



Chapter Three: Part One

Guess who?"

Yeah, still on a freaking roll with all of this writing. It's not even funny, I can't stop even if I want to. Anyway, it's 10:40 pm, and I decided last minute to make Chapter three two parts. Obviously, this is the first part. I got a little tired, and I'm anxious to post this part up because well, you'll see ;)

Chapter Three part two will be much shorter, I will warn you. However, when it comes out, I suggest that you read it because there are some things you won't want to miss ;)

At this moment in time, my work is unedited. For the most part, it always will be until I go back and scrutinize every, single, sentence. ;)

Not now though.

And NOW my friends, NOW, is where the **real** fun begins. ;)

If you like it, prove it!

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Summer xoxo

☺ ☺ ☺ ☺ ☺

Chapter Three, Part 1

Even though my heavy eyelids are shut, I can feel a ray boring past them. It's bright, and it seems to follow my movements. Each time I roll around in my plush mattress, I feel the light hit some part of my face. I don't know when I consciously began to realize this, but since that moment in time, it's felt more intense than before.

I groan when orange light seeps through my eyelids, and I toss myself around once more. When that doesn't help, I force my reluctant eyes open to glance around.

I squint and scratch my head when I see a ray of sunlight seeping through the thin, white curtains ahead.

Damn sun.

Hu ing, I turn my head to look at the red numbers on the clock besides me.

"Great!" I mutter to myself. It read 7:30^{am} and I wonder why the hell I could have possibly woken up this early.

Just as I'm about to sink back into my bed, I hear a light knock at the door.

If that just happens to be Layla, I'm going to-

"Faye, sweetie?" It was Laura. "You awake?"

I sigh, my lips pu ing out.

"Yeah..."

"Oh, great! Well breakfast is ready, so come down and eat before getting ready for school."

My eyes widen and I physically feel my stomach drop from the sky to the floor.

School.

"Faye?" I hear Laura's concerned voice over my troubled thoughts again.

I stake my head and frantically jump out of bed, "Yeah! I'll be down."

"Perfect!" Her footsteps thud lightly all the way down the stairs, slowly fading the farther she got.

"Shit, shit, shit, shit." I curse while running a hand through my hair.

How the hell could I forget school.

I run to the bathroom and brush my teeth as thoroughly as I can before jogging down the stairs to the kitchen.

There, I am met with two smiling faces.

"Morning Laura." I say, "Morning Dad."

"Morning, Faye!"

"Hey sweetie, did you get a good sleep?"

Laura and Dad speak at the same time, causing a smile to appear on my face. They turn to look at each other with amused faces.

When I look at the two, I can tell that they really love each other. Dad had this look in his eye that I rarely saw with mom.

My hands twitch at my sides, and I clear my throat awkwardly, feeling like I was interrupting a private moment of some sort.

"Um," I say flustered, "Do you have any bagels?"

Laura turns her head and gives me a sweet smile. "We certainly do." She walks over to the fridge and pulls out some raisin bagels.

"Strawberry, Sour Cream and Onion, or Plain Cream cheese sweetie?"

I sit down, not knowing what else to do, "Plain please."

Feeling bad that she was doing everything for me, I stand up to get a plate.

"No, silly, sit down." Laura interrupts me, bringing out a plate on her own. "Don't worry, I won't be doing this forever."

I laugh and gratefully begin munching on the bagel she hands me.

"Morning Miss Sunshine." Dad remarks, focusing behind me.

"Morning..." Layla's tired voice immediately brings relief to me.

I spin around with a huge grin on my face, and I pat the seat next to me. Layla flashes me a lazy smile, rubbing her eyes, and drags her feet to the spot beside me.

She reaches for the cereal while Laura goes out of her way to get Layla a bowl to pour it in.

"You two seem to be getting along." Dad notes, approval in his tone.

I look up at him, curiosity in my eyes. "Why wouldn't we?"

She wraps an arm around my shoulder, "Yeah. She just can't get enough of my awesome-ness!"

I roll my eyes and squeeze back with an overenthusiastic gesture that she ignores.

Once I'm done with my bagel, I take the dish to the sink and wash it before placing it on the rack of drying dishes.

"I'm going to get ready."

I start heading upstairs with a slight smile on my face.

Right before I shut the door, I hear dad call, "Honey, your backpack and stu is downstairs okay? You like white right?"

"Yes, thanks dad!" I say as I shut the door behind me.

oo oo oo oo oo

"Faye, stop messing with your shirt. You look beautiful." Layla scolds, as we get out of the car.

I blush, but can't help but take one more glance at myself.

I believe strongly in first impressions, and having a smudge of makeup on my face, a dot on my white shorts, or a bug on my floral shirt, would not be good.

"Come on!" Layla ushers one last time, before walking over to me and pushing me forward.

"Oh, screw this." I mutter, wiping my sweaty hands against my arms.

Being shy is only going to make me a laughing stalk like before.

I shake my head defiantly, shaking past thoughts away, and flip my hair to the side.

"Let's get this over with." I mutter before entering the halls of Palm Beach High with "miss president" by my side.

I try to keep my eyes forward as we head to the principle's o ice, but they occasionally flicker around to see a few people staring at my new face.

Layla squeezes my hand in encouragement as we approach the o ice. "Faye, I have to go and take care of President stu ;". She puts air quotes on that, "I'll meet you during lunch okay?"

Right then, my confidence drops and I feel my eyes go wide, "W-what?"

Layla grabs my shoulder and gives me a small smile, "Relax, girl. You'll be great!"

With that, she gives me one more look before heading o in the other direction. As soon as she leaves, I feel the emptiness beside me, and I quickly move into the o ice.

"Hello dear." The main receptionist says sweetly, "How can I help?"

I readjust the backpack on my shoulder anxiously and bite my lip, "I'm Faye Williams. The new student from."

"Oh! Yes, Layla's sister?" She interrupts, the dull look from her eyes vanishing.

I nod my head and o er her a weak smile, "Yeah that's me."

"Oh, fabulous!" She cheers, getting out of her seat, "Wait a moment, I'll get your schedule sweetheart."

"Okay."

A few moments later, the lady comes hustling back with a piece of paper in her hands.

"Here is your schedule, dear. If you need any guidance, you can certainly come back for help. Don't worry about being late!"

I nod and back away, "Okay, thank you."

"Sure." The front receptionist replies as I slide out the door.

I take a moment to gather my thoughts, before gathering myself and moving forward.

I take a glance down at my papers, wanting to find my locker first.

Period 1: English/Eleven Honors

Period 2: Self defense/Health

Period 3: Chemistry

Lunch

Period 4: Trig/Precalc

Period 5: Ceramics/Woodwork

Locker number: 368 Combo: 11-24-01

"Locker 368..." I mutter aloud, before looking up and trailing over the tops of lockers.

I keep walking as the numbers come closer and closer to mine.

360...362...365...368

My heart pounds in relief when I find the right one. It is placed in the middle of the row of lockers.

Just my luck that I got a top locker for once.

I walk over to it and start rolling my combination. I keep trying, and to no avail does the lock budge.

"Oh come on! I wait, mainly to myself when it doesn't work the next few times I try it.

"Need help?" I hear someone call from right behind me.

I jump back in surprise, my hand flying to my chest, and let out a tiny squeal.

"Oh god, sorry!" A girl with ash blonde hair stands in front of me, her olive green eyes staring at me.

I let out a nervous laugh and fix my hair, "Don't sweat about it."

The creases on her forehead relax and the light freckles on her cheeks stretch out as she flashes me a cheeky grin.

She reaches her hand out for mine, "I'm Ashley Borne."

My shoulders slump slightly in relief and I return her handshake, "Faye Williams."

Her eyes widen slightly before giving me a bright smile, "Layla Henderson's sister?"

I frown in confusion, but nod, "Yeah...How did you know?"

She shrugs and grins, "Layla...makes her presence known. To everyone"

I can't help but let out a tiny snort when she says that. I've only known Layla two days, and the thought of her doing that doesn't surprise me.

"So, you still need help with that lock?" Ashley asks repositioning her bag on her shoulder.

I nod and flash her a smile, "That would be great."

"Alrighty," She beams, looking back at me, "You're locker is pretty close to mine too."

"Really? That's convenient." I nod, trying to stick to conversation.

"Yeah, but you're closer to my friend's than mine," She states, "Speaking of the devil!"

She turns her attention to a boy walking down the hallway towards us. I follow her gaze as she motions for him to come closer.

"Ay, Chase!" She calls out, "Come here!"

He laughs, probably because he was anyway, and jogs over to us, his eyes on her. He gives her a quick hug, and I momentarily move my gaze away before I turn my attention back to them.

Damn! He's cute!

I plant a shy smile on my face as Ashley introduces me to him.

"Chase," she says placing a hand on his arm and motioning to me.

"This is Faye Williams. Faye, this is Chase Maneton."

"Hey," He greets, with a one-dimpled smile on his face. My hazel eyes meet his blue ones and I smile again. He reaches forward and opens his arms, coming closer. I briefly have a panic attack when he starts to give me a genuine hug, so I lamely give him a pat on the shoulder with one eye closed.

I hear Ashley stifle a giggle when Chase pulls back with an amused look on his face.

"Chase that's Layla's sister," She informs with a smile on her face.

Oddly, he widens his eyes just like Ashley had done, and then relaxes slightly.

"Holy shit, can the family get any more beautiful?" Ashley cusses that underneath his breath, but I catch it and feel a warm blush creep up my face.

"Thank you." I stutter, playing with my fingers and wiping them on my shorts again.

He looks up startled, but gains composure again.

"Anytime," He winks, earning an elbow in the ribs from Ashley, "So, you're locker 368?"

I nod, "Ashley says you're right next to me!"

"I sure am." He walks over to locker 367 and gives it a pat, "This is mine right here."

I nod and bite my lip, deciding what to do next. I hesitate slightly before turning around and shutting the locker door.

Just then, the bell for the start of school rings, and an unknown surge of panic surges through me.

"Shit, I'mumble, completely forgetting about my surroundings while looking at my first class.

I hear Ashley laugh, "Here, let's see what you have."

I show her my paper and both Ashley and Chase take a glance at it.

"Oh wow, you have 1st, 3rd, and 5th with me." Chase remarks, grinning at me.

I smile back as Ashley tells me we have 2nd and 5th together.

"I can meet you back at your first period so I can take you to second if you'd like?" Ashley o ers hopefully.

Even if I didn't want to, which isn't the case, the bright look on her face is impossible to say no to, "Yeah...I'd actually love that."

"Cool," She smiles, "Catch you later then."

She waves at me and sends Chase a playful glare, "Don't scare her away Chase."

He laughs and shrugs his shoulders before looking at me.

"You ready to go?"

"Sure." I reply, letting him lead the way.

Alright, so it isn't that bad. School barely started and I made Friends. I wiggle my shoulders, trying to shake o the nervous vibe, and nearly jump when I hear Chase chuckle.

"Nervous?" He inquires.

"Hell yes..." I say too so ly, wiping my hands on my shorts again.

He laughs as we approach the door, "Don't be."

We step in, and to my surprise, we're one of the first ones.

It's slightly comforting how Chase stays by my side as we walk in. The fact that the people who are already in here are staring, it's nice to have someone to share the unwanted attention with.

"I have to talk to the teacher." I tell Chase, meaning that he can go leave me.

He nods and pats my shoulder before heading o in his own direction. I approach the teacher with the schedule in my hand, and stop when he looks up at me.

"Hi," I say, "I'm Faye Williams, the new student."

The male teacher with white hair, wearing an oversized t-shirt stands up to shake my hand, "Welcome to Palm Beach High Faye, I'm Mr. Arch. Glad to have you."

I nod and slowly try to wiggle my hand out of his grasp without letting him know. When he releases my hand, most of the people have already filed into class, and he motions for me to sit right next to Chase.

He flashes me a sweet smile and fist pumps, making me giggle before reaching him.

"Today is my lucky day." He jokes, while I grin.

To be honest, the only good thing about English is that Chase is sitting next to me. While Mr. Arch introduces me to the entire class, I felt abnormally relaxed. With all the reassuring glances and winks from Chase, I didn't sweat it one bit.

Even when class started, Chase continued conversing with me.

Halfway throughout class, we even began playing twenty questions. At first it started out basic, but towards the end, we started asking crazy questions like, "would you be friends with me if my face was my butt?"

By the end of the period, I felt completely confident. People had stopped staring at er a little bit, and they didn't seem to mind my presence.

"I'll see you in Chem." He states, packing up his bags as the bell rings.

I nod like a robot and salute, "Yes sir."

He sco s and r les my hair before leaving class. I gather my things and stalk o behind him, smiling out of the door.

I nearly scream bloody murder when Ashley jumps in front of me with an excited look on her face.

"You ready for self defense?" She mocks, doing the ninja hand motions.

"Jesus!" I mutter, a smile cracking when she does a karate chop, "Yeah."

She laughs, "I have not, obscuring you today."

"I'm an easy scare." I admit, shrugging my shoulders.

"Hey sunshine!" I hear a familiar voice call out in the hallway.

I look around to see Layla about to pass us, with a group of her friends.

"I approve!" I call loud enough for her to hear my 'nickname' statement.

I hear her laugh and Ashley gives me an odd look.

"She kept calling me pout face over the weekend because I was always frowning." I say filling her in, "I demanded a new nickname."

Ashley laughs and shakes her head, "I know I've justmet you. But I think we'll be grea friends Faye."

We walk into the gym laughing, filling in as everyone else does.

Perfect. So I don't stick out here.

I smile at that, and follow behind Ashley until she starts to walk to the farthest corner of the gym.

"I'm just going to talk to the teacher." I say before turning back around and walking up to her.

"Uh, Hi, I'm Faye Williams, the new student." I rush out, already tired of saying it.

She reaches her hand out for a formal shake, which I return back, "Welcome Faye. Call me Ms. Welse."

I nod and turn to leave, when she abruptly calls me back.

"Sorry about that." She starts, "So, you have come just in time for a project. Unfortunately, everyone else has chosen their partners. You'll be paired with one of the partnerless people. I hope you don't mind?"

"Oh, not at all." I reply with a feign smile.

"Great, thank you. You can stand next to whoever, it won't be for long."

As I head back to Ashley, I watch from the side as the list of the students come running in. Of the few, I notice the boy who lives across from me—the one who stared me down like a creep.

Those eden green eyes, and the same distorted brown hair.

It definitely was him.

When I reach Ashley, I ask, "Who's that guy?"

She looks to where I'm pointing, and then her face immediately falls.

Wrong question?

She leans back over, "That's Travis Emmons."

The name echoes through my brain, and I nod for her to continue.

"A lot of girls think he's cute, but to me, he's just trouble." Sounds similar to what Layla said two days ago.

"That's what Layla said too when I saw him." I noted curiously.

She looks at me confused, "Where did you see him?"

"He lives across from me."

Her eyes pop out of her head, "He what?"

"Uh, he live."

She shakes her head and puts an arm on my shoulder, "What did you do when you saw him?"

I frown, thinking back, "I glared at him because he was staring at me weird."

Her mouth drops, "You did what? Damn, you've got some nerves Faye!"

"I don't exactly like it when people stare at my ass." I shrug it o , feeling the need to defend my actions and myself.

Ashley opens her mouth to say something, but she's interrupted by Ms. Welse's claps.

"Morning guys," She begins to pace the room, "First things first, yes, there is a new student."

Oh for god's sake...

"Her name is Faye Williams, and I expect everyone to make her feel welcome." While she speaks, all eyes turn to me before returning their attention back to the teacher. "Now, I want you to continue what we did last class and plan with your partners."

I hear a few squeals, but the majority are groans.

I remain still as people begin to shu le around, trying to find their partners.

Ms. Welse looks down at her clipboard, "Faye, you will be with Travis Emmons."

If my heart didn't still before, it is now. I swear I have no pulse at this very moment in time. I stare back at Ms. Welse.

Is she serious?

"Travis Emmons?" I repeat, my voice so yet an octave higher.

"Yes," Mrs. Welse confirms, "He's sitting over there."

I resist the urge to interrupt her from her obliviousness, and I look to the directions she's pointing as if I really didn't know who he was.

Sitting on the floor, in the far corner reading something with an intent look on his face, Travis didn't even notice as I approached him—or he is just good at ignoring people.

I stand in front of him and awkwardly clear my throat, "I'm Faye."

Travis looks up as if he has just seen me and gives me a once over. Internally, I feel like cringing and scolding myself for allowing myself to do so.

"Yeah, I'm Travis." He states blatantly, returning his gaze back to his papers.

Heading back a frustrated sigh, I drop my bag and sit down a few feet across from him. When he continues to ignore me, I let my eyes dri from those papers to his face. One faded scar was pressed from the middle of his forehead to the edge of his right brow. A tinge of fear trembles through my body as I consider how he could have gotten the injury.

I don't get any more time to observe his scar because he notices me staring and gives me a deadly glare. He turns in his position so that I can no longer see his slash.

I shi my gaze, my cheeks turning red at being caught.

A er a few moments of him continuing to stare at me I fumble to say, "So..."

"EMMONS!" Ms. Welse shouts, storming over to us, "You are explaining the project, correct?"

"No." He says bluntly, looking her right in the eye.

She folds her arms over her chest, "Travis, this is your first day back. I will not hesitate to send you o again."

He exhales sharply and brings his same angry gaze to me. I thought his first glare was death, but I guess I hadn't seen much.

"This is a self defense project." He starts ranting harshly, "You and I have to make a poster based on the situation we've been given, and we also have to show a demonstration video."

While Ms. Welse is standing by, I take advantage of that and ask, "Okay...what's our situation?"

"A victim is attacked from behind." He states gruy.

"This is an extremely important one," Ms. Welse interrupts, turning to me. "Most of the things we learned is focused on face to face. Now, it's di erent, especially because I've been teaching the kids that you should never let the predator out of your vision. If he or she takes you from the back, it could easily be a done deal."

"And we have to demonstrate this in a video?" I ask her, wondering how I would be able to do all of that.

"Yeah, I just said that." Travis snaps, answering for Ms. Welse bitterly.

"When is this due?" I ask, ignoring his previous comment.

"March 29th." Ms. Welse cuts in.

I look up at her and nod my head, "Okay, thanks." That's three weeks from now.

"Sure, now start planning." She instructs in a warning tone, mainly staring at Travis before walking o.

I turn back to Travis and attempt to give him a pointed look without making it too obvious. He narrows his eyes and leans forward, placing a flexed arm across his chest.

I gulp and look down, scolding myself for even trying.

"Okay," I state, "Can we just start this?"

"Why are you asking me." He says flatly.

"Because you're sitting here doing nothing." I counter, feeling my patience falling.

"I've got better things to do." He snaps, bringing his fierce gaze to mine.

Brushing hair out of my face, I argue, "Like what, sitting in your ass?"

The words fall out of my mouth before I can help it, and I instantly clamp my mouth shut. Every part of my head is yelling at me, but at the same time, from his shocked expression, I'm able to hold him how it is. At that moment in time, I come to the conclusion that if he hates me, it's fine because then he'll leave me alone.

"No Fiona, like doing whatever the hell I want." He taunts, glaring at me all the while.

It's Faye. I grind out.

"I couldn't care less." He snaps, "Do you even know who I am?"

"I couldn't care less." I mock, forgetting about being cautious around him.

Before I can even blink, he's leaning somewhat over me, "Well, you should. I don't think we'd be having this conversation if you did."

Despite my racing heart, I narrow my eyes and shove him back, "Get o."

Thankfully, he obliges, but not before scowling at me another time.

Just as I am about to say a nasty remark, I hear the monotone bell echo throughout the gym. Relief runs through me, and I shake a long breath. I gladly dart up, and start to fast walk over to my bags, but a hand grasps my arm, holding me back.

I flip around, glaring up a few inches at a smug looking Travis.

The look on his face makes me want to rip it right o.

"We'll work on the project tomorrow at my house." He says, more of a demand than a confirmation.

I fold my arms across my chest, "Hello. My place."

He steps forward slightly, and I fold my arms across my chest. Just like that, he demands his fist and bags up. Without giving me another look, he drags himself away from me and swings his bag over his shoulder with a little more force than necessary.

"That went well?" She asks sarcastically, glaring at the back of Travis's head.

I sco , "I don't know what his deal is."

Ashley chuckles, "Neither do the rest of us."

Continue reading next part >