Chapter Two

Dude. I know some people might be thinking this is kind of stupid, but to me, I'm freaking excited! Playing With Fire is #281 on the Teen Fiction list! I don't know how it's happening, or what you guys are doing, but all I can say is thank you so much! I know it's pretty crazy considering I haven't gotten too many reads, but i'm greatful either a way.Which is why....I've uploaded the next chapter one or two days earlier! Yes, this chapter is more of a filler, but there is some stu in here that you do not want to miss. (: It's my way of saying thank you. I guarentee you, that if you show me the support, I'll upload everytime. It makes me so happy when I get these positive comments. Honestly, that's what gets me excited most. I love hearing what you have to say! So please, keep doing what you are doing (: Thank you! a I'll be uploading in one or two days because chapter three, my friends, is the chapter I have been waiting so long to write. (: Sooo...that means...stick around! <3 Okay, I'm gonna shut up now and let you read. Comment, Vote, Fan å Summer xoxo **Chapter 2** Paradise. Palm trees, summer breeze, and rippling water. a Bliss, peace, and love. Laying in bed the way I am now, with the rays of sun streaming across my blanketed body, paradise is where I am. Although I miss the feel of my own bed in Boston, nothing can compare to this feeling of security that is overwhelming my senses. "Oh, good," A voice interrupts my thoughts and I snap my head up, "You're awake." "Hey dad," I croak, propping my elbows on the mattress. He gives me a so smile and gently closes the door behind him. I watch wordlessly as he comes and sits on the edge of my bed. a He takes a quick look around the room and then brings his attention back to me. "How are you doing?" He asks. I release my elbows from its position and plop myself back in my bed with a small smile on my face. Paradise. "I've never felt this happy." I reply honestly, starting directly at the ceiling. "I'm glad," Dad says, "I won't have it any other way." a For some reason, I can hear a little guilt in his voice. It feels like a brick on my back to know that he may never forgive himself for leaving me. Another part of me regrets making him feel this way by all the times I mercilessly hung up on him. a "Dad..." I turn my head to face him, "Stop beating yourself over this whole situation. It's not your fault." a He looks directly at me and gives me a sad smile, not saying anything in return. I sigh and sit myself up, leaning against the headrest. "What happened then—it's in the past. You want to make up for not being there, and I want to make up for not lettingyou be there for me. The only way that's ever going to happen is if we let go of before. I know that if I keep looking back on the way I treated you, I'll beat myself for it. I'm here now, and I'm here to stay. Okay?" a I take one huge breath and stare at my dad with expectant eyes. Instead of replying, he leans forward and kisses my forehead. When he leans back, he smiles, staring at me as if he was in awe. "You're so grown up." He muses, grinning. a I shrug, feeling slightly at a loss of words. Without thinking, I pull myself under the covers and tuck it under my head. I can hear dad's mu led laugh once I stop moving, and then he is dead quiet. I hold my breath for a few seconds, trying to catch any movements, but I hear none. Oh no. "Dad?" I call out quietly, "This isn't funny." Silence. Out of the blue, I feel a spiderlike sensation at the heels of my feet. Instantly, I squeal and wiggle around in my covers. The harder I struggle, the more I get tickled. a "Dad!" I shout, trying not to laugh at the same time. When he doesn't stop, I throw the covers out of my face and attempt to jut his chest. "What the hell, man!" A voice interrupts us both and we freeze. Layla, standing with her hands on her hips and her pajamas on, grins from ear to ear, her smile transforming into one of mischief in less than a second. "Why wasn't I invited to this party?" **4**5 Dad cracks up laughing, and before I know it, Layla charges my bed and lunges. I scream and thrash to get away as dad continues his tickle attack. Layla lands right next to me and crawls o the bed, next to dad. Within seconds, I'm being dragged o the bed as Dad and Layla laugh their heads o. I try to grab onto something, but I miss and drag my pillow down with me onto the hard, cold floor. I land with a thump, my legs spread out, and the pillow tightly wrapped by my arms. å "Eric honey!" A voice that I instantly recognize as Laura's, calls from downstairs. Dad places my feet on the floor and winks at us both before motioning to the stairs. He jogs out the door and calls over his shoulder, "Don't kill her today, Layla!" å Layla giggles and plops on the floor next to me while I slowly grow scared at what she has planned for me today. "What are you going to do to me?" I blurt out, almost bewildered. á She smirks and places her hands behind her on the floor. "I'm taking you to the mall." I gawk and widen my eyes, "No, not the mall!" "Yes, the mall." She counters, "It'll be fun." To me, going to the mall means following mom around like a dog with all her bags, and letting her spend all the money I earn. "W-what? No." She raises an eyebrow, "I mean, I don't have any money. And besides, I already have clothes." Layla begins to shake her head like that was the craziest thing she's ever heard, "I like you too much to let you walk out wearing that" She pulls out a platinum card and grins as I frown, "And besides, why waste a wonderful opportunity to use this?" I slump my shoulders and look back at my suite case of clothes. My furry jacket and sweaters did look a little out of place—especially in this kind of weather, but it got me through the Boston snow. "You're in Miami now." She says, almost like she's reading my mind, "Pitbull is proud of his home for a reason." She put air quotes over the last part and makes a funny face. "So, c'mon," She urges, stretching her hand out for me to take, "We have a busy day and-" She suddenly stops what she's saying and throws her hands to her face. "What?" I ask guarded. "I almost forgot, tomorrow is your first day of school." I groan, "If you think mentioning school is 'fun', then we are going to have a problem." She smirks at me and bends down to drag me up by my arm, "Well then, I guess I'll just focus on the mall we will be spending hoursat." I let her pull me up and get a better grip standing upright. I give her a blunt look, which she returns with a smack on my butt. å I let out a screech and jump forward. "Layla!" "Hurry up, you fool." She teases, walking past me and out the door. I let out a reluctant hu and hobble over to my suitcase full of clothes. Now that I think of it, Layla is right. These clothes are no match for the Miami heat. đ I whip my head around when I hear the door creak open again, and watch as Layla sticks her head in. I sigh, "What is it, Layla?" "I forgot to give this to you," She tosses me a lump of bright clothes that I manage to catch by reflex, "Oh, and you have 15 minutes to get ready Faye." I snort and wave at her as she slowly and painfully shuts the door. As soon as she securely closes it, all expression from my face drops, and I walk into the bathroom grumbling. "Holy shit, it's huge!" $\infty \infty \infty \infty \infty$ "Don't tire the poor girl out, Layla!" Laura calls out when we walk out the door, "She's just been welcomed to the family! đ I hear dad chuckle in the background, but it fades as the door is shut. "Yes, let's remember that now Layla." I snicker, feeling happy that she has been warned. She gives me a sideways glance while gathering her keys, "Oh, shut up pout face. You'll be thankful." a "Yeah, yeah." I mutter, but I realize she is right, "Thanks, by the way. I'm not the best person when it comes to shopping-mainly because it never turned out great back in Boston-but, it means alot that this is just for me." I fall into step besides Layla and decide to take one little peek at her face. When I do, I find that she is staring at me like a two headed freak. á "...What?" I start touching my hair and face to check just in case. "No," She chuckles and puts my hand back down, "you're face is fine, Faye." "Oh." "It's just-I want you to forget about whatever happened in Boston. And besides," She snorts, "It's a benefit for both of us. If you go to the mall, I also get to buy more for myself." I laugh at that, figuring that wouldbe the type of logic she would use. My laugh cuts short when I see the audi convertible we seem to be headed towards. a You've got to be kidding me. "What?" I hear Layla ask. I snap my head to face her staring at me inquisitively. 'Is that your car?" She laughs and nods her head, "Yup." When in reaching distance, I take a nice long glance at it. It's glassy gray reflection shouts 'look at me!', and it definitely is beautiful. Not many people at school in Boston owned an Audi. Layla interrupts my thoughts when she unlocks our doors and climbs in. I do the same and buckle up as she starts the car. "Jesus..." I mutter aloud, "How in the world..." "I earned my baby," Layla informs me, looking back before driving out of our street,"I had to have straight A's and one B last year when it came to my birthday, and If I did, Mom said she would buy me any car I wanted." a⁷ "Oh wow." "Yeah, but I'm not like thatif you were wondering or anything..." I look at her confused, and she seems to notice. "You know!" She insists, and I raise an eyebrow. She hu s and rushes her words, "I'm not like a snobby rich kid or-" "Oh nd" I quickly interrupt, "No, I wasn't thinking that! I was just wondering." "Oh," Layla mumbles, "Okay good." I let out a breath at the awkwardness of that conversation, and begin to focus more on the wind rushing through my messy bun. "Speaking of rich snobby kids," Layla says, not removing her eyes from the road, "There are a group of them at our school." ď I groan, "That's just perfect" That earns me a laugh from Layla. "First there's that weird 'bad ass'," I mock, using air quotes, "and now there's the snobby rich kids! I love this school already." Layla nods her head in consideration, "Yeah, there are some flaws, but it's a pretty good school otherwise." "So, what other types of 'groups' are there in this great school of yours?" She grins, "Oh yeah, I was hoping you'd ask." I shrug, but listen for the most part. "Well, there are the computer geniuses," She taps the category o on her steering wheel, "the cheerleaders-they're actually quite nice, the jocks-obviously known as the 'assholes', the 'girls', the nerds-" "Ouch, that hurts a little!" I joke. She waves me o with one hand and continues, "-and then it's just the normal people who don't fall into any category." a^3 "Wow. School sounds fun." I remark banally, "Which category do you fall into?" Layla smirks and li s one shoulder, "I'm the president of Palm Beach High." a³ My mouth drops and I stare at her with my eyes wide, "You" Wow. So, my sister is the president of my new school... She glances at me again throughout the mirror, "Yup. Why, do I not look like one?" đ I let out a nervous laugh, "No, not at all. I was just thinking, 'what are the odds'." "Oh," She mutters, "Well, it's even now!" a⁸ "Punny joke." I roll my eyes as we enter the mall park. ã "You're supposed to laugh Faye." She scolds playfully. "Ha. ha. ha." a⁵ "Good." Layla says cheerfully as she pulls into a parking spot and shuts o the engine, "Now let's go, pout face." a "So, is that my new nickname or something because I don't approve." I say while stepping out of the car and falling into step beside her. She chuckles and shrugs, "Well that seems to be all you've been doing today." I gawk at her, "You didn't exactly help."

She grins at that and holds the door open for me when we enter the

"Fine." She throws her hair back over her shoulder, "Give me one

Layla stares at me intently with a smile tugging at the edges of her

lips. I figure I might as well get it over with, so I flash her a fake, toothy

The next thing I know, Layla is laughing her head o, her hands on her

"That was pretty Faye." She states sarcastically, straightening up and

The moment I walked into that store, was the moment I entered hell.

Not the type of hell I usually went through, like holding bags and

having too many beautiful clothes to pick from.

seeing things I wanted, even though I knew I couldn't get it. More like,

It wasn't very helpful that Layla was throwing things at me right and

Continue reading next part □

"What the hellwas that?" She demands in between breaths.

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pretty smile and I'll think of something else."

mall.

Oh good lord.

"Seriously?"

"Okay, okay!"

"Do it!"

grin.

knees.

"A smile?"

le .

pointing to a store called 'H & M'

And let me tell you this.