

With a Little Help

by Becky

The setting is a Port Charles society event, where Scotty and Chloe put a plan into action to get SNL together.

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Stefan Cassadine sat stiffly in the chair, forcing a look of attention on his face for the benefit of his companion. Chloe Morgan rivaled Katherine Bell in her ability to talk about absolutely nothing of significance for prolonged periods of time. When she stopped to take a drink of water, he took the chance to look around. The usual people were here, none that held any interest for him. He was about to turn back when his eye caught the figure of Laura Spencer at the entrance.

She looked divine. A stirring of desire started to build as his eyes roamed her voluptuous form, the black, velvet dress she was wearing almost caressing every inch of her body. His eyes stopped abruptly and he clenched his jaw as he saw a male hand curl around her hip. He felt an almost uncontrollable rage at the intimacy in his touch. He looked up to find Laura smiling all too familiarly at Scott Baldwin.

He tore his eyes away from the couple and smiled at Chloe. "Would you care to dance?"

Chloe tried not to laugh. She knew who he had been looking at. So far, so good. "I'd love to."

"Smile," Laura reprimanded as Scotty helped her sit down.

Scotty scoffed, "You know I hate these kind of events. Boring people, bad food. Remind me why I'm here again?"

"To protect me from these vultures," Laura grinned. "And to rub Amanda Barrington's face in my success. Where is she anyway?"

"Now that I would pay to watch," Scotty replied as Laura scanned the room. He watched her face closely and knew exactly when she saw them. He was once again startled by the force of the blatant jealousy in her eyes. He followed her gaze to the dance floor, though he already knew who she was looking at. Stefan Cassadine and Chloe Morgan.

He tentatively touched her shoulder, almost afraid she would whip around and bite his hand off. "Laura?"

Laura turned around and blushed slightly. She had been caught. "What?" she tried to play it off.

"Looking at 'What's-his-name'?"

Laura cringed at the reminder of that awful day. "Yeah."

"He seems stuffy."

"He is."

"I never took you for going for the stuffy types."

"He's different around me. Or used to be, anyway." She looked down and swallowed the bitter taste of regret.

"If you say so. Are you sure you're not just lusting over his body?" Scotty teased.

Laura grinned impishly, "You noticed his body?"

"Don't look at me like that. I'm speaking objectively here."

She laughed, "Right."

"If I get muscles, will I have you staring at me like that?"

"Scotty..."

"Just teasing ya."

"Are you done?"

Scotty smirked. "Are you kidding? I'm just getting started. The blonde?"

Laura's eyes flashed. "What about her?"

"Never mind." He smiled secretively as she turned her attention back to the dancing couple. If looks could kill...

Stefan could feel her stare at the back of his neck. He maneuvered Chloe so he could look at Laura without making it obvious. A sense of victory swept through him as he saw the storm in her eyes.

It was short-lived as he saw Scotty take her hand and lead her to the dance floor, pulling her close to him, her body pressing against his...

"I don't know about this plan of yours," Laura muttered. "I don't like using you to make him jealous. I don't even know if it's working."

"You don't hear me complaining, do you?" Scotty said. "And believe me, it's working. But just in case..."

Laura's questioning look widened in surprise as Scotty's lips descended on hers.

"Stefan!" Chloe gasped. "Ease up on the grip."

Realizing what he was doing, Stefan released his tight hold on Chloe. "I apologize."

"What's the matter?" she feigned not to know, turning to the scene she knew she would find. "Oh." She waited until the couple was done kissing and turned back to Stefan with mischievous smile. "Looks like fun." Before Stefan could respond, she pulled him into a kiss.

Laura broke the kiss, a soft chuckle erupting from her mouth which died quickly as she turned to find Stefan and Chloe's embrace. The nerve of him!

Laura heard Scotty laughing and turned back, not amused by his attitude. "What's so funny?"

Scotty didn't answer her question, but took her hand. "Come with me."

"Why did you do that?" Stefan asked.

"Cause I like you, and I want you to be happy. And I'm pretty sure you need Laura for that."

"And kissing me accomplished what, exactly?"

"Turn around," Chloe responded.

Stefan did so and nearly bumped into Laura.

"Ms. Morgan, may I have this dance?" Scotty asked, giving her a wink.

Chloe smiled. "I would love to, Mr. Baldwin."

Neither Stefan nor Laura had time to protest as their dates left them alone on the now almost empty dance floor.

"We look stupid just standing here," Laura observed as the music began. She stepped closer to him, their faces mere inches from each other. "Will you dance with me?" she challenged, her eyes locking with his.

Without breaking the gaze, Stefan accepted by circling Laura's waist with his left arm and taking one of her hands in his right one, enjoying her slight tremble as he did so. They easily fell into the rhythm, their bodies matching each move perfectly.

*Sure I think about you now and then
But it's been a long, long time.
I've got a good life now, I've moved on
So when you cross my mind....*

"She's pretty," Laura broke into the song. "But rather young, though, don't you think?"

"I don't care to discuss Chloe with you," Stefan warned.

Laura's eyebrow shot up, a slight smirk playing on her lips. "Of course you do. You wanted me to see you with her." She hoped her eyes didn't show her doubt.

*We could sit and talk about this all night long,
And wonder why we didn't last
Yes, they might be the best days we will ever know
But we'll have to leave them in the past.*

"For what purpose?"

"To make me jealous."

"That would presume that you are in my thoughts."

"And I am."

"No."

"Yes. Jealous, I mean. And in your thoughts. You're in mine, too."

*That same old look in your eyes
It's a beautiful night
I'm so tempted to stay
But too much time has gone by
We should just say goodbye
And turn and walk away.*

Stefan tried to ignore the effect the words had on him, but it didn't work. Laura's eyes lowered to his lips and back up, a silent question. To escape the probing blue eyes, he moved his head to the side, only to become more aware of the scent that was hers alone, the softness of the skin that was touching his own.

*And try not to think about
What might have been
'Cause that was then
And we've taken different roads
We can't go back again, there's no use giving in
And there's no way to know
What might have been.*

Laura held onto him tightly, not knowing how else to stop the feeling that he was slipping away. She closed her eyes, a teardrop falling from her cheek onto Stefan's. "There's always a way," Stefan whispered softly in her ear. Laura buried her face in the crook of his neck and let out a long, trembling breath.

The End. :)

What Might Have Been, by Little Texas