

Chapter Five

Hello,

Enjoy the revised version.

And the new uploads begin! Say welcome back to chapter five!

xxSummerxx

Chapter Five

"Ready to go?" Layla asks, popping up beside my locker.

"Sure thing," I reply, starting to get used to her jumping out at me, "Let me get my Chem. binder."

She nods and readjusts her bag as I pull out the last of what I needed for tonight. While I do so, she folds her arms across her chest and waits.

"Is something on your mind, Layla?" I ask, somewhat amused at her constant silence.

"Well!" A voice calls just as Layla opens her mouth to speak, "Look who we have here."

We both turn and see Ashley and Chase jogging from the far end of the hallway to the lockers next to mine. She flashes me a devious wink and puts an arm around my shoulder when she finally reaches where Layla and I stand.

"Ashley—" I warn, instantly catching on.

"Who knew your sister could be a bad ass." She hints to Layla, a grin plastered on her face.

Layla stands up straight and unfolds her arms, "Oh, do tell."

"She punched Travis Emmon'sn the face today." Ashley states, shaking her head at the memory.

I roll my eyes and shi on my feet as Layla and Chase stare at me with incredulous expressions.

"Whoa, I didn't see that coming." He says once he finally recovers from shock.

A laugh escapes my lips and I shrug, "Neither did I."

"Eh," Layla adds in with a shrug, "Now that I think of it, it doesn't surprise me."

"I'm sure I spoke for everyone," I say, shutting my locker closed.

"You keep telling yourself that," Ashley jokes, starting to back up as I do so.

I roll my eyes and turn to walk towards the door, "Bye guys,"

"See you tomorrow." Chase calls out as Ashley giggles.

"See ya' kids!" Layla calls as she runs to catch up with me while I push the front door open.

I flash her a strange look once we're walking outside, "Kid\$"

" Travis Emmon\$" She shoots back, a knowing smirk on her face.

I roll my eyes and groan internally before saying, "Oh shut it."

This time, I let a chuckle go and hop in, not even bothering to look back as Layla starts to drive forward.

I sigh and rest my head on the window, my hair whipping in the breeze.

"Everyone is telling me he's bad, but has he done?"

Layla's focus is fixated on the road, but I can tell from her discomfort that there's something there.

"What are you talking about?" She says at last. Judging from the look on her face, however, I can tell she knows just fine.

"You know I'm talking about Travis." I deadpan, readjusting my position so that I'm facing her.

"He's been to jail twice but that's all I know." She states sti ly.

"Yeah, I heard that, but why?"

"Because—" She stops and heaves a sigh, "I don't know."

I raise an eyebrow, "So how do you know if it's true or not?"

"Because he's told everyone." Layla responds.

I raise an eyebrow, "Why the hell would he do that?"

"Because he's so intent on keeping his damn reputation up." She grumbles, flipping her hair.

"That's really stupid." I state, just to get it in the open even though it was like stating the obvious.

"Yeah I know."

Silence fills the car, and I look away, disliking the negative energy in the car. It obviously looks like a tense subject for her—for anyone.

It just seems as if he's making it way worse than what it actually is.

A er a few tense seconds, I decide to let it go, for now.

When we reach the house, she parks in the roundabout and pulls the keys out of the ignition. We sit there briefly before she makes a move to get out of the car.

"Coming?" She asks, while shutting her door.

I nod and follow her lead as she makes her way to the house, silence still endorsing us both.

So maybe I should just leave this topic be around her. Or anyone.

"Mom?" Layla calls a er entering the house and shutting the door.

No answer.

We look at each other and then look forward again.

"Is she out?" I ask, trying to get what's going on here.

"Must be," She mutters, walking past me and into the kitchen, "Yeah she is. She le a note."

"Oh. Good," I say, slowly taking o my shoes and walking over to where she is.

"Hey sweeties, my friends and I are out for a while. There are cookies on the cupboard for you two," Layla stops reading and fist pumps, "I'll be back around seven, okay?"

I walk around the island counter and lean against it, "Does she always go out?"

"Occasionally, when she wants to." Layla shrugs, sauntering to a glass cupboard.

She pulls out the cookies and places them on the counter for both of us to share, "Help yourself, you fool."

I roll my eyes, "You don't even need to ask."

She chuckles, grabbing two in her hands, and heads in the direction of the stairs.

"I'll be up if you need anything." She yells from the top, "Tell me when Travis comes."

"Kay," I shout back, plopping myself down on the chair.

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

I've been crossing the line between concern and frustration.

I came home from school at two thirty, and now it's three forty-five. ³

Travis hasn't showed up, and it's been more than an hour.

I kind of knew this was going to happen, that the badass was going to ditch and let me do all the work. The fact that hepretty much set up this project time, and stilldecides to ditch-it's a pretty damn stupid thing to do. It irks me that he believes he could do such a thing.

Didn't my punch mean anythinggo him? ³

Mid-thought, the home phone rings, and I dash up to get it. Lately, every phone call reminds me of when dad used to call at home. It's just been a habit for me to pick up. It's as if a regret weighs me down when I don't.

"Hello?" I answer so ly.

"Faye?" A familiar, deep voice speaks across the line.

"Travis." My voice comes out dry the instant I hear it, "How did you get—"

"—Meet me at the library." He states, his voice hard.

Irritation courses through my veins and I pull back from the phone to control my volatile mouth. An houlater, he calls like it's his home.

"Where have you been." I nearly growl out once I shove the phone back against my ear. It's not even a question, more of an odd demand.

"Do you wantto do the project or not?" He hisses impatiently.

"I'm coming." I snap, "And for the record. You don't get to tell me what to do."

Before he can say anything else that will make me want to rip my eyes out, I slam the phone down. The monotone ring becomes audible and I hu a huge sigh.

"Layla!" I shout, "Can you drop me o at the library?"

A few moments later she replies, "Why?"

"Travis and I are doing the project there."

"Oh, good. You get those bitchy librarians. I don't have to stick around." She smiles, the sound of her jingling keys ringing from upstairs.

I snort, "Whoopeddoo."

She laughs at that and taps her own head while walking down the stairs, "Tell me when you need to be picked up."

We walk out the door and get in the car silently, wrapped in our own thoughts. When she starts the engine, the loud ripping noise from the back of the car doesn't even seem to bother either of us. She backs out of the courtyard, and drives o , palm trees passing by steadily.

A er a firm 10 minute ride, she reaches in front of the Library and halts the car.

I get o and wave to her before she drives o , leaving me alone in front of a huge wooden building.

Vintage much?

I take a huge breath and walk in, the cool air of the atmosphere hitting me like a sudden arctic breeze. I shudder and fold my arms across my chest, walking further down the isle, looking right and le for that particular face.

Eventually, I catch the back of his head, sitting all the way in the back of the building.

I roll my eyes and shake o my previous jitters.

I stalk closer to him, making minimal noise as I slide around his chair and sit in front of him. Surprisingly, he's too engrossed in a bookto care.

Pursing my lips, I throw my bag on the table across from him and watch as he looks up, startled.

His expression quickly turns from shock to annoyance in less than a second. His normal eden green eyes are no longer holding mockery or humor, but instead, they are glassy and hard. I notice a faint, brown line mark on the corner of his cheek, kind of like the one I have on my underarm. The jaw I punched earlier, today has dimmed down in its swelling slightly, however, a fresher one presents itself on the other side.

"What the hell happened to you?" I say before I can even stop myself.

His eyes become void of any emotion as I stare at him a while longer.

"None of your business." He says gru ly, "Can we start this project?"

"Right," I mutter, reaching for my bag, "Grumpy andbipolar."

He narrows his eyes, his lips turning into a straight line.

I shouldn't have said that because right now, the look he is giving me is by far the mostintimidating of them all.

I exhale sharply before pulling out a chair and sitting across form him. He straightens in his seat and looks down as I pull out the project paper.

"Let's just get this over with."