Skyffrey: May I Have This Kiss?

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Introduction

In Skyffrey: May I have This Kiss?, Skye gives Jeffrey a second chance. He comes back to the Penderwicks' house, but he doesn't want that second chance. All he wants is for Skye to love him back. He will do anything to get her to love him. Even if that means kissing her and getting slapped afterward. Will Skye give in to this relationship or will she shun Jeffrey once again?
Skyffrey: May I Have This Kiss?:
Skye was fuming. All three of her sisters--well, the original sisters, anyway--had just scolded her for kicking Jeffrey out of the house two days ago. Even Rosalind, who had just returned home from college for spring break and was usually the calm sister, had yelled at her. Yelling was Skye's job! Little did she know, her sisters were having a MOOPS (well, actually a MOOPSMS, a Meeting of Older Penderwick Sisters Minus Skye) in Batty's room. "I don't believe what Skye told us," Rosalind was saying. Skye had lied and told them that Jeffrey had tried to get Skye to play the piano again, something Skye already hated. "Skye may hate when Jeffrey does that, but that isn't enough for Skye to kick him out. Something else must've happened."
"Maybe he started talking about romance to her." This, of course, was Jane, who couldn't
help but add romance into the situation.
"She does hate that...." Batty agreed.
"Yeah, but still..." Rosalind began, but she stopped. Her eyes grew wide. "No, wait! I think I
have it." Jane's eyes widened, too. She had caught on.
"Maybe he confessed his undying love for her!" she gasped dreamily.
"Undying love for who?" Skye was poking her head through the door.
"Oh...nobody," Rosalind assured her.
"Yeah, right. Wait, are you having a MOOPS?"
"Well, technically, it's a MOOPSMS, you know a Meeting of Older Penderwick Sisters
Minus Skye--" Batty began.
"Batty!" Jane scolded.
"You're talking about what happened with Jeffrey! When I--"
"Kicked him out of the house?" Batty interrupted.
"Shunned him?" Rosalind continued.
"Pushed him away from the family forever, not even caring about those who love him and
care for him?" Jane finished. Everyone stared at her. "Sorry, I can't help it!"
"Yes, you can," Skye countered.
"No, I can't." Rosalind gave Jane her oldest sister glare, something she usually reserved for
Skye.
"Anyway, did Jeffrey say he loved you or something?" she asked.
"No!"
"Really?" Batty narrowed her eyes.
"Fine! Yes! How'd you know?"
"Well, it's sort of obvious that he's in love with you," Jane explained. "I always notice the
way he stares at you. He was shot by Cupid's arrow."
"Jane, shut up," Skye mumbled.
"Fine."
"Why don't you love him?"
"I can't! He's my best friend, and I don't want a one-sided relationship with my best friend.
That would be so awkward!"
"You can't push him away," Batty stated. "We all love him."
"I know, I'm sorry."
"Call him and invite him over for dinner," Rosalind demanded.
"Bossy."
"Skye...."
"Fine!" Skye stormed out.

Five hours later, Iantha exclaimed, "Time for dessert!" She rose from her chair at the dinner
table and returned momentarily with a container of mint chocolate chip ice cream. Everyone ate and ate. It was delicious! After, everyone dispersed. Rosalind and Iantha went off to the kitchen to wash the dishes, Jane opened the door for her friend Artie and two Donovans, Mr. Penderwick slipped into his office to study, Batty played with Ben and Lydia, and Skye and Jeffrey went off to talk in Skye and Jane's room.

"So..." Jeffrey and Skye began at the same time. They laughed, and Skye punched his arm like the old days.

"You first," Skye sighed.

"OK, well, why don't you love me?"

"I don't know, I just don't!" Skye ejaculated.

"OK, OK! You're gorgeous, you know."

"I'm not, so stop saying that."

"You are. Skye, I love you, and you can't stop that."

"I wish I could!"

"Well, you can't," Jeffrey snapped, which was unlike him.

"Fine!" Skye's voice broke. Jeffrey knew she was thinking about Mrs. Penderwick, not Iantha, but Elizabeth because Skye resembled her. He edged closer until he was inches away. Before Skye realized, he was kissing her. She was in paradise, bliss, she couldn't explain it. Wait, this was wrong! Skye suddenly pulled away.

"Jeffrey!" Skye slapped Jeffrey in the face.

"Ow, Skye!"

"How could you?"

"How couldn't I?"

"But--go, just go."

"Fine," Jeffrey gasped, defeated. Then he was gone.