a

a

a

å

a

a

a

```
Recap
```

\*\*\*\*\*\*HAS NOT BEEN EDITED YET.\*\*\*\*\*\*

clamp my eyes shut and grit my teeth as hard as I possibly can to gain control. "You know what?" I finally say, my voice unnaturally calm, "I'll find out myself."

I stare at him, my chest heaving and my ears ringing, partially in

disbelief and the other half in rage. I place a hand on my head and

I push o the counter, not bothering to look back, and tug at the door. I step out and exhale just as Travis calls my name.

"Wait—" He says, his voice coming out strangled, intertwined with irritation and hope, "Just—stay home and lay low for a while."

"Why?" I urge, my voice low and quiet, "Just give me one reason

why." Travis looks at me for a moment longer before exhaling and turning away. He clenches his jaw and fists his hair in agitation while I

simply stare, my heart beating and hoping that he will just—tell me. "I—" He opens his mouth, his eyes bright; however, he falters. "I —Faye...the less you know, the better."

I narrow my eyes and slump my shoulders, "Not good enough." With that, I spin on my heel, wincing as my head starts to throb drastically, and storm o.

**Chapter Twenty-Two** A er storming away from Travis's home, I swore to myself that I

would find out what this was. What he was. How I am involved. That night before the game, Ashley had asked of me a huge favor—to steal Layla's o ice key.

"As the president," she had stated innocently, "She has connections." It took her a while to convince me, for the last thing I wanted was to

get her in trouble as well, but I gave in in the end. I knew there was no other way to get in. Even I wouldn't go so far as committing a crime to find the crimes Travis committed.

The plan we had decided on was to go to the game when it started, and then eventually leave once the score had taken onto a more intense level. We figured when everyone was so into the game, we could leave without being noticed.

So, when the score was 4-3, Pacific High Oceaners in the lead, Ashley

and I climbed o the risers in the big field and headed towards the

o ice. Since then, it has been a total of seven minutes, and we had promised to get out of the o ice a er no more than ten minutes. I take a quick glance again before returning my attention back to Ashley's crouched form. "Anything?" I press, my voice barely reaching a whisper.

She holds one finger up, her back still facing me. I purse my lips and hold the key tightly in my fist. Remorse for taking advantage of Layla's position slithers

through my conscience, poisoning my every thought, but I push that

feeling back for now. If I let the guilt consume me, I will never find

answers. Ashley gasps, "Bingo." My heart spikes and I hastily peek through the cracks of the

glances down at it, reading with an engrossed frown. Silence engulfs us again as she continues to delve her eyes into the answers to all my nagging questions. I stare at the paper, somehow hoping I can see what it says, but I give up on that thought when I realize I'm no superman. Instead, I focus on Ashley's features.

Her furrowed brows, which were heavily creased a few moments ago,

instantly covering her mouth. I stare at her in disbelief, raking through

my brain to find any reason as to how this situation could be comical.

Of all the emotional outcomes I had proposed, humor was not one of

door. Ashley turns around to face me with a paper in her hand. She

gradually relax and li in amusement. Her lip twitches as she lip reads what's written on the paper. Suddenly, she giggles, throwing her head back and then

them.

kat."

can't be true.

"Apparently," Ashley starts, her voice low in a dramatic whisper. She grins from ear to ear, clearly finding this to be the most amusing thing in the world. "Travis Emmons went to prison on three corresponding the charges for—" "How is that funny?" I demand, staring at her as if she's grown three heads. Although I have to admit, I was expecting some murder charges so robbery came as a relief to me. "Wait for it," She holds a hand up and snickers, "he stole a kit

seriously." Ashley raises an eyebrow, still recovering from her previous laughing fit, and starts to lightly walk over to me. "Take a look," She states, her voice confident while mine fades.

I grab the paper from her hands as she stands by the door

"Wow," she muses while I broil in doubt, "I guess the bad boy

While I ponder, scrutinizing my thoughts and the words, Ashley

"He must have been blu ing all this time—are you listening?"

instead. My eyes hastily scan over it, trying to uncover something

hidden. Yet, all I see is what Ashley had said earlier.

continues to ramble in a so yet present tone.

sexual tension between you two is crazy."

the lacrosse field catches my attention.

turn the knob and push out.

attention.

I look up and flash her a smile, "Yeah."

I raise an eyebrow, hoping she'll cut to the chase, "Okay,

If my mouth could drop any lower, it could possibly fall right o

my face. That is just so absurd, I can't wrap my brain around it. It

isn't as bad a erall." Something tells me this isn't right. This churning, burning sensation, which tugs at my gut, tells me that there's more to it. Perhaps these inputs are false. Though I'm relieved to see this, I feel

dread bubble as I realize none of the puzzle pieces fit together.

She rolls her eyes and grins, "Well I guess this means you can finally date him." At that, I halt and widen my eyes, "What the hell?"

"Oh c'mon," She insists, throwing her hands up in the air, "The

I gape and feel my face turn warm, "No, you're clearly mistaken." "I know what I see," She sco s, shrugging her shoulders. I narrow my eyes and open my mouth to say something;

however, the sound of a door slamming in a distance grabs our

clarify. Sure enough, heavy thumping stomps approach the o ice, each step growing louder than the one before. Frantically, I glance around the room, trying to figure out where

we could hide. However, a window in the far corner which outlooks

to follow along. I point to the window and turn away just before she

We both freeze, waiting for some footsteps to follow just to

gives me a bewildered look. The window is one of those classic, old school shutter types. One of the latches at the bottom gives way to a free escape if you

With shaky hands, I grab the notch and twist. At this point, I

A pair of keys—which certainly aren't needed to unlock this

already opened o ice door—jingle outside, and Ashley and I hold our

breaths. Ashley and I hastily climb over at the same time, struggling

could care less how much noise I must be making.

Wasting no time, I put a hand to my lips and motion for Ashley

to fit through. With a frustrated hu, I shove at Ashley's butt, and she slowly falls over with a mu led scream. I follow a er and land with a thud, just as the door clicks open.

Ashley turns her gaze to mine, ferocious and scolding, but I roll

my eyes and grab her by the wrist. When I hear a gasp come from

mention we didn't even close the window.

thumping of the steps.

we began running as fast as we can.

person finds out it was hers to begin with.

words didn't come from her mouth.

he takes o his helmet as he approaches us.

"Faye was having girl problems."

raises both his hands up in the air.

Uncontrollable. Too much—"

her absurd excuse.

want to know."

as well.

ass to kick."

Layla's key."

inside, I know the person has seen the damage we've caused—not to

She seems to catch on because the first thing she reaches for is her black hood. A sinister smile forms across her features, most likely at the fact that she has gotten a chance to use her refined 'spy skills'.

The footsteps come closer to the window, and we press our

Then, Ashley gives my hand a tight squeeze before yanking me

forward. An awkward squeal escapes my lips before I can stop it, and

backs further against the wall, pursing our lips and crossing our

fingers. My ears start to ring in anxiety as they narrow in on the

"Hey!" A booming voice, shrill and loud calls a er us as we run. My heart pounds as I realize I've blown our cover. Upon hearing the voice, we push ourselves further, not uttering a single word, simply running. We push ourselves behind the bleachers and Ashley bends

down to brace her arms on her knees. I hear cheers and rooting going

on from the lacrosse game, but all that is on my mind is getting out of

"Hey," I pat Ashley on the shoulder and take a brief look around

here. I had Layla's key—and she can get it so much trouble if that

before returning my attention to her. "You want to split up?"

She straightens and exhales sharply, "Are you sure?"

"I'm the one who has the paper." "Right," She agrees, scratching her head, "Why don't we blend in with the crowd—surely the person wont notice?" "That could work," I muse, but then shake my head, "No, I have

"Oh shoot!" Her eyes widen upon the realization, "Yeah, go!"

"Okay," I say, "You'll be fine—I don't think the person saw us."

"Hey!" Ashley stares at me strangely as I do when I realize those

I whirl around defensively, only to see Chase, in his lacrosse

gear, jogging up to us. Hesitantly, I stu the paper in my pocket and

His hair is disheveled and sweaty, dripping from with

"Yeah," I nod and li up my hand that holds Travis's records,

perspiration. He stares at us oddly, an amused smile forming at the corners of her lips. "What are you guys doing here?" He asks, motioning towards the bleachers.

"We just got here." I say at the same time Ashley comes up with

"Ohkay..." He trails, trying to hide laughter, "I don't really think I

I shoot her an odd glance as Chase arches an eyebrow and

"Oh, no..." Ashley shakes her head, "Layla is just...yikes.

I grit my teeth, my face growing warm, and I feel the urge to interrupt before I lose all of my reputation. "Are you okay?" I interrupt, referring to the day we both got attacked. I hadn't seen him since then, but we had talked through text—

never about the incident though. I gathered he hadn't told anytone

about it, which is why Ashley looks beyond confused. Although, I

from the top all the way down, like a river that continues to flow. I

I would've asked him what happened to him a erwards, but I

"Okay," Ashley drawls, looking strangely between us, "Well—

"Damn straight," Chase chuckles, shaking his wet hair so that it

we've got a game to watch," She says, pointing towards me. She then

draws her attention to chase and jabs lightly at his chest. Chase

glances down, his eyes lighting up in the process. "You have some

figured Travis had something to do with it. Considering his stubborn

secrecy, I wouldn't exactly be surprised if he was the one to save him

could only imagine how bad they knocked him out.

really do understand where he's coming from.

a

sprays all over Ashley and I. I back away wordlessly while Ashley squeals and shoves him. Despite my nervousness, a keen smile settles on my lips as I smugly think of how she can't seem to keep her hands o of him.

"I'll catch up," I lie, staring more at Ashley before turning

around and walking down the line of creaking bleachers.

"See ya!" Ashley calls out naturally.

for someone to pop out.

smile.

escape.

way across, "Stop." A feeling of dread surges through me as I hear those footsteps come closer and closer. I start walking faster, trying to put it o that I don't think I'm being talked to. But the faster I walk, the closer the footsteps get. Layla's face flashes across my mind and my stomach churns in

"Hey!" the same, drilling voice calls before I can make it half

"Idiot!" A di erent voice shouts, guiding my head in the direction the voice came from. I whip my head a little to the side and spot a navy blue motorcycle under a dimly lit lamplight. My eyes quickly scan over a pair of formal, black shoes followed by the familiar pair of grey dress

demands me to stop, threatens to catch me, I continue to run.

away from where we are. "Travis chuckles, a rumble that vibrates deep in his chest, and lets his foot o the floor. Immediately, we race o, and I tighten my grip.

look as the man continues to demand for us to come 'right back'.

"Stop right now!" The same voice calls sprinting merely five feet

I look back over my shoulder, watching with a smug yet relieved

It's only when I turn back around and scoot closer to his broad

back that I realize the twisted truth that Travis saved me from getting

caught spying on him a  $\infty \infty \infty \infty \infty \infty \infty \infty \infty$ My apologies, this chapter has not been edited AT ALL. I'm in a BIG rush as I have somewhere to go in twenty seconds haha. I

promise I'll edit it once I get home. As of right now, please bare with

Is it just me or did Faye unconsciously become badass? :o

me as y'all always do and VOMMENT.

Can I get some votes and 15 comments? a Happy first day of Summer! a xxSummerxx

Recognition flashes his features and he gives me a sincere smile, "I'm okay." As much as I want to believe his words, I did catch the three or four scratches and blood marks on her temple and jaw. They travel

I chuckle humorlessly and then focus my attention on the view ahead of me. Once Chase and Ashley are out from under the bleachers, I zip up my jacket and duck my fists in the length of the black sleeves. For all I know, the person could still be roaming around, waiting

With that thought, I decide to try and act normal. The chances

that they saw me are pretty slim. All they could've possibly made out

is my silhouette. Acting normal is the most normal thing I could do.

time as I walk across the parking lot pavement. I pull out my phone,

As I pass by a few people socializing by the hoods of their cars, I

eager to give the impression that I'm simply texting one of my friends.

With that in mind, I push myself further, taking one step at a

longing. Before I can think, I break for it. My legs work on their own accord and my arms swing back and forth as I sprint as fast as I can across the last half of the parking lot. The person is following close behind me and I don't dare look, knowing that if I do, I'll sure blow my cover. So, I continue running.

Even as the man, as I identify from his increasingly deep shouts,

I figure that at least if I get caught, I'll know I had truly tried to

bike and I make a sharp cut for him. He holds out a helmet as I approach him and I fumble to slam it onto my head with one hand while jumping onto the seat with another. As the engine roars to life, I snap the straps on and instantly wrap my arms around Travis's torso.

pants. My heart flips as I take in Travis, waiting impatiently with a

scowl plastered on his face. His hands firmly grip the handle of his

a

đ

**Continue reading next part** □