back. Dozens of other bands littered everywhere.

“Woah...” I breathed. I had to admit, it was pretty amazing to see. “May I keep your room? Seriously, we should totally share rooms.” I looked up at her. (I was a short little dwarf, about 5’ 3”) Paris was dumb-founded, her now Bambi blue eyes shimmering innocently like a fawn.

“Wait, seriously? You actually like it? Nobody has ever said they’ve liked it before...” Paris’s eyes crinkled as she laughed, the blue seeming to turn into a forest green.

“Wait seriously? Somebody has said they didn’t like your room?”

“Yep, be amazed. Hold up, we can chill on my bed!”

Paris flopped on her fiery-red and orange comforter, its sheets resembling a flaming phoenix. I followed in suit, kicking my shoes off before I lay on the bed.

“So London, tell me about yourself.” She propped up her chin on her hand. “After all, I could’ve just let a murderer come into my room with the door closed.” I could feel my blush creeping up my neck. I racked my mind.

“My name is London Grace Skyes. I’m Aquarius. I enjoy sunsets, long walks on the beach, and frisky women.” I did a cheesy bow on the bed and flopped back down, making her giggle (yaay!). “Nah, but I’ll be serious here. I like music and video games. I also love to read. Uhhm I like pineapple juice.”

“Mmm. Sorry, I’m a strawberry-kiwi kinda chick.” I gasped.

“How could you?!” launched one of her fluffy pillows at her.

“Oh it’s on chica!” She sacked me with a throw pillow, sending me to sail a couple feet from her. I grabbed the nearest pillow from the bed (she has lotsa pillows yo) and hit her smack in the back. Aww yeah. That’s how you do it up in the Skyes house.

She responded by tackling me and pinning me down. “Ha!” She barked, straddling my waist. “I win!” Her electric eyes shocked me, making my heart speed up.

“W- whatever...” I mumbled. Getting pinned down by hot girls didn’t happen every day for me, you know. Of course, somebody had to spoil the moment. Because just then, the door flew open.

Her mother stood at the doorway with a disapproving look. “Girls, the food is ready.” Paris got off me and I put on my shoes and walked

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out the door, waiting for them. “You can go down and eat; I have to talk with Paris alone.” The last thing I saw was Paris’s nervous face before she slammed the door.

Five

Chapter 5



I could hear quiet murmuring behind the door; it was no use knowing what she was saying to Paris. As I tiptoed down the steps I could hear them shouting. Uh oh. I hope Paris isn't in trouble, at least.

I stepped into the dining room and took a seat at the end of the table beside my mom. "See? What did we tell you? You're making friends on the first day." My mum chirped happily and started talking with Hagrid and my father. Just boring adult talk.

The oak table was covered with platters and steaming dishes full of food like they were making a feast fit for a king.

Jacob sat in one of the chairs across from me, waiting impatiently. "When are they going to get back? I'm hungry." He grumbled.

I was getting ready to reply but at that exact moment, Paris and her mother arrived in the room. Paris looked pissed, eyes resembling a crashing hurricane. Paris avoided my questioning gaze and sat next to Jacob, far away from her mother. The air seemed to be frosty and tense as Paris glared at the half naked cherubs painted on the tablecloth.

I guess Hagrid noticed the uncomfortable silence because he ex-