



## Chapter Three: Part Two

Hey guys!

I was expecting this chapter to be up earlier, but it wasn't. Obviously ha. My school starts in six days. Yes, six. I'm not really looking forward to school, but it is what it is right? I'm going to be a junior, and that means SAT's, Exams, Preparation, Honors, and **stress**. I'm not looking forward to it **at all**, but I have to let you know that it balancing this story with my school life will be challenging and I'm willing to take it on.

I'll be uploading right and le this week, but I'll probably stop this coming weekend to get prepared for school. Once school starts, I'll be uploading probably every Friday, on the weekends, and on holidays. It'll be a longer wait, but i'll make sure each chapter is **good enough**.

Alright, enough of that, and let's live in the moment. Expect another upload very **soon!**

Cheers (I'm feeling british today.)

Comment, Vote, Fan

Summer xoxo

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### Chapter Three, Part 2

"So," Chase says with a smile on his face, as we walk the halls to the cafeteria, "How do you like your day so far?"

I shrug, "I can't lie, it's not amazing."

He laughs, "Yeah well going to school in Miami...not the best pair."

"I can see why. But I do kind of like Chem and English."

Chase's face lights up and he pats my shoulder, "Which just happens to be the two of the three classes we have together."

I roll my eyes, "Uh huh."

"I made your day fun, admit it." He drawls, facing me while walking.

"I think it was the teachers." I tease, pretending to think.

"Oh hell no." Chase says, his eyes widening while nudging me in the shoulder.

I purse my lips, "Maybe it was you a little."

Chase grins and fist pumps again, making me giggle, "I'll take that."

We walk into the cafeteria and head straight to an empty table.

"You don't buy lunch?" I ask Chase, hoping his answer will be no so I don't have to sit here alone on my first day.

He flashes me an incredulous look, "One, the food is disgusting, and two, I never leave pretty girls alone."

I snort and fish out my brown lunch bag. Pulling out a bag of chips and a sandwich, I watch both disgusted and intrigued as Chase devours his food. It's a little awkward sitting here alone with him, not because he's a boy-okay actually that's partly the reason- but it's more because when he eats, he doesn't talk. Actually, he can't talk. He stu s so much food in his mouth all at once, I'm pretty sure there's no room for talking, even if he wants to.

"What?" Chase stops chewing, his eyes wide, "A guy needs his food!"

He doesn't even bother to hear my response before stu ing his face again with more food.

I tear my wandering gaze from his eating habits, and look around trying to suppress a laugh at his oblivious expressions.

"Hey!" A familiar voice chirps before I feel the seat beside me dip slightly.

I look up and my face quickly changes into a sweet smile when I see Ashley.

"Hey." Both Chase and I reply in unison.

We look at each other and exchange odd glances before returning our attention back to her.

She lets out a nervous laugh and pulls out her own brown bag, "So, how are you liking school so far?"

"It's great." I reply sarcastically, thinking more about Self Defense class than anything else.

She laughs and points her plastic spoon at me, "Riiight."

I grin and look at Chase, who is looking at me with a suspicious look on his face.

"What?"

He shrugs, "Nothing."

I roll my eyes and continue eating.

"So," Ashley starts again, "I was wondering if you would want to come to get some cold drinks with Chase and me."

My heart skips a beat, knowing that this is the first time I had ever been asked to hang out, "I'd love to. When?"

Ashley grins, "Great! We were thinking of going tomorrow a er school."

My smile immediately fades, "Oh-uh tomorrow I have to work on this project with someone."

"Who?" He muses, his mouth full.

I nearly gag but look away in time, "Travis Emmons."

Chase coughs on his water before making contact with me, "Are you serious?"

"I'll be fine. Seriously-" I start to assure him, but he cuts me o lowly.

"Faye, you knowwho he is right?" He says leaning in, "He's—"

"Bad" I interrupt, air quoting bad, "I know."

He arches an eyebrow, "Then why are you stillhanging around him?"

"I didn't have a choice." I defend myself, "I was new, and he was the only partnerless person in Self Defense class. BAM. We're partners."

He groans and leans back again, "This is harder than I thought it would be."

I frown at his words, and watch as Ashley gives him a blank stare.

"What is?"

Ashley sighs and looks at me seriously, all signs of playing around gone. "Faye, I know people are telling you he's bad, but there's a reason."

"Okay...what is it?" I exclaim, getting slightly agitated.

"Travis has been to jail. Twice"

"Twice?" I gawk, then narrow my eyes, "How do you know?"

Ashley leans forward, sensing Chase's lack of response now.

"There have been rumors," She says, looking around before talking.

She opens her mouth to speak but stops with her gaze fixated behind me. I turn around to see what they're staring at, and end up meeting Travis's pretty deadly gaze. His jaw is set in stone, and he is sitting in the back with two other people, both of them with their hoodies up.

I immediately swivel around in my seat, feeling my face heat up and my heart start to pound. I grab the edge of the table and stare up at Ashley.

"Hey, it'll be fine," Ashley reassures me, patting my shoulder.

"That's why he said I should find out..." I state, wondering how in the world I'm going to work with him.

"Just get what you guys have to do over with, and move on yeah?"

Ashley says, making direct contact with me.

"Yeah and if something happens, call us or Layla." Chase adds in seriously.

I nod right as the bell rings for the next class.

We all get up, and head in our own directions. Chase had already showed me where Trig/PreCalc was before lunch, so I didn't need help.

I walk easily into class, glad that the teacher didn't stop me like the first two teachers

As I had expected, math was boring. Lots of numbers, and repetitions to what I have already covered. Not to mention, Mr. Eldus, the teacher, spit every time he'd get worked up about something. It would've been entertaining...if I had been sitting in the backof the class, but it was just gross getting his lovely saliva on my face in the front.

By the time the bell rang for the end of class, I could gladly say that Mr. Eldus loves me. And as for me, I could gladly run out of the class- spit free.

I walk out smiling, and head for the finalclass of the day. Ceramics/Woodwork.

As soon as I enter, my smile gets even wider as I see both Ashley and Chase waving wildly in my direction. I hurry over to them and take a seat, sure that my cheeks are crimson and on fire now.

Unfortunately, my happiness doesn't last very long.

It never does anyways.

I'm always just hoping for a miracle.

Because at this moment, Travis walks into class, an emotionless expression on his face.

When his eyes meet mine, his lips curve upward into a knowing and humorless smile.

This is great. Just great

Continue reading next part