

## Chapter Thirty-Seven

### Recap

“What did she say now?” Travis knits his eyebrows together, three creases forming on his forehead in guarded apprehension.

“She asked me if we were a thing”

Suddenly, his face relaxes and his expression turns pensive yet suddenly interested. “And what did you say?”

I lean forward, a smile gracing my lips as he asks the question I had been hoping he would ask from the moment I started the conversation. My gaze flickers towards his lips, and he immediately catches on, raising an eyebrow at my sudden boldness.

He closes his eyes, and moments before my lips meet his, I alter my course and give him a so peck on the cheek.

“That’s for my god awful hickey.” I whisper victoriously, “See you at lunch.”

With that, I push myself away, a smirk glued to my face, and head into a world of Shakespeare that I know I won’t be able to focus on today.

Chase lights up when he sees me, a devious grin plastering his features as I walk closer to him. He looks behind me momentarily when I throw my bag up on the desk and face him—crimson ears and all.

“I hope you know that Travis Emmons is giving you a death glare right now.” He states, his eyes holding suspenseful humor in them.

“Oh,” I chuckle and train my eyes on him, “I know.”

### Chapter Thirty Seven

By the time lunch arrives, I am back to wondering why I persisted on coming to school today. Not only did I receive disapproving glances from the majority of my teachers, but they also rewarded me with homework, which has become the least of my worries.

While studying my assignments in my bag, I walk with Chase by my side towards his locker. He too, hated the fact that this school had no mercy on tests and homework. By the time I met him outside of his class, he was nearly degrading the testing policies of his teachers.

“This week is huge for the lacrosse team,” He rambles, angrily pulling at his lock. “Everyone knows that!”

“That seriously sucks.” I agree, genuinely feeling sympathetic at his situation.

As selfish as it sounds, it’s extremely refreshing to hear his rather ‘miniscule’ problems. It does the job of keeping my mind off of my own challenges. At least for a little while.

Chase piles in his textbooks and replaces others with ones he will need. With additional force, he closes the door shut and turns to face me.

Suddenly, hope flashes across his features, “Maybe Layla can talk to the sta?”

I inwardly grimace, knowing that she probably couldn’t bring up something like that. Nonetheless, I flash him a small smile and nod. “Yeah, I’ll tell her.”

“Sweet,” The corners of his mouth lift up into a trademark smirk. He reaches out to lightly hit my shoulder, “Thanks.”

“So are you buying lunch?” I ask, moving towards the center of the hall.

He follows and shoots me an incredulous look, “Of course I am.”

I wrinkle my nose in disgust, “I have to as well.”

“No way—What’s it going to be?” He knows how much I hate cafeteria food, and I’m not surprised he finds my ultimate horror somewhat amusing. He raises one hand and balances the other while he speaks. “Rabbit food that tastes like cardboard or pasta with bloody sauce on the side?”

“Oh god,” I cover my ears and shoot him a glare, “That’s disgusting.”

He raises an eyebrow, completely ignoring my comment. As we enter the cafeteria, he weighs both the imaginary plates of food in his hands.

“Which one?” He presses, winking.

While rolling my eyes, I lightly shove in the direction of the line. “How about you pick your death meal while I watch.”

He chuckles and reaches for a plate, “How do moldy meatballs sound?”

I repress the urge to gag, and he continues on his rampage to torture me with the vivid imagery of disgusting food.

“Mmm,” he makes a sound in the back of his throat, “Delicious”

I shake my head in irritation, but we both know there is a slight smile tainted on my lips. As he trudges through the line to pay for his food, I grab a nature valley granola bar and a bottle of water moments before reaching the cashier.

When we finally exit the line, Chase leads the way towards a nearly empty table close to the cafeteria doors. As we walk a little closer, I catch sight of Ashley staring at the two of us in excitement.

She waves at me, and I wave back. Chase, however, is already studying his mouth with the food he just bought at the counter.

When I’m within hearing distance of Ashley, she greets me with the most lovely shade of exasperation.

However, before she can say anything more, Chase attempts to speak with his mouth full. The sound comes out barely audible and muffled. He brings a hand to his mouth and disgracefully jerks his head in the direction of his Lacrosse team mates.

“I’m going to chill with them, okay?” He says, starting to walk backwards, “I’m sure they’ll share my hatred for teachers right now.”

We both nod our heads and he flashes us one more cheesy grin —literally his lips are tainted with tomato sauce—before turning on his heels.

I direct my gaze back to Ashley, and she immediately readjusts her features to what they were like before: Wide-eyed, crazy.

“Dude,” She states, staring at me in bewilderment, “Where have you been?”

I raise an eyebrow and sit down across from her, placing the bar and water in front of me on the table. “I could ask you the same question.”

Confusion flickers across her features, “What?”

“Today, Self Defense?” I fill in the blanks while tearing open the green seal of my bar.

“Oh.” Recognition captures her expression, and she instantly starts to smirk. “That”

I take a bite of the bar while expectantly waiting for her to elaborate. Upon my silence, she gets the message and chuckles to herself before opening her mouth to speak.

“I got called into the principle’s office.” She muses.

“What?” I cough, momentarily forgetting I had food in my mouth. I slap a hand over my lips and chew slowly. So much for criticizing Chase. “Why?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” She draws sarcastically, “remember that time—real long time ago—when we snuck into his room and stole a specific file?”

“Ohmygod,” I gawk, and while my face turns crimson, I lower my panicked voice, “How did he find out?”

“You give me no credit,” Ashley shakes her head in devious disapproval. “Who said he found out?”

I frown, “Why else would he call you in?”

“True,” She murmurs, more to herself than to me. Then, a smirk forms, “But I told him it wasn’t me.”

“And he believed you?” I ask incredulously. It just didn’t make sense why he would call her in specifically and then let her go simply because she said it wasn’t her. Of course, I’m glad that’s the way things turned out though.

“Yeah,” She nods her head in amazement, “Poor guy.”

“Wait,” I wonder aloud, “How did he even have time to pull you out? Layla was at a board meeting with the staff at the time.”

“Oh I know,” She nods, turning serious, “That was the board meeting.”

Now I’m completely and utterly lost.

A question scathes the tip of my tongue, searing and attempting to pry through my lips. Just as I’m about to give into the relentless urge, Layla’s voice interrupts my thoughts.

“Faye.” She calls out, her voice is calm, but I can hear a broiling commotion in it.

I glance up, observing how Wes is standing next to her, completely oblivious to what could possibly be going on.

“Hey,” I greet them both; however, my gaze instantly flickers back to Layla’s.

When I catch her eye, I see sheer panic. The light blue that usually reflects the calm of the ocean, the center of the hurricane, the life of the sky—it’s gone. Instead, there is a richer, more dark texture that reminds me of a brewing storm.

She seems to be communicating with me without saying much.

Forcefully, I rip my stare away from hers and glance back at Ashley. She’s staring at Layla as if she’s expecting her to accompany us.

“Sit with us,” She says happily, but still with uncertainty.

Layla flashes her an apologetic smile, “I’m sorry, but I need to talk to Faye.”

I raise an eyebrow, silently wondering what is going on. From the corner of my eye, I spot Travis standing outside the glass door, waiting for Layla to pull me out.

I dart my gaze back to Ashley, “I’ll catch you later, okay?”

She beams, “Sure.”

With that, I gather my belongings and swing my backpack over my shoulder. Layla, however, is already fast walking towards the cafeteria exit. Curiosity and slight precaution enters my system as I silently follow behind her.

This can’t be good.

Hey!

This chapter, like the other few, has not been edited.

I think I’m going to go back and correct my mistakes when I get the time to do so. Anywho, thanks for reading, commenting and loving me haha

I’m so so so pleased with the amount of comments I’m getting. Not only that, but the comments are starting to get really deep. I appreciate how they don’t simply state ‘update’.

P.S that just gets me a little angry.

P.P.S: If anyone says that, I swear that will be the reason I hold on an update (;

Can I get 60 comments?

COMMENT.

xxSummerxx