

I went outside and pushed my wheelchair around. I had a bit till Nicky was some'n over so I went out to the horses. We had two. Touché and Shiloh. Touché was named so, because she bucked anyone and anyth'n off, and all you could do or say was 'Touché'. She was Madison's horse. She was big Thoroughbred with an attitude.

Shiloh was mine. She was a Painted Horse, with large dark brown spots. She could run, and enjoyed it when people rode her.

We used to have a third horse, that was Kevin's, but we had to put that one down.

I looked up as Shiloh ran over and looked at me carefully as if to say, 'You, will ride me or I will stomp on you through this gate'.

I rolled my eyes and opened the gate and let her put what Touché glared actual death at me.

I pet Shiloh carefully as she walked right up to me.

"Hey girl... how is it?"

She nudged me hard in the shoulder and my wheelchair went flying backwards. I yelled in panic and tried to catch myself but failed.

I looked up and glared at my horse. My legs were still stuck in the straps on the wheelchair and I looked completely stupid.

"Well thanks a lot."

I unstrapped my legs, and pulled myself onto the grass to army crawl my way around. I flipped my wheelchair back up and tried to pull myself back up.

"What are you doing?"

I looked up at Kevin who was walk'n over.

"Why are you on the ground?!"

"Ask my horse!" I snapped.

Shiloh looked at me and started to walk off to the barn for food. I groaned as Kevin grabbed me and helped me into the wheelchair.

"I can get up on my own, thank you very much." I snapped.

"No, no you can't."

"Actually I can! When lower body strength ditches the human body, upper strength grows." I explained.

I rolled up my sleeves and flexed to prove my point.

Kevin stared at me as I started to push myself over to the barn.

"Your not kidding."

"I know." I said simply. "You think push'n myself around everyday don't give me muscle? I gotta pull myself up and army crawl like an idiot!"

"Because you are." Kevin said walk'n with me.

I rolled my eyes as we got to the barn. Shiloh had her face dug into the feed, and whipped her tail around like, 'Ha, told you so'.

I rolled my eyes and pushed my wheelchair over to the goats and got them their grain, before my eyes drifted off to my dirt bike.

I grabbed a towel and went over to it, and started whipp'n the dust off.

"So, I think you should let me do this, so you can have our Chinese food date."

"Nah, it's good." I muttered whipp'n more dust off.

I remembered Gregory Zachary while whipp'n my dirt bike off. I tried minister'n to him and he went pure atheist mode. He felt so bad at the same time too, that he wasn't really listen'n to what I was tryna say.

I felt my phone buzz'n in pocket.

I pulled out my phone and my eyes widened.

"Kevin?!"

"Yeah?"

"How fast can you push me to the house?"

I looked up at Kevin who gave me a wide grin. "Depends on how fast you wanna go baby brother."

“Yeah but can you get me fast?”

“Who’s the starter linebacker for ‘Ole Miss? Who out of the two of us, broke Madison’s face when one of the two of us pushed her down a water slide?”

“You. Your broke our sister’s face when she was four.”

“Exactly! Let’s go!”

I grabbed the wheelchair tightly as Kevin went full ‘I’m gonna run through a wall’ mode. I held on for dear life, because I didn’t wanna die again in front of my date.