

MOVIE >take53> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

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Character's ages-

Rihanna Gessner (15) Fayth Armstrong (17)

Lexis Ellis (17)

Jessie Leone (17)

Bubbles AKA Dawn Ellis (3)

Charles Walton (16)

Vivian Crane (16)

Vivian Crane (16)

-unedited, if you notice any grammar mistakes please inform me-

Lexis climbed in from the window and sat next to Jesse. He wondered what was so important that Jesse wanted him to break the rules and come into his dorm. He didn't think it would be something on a laptop.

"What is it?" He asked. Kneeling in closer, he looked at the picture Jessie was looking at and asked. "Who is that?"

"This is Rihanna's laptop. I was trying to get the nominated photos on here so I can get them ready for this year's DWBP contest, when I found these."

Jesse went through the pictures again, one by one. When the last one came in view, he looked at Lexis, who sat there completely stunned.

"Impossible. This is..."

Jesse nodded. "I don't know who the man with her is, but they seem to be really close."

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However, to Lexis, the thirty-five year old or so man was very familiar, only he couldn't place a finger on where he saw him before.

"I don't get it," Jesse huffed. "There is not one picture of her family on here, not only that but her...she's—" Jesse was lost for words.

"Beautiful?" Lexis helped.

Jesse nodded. "But why? Why would she change her hair color, wear makeup the way she does, lie about it, try to look less appealing and say that she came from a low income family when she clearly has all designer clothing in those pictures? Why would she...carry a different identity?"

The curiosity was overwhelming Lexis a million times more than it could for Jesse. He was suddenly realizing how mysterious that girl was exactly. The things she said to Dawn were helpful words only a person of same standards and position could easily give advice about.

"She seems familiar." They both said at the same time.

They glanced at each other then looked back at the picture opened in front of them.

Lexis stood up and crossed his arms, staring out of the window as he tried to remember. "I have a feeling I've seen her recently, I just don't know where." He said. He noticed something that he didn't share out loud about the pictures. They seemed to have been all taken of her unwillingly, but her expressions in all of them were exactly the same as the expression she held after the marathon race ended. The lethal expression that had him wonder for days what specifically happened that took her that deeply under.

Is this why she had started taking those pills? Had she worn that deadly expression endlessly before? On a daily basis? Why? What's this girl's story? Exactly who is she?

"I've seen her before. And it's in the back of my mind somewhere. I just can't recall the place..." Jesse tried to dig his mind for the memory, but failed.

Lexis, on the other hand, didn't stop trying to recall where he had seen her. He was going to meditate over it day and night. He'll make her life a living hell if it meant finding out. And when he does...

"Send me one of the pictures so I can think it through on my own." He said to Jesse.

Jesse nodded. He too was curious, and if Lexis could be of any help, then he wouldn't mind at all.

"Which one?"

Lexis peeked from around Jesse, and pointed at the picture where she stood with the man he was familiar with. "This will do."

The man who was always there with her. If he could remember who he was, he'll find the beginning of the string leading to Rihanna's true identity.

Jesse sent the picture Lexis chose to Lexis's email account and went back to looking through the photos. Studying them now with her natural hair color made Jesse's heart beat at an abnormal pace. There was something unusual happening to him and he didn't understand it at all.

Rihanna... Just who exactly is Rihanna Gessner?

Charles disappeared. He just disappeared into thin air. He wasn't in the Academy anymore. He wasn't in his dorm or outside. He wasn't anywhere.

Charles disappeared. He just disappeared into thin air. He wasn't in the Academy anymore. He wasn't in his dorm or outside. He wasn't anywhere.

And Fayth's heart told her something very bad happened to him.

She walked around the halls like a mad woman, looking through every classroom. Asking every professor and any student she could see about his whereabouts. She had requested from Jesse to make an announcement stating that he needs to report to the main office immediately, but nothing came out of it.

And she was worried sick.

"Please! Have you seen Charles?" Fayth asked one of the Beautiful Angels, taking a hold of her arm in beg.

She answered with a disgusted expression and a shove.

Fayth took out her phone and dialed his number for the millionth time. No answer.

Out of nowhere, someone threw a cover over her head and carried her over their shoulder like a sack. She kicked and thrashed. She yelled and and punched, but with no use. Minutes later, she was thrown into a chair, where the edge had pierced through her side, making her growl in awful pain.

Quickly, they wrapped a rope around her and the chair, tying them close together. Then with harsh movement, pulled away the cover on her head.

Breathing loudly, she looked around with disgust at the unfamiliar room. Gray, four windows, two couches.

She looked at those who carried her here and right away she knew who was responsible. They were Lexis's puppets. And as she looked away, she noticed a dart board was placed right behind her. Not above her head like usual, no, right *behind* her head.

Lexis opened the door moments later and walked in, silently slipping in the chair across from her. He held his phone in his hands, staring at it with deep thoughts, running his fingers around its edges slowly.

He glanced up at her with an innocent smile.

"Hello *Rihanna*." He said, emphasizing her name.

She clenched her fingers and pursed her lips to keep her terrified breathing from coming out of her mouth.

"Why look so scared? I am only here to talk. I won't hurt you."

Without any control, she glanced back at the dart board behind her head.

"Oh, are you referring to that?" He shook his head, the innocent smile never leaving his face. "That was used on someone else. It's not for you, so you don't need to worry."

His *nice* attitude was more terrifying than his usual dark one.

"What do you want?" Fayth asked, fear coating her voice.

His eyebrows pulled up and he gave her a questionable expression. "That's really up to you. I could want nothing at the end, or I could want something. You just have to answer a few questions, that's all."

Questions? What questions?

With a single glance toward his puppets, they left the room. She haven't truly felt the fear of being there until the door closed behind them and they were the only ones inside. She stared at him, swallowing at her suddenly dry throat.

"Question number one: When you enrolled into F.A.I.T.H. there was a time when we all sat on the same lunch table, and Katerina had asked you if your hair color was black. You lied, why?"

Fayth dropped her gaze to her feet. What was going on? How did he know that she lied? Did he find out? Did his father remember her and tell him?

"I-I didn't lie." Fayth lied, looking up at him. "My hair color is really black."

He smiled. A smile that was everything but heartwarming. It was more scarier than the scariest thing she had ever seen. "Did you know that when you lie you tend to cross your legs. Never failed. Automatic." His voice was thick, deep, low. Anyone would have mistook it for a seductive one.

Scarier, he was only getting scarier.

She looked down at her legs eyes wide, and in fact they were crossed. She closed her eyes, breathing from her nose at her stupid habit.

Lexis's face lost its smile. "Now let's try again. Why?"

"I like the color black a lot. And I hated my original color. I didn't want anyone to know about it."

Lexis sighed. "Next question. Who is Charles to you?"

"I work for him." She quickly said, suddenly sick to her stomach. "I work for Charles in his home. It used to be my part time job." This time, she made sure her legs don't cross on purpose.

"Let's try this again. How do you know Charles?" He looked at her with eyes that she knew quite well *know*. He was asking to see how much of a liar she could be. Which confused her even more. How much does he know? And exactly *what* does he not know.

"Childhood friends." She said this time.

"Good. Now we're getting somewhere." He said. "Do you have any siblings?"

"No."

"Do you have anyone else in the Academy apart from Vivian and Devon that you know?"

Fayth hesitated for a moment. "No."

He sighed, looking down at his phone again, and again, he ran his fingers around the edges. "That's a lie." He said. "I don't need your legs to cross for me to know that."

She looked down, swallowing her fear. *Does-Does he remember?!*

"You knew me, didn't you?"

Her eyes stayed glued to the floor and her face grew hot.

"You see, I don't exactly remember well. And the memory didn't cross me until that day when we both sank down in the pool. However, back then I refused to believe that it was *you*. I, instead, believed that I had mistaken. Until recently, my doubts all went away." He said, recalling the pictures Jesse showed him. "I was about seven back then, maybe eight. I remember four black limos. I remember that it was night. A warehouse. Trees all around. I remembered the screaming. A lot of screaming. I remember putting down the window, and there you were, getting out of your limo and walking slowly toward the warehouse. Same exact mole on your neck. I remember getting down with you. I remember you holding my hand as we both made our way to the door, opening it, and looking inside. I remember seeing them. The men in suites. Do

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Fayth clenched her fingers and whimpered at the awful memory that tried to break into her thoughts. She pushed it out and closed her eyes shut, a hot sickening feeling revolving inside her stomach.

"That being said, that girl...how did she end up in a limo? That poor girl, why would she be surrounded by men in suites? Who, that day, was *her* father in that group?"

How did he remember? Did Charles tell him? He couldn't have remembered unless he'd seen what she really looked like somewhere. And there was no way he could have...

Did he search the girl his father was going to get him married to online? Fayth does have many pictures on there. Is that how?

Does that mean he found out about everything?

"What's your real name?" He asked.

Fayth looked up at him, studying his expression.

"I said, what is your real name? Tell me that and you can go."

She looked back down on the floor. No, he doesn't know who she really was. Definitely not. He somehow figured out about the childhood resemblance through a picture he found. Fayth didn't know where, but it seemed like it barely gave him any more information.

"Rihanna is my real name. My last name isn't Gessner."

He studied her facial expression, her body language, then looked back into her eyes. "I told you I read people. You lied again."

"Rihanna is my real name. My last name isn't Gessner." She repeated. Thinking of Violet she added. "I was adopted by a rich family."

He sighed. "Fine. Let's say it is like that. What is your real last name? What family do you belong to?"

"I can't tell you."

"Why?"

"You might use that information against my father. With what happened during that incident nine years ago."

They stared into each other's eyes. He gritted his teeth. "My father was there too—"

"Your relationship with your father isn't one to gloat over. I heard all about it from Bubbles-Dawn, I mean. You wouldn't care enough if your father was put to death."

This, he didn't like. His expression became sullen. He sighed again, this time in anger. "What's your last name?"

"I will not tell you." She argued.

"Your name." He insisted, getting angrier.

"No."

His nose flared. "I said your name. Your *full* real name. I want it right now."

"I told you—"

He stood up in anger. "All of your words are lies!" He exclaimed with a deafening tone.

Fayth swallowed and looked down at her feet, fear conquering her body again. She began to shiver under the pressure he had put her in and she sincerely wished she can turn back the clock and never have made the decision to enroll in the Academy.

He breathed in and out to calm himself down, bringing his phone up, he dialed a number.

"Do you know where Charles is right now?"

She stayed quiet.

"I have him. He's being tortured so severely, that I, me, the person whose in charge of his suffering almost felt bad for him."

She looked up, breathing in disbelief and shock. "No."

"Oh yes." His seductive voice said with a smile. He clicked the speaker on the phone. "Hello Charles. I have a few questions for Rihanna, however she's not cooperating. Your pain ends when she does."

"No!" Charles voice came from the phone. Fayth's body shook with horrified guilt. "Don't you dare touch her. Rihanna. Don't listen to him. I'm okay. He's a fuck—Ahh."

Fayth jumped in her seat and screamed as Charles yelped in pain. "Stop." She begged Lexis. "Please stop. I'll answer all your questions. I'll do anything you want. Please. Stop."

"No. Rihanna don't!" Charles screamed.

Lexis hung up the phone.

He sat back down in the chair, crossing a leg over the other and relaxing back. "Very good. I think..." He said calmly. "Now, we can talk business."

Business?

The tears that had escaped her eyes at Charles's voice were drying slowly on her cheeks, burning her with their salty texture.

She closed her eyes, thinking.

Minutes past before she reopened them and stared at Lexis.

He raised his eyebrows. "Your expression changed. You look like someone I see in the mirror now."

"Let's talk business." She said. "I have an offer. However, I want things in return for it. Since it'll be a very difficult task to get done."

He smiled. "Strategist." He emphasized. "Never failed to impress me. What is it that you want?"

"A few things." She said. "Charles, leave him alone."

He nodded his head. "Okay."

"Me as well. Stay out of my business. Don't dig around me anymore."

He stayed quiet.

"Joshua. Bring him back to the Academy. Enroll him in the Business class as well."

His jaw twitched, however he didn't say anything.

"And Dawn." She stared into his eyes. "I want to be able to see her daily. No matter what it is that happens between you and I."

"That's an awful lot of things you're asking for. What can you possibly put on the table from your end?"

Fayth bit her lip and clenched her fingers.

"There is certain glitch. Because of it, your father is tying you down with a clasped threat. I mean, imagine all the stocks, the money that can come into his corp. if he goes with it. Even if you threaten to leave, as long as that glitch was to happen, he will keep pressuring you. He'll have hope. And that hope won't go away until the glitch does."

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10:47

His expression changed, entirely changed. However he was surprised more than anything else. "What are you saying?"

"Your arranged marriage with the Armstrong Next heir, if that glitch is removed, you can do whatever you want, and your father wouldn't have hope in the partnership."

Lexis stared at her, his expression unreadable.

"I can remove that glitch. You'll get a phone call from your father today telling you that its all over."

"Impossible."

"Very possible."

"How?"

"I have connections. I'll do it flawlessly too. Not a single suspicion that you were involved."

10:47

He stared at the wall behind her, thinking it through. She could see how much he liked the offer, and when he looked back, he stared at her with a certain expression that made her uncomfortable. "Its done. I'll do it all, and you get your end of the deal done."

"Everything?"

"Everything. You'll see Joshua back in the Academy tomorrow morning as well." He stood up, then terrifying Fayth half to death, he threw a knife out of his pocket, where it landed an inch away beside her ear inside the dart board.

"I'll leave you alone as well. However, if I were to say it in all honesty, I cannot completely promise that. I might not do *this* anymore, but my curiosity will never drain." He nudged his head toward the knife. "Help your own self out."

Lexis made his way through the halls. Up the stairs. Across the corridors. When he reached the F.A.I.T.H. wing, he punched in the pin and pushed the door open. Like always, Vivian was standing there, staring outside the glass wall with an unreadable expression.

Lexis walked over to her and took ahold of her shoulder, spinning her around roughly and shoving her back against the wall. He took ahold of her wrists and held them tightly against the glass.

His face inches away from hers, he stared hard into her eyes and said. "No matter how much I think about it, you're the only other person that knows the complete truth. And no matter how mercilessly I beat Charles, he's too loyal. You, you have an interesting hate love relationship with her. So for now, hate Rihanna and tell me who she really is."

Vivian sighed. She looked away and snorted. "So in the end this is about her?"

She had been deceived to think that Lexis had finally found interest in her. However she was back on fucking square one.

"Let go. I don't care for you or her."

Lexis knelt in closer. His breath caressed Vivian's lips as he said. "Please."

Vivian's heart began to beat like a drum. She fell into a trance, staring back into his beautiful wicked eyes. She can feel her consciousness melt before his stare, her skin heat up and tingle under his touch. He hadn't managed to do this to her until now. Now, she can feel what Fayth felt toward that school boy Jessie. She

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And yet, she understood why it was so hard, knowing fully well it was one sided.

Vivian pulled her arms away from Lexis's grasp. With one quick movement, she turned him and shoved him back against the glass instead, letting her body fall against his.

She cupped one of his cheeks in her hand and stared at his lips. "You really want to know who she really is?" She breathed. She knelt in and pressed her lips gently on Lexis's. She pulled back and looked into his dead eyes. "I'll tell you a secret." She knelt back in, this time near his ear, and whispered. "Shatter a big piece of glass right in front of her eyes. Let her witness glass crashing. And watch the magic show happen. You'll...find out who that girl really is."

Goal - Comments: 1000 Votes: 400

MOVIE >take54> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

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Alright, so let me explain something.

I made the goal 400 votes and 1000 comments for a reason. Its so that I won't have to update for three maybe four days. I was literally sitting there writing the goal in the last chapter, evilly laughing, thinking to myself. "Now I will get some rest. There will never reach this goal in one day HAHAAHAHHAHA" But dammit. I underestimated you guys. - _____ - . I woke up this morning and had to call the hauling company to come and pick up my jaw from the ground at how shocked I was when I saw the numbers on that chapter. Literally, 22 HOURS?! How is possible that even though there was that many comments needed IT TOOK YOU LESS TIME TO BREAK IT THAN THE OTHER GOALS I'VE EVEN WRITTEN?! D: So, I give up. *Gives you the crown* *Pushes away all sneaky plans I was going to do this week without you* *Pushes up sleeves* *Big sigh* And here is another update.

GO FAYLEX!!! GO F.A.I.T.H.FUL FAMILY!!! BTW, IF YOU GO TO MY PROFILE YOU'LL SEE A TAG THAT I MADE. PUT IT ON YOUR PROFILE TO SPREAD THE LOVE ON FAYLEX ;D

AFTER I'VE REACHED A HUNDERED ON MY INSTAGRAM AND TWITTER, I WILL BE DOING A FOLLOWING SPREE (: JUST SO YOU KNOW! @joprbooks

-unedited, if you notice any grammar mistakes please inform me-

"What happened? Did he hurt you?" Charles asked. He was sitting on the floor, his body battered with blotches of blue and purple. The sight of it made Fayth's stomach tight. And to think...it was all her fault. As she stared at him, sitting there trying hard to put an ice pack on his shoulder, she realized it was one more reason why she needed to leave the Academy. Why this place had become much more dangerous than when she had first enrolled here.

She walked over and placed the ice pack on him instead. After she cleaned up his wounds, she sat next to him and stared at her shoes

"What happened?" Charles asked.

She shook her head and smiled. "Don't worry about it. Everything is okay."

"Did... did he figure you out?" He said quietly.

He seemed very worried about something. Every so often his eyes would divert and would refuse to look at her.

"No. Well, sort of. But not the whole story. He remembered the warehouse incident."

"Everything?"

She shook her head. "He didn't mention the last part. Either he doesn't remember or he's embarrassed to say it."

Charles put a hand on the top of her head, staring at her with sad eyes. "Please don't ever leave me. Don't ever go. When you get out of here, let's get married."

She pushed his hand away. "Hey, what's wrong? Is there something going on that you didn't tell me?"

He sighed, then stood up and limped his way to the door. Fayth watched him as he grabbed the door's handle, getting ready to leave. However before twisting it he paused for a long moment.

"Fayth?"

"Yeah?"

He turned and looked at her, concerned. "I hate the fact that I'm going to say this, but I have to."

"What? Say what?"

"When I was held by Lexis's friends, I overheard them talking." He kept quiet for a long time, then looking away he said. "I think there is something going on that neither of us knew. I can't believe..."

Fayth frowned in confusion. "With who?"

"Lexis."

"What is it?"

He let out a breath. "Lexis...he's like me now."

Fayth blinked, even more confused. "Are you being ridiculous?"

He shook his head and stared at her. "I mean in interests."

Even more confused, Fayth searched around for an explanation for what he was saying. *Interests? What interests?*

She looked back at Charles, who opened the door and began to exit. "That damn bastard." He mumbled, so quietly that Fayth barely heard him. "He's in love with you now too..."

She stared at the door as it closed behind Charles, her mind going completely blank.

Fayth chewed on her lunch, ever so slowly, recalling what Charles said over and over again. No matter how many times she did, something in her heart jumped in fear and told her that it was everything but. How can someone so vile have a place in his heart for love. And towards Fayth—the person he so comfortably tortured inhumanely.

To think of it from all points of view though, he did come between her and Jessie often. To the point where Jessie and Fayth could only sit together freely nowadays in their own dorm at night.

But then again, Lexis? *Lexis?* If they said the sky turns yellow at night Fayth would have believed it more, but Lexis to be in love with her?

"So...odd." A deep voice said, taking a seat across from her. "Do explain how you did it."

Fayth's head jerked up, surprised by Lexis's presence after what Charles had said. Quickly, she looked back at her lunch and kept quiet.

Lexis crossed his arms on the table, and knelt in, bringing his face closer to hers. "You do realize what you have done only perked my curiosity that much more, don't you? In less than fifteen minutes I get a call? I expected an entire week to pass before I heard any good news. How is it possible that you were able to take action that fast? Over such an incredible corporation like Armstrong Next? Over someone as hard headed as my father"

Fayth stayed quiet.

"Answer at the very least that. Get rid of that specific curiosity. It would hurt you in the end if I tried to find out myself."

"The heir and I are on very good terms." Fayth said, finding this the only way out.

"You and Armstrong?"

"We went to prep school together. Back in the days. It paid off."

He squinted his eyes thoughtfully at her.

She kept staring at her lunch, however it was hard for her to eat with his eyes staring at her face continuously, so she didn't.

Lexis picked up the glass cup from the table and eyed the tiled floor. *Let her witness glass crashing....you'll find out who she really is.* Lexis looked at Fayth, his eyes lost in wonder. What's glass shattering to her? How would he find out who she really is by that simple action? Surely this method would rely on her reaction. So the reaction must be the key.

However...if Vivian had given him this clue from hate towards her, then it would only mean it was something but pleasant for Fayth... Its definitely something that's very much twisted and atrocious for her.

A sickening feeling clouded his stomach and chest. He gritted his teeth and put the cup back down.

There are too many watching...If he were to do it, he should at least be the only witness.

"You're allowed to meet with Dawn. I made a time for you and her on a weekly basis. However I'll be present to make sure you don't feed her head with those useless thoughts again."

"How is it useless if it's the truth. Your parents lack emotion." It slipped out of Fayth's mouth without a second thought.

Lexis took ahold of Fayth's jaw tightly in his hands and tilted her face up so she could look at his deadly expression. "You shouldn't insult them so easily like that." He said, a lazy smile on his lips.

She jerked her face out of his hold and stood up, revolted from his touch.

He also stood up. "Tell Charles I said hello." He said, turning around and walking away.

She watched him leave. Now... it really was becoming harder and harder for her to stay in this Academy...life here was no longer safe.

Her phone began to ring. She slipped her hand in her pocket then sat back down to answer.

"I have good news and bad news." Vincent said.

"What's the good news?"

"Ellis didn't react harshly business wise to us calling off the engagement."

Fayth let out a long sigh of relief. It felt like a big boulder had been lifted off her chest. Its the best thing she've heart all week. "And the bad news?"

"The reason they didn't is because I broke it off with Lexis as the excuse."

"What?"

"I told him that it seemed like Lexis wasn't keen about the engagement, and that we wouldn't want him to go through it if he's not comfortable with the idea. It seemed like John was expecting that much. He said that he understood and he still would like us to get together on the upcoming Sunday. Not for any official plans. Just as co-workers getting to know each other. He's hoping his son will become more lenient upon meeting you. Under the tight business circumstances...I agreed."

"I told him that it seemed like Lexis wasn't keen about the engagement, and that we wouldn't want him to go through it if he's not comfortable with the idea. It seemed like John was expecting that much. He said that he understood and he still would like us to get together on the upcoming Sunday. Not for any official plans. Just as co-workers getting to know each other. He's hoping his son will become more lenient upon meeting you. Under the tight business circumstances...I agreed."

Fayth let out a sigh of disbelief this time. "Vincent!"

"We have one last string with them. There won't be an engagement. Just a quick meal. And you can even excuse yourself earlier than the rest of us saying you have an important meeting you have to attend to. I will send them off and all will be good."

"Vincent, before I had hope that Lexis wouldn't even come to the meeting because it was an official engagement one. Now its a one hundred precent chance that he will come because it isn't. He'll give John at least that much so John will stop pestering him."

"I reserved a table at Spago. I've already asked the manager to make sure the dim lights are a bit more dimmer, enough so that the other person doesn't distinguish the other's face. We will just have to say that your voice isn't quite there yet, and it will all be good."

Fayth let out another sigh. "I don't know why I have a bad feeling about this."

Lexis was sitting on a wooden bench table under the tree, peeling an apple with a knife. Anthony, Bubbles and Fayth were standing nearby on the green meadow, playing a game.

How did this happen? Even though not too long ago Fayth and Lexis were throwing daggers at each other?

Well, it was all because of Bubbles.

It was Sunday morning. The day Fayth could meet with Bubbles. She had enough time to spend with her before her meetings with the Ellis family and then the headmaster.

Fayth found Bubbles throwing a tantrum alone in the lobby. After questioning her, she told Fayth that everyone was spending time with their parents today except for her. And when she had asked Lexis, he refused since he had an appointment he had to attend to.

Knowing what appointment he was talking about, Fayth put a place together that's close by and told

Knowing what appointment he was talking about, Fayth put a place together that's close by and told Bubbles to tell her father about it. Her father agreed, however Bubbles insisted that Fayth's joins them as well.

No matter how many times Fayth tried to excuse herself, Bubbles wouldn't have any of it.

Feeling uncomfortable being there with just Lexis and Bubbles, Fayth decided to bring Anthony with them. Bubbles tends to give all of her attention to Lexis, sometimes forgetting that Fayth is there at all. It gets overly awkward and Fayth would start to wish that there was a polite way of leaving them without hurting Bubbles feelings.

So she needed a best friend, and the first person she thought of was Anthony.

Right now, they were playing a game called Octopus. Two lines were drawn on the ground about thirty feet apart. In the middle of these lines was the ocean. In the ocean lived an octopus, who right now was played by Fayth. Bubbles and Anthony, who stood beyond the white line, were safe since they were out of the water.

The game went like this. Anthony and Bubbles would have to run from one white line to the other white

The game went like this. Anthony and Bubbles would have to run from one white line to the other white line, crossing the ocean, without getting caught by the octopus. If one of them did, it'll be their turn to play as the octopus.

They have crossed the ocean four times now and Fayth had still to catch one of them. They were slippery little devils and had so easily gotten away. It seems like they have a secret language between them that they pass along to trick Fayth.

On the sixth crossing however, Fayth was able to wrap her arms around Anthony.

Bubbles laughed when she crossed the white line, reaching the shore safely. "Faith caught uncle Anthony! I win!"

Anthony, who was the happiest one of all that day to spend outdoor time with Fayth, paused as his body was tightly pressed against Fayth's. He stared down at her arms around his stomach. His heart pounded. His smile widened.

Man I love this game.

Fayth, who was happy that she finally caught someone, held on to Anthony and spun him around. "I caught you! I caught you, you slippery little—" Noticing Bubbles, Fayth cut herself off.

Anthony, being the octopus now, would only chase Fayth in his ocean. Seeing this as a chance for free hugs. This upset Bubbles, who started getting tired of running back and forth between the lines without anyone chasing her.

"Daddy. You be the octopus. Uncle Anthony isn't being fair." She said, walking over to Lexis.

"Anthony, treat the game fairly." Lexis said, cutting the apple into slices. He gave one to Bubbles and kissed her cheek. Then went back to slicing. Fruits were Bubbles favorite snacks, and it was mandatory for her to eat them while she was playing.

"But daddy, I want you to play with us." She pushed, grabbing Lexis's hand and pulling him to his feet.

Lexis sighed and stood up. And before long, another game was on.

The rules to the game changed. No matter how many times Lexis caught Bubbles and threw her in the air, or spun her around, she can still be safe. Because, like she said, that's her daddy and it's okay.

Anyone else? Out.

It was Fayth's very first time seeing Lexis this light. He looked like a different person. His smile was similar to Anthony's. A smile that she grew to love so much. Seeing it on Lexis made her heart flutter. Made her stomach churn. Her skin get cold. Her mind rest.

Watching him so happily play with Bubbles, she could see the man Bubbles talked about. The brother Anthony complimented so much. He might be a person that's so terrifying to everyone else, but to his family he was something completely different. And she wasn't sure if it was a mask that he pulls on just so that he doesn't hurt them the way his father hurt him, or simply because he loved them more than life itself, either way, Fayth's thoughts toward him became split in a half.

After finishing up with this game, Fayth, Anthony and Bubbles began a water balloon fight. Anthony won this, being fast and fearless. Fayth was afraid to hurt anyone so she didn't get as many done. Bubbles, no matter how hard she threw a balloon, had to beat it down with her shoes afterwards before it popped.

After all the balloons were out, they fell to the grass to rest. Bubbles went over to Lexis to eat more fruits.

Anthony, with a huge grin on his face, looked over at Fayth.

"That was so much fun." He exclaimed. "Can you believe this is my first time spending time outdoors with my family like this?"

"Knowing Bubbles, this won't be the last time."

Anthony threw his arms and laughed, staring at the sky with eyes that sparkled. "I wish this never ends."

Fayth smiled and ruffled his hair. "Don't worry kid, it won't."

He turned to his stomach. "You think so?" He looked Fayth over and his expression suddenly changed. "Hey...what do you call bees that make milk?"

Fayth smiled and tried to think about it, however, no tricky answer popped in her head. "What?"

Anthony looked down at Fayth's chest, where the water had made her bra see-through her white shirt, then back at her face.

He grinned. "Boo bees."

Fayth, looked down at where his eyes had dropped, and her expression melted with shock and humiliation. "You!"

Anthony threw his head back and cackled, then took off as Fayth straightened up to tackle him.

She ran after him. "I'm going to kill you, you brat!"

"Daddy, what's boobies?" Bubbles asked, chewing on her strawberry.

Lexis stared at the two apples he was holding in each hand. They were green and perked. He quickly put them back down in the bowl and wiped his hands with a towel.

"Its an informal way to say female breasts."

Bubbles blinked, she looked up at her father and squinted at him from under her eyelashes. "How come I don't have them?"

"Don't have what?" Fayth asked. She was holding Anthony by the ear, pulling him behind her. He had a frown on his face and his arms were crossed.

"Boobies like the ones you have. Daddy said they are an informal way to say breasts, but I don't have them." She peeked inside her shirt. "Yup, just a flat plate and two raisins."

Fayth froze, her face heating up. Lexis avoided looking at her, uncomfortable that Dawn had shared something like this with her.

He's comfortable with talking to her about these things?

Anthony had already fallen to the grass laughing hysterically, pounding the grass while his eyes watered. Fayth stood there beet red, still frozen.

"You can ask Rihanna." Lexis mumbled, still avoiding Fayth's gaze. "Next time if you have a question about your body, just ask her."

"I think we should go back now." Fayth finally choked out.

Lexis studied the way she reacted. *She must've never been romantically involved with a man... Her reaction is much too innocent to dwell over a small child's remark.*

After clearing up, Lexis had to pick Bubbles in one arm and Anthony in the other, since they both refused to leave. After putting them both in the limo, he buckled Dawn in and then like before, he slipped into the passenger seat next to the driver.

"Drop me off at Louis." Lexis told the driver.

"Where are you going bro?" Anthony asked.

"I have to get formal clothing for a meeting today."

"With the Armstrong's?" Anthony asked while looking at Fayth, a smile on his lips.

"Yes."

Anthony, who was holding back laughter, looked at Bubbles and said. "If I were you, I'd start kissing daddy telling him to get married sooner."

Fayth glared at him. She was about to argue that it was just a dinner between coworkers, and not a dinner date, completely forgetting who she was at that moment, but a phone call saved her.

"I've sent formal wear and a hairstylist to your dorm." Vincent said. "The meeting is in an hour so make sure you get there on time."

"Got it." Fayth said.

After hanging up, Fayth held onto her phone tightly, her heart racing, pounding fiercely in her chest as she stared at the back of Lexis's head. Today can either be merciful, and continue on as great as it had done so, or it can be the very worst day written down in history.

She clenched her fingers and closed her eyes. No matter what kind of good things she thought of, only bad, very bad feelings covered her heart.

Anthony smiled, staring at his brother and Fayth with soft eyes. *I hope the two of you find the best in each other.*

Diverting his attention to Fayth alone, he mumbled so low that no one could hear. "Please take him in, love the man he is, treasure him, forgive all his mistakes...*whatever* it is that happened three years ago." He stood up and crossed the small space in the limo, then took ahold of Fayth's cheeks in his hands and kissed her forehead, looking gently inside her eyes, he whispered. "Please."

MOVIE >take55> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

- - -

-unedited, if you notice any grammar mistakes please inform me-

Its the first snow...

Did you look outside? Its snowing for the first time...

Snow is falling! Can you believe it?

And so outside, the wind blew. It was cold, skin shivering. The wind howled, almost threateningly. You want to go out and touch the snow, but you're also fearful of the iciness of the air...the dark gray clouds...the sound of the wind.

You're heart would pound at the thought alone. Even if it was Sunday, a time when the lobby doors would open big, welcoming those who wanted to leave to exit freely, but today, on the first snow, it was a much

You're heart would pound at the thought alone. Even if it was Sunday, a time when the lobby doors would open big, welcoming those who wanted to leave to exit freely, but today, on the first snow, it was a much warmer feeling to stay in doors.

The chilliness made Fayth rub her hands together. As she looked out of the long windows in the hall, the gray sky and the falling snow only made her heart feel heavier. It was terrifying, this day, and the cold atmosphere outside wasn't in anyway making her feel better.

Everything felt wrong. Different. Grayer. Terrifyingly empty. Too quiet. Too dead. As she walked through the halls, making her way toward the lobby, she almost wanted to stop. To turn around. Go back into her room and under the covers. To stay warm under there. To stay unaware under there. Like a bear who could sleep through the whole winter, with all its misfortunes.

Today was a nerve racking day for her. Today life would either continue or everything will become overly doubtful. It was dark, fear and ignorance cornered into one place called her heart. She can feel the beating inside her chest. She can feel it while it ran through her ears, making her head hazy with complicated thoughts.

The grayness outside casted its color into the windows, into the Academy. The cold air from certain doors

The grayness outside casted its color into the windows, into the Academy. The cold air from certain doors rushed in, making her walk faster, in hopes to get inside her warm limo sooner. She just wanted to get over today. Whether it be bad or good, she wanted to get over it and deal with its consequences.

"Its the first snow..." One of the students that she passed said.

She kept on walking, hoping no one would notice who she was. With her recolored and her clothes changed. With her face bare of any make up, she wanted no one to recognize her.

"Did you look outside? Its snowing for the first time...."

She was glad that the students attention was diverted toward the first snow instead.

"Snow is falling! Can you believe it?"

She made her way down the stairs, into the lobby...

Then paused.

A huge circle of students was made in front of the huge front doors, which were strangely wide open. They whispered between each other, their expression filled with worry and shock. And as more words traveled, the atmosphere became more tight, more heart shivering.

There was something eerie about the circle. For some weird reason Fayth sensed a bad vibe centering the space in between them. The walls, the air, everything had a somewhat heart sinking feeling to it. Her chest tightened. And slowly, one step after the other, she made her way to the circle.

Barely able to squeeze in between some of the students, she pushed through until she was one of the people standing on the inner line of the circle, staring at what everyone had been looking at.

It was confusing at first. The eyes lied. The body wanted to walk back and not have to confront what it was in front of it. Everything wanted to not believe. To not see. To not feel.

But it was there.

"Is he dead?"

"His face looks so pale..."

No. No, of course not. He fell asleep. You don't know him, but he's an idiot sometimes.

"His body looks frozen."

He likes to play games. He's acting. There is no way...you don't know...don't say things like that...

Fayth began to suffocate, barely realizing that she was no longer breathing. Her body had stopped functioning the right way. Her throat became too swollen to let air thru.

You don't know him. He likes to play games. You don't know him. No one knows him. I know him. He's my best friend. He thinks I'm pretty. He says he loves me. You don't know him... Don't say that.

The rumors traveled fast. One whisper after the other, and before long, Lexis made his way through the crowd, pushing through and walking into the middle of the circle. He froze mid-step as he took his first look at Anthony's frozen body.

Taking in a long nervous breath, he made his way toward Anthony. His legs were heavy. His fingers threatened to tremble. One foot after the other. One breath after the next. His heart was beating immeasurably, so fast that it threatened to burst out of his chest. When he reached Anthony, he knelt down and extended his hand out to his neck. For a long moment, Lexis closed his eyes shut, fearful. He hesitated,

Taking in a long nervous breath, he made his way toward Anthony. His legs were heavy. His fingers threatened to tremble. One foot after the other. One breath after the next. His heart was beating immeasurably, so fast that it threatened to burst out of his chest. When he reached Anthony, he knelt down and extended his hand out to his neck. For a long moment, Lexis closed his eyes shut, fearful. He hesitated, more than once, and his fingers began to tremble as they made their way to Anthony's pulse.

His skin was ice cold.

There was no pulse.

A rush of anxiety clouded Lexis's mind. A dark, cold expression covered his face. He straightened up, his eyes lost in disbelief. A knot in his stomach tightened as more whispers traveled through the air around him. He breathed in. Breathed out. The rhythm uneven. Finally composing his feelings he turned to those around him and quietly said, "You've never seen a dead person before? Leave."

His voice was under control. Too much under control. Almost dead. He turned back to Anthony, and his eyes became sharp again.

Loud whispers and shuffling were all there was in the next five minutes. And before long everyone cleared out of the lobby.

Fayth stumbled backwards at what Lexis's said, falling to the cold floor as his words began to invade her inner-emotions. *Dead...? Who... Anthony?*

She laughed without humor.

Anthony?

No. No way.

Lexis stared down at Anthony. Anger took over his expression. *Selfish...so damn selfish. You...you should've fought longer....*

The sound of the sirens is what finally woke Lexis up from his cold state. He looked at the doors, at the paramedics taking a stretcher out of the ambulance.

"No. No. No." He said over and over again. He knelt back down. "No. No, Anthony, wake up. No. Please no."

His voice was now broken, as if he suddenly realized the graveness of the situation. He grabbed Anthony's upper body and hugged him close to his chest. "Don't let them take you. Wake up, kid. I'll do whatever you

His voice was now broken, as if he suddenly realized the graveness of the situation. He grabbed Anthony's upper body and hugged him close to his chest. "Don't let them take you. Wake up, kid. I'll do whatever you want. I'll love dad for you. Don't let them take you."

Anthony, just give me one more minute. Just one more minute. I have to tell you something. I swear another minute is what I'll need.

"Sir, please put the patient down."

"He's okay. He'll wake up soon." Lexis insisted, hugging Anthony tighter.

"Sir. We have to check if we can save him."

Save him? Lexis put down Anthony on the ground again and one of the paramedics quickly began to check him.

"About an hour." The paramedic said to the person with him. "Time of death is about two forty p.m."

No week would have been as unpleasant as that week. It was empty. Cold. Quiet. Everyone stayed in their dorms all day. School's been canceled. Nothing was there to look forward to anymore.

The funeral was held in the Ellis estate. However Fayth couldn't attend. Instead, she sat alone in the piano room, hugging her legs, staring out of the window. She barely sleeps. Never eats. She was sick, she knew she was, but moving meant feeling and she didn't want to feel. She wanted to stay so still that she wouldn't feel.

Snow was all there is outside. White. Cold. And gray skies. She never hated this type of weather more. She'll never hate it coming every year more.

And though she didn't know what was going on outside the doors behind the piano room, she can feel the emptiness Anthony left behind. No more jokes were pulled, no more pranks were played. No one crashed through the door with a big smile and hugged Fayth.

But even though all of this didn't happen, Fayth didn't think. She decided not to believe. To not think. It was much better this way. Whether what happened happened or not, it's much better to be stronger than life and not to think. To disappear into thoughts of nothing. To believe in nothing. To not face reality. To not see anyone that will make her face reality. It was a much, much better world that she lived in.

Because if it weren't for that, she would have become completely mental with emotional pain.

A knock came from the door, but she barely heard it.

Jessie walked into the room. Staring at Fayth's back. She sat there on the bench, her legs pulled up and her arms wrapped tightly around them. She stared out of the window, her body completely still.

He walked toward her, slowly. When he reached the bench, he peeked around and looked at her face.

His heart wrenched at the sight of it. It looked so distraught. A face that wasn't in the least bit healthy. She was pale as a ghost. Her eyes dead. The dark circles under her eyes were terrifying. Jessie's heart beat with pain for her. He so badly wanted to comfort her in his arms, but knew better than to touch her.

"Rihanna?"

No answer.

"Rihanna, you need to eat."

No answer.

"This isn't healthy. You have to move. School is staring again next Monday."

No answer.

"We're all mourning, but eating is essential. You and Lexis, this isn't going to help. No matter how devastating the loss is, you still need to overcome it."

No answer.

He sighed and put the plate of food on top of the piano. He wasn't fully aware of the relationship between Anthony and Fayth, but it seemed like he underestimated it. It was much deeper... so much deeper than what everyone presumed.

"I think god is getting back at me..." Fayth croaked. Her voice was raw.

Those were her very first words since a week now.

"What?" Jessie asked.

She looked over at him. "Did anyone find Lexis yet?"

Jessie shook his head.

She looked back out of the window. "I...need to see him."

And she was back at being a still statue.

Jessie frowned, then sighing again, he turned around and left for the door.

Two days later...

The door creaked open and Bubbles peeked her head through the door. "Faith?" When she hadn't answered, she quickly made her way over and took ahold of Fayth's arm. "Faith?" She asked again.

answered, she quickly made her way over and took hold of Fayth's arm. "Faith?" She asked again.

No answer.

"Faith, its me, Bubbles."

The familiar voice made Fayth's chest get warm. She looked down at Bubbles, her eyes still dead.

"Faith, what's wrong?" Bubbles voice began to shake. "Are you like this because of uncle Anthony?" Tears dwelled inside Bubbles eyes. "Its okay, daddy said he went to a castle with a beautiful princess."

Bubbles? "Is that you?"

"Faith, you don't remember me?"

Things began to connect inside Fayth's head. Right in front of her was Bubbles. Bubbles was crying. Bubbles was saying something.

"Hey Bubbles, what are you doing here?"

Bubbles wrapped her two small hands around Fayth's hands and pulled her to her feet. "You have to come with me."

Fayth stood to her feet. She suddenly felt weak and exhausted. Light headed and a bit nauseated. Her head was cloudy and as minutes passed, she was surprised to find herself in the Academy's back garden.

When did I get here...?

"Daddy." Bubbles said, calling out.

And there he was. Lexis. He sat on a bench in the back of the garden, his elbows resting on his knees and his hands clasped together.

"Daddy, something is wrong with Faith."

Lexis stood up at Dawn's voice. Through the white lights that lit the darkness of the night, he can see a pale Fayth. She stood next to Dawn, wobbling every three seconds or so, as if she was in the middle of falling asleep.

Lexis, who hadn't shed a single tear since Anthony's death, couldn't accept the emotions of the situation and instead lived the days hating Anthony. He found this the easiest way to make it through. He hated, he got angry, he broke things, he cursed Anthony for being selfish. He became a devil in a human, and because of those uncontrollable feelings, he stayed away from the Academy, from Dawn, the only dear person he has left.

Seeing Lexis, the memories rushed back. The wall Fayth built shattered. All the feelings she had tried so hard to keep away intruded through her being, making her feel everything she didn't want to feel. To realize things she wanted kept away. To live the reality Lexis was living.

Anthony.... She looked around her, feeling the night, the snow, the coldness in the wind. She can feel things now. She no longer just saw, but felt as well.

"Oh my god..." She breathed. "Oh god no. Where's Anthony?" Tears pooled inside her eyes. She looked around her again, feeling more things. She was suddenly suffocating, forgetting to breathe again. "Where is Anthony?" His voice was small, barely coming out.

Lexis stared at her, his heart wrenching.

Fayth stared back, the tears slipping out and sliding down her cheeks. "Lexis...Where is Anthony?"

Lexis walked closer to her, his throat clogging.

"Where is Anthony?"

He swallowed his heart back. "Anthony is gone."

Fayth stared into his eyes, her chest rising and falling, the tears jerking out of her eyes in heaps now. "No..."

Tears fell. And more of them fell. Nothing stopped. Her feelings poured. She didn't just see the emptiness. She felt it. Anthony was no longer on this planet. Anthony will no longer be apart of her life.

She felt it.

Lexis's chest burned at the sight of her tears. She reminded him of what love was. He can see the love she had for Anthony. Like a contagious flu, he began to feel it as well. He was no longer angry, but instead filled with pain. Anguish over missing someone so dear. He missed Anthony. He missed him so damn much.

And at that moment, he felt his heart break. Over Anthony. Over the girl that cried rivers for his brother. The girl that made it possible for him to spend one more day with Anthony before he disappeared.

"Don't." He said, tears making their way down his cheeks for the first time. "Don't make it any more easier for me to do what I'm earning to do right now."

Oblivious to what she was doing to him, tears escaped her eyes, her lips trembled, and her body shook with anguish.

Lexis crossed the space between them and in a tight embrace, he wrapped his arms around Fayth, hugging her shaking body to his.

"Tell me its not the truth." She said against his chest.

Tears fell from Lexis's face, her words crumbling the walls of hate he built around him.

Grasping onto Lexis's clothes, Fayth pulled him tighter. "Tell me he's not gone yet. Lie. Lie to me if you have to."

"Anthony...is gone."

A long pause of silence echoed between them. And that's when the truth of the words finally sunk in. Anthony was gone. Anthony...was gone.

Lexis, now sitting alone on the bench, took out the letter Fayth gave him and stared at its surface.

"He told me to tell you something before giving you this letter. I didn't understand what he was trying to say then, but now I do. He said that the saddest thing in the world is a box. It can only know what's been put inside it however it will never get to know what's been placed right outside its walls. And the saddest thing in life is for a person to be like a box, to only know its own feelings and the few people around that this person dearly knows, and not realize that close by, right outside that box, there is a person that can change the entire direction of our life. That can...take down the walls of that box. He...wanted me to tell you this."

Lexis opened the letter and took out a paper from the inside. After he opened it, his heart raced at Anthony's familiar hand writing.

Hey bro, if you're reading this right now it means I'm not there anymore. And right now, you probably hate me and you'll probably think I'm selfish. You'll put the blame on me. Like you did when our sister died. Lexis...I'm sorry. If there was a way that I could've stopped this from happening I would have, just so that you don't have to go through this again. Life is so unfair. Even though I knew for years that one day I'll no longer live, I was still worried for you more than I was scared for myself. I hated the fact that you will be alive and well to witness it, to go through it. I hate the fact that you'll hate me, even if it was for a short moment. I love you bro. I love you more than dad, mom, any sister or family I'll ever have. I love you so much. If I could, I wouldn't die just so you won't have to go through this pain because of me.

I know I always wished for dad, you and I to be together, but to tell you the truth, I never really cared. I just wanted you to get closer to dad so that when I'm no longer there, you'll have someone to lean on. If I die, who'll be there for you? Who'll hug you and tell you its okay?

I never told you this, but there are times when you would call me your brother, these were my favorite times. That one time you hugged me, I wish you did it more, because it made me feel so special to you. You never do these things for anyone else, and to me, things this simple from you made me so happy.

Please don't be in pain because of me. Let me rest in peace. Find someone who'll make me a memory easier to remember. I have a wish Lexis, and I promise its the last thing I'll ever ask of you. The girl from the Armstrong family? Listen to dad. Marry her. I promise you'll never regret it.

I'm okay. Wherever I am right now, I'm really happy. So please live on. Have kids. Tell them about me. Share our pictures with them, and love your future wife the way you loved me.

You better not cry because I said this. Plus, this place here is awesome! I get to have fun all the time! And you know how much I love to have fun.

I love you Lexis, a love that will never be forgotten. Your little bro whose filled with flaws he knows its too late to redeem and could only wish to be forgiven, Anthony.

Lexis dropped his arms on his knees, his heart crumbling. He covered his face with one hand and let his heart pour its pain.

Fayth, who couldn't walk that much farther with her weak body, had dropped down against a nearby tree. She watched Lexis, cried with him. Her body shook the way his did. Her heart felt the way he did. And as she stared at his breaking figure, her heart went to him, wishing she could embrace the man Anthony loved so much.

Um

Well...

I updated in a day, without a goal, how is that for a change? :D eh? eh?

...

Too soon?

</3

Hangs head and walks away shamefully.

MOVIE >take56> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

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PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE DON'T GO BACK TO PREVIOUS CHAPTERS AND POSTS SPOILERS. EVEN WITH A SPOILER ALERT, DON'T. DO. IT. YOU CAN SHARE YOUR OPINION ON THE CHAPTER THAT YOU'RE READING, BUT DON'T GO BACK AND SHARE YOUR OPINION ON A PREVIOUS CHAPTER! THIS BOOK IS MADE BY THOSE SMALL CONFUSING MYSTERIES, AND IT WILL SUCK IF YOU RUIN IT FOR A READER. DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT PUTTING UP "SPOILER ALERT" OR ANY OF THAT CRAP. NO ONE'S GOING TO CARE AND THEY'RE STILL GOING TO READ IT. SO JUST COMMENT ON THE CHAPTER YOUR ON! :(

K? I love you. Oh and by the way, @akan_great16 I read your long comment XDDDDDDDD I LOVE YOU! No worries, I'll introduce you to Jessie. p: Blind date, eh eh? ;)

A month later...

"Hey, you okay?" Jessie walked into the dorm, two cups of coffee in his hands.

"Hey, you okay?" Jessie walked into the dorm, two cups of coffee in his hands.

Fayth was sitting on his bed, staring at a paper he had hanged on the wall, reading it to pass time.

He handed her a cup of coffee. She looked at it and nodded, a faint smile on her lips. "Yeah. I'm fine."

He sat on the chair in front of her, his long legs opened enough so her small ones were in the middle. He knelt in, his face getting closer to hers. "Its the weekend. Do you want to do something?" He asked. "Maybe go out camping or anything like that?"

She quickly shook her head, her heart pounding at the closeness between them. "No, its fine. I'd rather just stay in. Bubbles has something she has to do for her pre-school later on anyways, and I have to go with her."

He sighed, his eyes soft with sadness. "Rihanna, you're not you anymore."

"I'm okay." She fake smiled and looked up. "I just don't feel like doing things like before. I get sick in the stomach if I try."

Jessie placed his hand on her cheek, and Fayth knelt into it, feeling her heart rest at its touch.

"Lexis is still not showing up?" She asked, closing her eyes.

"Mmm."

"Where do you think he went?"

"He has a beach house about eight hours away that he lives in with Dawn in the summer, he could be staying there right now."

"Do you think he'll stop coming to school?"

Jessie stayed quiet for a long time. "He doesn't need the Academy." He finally said. "He's a college student."

Fayth opened her eyes and straightened up, losing her touch with Jessie's hand. "But why--"

"Anthony. So he and Anthony can live and spend more time together. And during the times that Anthony goes to see their father, Lexis would attend his university."

"Oh."

"He's studying to be a doctor. He thought he could beat time and find a cure for Anthony with his own brain, but Anthony didn't fight as long as Lexis thought he would."

Fayth nodded, having a harder time to keep the fake smile on her face. She looked back at her coffee.

Jessie sighed, wondering what he could possibly do for her. His heart hurt every time she hurt. He could almost feel the emptiness in her thoughts. She woke up in the morning, went to the F.A.I.T.H. wing, came back after the last period, and sat in their dorm until she had fell asleep. Jessie would put aside more and more activities that he had to do and instead, he would come and spend time with her. It didn't seem like she wanted any of her female friends around her. She didn't want anyone else but Jessie. She'd relax at the sight of him. She'd smile, even though he knew well it wasn't wholeheartedly, but it was a good thing to see either way. On the weekends...she'd disappear. She'd leave the Academy and come back Sunday night, exhausted.

He'd help her take off her jacket, her shoes, her socks, then help her into bed. She'd usually refuse to change into a pajama, wishing to just go to sleep already, and he would lay beside her on the bed until she fell asleep.

The nightmares would come sometime after mid night. Jessie by then would have gone back to his bed, but would be wide awake until he had gotten up, walked over to her and held her again until the nightmare was gone. He would only go back to his bed and fall asleep afterwards.

He'd wonder about her more and more these days. Why she was the way she is. Why she lied about being poor, and if she was, then why does she change her appearance the way she does. He'd wonder who the girl in the pictures were. If she's different than the Rihanna he's looking at right now. He'd wonder what kind of person she was. What her character conveyed. What her interests were.

He wondered about her...more and more these days.

Lexis sat on the sofa, his leg extended on top of the ottoman. In his hand, he had a drink. And it was one of the countless ones he had during the past month. He'd fall asleep, and yet wake up to realize that Anthony was no longer there. It was in that single moment that many things in the beach house had been broken. Anger would engulf him, so much anger that he'd yearn to kill a person. Then comes the denial stage, and last, drinking.

His phone rang. He looked at the caller ID.

Jessie.

He muted the ringing and put the phone aside.

A few minutes later, his phone began to ring again. This time, it was Dawn.

"Daddy?"

"Hey Dawn, how are you?"

Her voice was hyper. She was happy. *"Me and Fayth won daddy!"*

"Won what?"

"The Parent and Child race games. We won. I have a trophy, a ball that's multicolored..."

Lexis smiled as Dawn continued naming the prizes she had won. Fayth, who had been taking care of Dawn in his place while he was away, had been one of the reasons why he answered Dawn's phone calls. He was able to hear about her from Dawn. And sometimes, if he was lucky, he'd get to hear her voice near by the phone.

His heart would become at ease. He'd find a bit of hope in it. His thoughts would loose track of the day, the night, the reality of things, and he'd only remember her, her terrified eyes, her curious body, and the way she grasped him on that night.

However during his month of staying here he taught himself to not be curious of her anymore. To not wonder or ask questions. To not care or find interest in the person she was. Rihanna Gessner was no longer someone he can be anymore attracted to.

Now...he can only wonder and be curious about how a life with the Armstrong family would be like...And how to make it absolute hell for who ever she was.

He stood up and made his way to the bedroom. After closing the door of the balcony in there, shutting away the violet sound of the waves, he walked to the bed and took off his shirt, then slid into the cold unmade sheets.

Vivian came out of the shower, wearing a white bathrobe, while drying her hair with a towel.

"Were you just on the phone?" She asked Lexis, though his eyes were closed.

He didn't answer. She ignored the question herself and resumed to change into sleep wear. When Lexis asked her a month ago to get away with him, nothing sounded more desirable, and now, nothing was finer than watching his sleeping face every night.

"Hey, do you have an aunt and a cousin that live here?" She asked while changing in the walk in closet. "A girl came by today and asked me if you were here, and if your aunt's family can come over and see you."

"What did you tell her?" Lexis asked, his eyes still closed.

Vivian made her way to the bed. "To get lost. I wasn't really in the mood to talk to a hello kitty covered rock chick."

Lexis lifted the bedding up for Vivian, and she slid under and close to his body. "Does your cousin look like you?" She asked.

"No."

"Too bad."

Lexis opened his eyes and looked at her. He *couldn't* sleep at night. He had enough vile thoughts during the day time, and sleep to him was a blessing that made him forget reality. He *needed* to sleep. And Vivian was the only one who could help him do that.

And right now Vivian was looking at him with a sweet smile, her gray eyes soft with endearment. He can read what was going on in her head easily, and it was something he was downhearted for. "Don't fall in love with me." He said. "I'm not good for you."

He closed his eyes back again.

Vivian gritted her teeth and clenched the pillow with her hands. *I don't fucking care. I've already done so.*

Summer and her manager made their way out of the meeting room and down the hall, smiling and

Summer and her manager made their way out of the meeting room and down the hall, smiling and discussing the renewal of her contract.

"Now all we have to do is celebrate." Her manager said.

"Actually, I'd rather not." Summer said, sighing in grief.

"Too early?"

Summer nodded. "It was only a little more than a month ago. It'd be disrespectful. I'd rather just forget about it all together this year."

Her manager nudged her. "Am I smelling romance in the air?"

Summer blushed. "What? No! Oh my god, I have a boyfriend. You know!"

Her manager laughed. "I was just teasing you. Plus, he's from the Ellis family. Its not good for you since they'll always try to make less of you. You're a super model. Don't give anyone a chance to play with your reputation."

"I know..." Summer's ears perked at voices coming from nearby. She stopped walking, pausing in mid-step, and listened closer, her expression lost in confusion.

Rihanna? Rihanna Gessner?

"Is something wrong?" Her manager asked.

Summer smiled and shook her head. "I thought I heard someone I know, but there is no way trash like that would be here."

A meal at this restaurant would cost more than her house, there is no way she'd be here.

Summer paused again, this time sure that she heard Fayth's voice. She looked at her manager and told her that she'd follow her to the car, then making her way down the hall by herself, she followed to where the voice was coming from.

Oh my god. It is Rihanna Gessner's voice. There is no way that's not her voice.

When she reached the end of the hall, she peeked around into the hall going to the right.

A girl, who was dressed in the latest brand that Summer had been begging her mom to buy for her, with flowing long light brown hair made of perfect curls, stood with the owner of the restaurant, who was questioning if her meal was to her liking.

He never did that for me.

Summer looked around, wondering where Rihanna's voice was coming from. She was absolutely sure she heard it, and heard it well.

"I enjoyed it. Thank you so much for having me over."

Summer froze in shock, looking at the girl in front of her. Though her back was to Summer, she was sure that those words had come out of her mouth.

But that is Rihanna's voice...

"Well, of course Ms. Armstrong. Please do come again."

Ms. Armstrong? Who? That's Ms. Gessner, not Armstrong.

A man came out of the room that they were standing outside of. Smiling, he said. "Let's go Fayth?"

The girl nodded and turned around, and Summer almost fell off her legs.

There, in front of her was Rihanna, but *not* Rihanna. It was the version of Rihanna that Summer on multiple occasions was tempted to end up with after having done a make over on her. A make over so the girl can become more pleasant to endure looking at.

And now, there she was standing in front of her, Rihanna Gessner... or better yet Fayth Armstrong in a completely different attire than what everyone sees in the Academy. She was carrying a different identity. She was—

Fayth Armstrong...?

Summer's heart began to beat in her chest, faster, harder. Her eyes were wide open as she watched the girl make her way out of the hall and into the open lobby.

Fayth Armstrong...? Rihanna Gessner was Fayth Armstrong?!

Summer fell to the ground, barely breathing as shock and fear clouded her being, *Rihanna is Fayth Armstrong?! How's that possible? How is it possible that the heir to the biggest corporation in the world is Rihanna Gessner? No, no its not real!*

Fayth paused from walking and turned around, wondering who fell, and looked at Summer Harrison on the floor, staring at Fayth like she was death.

Summer gasped. "Oh my god-It really is you..."

PLEASE, IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY, GO BACK AND VOTE FOR EVERY CHAPTER!!! IT MAY BE A TEDIOUS BUTTON TO YOU, HOWEVER TO ME, ITS ABSOUTELY EVERYTHING!!!

Goal - _____ - Votes.....>.> 750... Comments. 1200 c':<

HOLY A;LDFKADKFJADLKJ GUYS OMG OMG OMG WE'RE *Humor #5 / Teen Fiction #6*

GO F.A.I.T.H.FUL FAMILY! GO FAYLEX!!! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS, OMG! I LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH!!!!

MOVIE >take57> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

~ ~ ~

I just wanted you guys to know that even if I don't reply to every single comment I still read all of them. Sometimes I want to reply but I'm in a place (usually work) that disallows me from doing so. And when I come back to answer the comments later on in the day there will be SO many more to answer that I answer as many as I could. I'll answer more comments though, each and every one of them if I could, i promise.

And so you'd believe that I read ever comment, @bixchqueen had asked me if I can write a free chapter, and well, how can I turn a reader down? I just can't x.x Well, this chapter wasn't completely free, but I hurried to write it especially because you asked and so here I am updating it for you. WAY before the goal had been reached.

I hope you're satisfied. <3

I may not be able to do it all the time, but if I could have a free minute to write and update, I will. Its

I may not be able to do it all the time, but if I could have a free minute to write and update, I will. Its not like I won't. Its just my personal life is beyond what you could expect. I'm so busy its crazy.

Oh and one more thing. If you guys have ANY questions about this story please do not post it here, but instead go to my profile and go to the QUESTIONS book and post it there instead. Its really hard for me to find the questions here and like I said before, I can't ALWAYS answer the comments at the time that I read them.

Hope you enjoy this chapter that's written too fast with too many flaws.

Vivian knelt in and kissed Lexis on the lips.

Lexis didn't open his eyes. "Stop." He quietly said.

She didn't, she knelt in again and pressed her lips against his, then turned over him and went for a more desperate and longer kiss.

Lexis sighed, not cooperating. He pushed her off and straightened to his feet off the bed.

"Why?" Vivian insisted.

Lexis pulled on his shirt. "This isn't what I had in mind. I'm sorry."

"What's on your mind then? *Rihanna*?"

Lexis looked at her. "That's not her real name, is it?"

Caught off guard by the question, Vivian hesitated, then denied. "It is."

Lexis stared at her for a few seconds more than went back to getting dressed. "Whether it is or not, I'm not interested in her anymore. I have my own problems to deal with."

Fayth has more problems than you'll ever do. Ha, if you only knew.

"Then why can't it be? Aren't I comfortable. I don't ask for anything. I'm not asking you for all that love shit. I just want us to be together. Comfortably."

"No."

"Then why are we doing this?!"

Lexis, who was packing, threw the bag he was holding and looked at Vivian. "I can't sleep alone. That's all you need to know."

Vivian looked away, smirking, then looked back at Lexis. "So you're telling me this entire time you were just using me?"

Lexis didn't answer. He only continued packing.

"Do you how many people I fucked up in my life—so badly that some of them are crippled for life. Do you know how many people had near death experiences because of me? Do you even realize the horrid person I am is now reaching out to a person, only for the second time in their life?"

Lexis glanced up at her, studying her body and face expression, he asked. "Was your first Rihanna?"

Again, she became flustered. "I thought you weren't curious about her anymore."

Lexis straightened up and sighed. "I thought I could use you without the need to repay you. Perhaps I was wrong." He threw the bag over his shoulder and made his way across the room. "You can leave here whenever you desire."

And with that, Lexis left. And Vivian dropped to the ground, broken hearted.

Fayth paused as she stared at Summer, who quivered on the floor with fear.

"Just a second Vincent." Fayth said to Vincent. With a composed and emotionless expression, Fayth slowly walked toward her, a step after the other, taking her time as Summer's expression melted with shock and disbelief.

When Fayth reached Summer, she crossed her arm and finally let a humorless smile come to her lips. "Summer Harrison." Fayth snorted and looked away, still smiling, she looked back at Summer. "I'm so sorry you had to find out this way. It wasn't my intention to frighten you this much."

Summer's hands shook. She could barely feel her legs anymore as she recalled all the things she had done to Rihanna Gess—Fayth Armstrong.

Fayth bent her back so she can get closer to Summer. "That's right. I'm Fayth Armstrong. You found out. Hooray for you."

Summer said nothing, she only stared at Fayth with her big eyes, trying to hold on to a single thought before it was running away in fear.

"Let's get this straight, in a fairy tale, you'd act snobby and say that you'll control me by revealing my secret out to the rest of the Academy, in reality you have two choices." Fayth balanced her palms out in front of her. "On one hand, I'm Fayth Armstrong, so you can't do anything. On the other hand, revealing me would also tell the entire Academy that I'm Fayth Armstrong. It would also crush you, by either me, or your status at school. Either way, you're the only one at loss. I'm not going to ask you to keep your mouth shut, because I know quite well that you will. Do you understand?"

Summer gasped. She was so lost, so confused, the shock wouldn't wear off no matter how much she saw Rihanna Gessner in Fayth Armstrong. Instead, it only became stronger.

"But wh-why?"

"Mmm, no, now that you know who I am, you amount to nothing to me. You might have been something that Rihanna had to act fearful and terrified of so she can keep her act together, but to me, you're an eight

"Mmm, no, now that you know who I am, you amount to nothing to me. You might have been something that Rihanna had to act fearful and terrified of so she can keep her act together, but to me, you're an eight figure bank account I can crush in a second. So try not to talk, not to even breathe when you're around me. Don't ask questions either." Fayth stood up to leave, before completely turning away, she looked at Summer and smirked. "Karma's a bitch, ain't she? Hope it taught you a lesson."

Laughing, Fayth walked off and left with Vincent.

When Fayth reached the Academy, she hugged Vincent goodbye then went in using the blind spot instead of the doors—to avoid being seen by anyone.

"Joshua?" Fayth said, walking up the stairs. Someone was walking in pajamas with a bottle of water in his hand. And he looked very familiar.

He looked up, and right away a smile spread across his face. "Rihanna, hi!" He skipped though the stairs until he was standing right in front of her. However right before going for a hug, he clutched his stomach and his face twisted in pain.

"Are you okay?" She asked, taking a hold of his arm in case he tumbled down the stairs.

"Yeah, I'm fine. I just left the infirmary. My stomach has been hurting me for the past week, and the nurse suspected an ulcer. I'll have to leave the Academy in a few days to check on it."

"Oh."

He smiled at her. "I heard it was you. You've been so out of it these days that I still didn't thank you."

They both sat on the steps. "I promised you payback, didn't I?"

"I also heard you gave something up for it, what was it?"

"Did Lexis tell you?"

He nodded. "His intentions were to make me dislike the fact that I came back upon someone else's suffering. And till now that's all I did. Feel bad."

"Don't worry about it. What I gave up is something I was going to give up on anyway, sooner or later."

"You also had me enrolled into the Business Class."

Fayth looked at him pointedly and smiled. "I did promise you a lot of things before you left."

He looked down at the bottle in his hands. "I don't know how to thank you. If you asked for my life, if you asked for everything I had as well, I'd give it to you. Just...at least know that."

"Do well in the business lectures. And don't ever thank anyone else in this Academy. No matter who it is. For me, that's what you can do."

He looked up at her, his eyes filled with wonder. "There's something that's bothering me. I think I misunderstood who you were before."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought you were poor, but it seems like you're everything but."

Fayth shrugged. "That may be the truth."

"Are you saying there is a chance it isn't?"

She stayed quiet.

"And, well, today I was going through the brochure for the Winter Beauty Pageant so I can vote. Looking at your face now I think my suspicions are confirmed..."

"What are you talking about?"

"The picture I saw on there... it really is you."

"What are you saying?" She stood up, her heart pounding faster. "What do you mean my picture was in the brochure?"

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean—"

She turned to leave. "I need to find Jesse. Now. I'm sorry Joshua, but I have to go."

Fayth quickly ran to her dorm, however Jesse was not there. After calling his cell multiple times, he finally

Fayth quickly ran to her dorm, however Jesse was not there. After calling his cell multiple times, he finally answered.

"Jesse, where are you?"

"I had to leave to meet with my dad. It's the weekend and he wanted to spend time together. Sorry that I won't be sleeping there tonight—"

"Is it true?"

"What exactly?"

"My picture. Is it on the WBP brochure?"

"What?!" He seemed to think this was absurd. *"Holy on a sec"* A few minutes later, a shocked Jesse said. *"I'm so sorry."* He staggered to find words to say, still shocked with disbelief. *"There was some of your old pictures on the laptop. I think I added one by mistake."*

She covered her face with her hands, fear eating her in half. "This isn't good. This isn't good at all." This is all her fault. "You can fix this, right? All you have to do is take it out."

She suddenly remembered Vincent telling her that he had placed pictures of them together in the laptop in case she had missed him. She can't believe with that included, she had given the laptop to Jesse. If she had remembered before, she would have at least deleted all of them. Now, she wasn't even sure how many of them he saw. Or what he thought of her when he did.

"I can't." Jesse said, wishing he could say something else. *"I wish I could, but once the brochures are made, it's out of my hands to change anything from that point on."*

Rihanna slid to the ground, her heart threatening to bust out of her chest. *"What am I supposed to do?!"* She yelled, losing all composure

Jesse searched in his head for something to say, for good words he could utter to take her out of the misery she was in. *"It's a long process. It lasts for month. During the first phase of the competition, only numbers are written under the pictures for others to vote, and it stays like this until the very last phase. Then they'll announce the names of the last three contestants. So at least for now, they don't know your name. Let's just hope you'll lose before that last phase comes."*

This calmed her down a little tiny bit, but she was still worried about something else.

"Who are the judges?"

"Fashion designers. The biggest names. The Winter Beauty Pageant is a dream come true for many girls in the Academy to make it as supermodels by night. Summer, for instance, was last year's winner."

"Will anyone else be there?"

"Yes. The entire school's staff, including the headmaster and John Ellis, the Academy's owner."

Fayth clutched her fists as her heart gave a squeeze and goosebumps wrapped her skin from head to toe.

She can't win. She *absolutely* can't win.

Falling asleep was the hardest thing she could that night. She only thought of the brochure over and over again. Would anyone recognize her? Specifically Lexis. Would *he* recognize her? Had he seen what Fayth Armstrong looked like yet?

Surely he wouldn't. Either way, she had decided. Fayth Armstrong will not agree to marry Lexis Ellis. True, she was going to go through with it before, but things have changed. No matter what happens to the partnership with the Ellis & Sons corp, she will no longer make Lexis go through his father's merciless investment plans. He had already gone through enough. Losing Anthony broke him. She saw it with her own eyes. And so before any meetings happen, before any complications begin, she will refuse the marriage herself this time.

After eating a few more doses of her Candy, she finally fell asleep.

A few hours later.

No one was there. The Ellis wing was hauntingly empty. Lexis's heart sank to his knees as he looked around at the familiar places Anthony had touched before. It was unreal, that his little brother will no longer be there to continue on his legacy. That he won't grown up and find a woman to love. That he won't marry. That he won't have kids and grow old with them. That Lexis himself, will never get the chance to hear Anthony's kids call him uncle.

Knowing well he won't get a shut eye there, he decided to go to Jessie and sleep with him instead.

After climbing into the dark room, Lexis felt his way around and finally found Jessie's desk light. He wondered why the light sleeper hadn't woken up yet, however when he opened up the light, Jessie wasn't there.

And that's when he remembered Jessie earlier text. He had mentioned that he had left to spend the night with his dad, who lives an hour away from the beach house, and had made it clear that he'll be visiting Lexis in the morning.

Lexis sighed and turned to leave out of the window.

Then paused.

He turned around and looked at the curtain. The satin fabric was pulled shut. His heart pounded at the thought of Fayth being that much farther away from him right then.

Forget her. She'll never be yours.

He turned to leave out of the window again, holding the sides and getting ready to push his head out.

He paused again.

Turned around.

And with fast steps, he made his way across the room. He jerked the curtain aside. The light from the desk light casting its way in and on the sleeping Fayth. His heart raced at the sight of her. He missed her more than he thought he could possibly manage. His breathing began to get heavier as he slowly made his way toward her. His body burned as it yearned to touch her. To feel her against him like the last time he saw her. She was the only one that filled in the space of Anthony. She was the only one who shared the emptiness of losing Anthony with him.

"STOP IT!" She suddenly yelled. Her eyebrows were pulled together. Her face caught in the nightmare she was dreaming. She fiddled in her place, as if she was fighting something, or running away from someone.

"Stop it! You don't want to do this! Just stop! STOP!"

Lexis's stood there with his blank expression. He knew what Jessie used to do to calm her down, however his body refused to move.

I need sleep too. She can help me tonight.

He swallowed back the temptation and closed his eyes shut. He can feel the heat traveling through his entire body, making the idea of doing it that much more tempting.

Just one night.

You need to forget her.

Just one night.

Leave before you're in deeper.

Just one night.

His heart pounded faster. His chest rose and fell. His stomach tightened. He sighed out a long breath and slid beside her into the bed, spooning his body to hers, hugging her close enough that they almost became one.

BE SURE TO FOLLOW ME ON TWITTER AND INSTAGRAM @joprbooks

PLEASE DON'T FORGET TO VOTE FOR PREVIOUS CHAPTERS!!! FOR THE LIFE OF FAYLEX DON'T! D':

To those who commented about the goals. Thats rude. Its my book and I could do whatever I want. I understand what you mean, but you don't have to say it is such a rude way. I'm usually a really nice person, so calm the hell down. Just tell me what you would like and I'd try to improve on it. That's all.

I'll explain it now. If it weren't for that goal right there and those loyal readers, I'd be updating once or twice a week because of my hectic and busy life. However to keep the promise to them, I force my self-limit to find the time and energy to write one more chapter even if I've written one 17 hours ago. Do you see where I'm going with this?

But guess what? I effin love you for getting mad at me because of the goals. I just wish you said it in a cute-mad way. So my feelings don't get hurt. (super sensitive person here. Regardless of all the dark stuff in this book)

Thank you guys soooooo much for the support. This early chapter is also for all of you spammers out there. Like omg, you make me shout, you make me scream till the words come out. I'm so lucky to have readers like you. Like omg. :')

If I could, I'll be Santa in mid-summer and come to each of your houses and give you a jolly hug. Like omg. <3 :D

-I don't believe in Santa. Just so you know o.o-

Alright. Goals : 1000 comments 700 votes.

(its 1 at night here and I'm awake to give you this. Aren't I just so cute sometimes? (づ。□□□□。)づ



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MOVIE >take58> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

- - -

Don't love Jessie anymore.

Don't love Jessie anymore.

Don't love Jessie anymore...

Fayth woke up to these words. Where had they come from... Where in her imagination did she possibly think up an absurd thought...she had no idea.

She woke up, and these four words were ringing in her ears.

She opened her eyes, her bed warmer than usual. She was sleeping on the edge, as if all night she had left an empty space for Jessie to sleep in. She ran her hand on that space, smiling through her morning eyes.

- - -

How nice it would have been to wake up to his face...

She straightened up and got ready for school, doing what she usually did. This time, however, Katerina waited for her outside her door, saying that Jessie told her to keep Fayth company since he won't be here.

They made their way together to the F.A.I.T.H. wing, descending the dormitory steps and crossing the lobby to the hallway that lead to the classes stairway.

"By the way, tomorrow's my birthday. We're holding an in-school party in the F.A.I.T.H. wing, Mandy said its okay to take the day off for everyone, so some people might just skip out. You'll come right?"

Fayth smiled nervously and rubbed the back of her neck. "Actually, I have something to do tomorrow. I'm really sorry. I'll make sure to get you a really nice birthday present."

Katerina pouted. "Well, that's too bad."

They paused mid-step and looked at Summer Harrison, who stood with the Beautiful Angels, corning a girl and interrogating her.

- - -

"There she goes again." Katerina sighed.

"Dating rule number one." Summer said. "Make sure your status matches his. Don't let me ever see near the First Class Men again. Got it?"

The girl, who was standing with a sullen expression on her face, didn't answer. It was Fayth's first time seeing someone not melting with fear in front of Summer.

"Are you deaf?" Summer asked.

The girl looked over at Katerina, knowing she had enough power to stop Summer. Summer turned to see who the girl was staring at, and as soon as she laid eyes on Fayth, she was instantly startled, her expression going pale with fright.

The other Angels waited for Summer to do something, however Summer could only stare at Fayth's face.

Fayth was warning her. Threatening Summer with her eyes, and Summer instantly backed down, swallowing the lump of fear in her throat and quickly walked away.

The girl hurried to Katerina. "I knew you're so much more powerful than her. Please come back to regular classes so you can take her place again."

Katerina, who was surprised that Summer had reacted that way upon seeing her, nodded though not sure what had just happened.

Fayth smiled, "I think you should listen to her. Whatever it is that's stopping you from going back to the regular classes, overcome it and release the Academy from that witch's spell."

Katerina looked down and sighed, a forced smile on her lips. "Yeah..."

Lexis is back.

Fayth didn't know what to do about this fact, but at that moment she couldn't stop looking over to check if it was really him sitting there, staring out of the glass wall as if he hadn't disappeared for the past month.

And he hadn't moved. The man, who had looked like a normal person sitting there for a long time, was still

And her heart pounded. The person who Anthony looked like so much was sitting there, ten feet away from her. The person who used to be a part of her daily life, who suddenly disappeared for more than a month was right there. She can see his face. A face that aged so much since she last saw him.

His eyes had become so much darker than before. His face cold and grim as a sculpture. You can see his void of feelings in the way his expression defied emotions, so vacant and passive. He looked like a man that would never love again. A man that lost all hope, trust, and all possible emotions that may lead to love.

Nothing could break him now. Fayth thought. *Truly it would be hard to challenge him in life, because now, he has absolutely nothing to lose.*

Dawn...

In the past months, there will be moments that Fayth would push Dawn to call her father, just to check up on him. To see if he was still alive. That he hadn't done anything reckless with himself. She wanted to make sure that Anthony's death hadn't made him forget her. *It's all for Dawn,* Fayth would tell herself over and over again, *he needs to stay alive for Dawn.*

"It's very hard to explain love," Mandy said, answering a question Alvin asked. "Because it can be divided into many categories. Love can be either emotional or physical. However, research says it's mostly when

"It's very hard to explain love," Mandy said, answering a question Alvin asked. "Because it can be divided into many categories. Love can be either emotional or physical. However, research says it's mostly when physical contact happens that love emerges. For instance, a baby when the mother hugs it and gives it milk. This type of skin ship defines the love she has for it, and it is the very first type of skin contact that makes a human realize that caressing someone else is love. For example when something like a kiss happens between two humans, that specifically prompts a different kind of love. When two people kiss, their heart beat doubles and their hormones fire. And instant attraction takes place while a hallucination of being in love becomes a considered thought in a person's head. Hormones become love and love becomes undefined. You start to wonder about your feelings toward that person and if it's true that you like him or her. A kiss that happened out of commitment is different. Again, just like a baby and the human that gave birth to it. That by itself is commitment. Mother and child. That's why we say that a baby's first felt kiss is its lips on its mother's breast. On the other hand, without commitment, it's very easy to mistake an entire relationship with that one single kiss."

While she was saying this, while Mandy uttered those words, Fayth sat in her seat frozen, her heart beating in her throat. Her face felt so hot, she wouldn't be surprised if it was bright red at that moment. Her feet felt sweaty. Her palms felt sweaty. Her chest felt tiny. She wanted so badly to take in a long set of breaths and sigh, but instead...she could barely breathe as she felt Lexis's eyes digging holes in the side of her head.

Summer found Fayth later on that day. She was terrified, but she decided that she needed to take the risk and ask the question that had been eating at her mind all day.

Finally able to get Fayth alone in one of the empty classrooms, where she was cleaning up for not having finished the puzzle from F.A.I.T.H., she quickly took her chance to ask.

"I have a question."

Fayth sighed. "I told you not to breathe around me."

"One question. Just one question." Tears threatened to spill out of Summer's eyes. "Are you really marrying Lexis?"

Fayth paused what she was doing and froze.

"Is it true? Are you really going to marry him?"

Fayth dropped the trash bag and turned around to look at Summer. "And if I do?"

Anger began to eat Summer's inside, and tears fell in heaps. *Surely, surely if he knows Fayth Armstrong is Rihanna he'll marry her. He was always captivated by her...*

Vivian walked over to where Lexis stood in the F.A.I.T.H. wing.

"I broke more things in your house." She said, standing next to him and crossing her arms.

They stared out of the glass. Lexis was lost in thought as he said. "I expected that much."

"I also beat the shit out of your neighbors son. I think he was twelve. He called me your hoe."

He kept quiet.

"Are you thinking about your dad's proposal with the Armstrong's?"

His eyes were hard, his face emotionless. He glanced sideways at Vivian and said. "No. I'm thinking about your best friend."

"Rihanna?"

"So she's the best friend you were talking about?"

"I thought you weren't going to be curious about her anymore."

"This morning...Summer was being Summer until she looked at Rihanna. Everyone thought it was because of Katerina that she had become so petrified, but I was there and clearly Summer was looking at Rihanna. Not Katerina."

Vivian kept quiet. *Summer must have found out...*

"Here is an advice you should take before you regret it for the rest of your life." Vivian said. She turned to look at Lexis, her arms still crossed. "Rihanna..."

Summer gritted her teeth, and stood there clenching her hands. "You can't."

Summer gritted her teeth, and stood there clenching her hands. "You can't."

Fayth decided to entertain talking with Summer for now. "Why?"

"You have no idea..."

"...what kind of person..." Vivian said, mock in her voice.

"Lexis is and what he'd done in the past." Summer insisted, her tears clouding her words, making them thick with hurt.

"What kind of person Rihanna is and what she had done in the past." Vivian said, cocking an eyebrow and staring at Lexis's remote eyes.

"What kind of person Rihanna is and what she had done in the past." Vivian said, cocking an eyebrow and staring at Lexis's remote eyes.

Jessie was acting weird lately. And Fayth didn't understand what was going on. Tonight, she climbed into her bed fully aware that Jessie was only acting as if he was sleeping. His steady breathing, she was so used to listening to it night after night, that she memorized its precise rhythm. And tonight, it was only forced to sound steady.

Fayth didn't understand why he was acting as if he was sleeping. And soon enough, she was drifting to sleep herself. She could have fallen completely numb and not have sensed Jessie's sudden movements, but nearly seconds away from that stage, something brought her back to reality.

His bed slowly creaking had her fully awake again. Though she craved to go back and let the sleep knocking on her conscious take her away, she still couldn't deny the oddness of what Jessie was doing. She watched him in the darkness, keeping a steady breathing more believable than his audible one, and was shocked to see him leave out of the door. Closing it soundlessly behind him.

She straightened up, slowly in case he came back in, and made her way to the door. Carefully, she opened it a crack first, and looked out to see if he was anywhere around. However he was all the way down the hallway and was now turning to the next one, where the steps were.

In her pajamas, Fayth left her dorm and cautiously trailed him from a safe distance. He seemed to be heading toward the cafeteria, however the cafeteria was closed by now and so he must be heading somewhere else.

Questions were knocking Fayth thoughtless. She was pretty sure this was the first time something like this happened. Jessie was bound to the rules, and he knew doing something like this in the middle of the night was breaking many of them. So what could have happened recently that made him this way? What was the change? Why was he walking around terribly afraid someone was going to catch him? Is he heading to his destination knowing fully well...it was *wrong*?

They were slowly making their way toward the 'C' wing, and then afterwards to door 'C', where it was permissible for students to leave the Academy for a break outside then eventually comeback. It's the doors Fayth usually used when she went out to meet with Bubbles. And even though she had done it a few times before at hours that were prohibited, it's still quite awkward to see Jessie doing it at an absolutely forbidden time.

He made his way out of the doors into the dark night. She walked up to the door and knew this was her limit. She really couldn't leave not knowing where exactly he was going. It was too big of a risk for her to take. So instead, she watched him from the glass part of the door as he descended the stairs and walked across the lawn toward...

She squinted her eyes...wondering if she was seeing right. There was a person, standing there by the wall. A small light hanging nearby barely showed that person's silhouette. Fayth watched as Jessie walked up to who ever it was and they started talking at first...

Talking...they were greeting each other, Fayth guessed.

She turned around to leave back to her dorm...

Then—

She turned back around.

Oh my god.

Oh god, no. No, this isn't real.

She was only seeing things. Her heart pounding back and forth like thunder in her chest. She closed her eyes shut.

I'm only seeing things!

Please, if you haven't, go back and vote for every chapter! It will mean the world to me. For the love of Faylex do so! <

Oh my god guys, :(There is this really bad feeling that I have in my gutts. At the end of this chapter I organized my thoughts and I realized that there is only a number of chapters left of this story. </3

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Oh my god guys, :(There is this really bad feeling that I have in my gutts. At the end of this chapter I organized my thoughts and I realized that there is only a number of chapters left of this story. </3

I'm so terrified of the story ending.

I Don't even know what to do anymore. :(I'm so attached to it. D': I don't want it to end!!!!

Goals: Comments 1200 Votes 750

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MOVIE >take59> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

- - -

Don't love Jessie anymore.

Don't love Jessie anymore.

Don't love Jessie anymore...

I... I understand now...

Fayth turned around. She understood. She understood why these words were ringing in her head for him. She understood now.

She felt her world crashing, Her heart shredding to pieces. She can almost see the shocked tears escape her eyes in a storm, so silent, yet so violent. Her body felt like it weighed a ton. She can barely lift a foot up. She could barely walk.

She gasped.

And quickly covered her mouth to hide the sound.

She turned around and came face to face with Lexis, who stood there, his eyes looking over her head, outside the glass behind her. Seeing what she saw.

Then his gaze turned down to look at her, a sigh on his lips.

"You...you knew." Fayth said, her entire insides twisting in pain. Charles was wrong. "Its not because—"

This is why he had been coming between her and Jessie. Lexis knew her feelings for Jessie. He knew...

Charles didn't understand anything. Lexis didn't like Fayth. As everything unfolded tonight, she knew exactly what had been happening.

He knew... Jessie will never hold romantic feelings for her.

She fell to the ground, her body drowning in disappointment and loss of faith. She bowed her forehead to

He knew... Jessie will never hold romantic feelings for her.

She fell to the ground, her body drowning in disappointment and loss of faith. She bowed her forehead to the ground as the memory that unfolded on the lawn struck her in the heart, crashing like a car hitting a deer caught in headlights.

"You knew... Jessie will never love women. You *knew* he'll only hold romantic feelings for...*men*."

Lexis stared at the breaking Fayth, and could only stand there doing nothing. He wished he could embrace her, assure her that Jessie will be there for her nonetheless. Maybe not as a lover, but definitely as a close friend. He saw that much in their relationship, but instead he only stood there, his yearning devouring his insides.

He couldn't be involved with her anymore. He had to learn how to hate her now. For the sake of Anthony's wish, he needed to move on from a person he felt so immersed by for the first time in his life.

And as she broke down on the floor, his heart wrenched, wishing he could take the few steps toward her, to hold her in his arms, to take her away and not let anyone see her, not let a man lay eyes on her, but knew it was a wish out of reach now.

His fingers curled into fists, and he could only turn away before the urge became stronger, before his temptation won over. And walked away, a growl making its way through his chest and out of his lips.

"Fayth?" Charles said, He walked closer, wondering if the girl on the floor was Fayth. And surely, as he walked closer, there she was, her silent weeping making her body shake violently.

Charles looked up, and around, and could only see a figure making its way down the hall and disappearing to the right.

He looked out of the door, and squinted his eyes, then his face stretched and his eyes widened at what he was seeing.

Jessie and Joshua. They were kissing.

Charles looked down at Fayth, cursing under his breath.

Why does this always have to happen to you?

Fayth must be the unluckiest person to ever walk this earth. Life treated her with selfishness, refusing to give her what it gave one bite of what everyone else has. And Charles knew this won't be easy on her either. It wasn't enough that she had a close friend passing away two months ago, but now, she had to grieve over the fact that her first love will never be emotionally in love with her. That there will be not a chance whatsoever that he'll ever, in any future or time, return her love the way she deeply wished.

"Come on. Lets sneak into the boys dormitory. You can sleep in my dorm tonight."

With great effort, Charles had Fayth on her feet, however her body refused to react to anything right now, it just lay dead, exhausted with all her sopping, all her emotional distress. Instead, his arms slid under her and picked her up, cradling her like a baby against his chest.

After carefully sneaking into the boys dormitory, Charles made his way into his dorm. It used to be Joshua's which he shared with his roommate Zachary, but after a few disturbing fights, Zachary ran out of the Academy.

And Joshua, after leaving months ago, was now back. He was quiet. Kept to himself in his side of the room, so Charles didn't mind him that much.

With Joshua and Jessie being together out in the dark night, the room was now empty. Charles placed Fayth on his bed, then helped her out of her shoes and socks. She looked exhausted, her face red and her body limp. She had stopped crying, and every few second, a few gasps of breath would leave her lips. Charles moved to the mini fridge and fetched her a bottle of water, the only drink other than beer in there.

After helping her take a few sips of it, he slid next to her on the bed and hugged her upper half to his chest.

"I wish you'd look at me already." He quietly said in the dark room. "I've been next to you your whole life and you haven't come to me once."

"I'll never stop loving him." Fayth choked out, her tears threatening to fall again. "I don't care what his preferences are but I'll never stop loving him. I love him even more now that I can't have him." And she began to cry again. "I can't believe my heart is that stupid."

Charles body fired at the closeness between them. She had never let him hold her this long. "Fayth. I found you after you disappeared for months, I found you and for the first time in your life you told me that you were in love with someone. To me, it was as if you had literally said you were taken, already dating a person and no longer available. Right now, to me you're single. And I'm not going to sit still and wait till you fall in love with someone else. I'm going to do everything. Even if I have to play dirty, I will absolutely do everything Fayth to make you like me."

"Charles--"

"I know you're hurting. I know *you*, so I know how *much* you're hurting. But I can love you. And I can do it right. I can love you every single second. So just look at me. Whether it be today, in a week or after a year, just find the love you want in me."

Fayth stayed quiet, her eyes closed shut.

"I'm going to threaten you right now, okay? If you don't love me back. If you don't come to me, I'm going to let the entire Academy know contestant 87 in the Winter Beauty Pageant brochure is Rihanna Gessner, who's actual identity is Fayth Armstrong, the only heir to Armstrong Next."

Fayth looked up at him, letting out a breath of disbelief.

"Don't underestimate me anymore Fayth. I never underestimated you, so don't underestimate me or the things I'll do to get you closer to me."

"You're insane. You don't know what you're talking about."

"Why should I be? I've been there for you when times even Vincent wasn't. Why can't you like me back? I have everything you need. Do you remember how you told me that I was your special Santa? That I send good things to you even when you're naughty? Why can't you let me in?"

Fayth bit her lip, her heart pounding for him. She knew she could love him, easily too. But he knew too much about her. He knew too much about the life that she wasn't proud of. And she was afraid that one day he might confront her with it. He was that kind of person. A person who, when angry, can use anything he knows about you against you. Even if it was her. She knew Charles well.

"Answer me." He said.

She swallowed. She knew she could love him, but right now she couldn't.

"I have to go to sleep."

Lexis paced in the Ellis wing. He couldn't sleep, and this time not for his normal reason. This time, he could only think about Fayth.

He wondered how she was doing. He shouldn't have left her there. What if she faced Jessie with what she saw? What if she...

Lexis stopped walking, his thoughts froze as he remembered the pills in her drawer.

She wouldn't...

He quickly made his way out of the Ellis wing, running to the place he saw her last. However she wasn't there. Turning around, he quickly exited the Academy and snuck into her dorm, however it was also empty.

Where is she?

His heart pounded with fear for her. He searched around some more, in places he guessed she'd be in. However, where ever he looked, she wasn't there.

Charles.

If Charles had found her and had found out about what happened, he wouldn't let her go to her dorm again. He wouldn't let her see Jessie. He would...

Anger engulfed Lexis at the thought alone. *I swear...* He walked toward the boys dormitory, his anger growing by the second. He took out his phone and found the number for the student's dorm pin numbers. And as soon as he reached Charles's dorm, he punched in the number and walked in.

It was dark. Quietly, Lexis made his way in, where he clearly saw two figures sleeping together on the bed. A volcano erupted inside of him. He held back the urge to take ahold of something and smash it against the wall. He was so enraged by the sight of them together, by Charles's arms around her that he almost choked the bastard to death.

He clenched his hands into fists and paused near the bed's side, staring at them as they both slept, their chest rising and falling with their deep breathing. He knew exactly how the bastard must have been feeling having her this close to him. He knew exactly what kind of thoughts ran through his head the entire time, and Lexis found himself going berserk at that alone.

He slowly undid Fayth from around Charles's arms and picked her up gently, as quietly and as still as he could so she won't wake up, then removing the cover off Charles and throwing it on the ground, he left the room, turning the heat off in the dorm before exiting the door.

Fayth woke up, a strange feeling swallowing her right away. She slowly straightened up in the bed she was in, and found herself in a completely different room than the dorm she was in yesterday.

Was she caught?

Lexis came out from one of the room's inside. Startled, she quickly asked. "How did I get here?"

He walked over. "You said you missed Anthony. You came here and then fell asleep."

"Oh." She frowned. The stress from yesterday must have taken a bigger toll on her than she realized. "I'll go now then. I'm sorry to disturb you." She tried to stand up, but fell back, her legs were utterly weak.

She looked down, her insides were all feeling depressed. "Sorry, maybe in a bit." She mumbled as she laid her back against the pillow.

Lexis came over and sat on the edge of the bed. "Here." He stuck out a cup.

She gladly took it and wrapped her hands around the warm beverage.

With his arms against his knees and fingers entwined together, Lexis knelt forward. "He has been like this for awhile. You confused him for some reason, but then he realized his feelings weren't defined to love a woman, or in reverse be attracted to her. He saw you as someone warm and kind, a good friend."

Fayth looked down at her drink, her tears threatening to burst out again.

Lexis stood up. "You can leave whenever you'd like."

Fayth caught his hand. He froze.

"I'm sorry." She said.

Not looking at her, he asked. "For what?"

"Just know that I'm sorry. For everything."

The feeling of her hands on him, the tenderness in her voice...it made him become like a ball of fire. The urge to embrace her hit him full force, and he had to grit his teeth, to clench every muscle in his body, so he won't act on instinct.

"I'll go now." He choked out, his voice hoarse.

He quickly left the room, sweating through his clothes.

Violet found Fayth later on that day, and burst in joy at Katerina's party. After a few push and pulls, Violet insisted that Fayth comes. Even if it was for a few minutes. Otherwise it would hurt Katerina's feelings a lot.

However, most of the F.A.I.T.H. members were in the F.A.I.T.H. wing, which was decorated beautifully with party decorations, and they were all trying hard to put things together before Katerina came into the room.

Violet and Jessie were discussing some things to do.

Taylor was trying hard to put up some of the last decorations on the wall, but resumed to fail immensely because of his height.

Kurt sat against the tree reading a book.

Mandy was talking to Lexis about a complaint she received from his university because of his recent poor attendance.

Devon, who had been on a music tour for the past few months now was going to come back later on today.

Alvin was trying hard to hang a big light glass ball on the dangling hooks from the class ceilings.

And Fayth...Fayth sat on the green sectional, shaking.

The phone's ringing.

The phone's ringing.

We need to go soon.

What do you think about...

Let's do the merchandise...

We can let the Oil Company take care...

Charles found Vivian sitting outside of the Academy, behind the dormitory building. She was drinking, and by the number of empty bottles around her, it seems like she'd been doing it for awhile now.

"Stop drinking. Come on. Lets go." He said, taking ahold of her hand.

"You don't know, do you?" She said, taking her hand back.

"What?"

"The reason Fayth enrolled into the Academy with a fake identity. Why she tries hard not to let anyone know who she is."

Charles looked at Vivian. By the way she gazed at him, he knew there was something unpleasant coming up.

"She's going to attend some girl's birthday party right now, did you know that?" Vivian asked.

"I don't get what that has to do with anything."

"Have a seat." She said, patting the ground next to her. "Let me tell you an interesting story."

The phone's ringing...

I'm sure the stock market...

Its okay. I have time...

Go ahead and tell the secretary...

Charles ran toward the F.A.I.T.H. wing. No matter how many times he tried to call fayth, her phone wouldn't answer.

He looked through his contacts, wondering if he had a phone number to anyone else from that program.

Lexis. Why the hell do I have this jerk's number in my phone?

Growling, he dialed it anyway.

Lexis looked down at his phone and brought it to his ear, answering it.

"Yes?"

"Is Rihanna there?" Charles exclaimed.

Lexis looked over at Fayth, and his eyes squinted at the odd sight in front of him. She was holding on to her knees, shaking. Her eyes were glued to the ground, and every few seconds, she would look around nervously.

A line of sweat shone on her forehead.

Is she sick?

"Yes. She's right in front of me."

"Where the birthday party is held at?"

"Yes."

"GET HER THE HELL OUT OF THERE NOW!" Charles screamed. "She--she can't--she can't-not birthday parties." Charles breathed hard, terrified for her. "Get her out now!"

Lexis can see Fayth's jaw clenched. She seemed to be holding something back. And he wondered what it was.

And then it happened.

The glass ball slipped from Alvin's hand, falling to the bullet proof glass floor.

Lexis looked up at it and then at Fayth, his heart sinking. *No!*

The glass ball shattered, breaking into a million pieces. The sound of it filled the entire room, tiny pieces

The glass ball shattered, breaking into a million pieces. The sound of it filled the entire room, tiny pieces flied all over the place. Everyone was dead quiet at the impact, frozen in place as they stared at the shattered glass.

And then--

BEFORE YOU KILL ME...

lol, you should see your expression.

Don't you hate it when writers stop at such a crucial point. I know I do. . . dammit, I just wanna

BEFORE YOU KILL ME...

lol, you should see your expression.

Don't you hate it when writers stop at such a crucial point. I know I do. ._. dammit, I just wanna click that vote button and follow them on Twitter and Instagram @joprbooks when they do that so they can continue writing faster.

Don't forget to follow me on Twitter and Instagram. (I'm posting a sneak peek on there of the next chapter very soon. It'll be really short. So don't expect much. ;))

And always remember to click the votes button for the previous chapter. Its sooooooooooooo important to me. :(Okay. Please? With Faylex on top? I love you.

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AND OMG WE'RE ALMOST AT 1.000.000 READS AND GUESS WHAT?! WE'RE FORTH ON THE TEEN FICTION AND HUMOR HOTLIST!!! YAY! <3 [I'm going crazy because it's only been about 4 months since I posted this story up here. And it takes other writers on here years to get that amount of reads. Just thinking where this story will a year from now makes me giddy]

GOAL - 1500 COMMENTS AND 900 VOTES (I NEED A BREAK, OKAY -_- x)

Or if I'm really happy with my twitter and instagram followers. Which ever comes first. :DDD

I love you more than life. <3



Vote



Comment



Share



Facebook

MOVIE >take60> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

Dad: "Honey! Are you ready for our sunday barbecue trip!"

Me: "Sure dad! I have everything ready. Let's go!" Big grin. Big jigiddy feelings. Trolls around to the laptop and checks on wattpad.

Wow, so many followers today. :) Oh and look at all those comments. So cute! Hahaha, that one is hilarious. My goodness these guys have a comedian's sense of humor. Okay now, Lets look to see how far the number of comments and votes I put for the enormous goal had gotten to. I mean, its 1500 comments and 900 votes, so maybe around 1000 comments and 650 votes...? Yuh, There is no way they would have gotten any closer to the goal than that. Hahahahahahahahaha

Clicks chapter.

o_o

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Clicks chapter.

o_o

O___O

1120 votes 1900 comments

≡ (´Д`) ≡

I, Jo, solemnly svear, that I will end this chapter with no cliffhanger.

-Current status : Digging my own grave.-

The phone's ringing.

We need to go soon.

What do you think about...

Let's do the merchandise...

We can let the Oil Company take care...

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Go ahead and tell the secretary...

It was dead silent in the room. So quiet and still you can hear a pin drop.

Everyone's attention was halted on the broken glass. The pieces glittered under the cold sun rays coming through the glass walls. However, when Fayth dropped from the sectional to her knees, covering her ears, her eyes blank, glazed with a memory, everyone's attention was passed on to her.

The air was thick. The room was blurry. Fayth began to scream. Scream so violently you'd think someone was skinning her alive. She was immersed by her thoughts, so deathly deep in her memories, that she no longer existed in the F.A.I.T.H. wing.

"NO! NO! NO PLEASE DON'T! STOP! PLEASE DON'T!"

She was angry. She was screaming. She was terrified. She became inhuman. Her screams filled the entire 7th floor.

Mandy approached her, slowly, as if she was an animal about to attack, wondering what was wrong. As a teacher she wanted to help. As a person, she didn't want to get near the psychotic student.

"I DIDN'T DO IT!" She screamed at Mandy. "I DIDN'T DO IT! PLEASE DON'T-I DIDN'T DO IT!"

"Rihanna...calm down honey." Mandy tried.

"I SAID I DIDN'T DO IT!" Fayth exclaimed. Her face turned red. Her veins on her forehead were popping. Her screaming resumed as she clutched her head and shook it around, becoming completely hysterical.

Everyone was terrified of her. Afraid of the person she suddenly was. No one wanted to touch her, be around her, know her even.

What the hell is wrong with her?

What the fuck is happening?

Is she a demon?

I need to get the hell out of here.

Tears fell down as her screaming became even more louder, more violent, the memory inside her head became clearer. Closer to its climax.

She stood to her feet, still clutching her head. By now she was watching what's inside there. Watching the memory. Her eyes glazed, staring into an undefined distance. Then in a split second she bent her back and began screaming murder again. "NO! STOP! STOP! STOP, I TOLD YOU TO STOP YOU IDIOT!"

She stood to her feet, still clutching her head. By now she was watching what's inside there. Watching the memory. Her eyes glazed, staring into an undefined distance. Then in a split second she bent her back and began screaming murder again. "NO! STOP! STOP! STOP, I TOLD YOU TO STOP YOU IDIOT!"

Everyone's hearts were beating fast, wondering who the person in front of them was. It was definitely not Rihanna, the kind quiet person. It was someone else.

Fayth fell to her knees again, this time scrapping them with the glass on the floor. Her screams became louder. As if what she was terrified of was getting closer to happen. On the verge of taking her under. So close now...to suffocate the breath out of her lungs.

When it did, her screams were ten times longer. Louder. Sharper.

"NO!"

"NO!"

"NO!"

No one wanted to get near her. No one wanted to help her. Everyone was just terrified as she sobbed and screamed. Sobbed and screamed. Sobbed and screamed. The air around became bloody. The feelings in the room were all dead. The hearts around her could only beat with confusion—with fear.

Mandy tried again, taking a few steps toward Fayth, but Fayth jumped to her feet, taking a fist sized piece of glass in her hand and pointing at her. Her nose was scrunched up, her eyes were dead. She was the Fayth that Lexis once saw after the marathon race. The girl that looked like the devil's angel. That looked like him.

"Don't come near me." Fayth warned, her voice rasp from all the screaming. "I didn't do it."

Mandy backed away. And as Jessie took a few steps toward Fayth, Fayth turned and pointed it at him as well. "I SAID I DIDN'T DO IT!" She exclaimed, gritting her teeth.

Mandy pulled out her phone and dialed a number. "Hello? Is this Rihanna's guardian? Yes, hi. She's in front of me and it seems like she's very disturbed. She's holding a glass in her hand and is threatening her classmates and I. Yes. We're holding a birthday par—Oh okay." Mandy put the phone on speaker and walked closer to Fayth.

"Its me."

Fayth froze. "Vincent?"

"Yes. Its time to come home. You don't need to go through with this anymore."

"Vincent, I didn't do it. They think I did it. I'm just, I'm just—"

"I know. I know that. I know you didn't do it. Put the glass down."

"But they think that I did it."

"It doesn't matter what anyone thinks, right? I'm the only one who matters to you. Isn't that enough?"

Lexis began walking. He had been watching the scene unfold in front of his eyes, calculating each of Fayth's movements. Step after step, he made his way toward Mandy, and while his eyes were still on Fayth, he hung up the phone on Vincent.

Everyone stared at him, wondering what was happening. His face was cold, calculating. It defied every feeling, every thought a loving human would think. It wasn't him. Lexis wasn't the type to find positives and try to chase after them. He wasn't a person to say nice things to get what he wants. It wasn't him.

He walked toward Fayth, his sharp eyes and clenched jaw her only attention now. She stared at him. However, something was wrong...

Lexis stopped in front of her and leaned his face in, until it was an inch from hers. He opened his lips and said the first thing he knew will suffocate her. "But you did do it."

Fayth gasped and her body shook in one set of waves.

"Why did you do it?" Lexis asked, his voice emotionless. Void of any feelings.

Fayth shook her head in small weak tremors. "I didn't do it!" She insisted.

Mandy's phone rang again. She answered. "Hello?"

"Is everything alright? What happened?"

"Well-uh I don't know how to say this. But currently Lexis Ellis, a student in the program, is talking to her."

Lexis Ellis? Vincent wondered what his interest in Rihanna Gessner conveyed.

"Im sorry to ask this, but can you please put the phone on speaker again. I'd like to hear what he's saying."

"Sure."

Everyone else stared at them, confused more than shocked. They didn't understand what Lexis was trying to do. They didn't understand what it was that Fayth was trying to deny.

"Why are you lying?" Lexis pushed, his eyes staring into her depth. "You know what you did."

"I didn't-I didn't."

"But you did. Don't you remember?"

Fayth shut her eyes, so tight as the memory began to replay from the start. "It was in the park-" She breathed.

The phone's ringing.

We need to go soon.

What do you think about...

Let's do the merchandise...

We can let the Oil Company take care...

The phone's ringing...

I'm sure the stock market...

Its okay. I have time...

Go ahead and tell the secretary...

Fayth clasped her hands on her ears and gritted her teeth. Another deafening scream threatened to escape her lips.

Lexis took both of her hands away. "Why did you do it?"

No answer. Her eyes were still shut. The scream was still on the tip of her tongue.

Lexis, while observing her first outburst, had noticed something crucial. While screaming, denying whatever it is she had done—or didn't do, she continuously try to hide her left hand behind her.

He wrapped his fingers around her left wrist and put it in between them. "Look."

She didn't want to open her eyes.

"Look right now or I'll go with you to the park."

She opened her eyes wide, and when she looked at her hand, she gasped again. "No no no no no!" She repeated, trying to pull her hand away.

Lexis slowly took out off the ring on her forth finger, and was surprised to see a 'c' shaped white scar on there.

"NO!" She began to scream again. Sharp, ear piecing screams.

Lexis's cold eyes didn't leave hers. He stared at her as if he was swallowing her whole, invading her most private thoughts. Her most painful memories.

And when tears fell down her face, he knelt in and began to kiss her, deciding she had enough. It was a peck, enough humane feelings to bring her back. However at the single touch alone his body and temptation reacted, and he began to fully kiss her instead, a kiss that lasted more than a full minute.

Slowly, he can feel, perceive, her senses coming back. And as soon as he did, he pulled away, his hands still holding on to her cheeks.

She opened her eyes and looked at him, blinking.

"Are you okay?" He breathed, his body still fired up. His senses all on their edges.

Fayth stared into Lexis's eyes. They reflected his heart. Black and empty. He stood in front of her, watching her watch him. Watching her see him for the first time.

"What's going on? What happened?" Fayth took a step back and looked around, searching for her last thought.

Sitting. I was sitting down...

But how was she standing here now, looking at Lexis?

She looked at the others, and they were all standing there staring at her. All silent. All with eyes that were judgmental, opened wide with fear. Aside from Alvin, who stared at her like he was watching a movie, while munching on a long turkey sub.

"What happened?" She breathed, this time terrified of herself.

Lexis stayed quiet, he only stared at her with squinted eyes. An emotionless expression.

Fayth turned and looked at Mandy. "Did--did I do something wrong?"

Mandy stared back at her, her eyes soft with sadness as she silently sighed.

Fayth looked down, hugging her body with her hands. *What's going on? What happened.*

And that's when she saw the glass. She stared at it. Looked at everyone. Then looked away. "I-I have to go."

"Can I please speak to her?" Vincent said.

Fayth froze. She looked at Mandy's phone.

"Sure." Mandy took it off speaker and handed it to Fayth.

"Hello?"

"Slowly walk out of the classroom. Go down the stairs, and walk out of the Academy. I'm waiting outside for you."

"I'm fine." Fayth said, making her way to the green house in the F.A.I.T.H. wing.

"I should have never let you in that school. I should have kept you at home. Near me. With me. At all times. I should have never agreed to let you out of my sight."

"I love you." Fayth answered back. "I'm going to go now. I'll stay with Charles."

Fayth hung up, and made her way back to Mandy, after giving her the phone, she avoided everyone's eyes and made her way to the door.

Everything was hazy. She couldn't feel anything. She couldn't feel her feet walking, or what sounds were there around her. Every single matter in her, around her, became blurry. Like a feather passing. And it was only when she opened the door, and saw Charles in front of her, that she let herself loose.

And fainted.

Lexis made his way through the halls, down the staircases and into the Ellis wing, where he found Vivian sitting on a chair near the window. When she saw him come in, she stood to her feet, a smile on her lips.

Without a single word, he had her shoved against the wall, his fingers wrapped around her neck.

"What? You're going to kill me?" She asked, a smile still on her lips.

But then again, if looks could kill, I would have been dead by now.

Lexis's face was still. There wasn't a single emotion there. There was no anger, irritation or vengeance. It was simply empty. Terrifyingly impassive.

"You knew her reaction was going to be like this?" He asked Vivian.

"Give or take." She said, it was becoming harder to keep a smile on her face with his fingers curling around her neck. "I guess Charles didn't get there in time. You see, I was actually trying to help--"

"Why did you tell me?"

She wrapped her hands around his arm and tried to pull it away. "Move and I'll tell you."

Finally, she was able to get his hand off. She rubbed her neck and sunk to the floor, gasping for air. When she finally had her breathing under control, she looked up at Lexis, a pissed expression plastered on her face.

"I wanted to show you exactly who you were falling for. It seemed like you misunderstood what type of person she really was."

"What's it to you?"

"If you found me someone you're incapable of being with, then for sure you wouldn't..."

"I wouldn't what?"

Vivian stood up, then slowly made her way to the sofa. "If I tell you, I'm not her loyal friend anymore."

"You shouldn't have backstabbed her in the first place."

"I was never the one who crashed the glass. I just told you about it."

"Are you saying you told me expecting me to never do it myself?"

"What I'm saying is." She looked over at Lexis. "If you thought *I* was bad, then you have *no idea* just how much worse she is."

After leaving the infirmary, Charles took Fayth to the piano room.

And now he was staring out of the window while Fayth randomly played piano notes. He thought about what Vivian told him, and he found himself in shock over and over again.

"I didn't know." He mumbled.

"What exactly?"

"That it happened that way. Your birthday."

Fayth stopped playing the piano, her eyes frozen. She looked over at Charles. "Did-did Vivian tell you?"

Without turning around, he nodded. "She told me everything."

Fayth's heart began beating faster, threatening to burst out of her chest. She swallowed whatever wetness was left in her throat and looked back at the piano.

"I'm sorry." Charles breathed. "I'm so sorry--"

"Don't." Fayth stood to her feet. "I don't think we should see each other anymore."

"Like you did with Vivian."

"I should have found a better way to keep both of you out of my life. I shouldn't have stayed this long after you came into this Academy."

Charles turned around and stormed toward Fayth, angrier than anything. He placed his hands on the piano on either side of her. "Don't ever fucking say that again."

Fayth looked at him. "I've decided." She clenched her hands into fists, took a long breath in and said. "I. I'm never going to love again. I've decided to just go back to being Fayth."

Thinking about the storyline, I changed my mind for now.

I'm sorry about not posting the sneak peek that I promised. I was out the entire day yesterday because of work and didn't have a single free minute. :(I'M SUPER SORRY! I promise I'll do a longer sneak peek today. And they'll be posted on both Twitter and Instagram

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@CrystalHuynh2 *there is no such thing as a new reader. There is only a never ending faithful family*
<3

If they asked me to define love, I would tell them its you. <3

Twitter and Instagram @joprbooks

GOAL: 1000 comments 700 votes. -As you can see, I give up-



MOVIE >take61> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

- - -

*I updated! Okay, I know how much you love me right now, but please remember this love at the end of this chapter, okay? D: *nervously pacing around the room**

It was in the next morning when Fayth and Katerina were standing outside that it happened.

Katerina was trying to get Dawn's attention, however Dawn would only play with Fayth instead. Fayth, who was planning of spending as much time as she could with the F.A.I.T.H. members before permanently leaving, tried to keep a smile on her face as much as she could. No matter how much she wanted to erase it and let loose.

They weren't the only ones out on the front school yard. So many others walked around, either sitting reading books or standing and talking together.

And when a certain person walked by is when it became eerie.

He was a much older professor, somewhere in his mid thirties. At the sight of him, Katerina's face completely changed. Her eyes showed hurt. Her fingers trembled, and Fayth watched as her eyes walked the professor to the door.

And when his eyes met hers, it wasn't like anything Fayth had ever seen. His expression mirrored Katerina's. As if they both felt the same exact way.

Fayth understood. Somehow, by that alone, she understood.

"The reason why you're in F.A.I.T.H...."

Katerina quickly looked away, tears filling up her eyes. She walked off toward the other side of the Academy, where she hid behind there and dropped her head in her lap.

Fayth followed. "Are you okay?"

For a long moment, Katerina kept quiet. "No." She finally breathed.

"You must have loved him a lot."

"We both loved each other more than anyone could possibly imagine. Everyone just stood between us, refusing to let us make a mistake that they thought we will regret for the rest of our life."

The man had been around the same age as Vincent. Fayth quickly shook the thought out of her head.

"How old is he?"

"He's 34. His birthday is in four months."

"How long..."

Katerina looked up and stared out into the distance. "We dated for six months, then he was found out by one of the female professors that liked him. She reported it to the headmistress. Gave him a warning. Enrolled me into F.A.I.T.H."

"And what's the problem now?"

"If we are to be seen together ever again he will get kicked out."

"So why are you in F.A.I.T.H.?"

"Because I told the headmistress that if there are times that I see him, I will most likely commit the same mistake again."

"And now?"

Katerina shook her head. "I might have affections for him, but I'm drowning in love with Alvin. He helped me through so much. I just don't think the headmistress will believe me anymore though."

Fayth thought about it for a long time, wondering about the strong points in this problem.

"When's your birthday?"

"It already passed yesterday, did you forget?"

"How old are you now?"

"Eighteen."

Fayth raised her eyebrows and smiled. "You're officially an adult. You can love whoever you want now. No matter what age they are. Just take that to the headmistress and you'll be out before you know it."

This took Katerina by surprise. It seemed like it was the first time that she thought of this. A smile broke on her lips and she looked up at Fayth. "Say hello to your new Queen Angel."

It was only getting more unpleasant with Christmas closing by. All of the F.A.I.T.H. members and Mandy were discussing their plans. And to not have pity from anyone, Fayth had lied and said she had plans with her family as well.

Lunch time just ended and Taylor and Fayth were the first ones to get to the classroom. Fayth sat next to Taylor temporarily until the bell rang. It occurred to her that she had never asked him why he was in here. Taylor didn't seem like someone who has something extreme hidden.

"Taylor, why did you enroll in here?" Fayth said, clicking arrow buttons on his laptop.

Taylor pushed her hand away. Irritated, he said. "I didn't do it on purpose, I was forced."

Of course none of them were in the program because they wanted to. "You know what I mean." Fayth added.

He sighed, clicked more on the laptop then shut the screen. She had his full attention now. "Because I'm a young genius."

Fayth frowned. "Wait, so the headmistress enrolled you here because you're level of studies is a lot higher than the rest of us?"

He shook his head. "First of all, the headmistress did not enroll me into F.A.I.T.H., my father did. He thinks I'm going to turn into a white hamster stuck in a basement for the rest of my life. He threw me in here thinking it's where the bad kids are. He wanted F.A.I.T.H.'s delinquency, indecency, and senselessness all to rub off on me."

"You must have a great father."

He glanced at Fayth. "What about you? None of us know why you're in here."

Fayth laughed nervously. "Because the headmistress is suspicious of my grades actually. She can't believe that I'm getting straight A's when I'd been a barely average grade student before."

He stared at Fayth in mute.

She shrugged.

"Why were you lying when you said you had plans with your family."

Fayth's insides twisted in utter shock. And it took all of her inner strength to look composed and confused at his words. "Huh?"

"You were lying back then." But there was something else in his eyes that Fayth couldn't precisely put her finger on.

She ruffled her hair and laughed nervously. "I really don't know what you're talking about."

"In case you were clueless about the matter, the Academy does not let anyone stay at the dorms for Christmas."

Shocked, she uttered, "They don't?!" Quickly realizing the mistake she made, she retorted, "I mean—"

Taylor smiled. "It's alright. I won't tell anyone."

"What are you guys talking about?" Alvin asked, making his way in with Katerina.

"The reason Taylor is in here." Fayth quickly cleared up.

"You should hear the reason Alvin was in here too then." Katerina said, rolling her eyes.

"Who me?" He started before Fayth said a single word. "Oh, well I was walking to class one day, when this super hot professor walked by, the body on her was huge, stuffed in all the right places, dripping with the most delicious smell I've ever laid my nose on. I just couldn't help it. I had to. All my intelligent brain cells died at that moment. I remember it till today so clearly. The world came crashing down around us, until it was only her and I. I ran toward her, with one thought in my head, one agenda, one goal, then jumped and smothered her up—"

"He's talking about the sandwich the professor was holding," Katerina explained.

Fayth's shocked expression must have been really authentic when he was talking. "Oh god."

"My metabolism is really high. And I do mean really high. I ate in the classrooms all the time. Every place I owned, was or sat in had food in it. And when I attacked that professor for her sandwich, it was confirmed. I had to be enrolled into F.A.I.T.H."

"You attacked a professor for a sandwich?"

"And till this day, I still don't regret it." He said, looking off into space.

"Bad news." Jessie said, sitting across from Fayth on the lunch table. "You're being nominated to phase two right now."

Fayth dropped her spoon. "What?!" She breathed in disbelief.

"Most of the Academy is voting for your number. And they are questioning who you are. I can't do anything about it and its driving me insane since it's my fault."

Fayth reached over and took a hold of his hands, her heart sinking between her legs. "Jessie, please. Please find a solution. If Lexis's father finds out—" She quickly stopped talking.

Jessie's eyebrows pulled together. He breathed out a sigh filled with confusion and looked at Fayth again. "Rihanna. I really didn't want to ask you this knowing its fully out of line. But curiosity is killing me now. What's going on? Is your name really Rihanna? Why does it feel like I've seen you before?"

Fayth looked at their joined hands. She trusted Jessie. Fully too. She trusted herself to tell him anything and not end up regretting it, but she also trusted his relationship with Lexis. If Lexis found out who she was, it'll be horrid and dreadful.

She shook her head. "Can you just trust me? I'm not doing anything wrong, believe me. I'm just in a situation where I need to be like this right now."

He sighed. "I wish you could tell me. I might be able to help you more."

Fayth bit her bottom lip, reconsidering. If she asked him not to tell Lexis and emphasized on it, then surely he wouldn't and Lexis would never find out.

"To be honest," She took in a deep breath. "My real name is—"

A hand grabbed her arm and pulled her away from the lunch table. She stared at Charles, who stood there angry as could be. "What the hell are you doing?"

"I was going to ask you the same thing." She said, pulling her arm away.

"Why are you sitting with him? I thought it was over."

"What's over?" Jessie asked, coming over and standing next to Fayth.

Charles smirked, fed up with him, he said. "Didn't you know you're ga—"

Fayth stood on tiptoes and pressed her lips on Charles's. When she pulled away, she took his hand in hers and squeezed the life out of it. "Actually, Charles and I are dating."

Charles smirked. "And I sure as hell don't want to see my woman sitting with another man."

Jessie didn't like this. He actually looked pissed by it. "Why do you think you can control her like that?"

Charles smirked and stared at Jessie with a mocking expression. He put an arm around Fayth's waist and pulled her closer. "You know what, I think I can."

"Don't talk to him like that." Fayth said, gritting her teeth.

Charles huffed a breath. "Remember what I said?" He said, regarding the threat. He knelt down and pressed his lips against Fayth's. It was that moment, that moment that Fayth realized that beyond everyone, beyond all there is and all the muddled feelings that she was going through, that maybe, just maybe, she can let go now and enjoy herself for a moment. And so she kissed Charles back, fully letting herself go.

Lexis walked into the dining hall, and froze at the sight that had captured everyone's attention. What shook him most was Fayth, who held on to Charles, enjoying his embrace.

His bland expression became sullen with discreet anger.

Fayth pulled back.

Jessie was gone.

Charles was smiling. "You kissed back." He said, relief washing over his face.

Fayth smiled. "Might as well."

"Does that mean..."

Fayth looked down at her feet, feeling her face blush. "Hmm?"

"Does that mean that we're dating now?" Charles asked, tilting his head a bit to look at her face.

Fayth's face blushed warmer. "I-I guess."

Charles took a step closer to her. "Do you want to go on a date? Tonight?"

She looked up at him through her eyelashes, her entire body heating up now. "Sure."

Charles's world flipped in that moment. Everything miserable became incredibly happy. "I'll meet you at six. We'll sneak out using the blind spot."

Fayth looked at the mirror in front of her, nervous. She wondered if the white dress she wore was a little too much. She doesn't wear dresses unless its for a formal party. It was almost an occasion to never kind of situation. So as she stared at herself, the white knee-high dress vibrant with its blank color like a single cloud in the middle of the blue sky, she suddenly became that much more conscious about herself.

She looked at the white headband on the table, her heart pounding. She bit her lip as she wondered if she should go to that extent or not. Closing her eyes shut, she aimlessly shot her hand for it and slipped it on her hair.

She didn't have make up on. She always had the black eyeliner, thickly wrapping her eyes in a black permanent mask. And because of that, her face felt completely naked. Exposed.

She gasped a sharp breath as the idea of dating broke into her thoughts again. Pressing her palms against her cheeks, she sat down on her bed and rocked her foot back and forth. *I can't believe I'm going on a date. I'm going on a date? I'm dating. Is that normal for my age? Well, of course it is...right?*

She shook her head, shutting her eyes tight and throwing herself back to lay on the bed. *It's Charles! If it's him I shouldn't be like this. He wants me. I'm not throwing myself at him. He wants me to like him.*

Dating.

Oh god. This is so embarrassing. How can I date a guy? What do I say? Is everything that comes out of my mouth supposed to be romantic? Do I have to be extra girly the whole entire date? Am I supposed to stay quiet? Will it be disrespectful if I took out my phone at any given time? Can I say the word bathroom if I have to use one? Or will it be disturbing? How about other people? What if girls walk around us and are prettier than me? Will he look at them? Will he feel embarrassed by walking with me? What should I order? Salad? Will meat and chicken be too masculine? How should I eat? Twenty bites before a swallow? How long should I wait before I pierce my fork into my next bite? What if it becomes quiet? What should I talk about? Should I stay quiet too? What if it gets too awkward and he decided to just go home? When we come back, how do I say bye? Should I say bye? Will he want to kiss me? Will it be too awkward? Will he just run away?

"You are hilarious at times."

Fayth sprang up to her feet, her heart sinking between her ankles. She stared at Lexis where he sat on Jessie's bedside chair, his legs crossed. He stared back at her with an amused expression.

"You. What are you doing here?" She asked, breathless.

He stood up, the smile not leaving his face, and grabbed something from Jessie's desk. "I needed to get something." He said before he walked over to the window.

He pulled out of it, stuck his head back in again and let his eyes walk over Fayth's body, from her face to her black ankle boots, and evenly, with an impassive expression, he said. "You're pretty."

Then he was gone.

She stared at the window, blinking with bafflement. Still breathless.

What-What did he just say?

Barely getting herself together, she quickly walked out the door and made her way to the blind spot, where she was supposed to meet Charles.

"Daddy?"

"Hmm"

Lexis and Dawn were at his parents estate, visiting his mom. Dawn would often insist that Lexis went with her in case she was left alone in the house. And today was one of those days.

As he looked around the back yard, a strange feeling followed him as he thought of Fayth being here at one time, walking on the same grass. Touching the few things here. It was a strange thought. As if something wasn't exactly right.

"Do you want to see the tree house Faith and I fixed?"

They went to the tree house, and climbed up and into the place. Surprisingly, it was very well done. The vibrant colors inside were very beautiful. The wood was made in a professional manner. The furniture inside was placed in a beautiful old fashioned style.

"Look daddy." Dawn took ahold of Lexis's hand and pulled him to one of the tree house's walls, where two hand prints were made on the wall. Right under the hand prints, it said: *Bubbles and Fayth. BFF!*

He was suddenly transfixed. His thoughts took a swerve and stopped as he stared at the words in front of him.

Then he looked down at Dawn. "Did she spell her nickname that way?"

Dawn nodded, a grin blasted on her face.

When Dawn had once mentioned that the two girls had given each other nick names, he thought that Fayth had simply given Dawn the name *Faith* after the program she was in.

However, as he stared at her name now....

The puzzle connected. Every memory inside his head related to the matter joined together in one part of his brain. And the 'y' in the middle of the name stood out like the white flag of surrender.

He pulled out his wallet and took out the letter Anthony had written him. Knowing the exact number of people in the world Anthony is attached to, he finally understood.

He flipped the letter on its back and looked at five lonely words on that side of the page. He had found them days later after rereading the letter so many times. *I hope you find Fayth.*

He had also thought Anthony had simply misspelled the noun...

He turned the letter over and reread his brother's wish. *I have a wish Lexis, and I promise its the last thing I'll ever ask of you. The girl from the Armstrong family? Listen to dad. Marry her. I promise you'll never regret it.*

He dialed his father's secretary number. "What's the name of the Armstrong heiress?" He asked when she answered.

"Ms. Armstrong? Her full name is Fayth Armstrong."

Fayth... Her real name is Fayth. The forbidden word Vivian couldn't say that started with the letter F... It was Fayth.

"Do you have a picture of her?"

"You can find quite a few with a little internet browsing."

Lexis hung up and pulled up the heiress's pictures, checking out his future fiancé for the very first time.

I WILL BE PUTTING CHAPTER 62's SNEEK PEEK ON MY TWITTER AND INSTAGRAM! SO MAKE SURE YOU FOLLOW @joprbooks

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE FOR THE LOVE OF FAYLEX GO BACK AND VOTE FOR THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS!!! ITS SOOOO IMPORTANT TO ME! <3333 :')

Dear Farrah, I did read your comment. I read all comments. I love you too. (and omg 99.9 of your comments are hilarious XD)

So I was actually wondering about something. Where are my readers from and how old are you? (If its not too personal)

Goals Comments 1500 votes 1000

AND OMG CAN YOU PLAKSDJF;ALKSDJ ;BELIEVE THAT WE REACHED AL;KDJFA;LDKFJ ONE MILLION READS! <3333333333333333 *Puts crown on F.A.I.T.H.FUL family* I Love you!

MOVIE >take62> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

~ ~ ~

Lexis fell into the leather chair in the tree house, his phone falling on the floor. His eyes were glazed as the revelation conquered his thoughts, his entire being. Every moment, every sight or scene he remembered since Fayth had enrolled in the Academy played before him. A puzzle of scenes connected with their true colors. He saw her now. She wasn't Rihanna Gessner. Far from it. She was truly Fayth Armstrong.

The one who made the deal with him.

The one who freed him from his father's oppressive needs.

The one who Anthony wished Lexis would marry.

Of course. It made sense. He should have seen it much earlier. He should have seen it the moment she lied about her bank account balance. No one poor would dare, no one would be that reckless. He should have seen it back then. The mistake in the bank account, it was made on purpose. She *wanted* to be found out. It

Of course. It made sense. He should have seen it much earlier. He should have seen it the moment she lied about her bank account balance. No one poor would dare, no one would be that reckless. He should have seen it back then. The mistake in the bank account, it was made on purpose. She *wanted* to be found out. It was her plan this entire time.

She was never scared of Summer Harrison.

She never truly cared about the rumors spread around about her.

She *wanted* that to happen. It was her plan. Her act for a long term goal.

She used everyone around her to get what she wanted. She used their judgmental opinion, their egocentric and power thirsty minds, to get to where she was today. She was a million times worse of a manipulator than Lexis. And it was exactly the reason why she, unlike any other person he had ever dealt with, only kept questions around her no matter how many answers came into the light.

Even now, after all that he uncovered, *even now* questions haunted his brain.

What kind of person she was from the inside, behind the mask she's wearing?

Why did she enroll in with that fake persona?

What's her agenda? Her goal?

Was she ever planning on revealing who she really was?

And how much of her act was fake and was any of it real?

Dawn picked up her dad's phone and stared at him. It was her first time seeing his face the way it was. And it scared her.

Fayth, for one, you're one heck of a strategist. I have to give you at least that much credit.

The date went surprisingly well for Fayth's first date ever. Since Charles was a long term friend, she found herself more comfortable than what her idea of a first date was. They ate dinner and took a long walk afterwards, with Charles holding her hand the whole time. Slowly, her heart began to understand what Charles meant. She'll love him back. Life will become simpler knowing who you belong for the rest of your age. She doesn't have to think about who'll love her as a spouse for the rest of her life. She doesn't have to

The date went surprisingly well for Fayth's first date ever. Since Charles was a long term friend, she found herself more comfortable than what her idea of a first date was. They ate dinner and took a long walk afterwards, with Charles holding her hand the whole time. Slowly, her heart began to understand what Charles meant. She'll love him back. Life will become simpler knowing who you belong for the rest of your age. She doesn't have to think about who'll love her as a spouse for the rest of her life. She doesn't have to wonder when they'll ever appear in her life and when she'll start to love him like a man.

Charles filled that curiosity. She just has to live with it now.

The next day in the morning, Fayth stared inside her drawer. The four empty bottles definitely read a bad sign. However overdosing on her medication was the only way she coped with Anthony's death, with Jessie's truth.

And being terrified of bouncing back, she'd overdose a pill more every day, in hopes of her feelings getting together far off enough so that when she goes back to her regular dosage, she wouldn't go mental again.

However there were side effects to this. For instance, the moment she stared into her drawer, she had no idea how she was suddenly walking the third floor hallways of the Academy only a minute after. When did she get there? How long has she been there? She couldn't remember.

"I told you it's not!" A voice insisted from behind a nearby door. The sign on it read *Official Meetings Room*.

"Then who's responsible? Why aren't you taking your spot as CEO in the company?"

The familiar voice pulled Fayth toward the door, and quietly she cracked it slightly open, peeking inside the wide room.

In the middle, where a huge oval shiny brown conference table was, she saw John. And as she cracked the door a little more, she saw Lexis sitting across from him.

"There doesn't have to be a reason." Lexis said, he was overly calm. His expression like always, cold and empty.

Mr. Ellis slammed his hand against the table, so hard and sudden that Fayth jumped a little. "I'm your father. I tell you what to do."

"As my father, respect my decisions. As my father, stop pestering me about every detail in my life and actually look at it from my point of view for once."

Mr. Ellis gritted his teeth and sighed, intertwining his fingers on top of the table he leaned forward and stared at his son. "What is it that you want?"

"I want out of the company. Every time I walk in it, it makes me feel sick. All I remember is the number of people you harassed in front of my eyes."

"Its business."

"And I don't want to be apart of this business."

"What's the real reason?"

"I told you--"

"What's her name?"

Fear struck Lexis's face. "What are you talking about?"

"I heard a rumor. Is it true that you have an intimate relationship with someone in the Academy?"

Lexis's jaw twitched.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well I do." His father said, leaning in even closer. "Do you honestly think you can support her? If you left the company, how are you going to get funds, for the love of god, it won't be from me. You'll be broke. All your assets will be put on hold under one command from me. Your house, your cars, *everything*. Even Dawn."

"You can't do that."

"I doubt that you're unaware of what I'm capable of."

Fayth closed the door and walked backwards.

"Faith?"

Fayth turned around and looked down at Bubbles, who stood with two body guards, staring at Fayth with wide disbelieving eyes. "Faith, is that you? Is it really really you?" She exclaimed, this time louder.

She closed the distance between them and Fayth picked her up in her arms. "I missed you so much!" Fayth said, hugging her tightly. "I missed you so much Bubb-Dawn."

Lexis came out of the room, and when he looked up and saw Fayth, he froze on the spot, a strike of worry crossing his expression. He wondered exactly how much she had overheard. His eyes looked downwards, then to the side, listening for his father's footsteps behind him. With quick reflexes, he walked over, took Dawn from Fayth's arms and turned around, pushing Fayth against the wall with his back.

"What--"

"Shut up." He said firmly.

Fayth listened as Mr. Ellis came out of the room. However from Lexis's strong tall build, she couldn't see him nor was he able to see her. He seemed to have noticed Dawn and happily said. "Why Dawn, hello. I haven't seen you for a while dear."

The words became slowly blurry as the heat from Lexis's back seeped into Fayth's body. She was almost sure he can feel her fast heartbeats from how close they were. And as the seconds stretched by, she forgot what breathing was.

Dawn turned her head away, a look similar to her dad's on her face. Fayth expected this from her, now looking back at all the things she had mentioned about her grandfather, Fayth was already aware of Dawn actions around him.

"Your grandpa will get you something really nice for your birthday. What is that you want?"

"I already have daddy to get me whatever I want." She said, looking at Lexis's face while Lexis stared at John with a cold gaze.

John sighed. "Alright then. Anyways, I believe you'll be living with your grand mother and me soon. We'll figure what you like then."

"Don't you even dare--" Lexis spat.

"She has her mother's potency. I don't want it to get past that. Otherwise, I'll have to make things disturbing for the whole family and offer an orphanage a great prize."

This, with all seriousness, made Lexis want to leash at his father from across the hall and choke him, however, he only settled with breathing like an angry bull and walking a step backwards to hide more of Fayth.

Fayth, for one, understood enough to want to cut all ties between Armstrong and Ellis. How dare he say such a thing about Dawn? How dare he even let a thought like this enter his head?

"Let's see who'll win," Lexis finally said. "I'll take my position on the CEO's chair, but John." His body became less tense, more calm, as he said what he did next. "I think doing what you want will only make you angry at the end."

John laughed. "Idiot. Just do as told and don't cross the line again. I'm going to try with Armstrong Next again. Marrying that girl would be the best thing you could possibly do. If anything, I deeply regret and wish a girl as intelligent and committed as her were to have been my daughter instead."

He walked away after that, and when Fayth was sure he was gone, she finally let out a long deep breath, realizing only then that she had been more tense than Lexis.

"Your father is malicious."

"What's malicious?" Dawn asked.

Fayth quickly smiled. "I haven't seen you for a long time. What have you been doing?"

"I left to England with Grandma and came back yesterday."

Fayth nodded. "I'm happy to see you."

"I'm happy to see you too." She exclaimed, putting her arm around Fayth's neck and pulling her close.

She was still in Lexis's arms, so when she had done the small gesture, she had literally pulled Lexis and her together in a hug as well. Fayth looked up, staring into Lexis's eyes, which stood only a few inches away from her. It reminded her of how he held her that day, on the day of the birthday party, and she unconsciously wondered why he had done so. With him, it was more confusing than five puzzles dumped together in one box. His feelings were never shown on his face, he always concealed what he felt behind shut doors. Somewhere along the lines, that bothered Fayth for no specific reason.

Lexis looked down at her lips, then back up at her eyes. "Enjoying the view?" He asked, a smile pulling his lips up in a mystery of unsaid words.

It reminded her of when Anthony used to flirt. But coming from Lexis, it was a hundred times stronger.

Fayth pulled away, astonished at how his thoughts worked sometimes. She quickly looked at Bubbles and said. "I have a date with Charles. So I'll see you later, okay?"

Fayth turned around to leave.

"How much did you hear?" He asked.

She paused in mid-step. "I didn't hear anything."

"How did you know what I was talking about?"

She kept quiet.

"How much did you hear?" He asked again.

"What did you want me to not hear?"

"Don't answer a question with a question. How much did you hear?"

Fayth turned around and looked at him, this time, actually curious. "And my answer is, what exactly is it that you *didn't* want me to hear?"

Fayth walked inside the Ellis wing, quietly incase anyone was inside. She knew no one would be. Lexis had taken Bubbles out to the yard to play. And Vivian was in the F.A.I.T.H. wing like always, aimlessly staring out of the window and spending quiet time with Kurt.

Looking around the enormous apartment, Fayth searched around for the photos. It was only fair that she owned at least one of Anthony's. While together, it never occurred to her to take pictures of him, and he would often take pictures of them together on his phone, however Fayth had no clue where that was now.

She opened and closed drawers, wondering where the family pictures were. Surely there was at least one picture of Anthony laying around. Surely...

She opened a drawer on the night stand, and under some files, Fayth found a white vintage style picture frame. She lifted it up and turned it to see who was in the photo, and instantly a smile broke on her lips.

Anthony.

He was standing next to an old gray haired man. A beautiful blonde woman, who Fayth guessed was his

He was standing next to an old gray haired man. A beautiful blonde woman, who Fayth guessed was his mom, was standing behind him, his arms wrapping around his neck and Anthony was holding on to them lightly. It was almost too obvious how much love he had for his mother, and vice versa.

The old man next to them looked very healthy despite his age. The muscles showed under polo white shirt, and his back wasn't in anyway arched.

Fayth smiled. *What a nice thing to see...*

However, as she looked at the picture longer, she started to realize that Anthony looked a bit different. There was something strange... The eyes... The eyes aren't Anthony's. These eyes are much sharper. Terrifyingly scheming. There was this indifferent and cold look to his face. Like a person that lost reason. At the same time, it was something much more softer than Lexis's expression.

Lexis?

But the Lexis now is so much more vile. How could this sweet looking boy be the horrid Lexis of now? What could have possibly happened in his life that it all turned out to be the way it was now.

The door slammed shut.

Fayth jumped, startled, and dropped the photo, the frame shattering. Her body shook, wondering who it was that had come in. She was sure that no one would come in here now. And whoever it was had surely heard the glass shattering. Who was it? Vivian?

Oh please god, let it be Vivian.

Shaking and uncertain on what to do, she slid and hid under the dining table and hugged her legs. She listened closer, however her heart squeezed in fear when she realized these weren't the familiar rhythm of Vivian's footsteps.

These were someone else's.

Summer walked in, having followed Fayth to here. She wondered what she would be doing in the Ellis wing. Surely she wouldn't have began to like Lexis. Didn't she believe what Summer told her last time?

She looked around, wondering where she was. Summer was sure she had walked in here. So Fayth must have hid at the sound of the door shutting. And it seems like Lexis wasn't in here either. Its not like they were in a secret relationship or anything. And its not like Lexis had found out the truth about her. There

She looked around, wondering where she was. Summer was sure she had walked in here. So Fayth must have hid at the sound of the door shutting. And it seems like Lexis wasn't in here either. Its not like they were in a secret relationship or anything. And its not like Lexis had found out the truth about her. There was no way that they were meeting together behind everyone's back.

Summer began to look around randomly, as if she was searching for Lexis. For one, Fayth Armstrong terrified her, and she definitely didn't want the demon to think she was trying to piss her off.

And yet at the same time, she didn't want her to be with Lexis. Lexis was Summer's best friend. They've known each other since they were kids. And all of that aside, Summer was the only that knew him. Inside and out. Whether it be a day or a year later, she knew in the depth of her heart that Lexis will only see her as safe haven.

"What are you doing in here?"

Summer twirled around, startled at Lexis's voice. He had just come in and had paused with his hands in his pants pockets, staring at Summer with hard eyes.

"I-I..."

His jaw tightened.

Summer's eyes swarmed around the space, wondering where Fayth was hiding. *Its a perfect plan. She should just hear what Lexis's colorful past looked like. She'll definitely pull out of his life then. There is no way she'll ever look at him the same way again.*

Summer allowed herself a secret smile and looked at Lexis. "I came here because we need to talk about something."

I just effin love you. Okay? K. Bye.

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*Goals: - _____ - idek why i effin bother anymore. *sigh* #2uploadsinaday*

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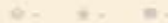
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*Goals: - _____ - idek why i effin bother anymore. *sigh* #2uploadsinaday*

I'm super curious about this, are there any guys reading this story? And IF so, what do you, as a male, think?



MOVIE >take63> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.



"We...we should date." Summer said, taking a deep breath and looking up at Lexis.

Lexis only stared at her, his expression unmoved.

"I've never said this before, you guessed it but I never said it with my own mouth. I'm in love with you. I love my boyfriend, but I love you more."

"I thought I told you before that I'm not good for you."

"And I told you that you're not good for anyone. So if its going to be someone, then it should at least be me. I know about you Lexis, about your past. I know what happened three years ago—"

Anger began to show on Lexis's face. "I told you to not dare and talk about this anymore."

Summer's gritted her teeth. "Give us a chance then!"

Lexis kept quiet.

"You need to start feeling again. You have to remember that day! You have to get over it! You'll only really feel for people when you do that."

Lexis's eyes became darker. His expression was hard as a rock. "Whether I remember or not isn't any of your business."

Summer pushed. If she was lucky, she'd get to say it all before he killed her. "That night... Do you remember it? I came over to your house after school. But my mom didn't pick me up and requested that I sleep over. You thought I fell asleep in the guest suite but—but I followed you. That night. I followed you. It was about eleven o'clock at night. Your sister was at the hospital, and your father was going to go to check on her."

He was a great man. The best man to ever walk this earth. Many kids think their father's are their superheroes. However Lexis...to him his grandfather was. There was no man to ever be equal in grace, leadership or wisdom like William Ellis. 'He' was Lexis's true father figure. He was Lexis's superhero.

"You were walking down the long hall because you heard something downstairs. I did too. I left the guest suite and followed you. You weren't aware that I was following you at that time. Then when you reached the fenced hallway, you looked through the posts down to the salon and..."

When Lexis was five, William Ellis would give him piggy back rides. When he was six, William Ellis would get him what he really wished for on Christmas. When he was seven, William Ellis taught him how to fish. When he was eight, William Ellis taught him how to flirt with girls. When he was nine, William Ellis taught him how to be a leader. When he was ten, William Ellis taught him how to use his head before his feelings. When he was eleven, William Ellis taught him how to hunt like a real man and how to get the target from the first bullet. When he was twelve, William Ellis taught him that family is true love, and love comes in many different sizes and shapes.

When Lexis was thirteen, William Ellis taught him to never trust anyone again.

"I watched too. There was struggle at first. Things pounding. Things being thrown around. Formerly, we couldn't see anything. Then your mother appeared, and your grandfather was stumbling behind her. His belt buckle was loose. His pants button was off. He was Grabbing your mother. Her makeup was all over her face as she cried silently and tried to push him away from her. She had bruises everywhere. On her legs, chest. Marks all over her neck."

It was that moment that William's image became muddled with dirt in front of Lexis. It was then that he saw his grand father as a completely different person.

Lexis stared at him that night, his eyes wide open, his mouth ajar wondering what was happening, where things went wrong. His heart pounded, fear and disgust, disbelief and shock swallowing him whole.

"He was persistent. Before long her white blouse was down and completely off, the buttons ripping and dropping to the ground one after the other. I remember the sound of them. They made me nauseated on their own. Your grandfather was molesting her with his lips. I still remember your face. It was white as chalk. Pale as a ghost's. The color of it draining by the second. Your whole world crashed down before your eyes. I remember it till this day. I have nightmares about it."

Lexis suddenly remembered as he stared at him mother's bruises that these weren't the first time she had them. He had seen her bruised up for the past four years. And he never knew why. When he asked, she would tell him that it was from a gym she joined, or a horse she fell off of. And he believed her. Until that night happened. He saw... *Its been happening for this long?*

Don't touch her! Get your hands off of my mother! You dirty bastard! DON'T TOUCH HER!

To him, in that single moment, William became a stranger. No longer someone Lexis saw as a role model. No longer a person he wanted to believe existed.

"And then there was your father, standing in the other room. Watching, but not moving. Knowing, but pressing his mouth shut with his hand as tears came down his face. He didn't do a single thing. He cared too much about his father's inheritance to care about your mother. Your grandfather's own daughter in law. I had nightmares about that too. That one day, I'll have a father in law like that. Someone who'll treat me the way he treated your mother."

And when Lexis saw his father standing there, not angry, not taking action, that's when anger shot through him. He never looked at his father the same again. He became a dirty bastard too.

"I remember when it got too far. When your grandfather crossed the line. Your mother was now screaming. Being shoved against tables, chairs, bawling her eyes out with pain as your grandfather began to beat her. In hopes that it will scare her enough to shut her mouth. It was getting too loud and "there are kids upstairs" he said."

Lexis almost vomited at that. As he watched William treat his mother the way he did, he became no less than a criminal. He became a person that deserved to be sentenced to death.

"He held a glass vase and threatened her with it. She could only cower back in fear at this point. Her eyes were begging for help. Her body was shaking so bad that I began to cry. It was the most terrifying thing anyone could witness. And she was your mother. The only woman you loved more than your sister. And you were watching her getting raped, beaten by the man you saw as a role model for the human world. On the verge of death with your grandfather holding the glass above her, ready to blow her head with it.

"I remember your eyes. I can never forget them. They changed. And they never changed back since. You stood up. Walked backwards. Got something from the hall cabinet behind us and came back.

Summer was now crying. Crying and gasping so hard that she was barely able to speak. Speaking of this out loud for the first time shook her more than she thought it would. "You shot him." She gasped. "A bullet right through his skull. Killing him in that second. I was thirteen. You made me watch something so horrid Lexis. Something I shouldn't have seen. You shot someone, who, from my point of view, meant the world to you.

"And to finish off that horrid night, hours later, after the police left your house, and your mom took blame and said that she had done it out of self defense, your household received a call from the hospital saying your sister had passed away giving birth to Dawn.

"I could never look at you without feeling fear since that day. I couldn't get near you. I had nightmares

"I could never look at you without feeling fear since that day. I couldn't get near you. I had nightmares about the best friend that I thought I knew. You terrified me. I couldn't go to school. My grades dropped. I remember. I hurl. I have nightmares. I wake up. I remember again. I hurl again. I sleep with the lights on. That was my life back then. And Now I love you. I love you more than anything I've ever loved before. With all those flaws about you that I know, I love you. And I'll love you again and again. Just give us a chance."

The Lexis now had a torn face, barely able to keep it composed as his breath suffocated in his lungs. Finally, he put on an impassive cold expression. His face was sullen again. Hard as a rock. His eyes empty. He was numb. Nothing about him moved. However a part of him felt sorry for her. She was right, he was responsible for her misfortunate year. And he felt sorry for making her go through all of it.

He walked over to her and pulled her into his arms. Comforting her as she sobbed. "Can you really sleep next to the man that gave you these nightmares? That still puts fear in you every time you look at him?"

She kept quiet.

"I would say yes. To the best friend that stuck next to me all these years, I would say yes. But that yes is harder to say when you know you're not right for that person. You're perfect. You have no flaws. No memories to make me relieve my own on. You need someone like that. Not someone who'll hide half of his life, feelings, away from you."

He undid his arms and stepped back. "I'm not good for you. And I'll never be. I'm not good for anyone. I can't love right Summer. I'm not that man that you want to share a whole good life with. That man is out there. But it's not me. You'll only regret a decision that is evolved around me, and that's something I'm sure of."

After Summer left, Lexis walked to the window and lost all composure. He held onto the window sill, as his breathing began to stagger. As if someone was shredding him to pieces.

Fayth was frozen, her heart beating furiously in her chest. She stared at the floor in front of her, her eyes opened wide with shock. She can feel her pulse ringing in her ears. She can hear the rush of blood through her veins. Her color drained as she gathered what had been said. Her body weight was airless as she delivered the imagery of what Summer had spoke of into her mind, and the numb feelings inside her chest only grew, making her weary with disbelief.

Lexis Ellis...what an enigmatic man you are.

And suddenly she was standing behind him. She didn't know when she had climbed from under the table. She can't remember when she had walked and stood there behind him, but it had happened often and she wasn't really surprised by it. Her Candy liked to play jokes sometimes.

"I heard."

Shocked, Lexis froze, then slowly straightened up. He didn't turn around, but slowly he pulled on his mask again.

"And?"

"I might not matter much to you, and these words may not be what you want to hear from me, but if it makes the least bit of difference..." Fayth took in a deep breath. "I forgive you. What you have done wasn't your fault. It was that moment's fault. And I forgive you for it."

Sighing, Fayth turned around and walked out of the wing, leaving Lexis by the window.

When she reached the F.A.I.T.H. wing, Fayth found Vivian standing by the glass wall, staring out of it. And Kurt was reading a book in his desk.

"Vivi." Fayth called.

Vivian turned her head around and looked at Fayth. She loved it when Fayth called her by her nickname. It was always her favorite words to hear out of Fayth.

"I heard your the one who told Charles about the birthday mishap."

Vivian turned fully around and walked closer to Fayth. She nodded.

Fayth smiled. "I guess you don't hate me all that bad."

"Don't smile." Vivian insisted.

Fayth smiled anyway. "Why?"

She knew why. Vivian had always thought that Fayth looked prettiest when she smiled.

Fayth closed the distance between the two and took ahold of Vivian's face. "I'm so sorry Vivi. I'm so sorry."

Tears began to puddle in Fayth's eyes, and Vivian's heart began to crumble.

Fayth brought Vivian's face closer and kissed her forehead, then wrapped her arms around her and hugged her close. "I'm so sorry." Fayth breathed. "Forgive me. I will never be sorry enough."

Vivian's tears smeared Fayth's shirt as she hugged her back. And she incessantly held back the urge to sob like a child.

Lexis's eyes opened a slit bigger, and he remembered the words he had said to his sister a few years ago. His sister used to pester him many times, telling him to get a girl friend. To love like the other guys. To feel like humans do.

I need someone who will forgive me. No matter what I do, what I end up doing. What my actions convey or what the consequences of my words will be. All I need is someone who is forgiving.

He had said that to his sister back then.

He never expected for Fayth to understand what he needed precisely and give it to him at the exact moment that he needed it. It hurt how good it felt to have heard these words from her.

And to an extent he was suspicious of the matter. Knowing well that what she heard wasn't something in any way pleasant to simply listen to and not have an excessive reaction out of. She should have looked at him with fear, she should have run away from him. She had done it so well when she first enrolled, and

And to an extent he was suspicious of the matter. Knowing well that what she heard wasn't something in any way pleasant to simply listen to and not have an excessive reaction out of. She should have looked at him with fear, she should have run away from him. She had done it so well when she first enrolled, and now, that fear was no longer there? Why?

How can she be forgiving? How can she mindlessly forgive him for such a horrid thing he did?

Gritting his teeth, he took out his phone and dialed a number.

"Hello Vincent, this is Lexis Ellis."

For a long moment Vincent didn't say anything. "Well, hello. I didn't expect a call from you."

"I wouldn't have expected myself to call either. I'd like to meet with you."

There was long silence on the other line. Finally, Vincent said. "I've been meaning to talk to you as well. When would you like to come?"

"Right now."

"Right now."

"Then I'll be waiting."

Well, how is that for a roller coaster ride? eh? Eh? ;)

OH AND I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT TODAY AND TOMORROW ARE THE LAST DAYS TO ASK QUESTIONS OF MY QUESTIONS BOOK, I'LL BE TAKING IT DOWN AND POSTING THE ANSWERS AFTERWARDS! <3

*I'll post the sneak peek for the next chapter on my Twitter and Instagram, so make sure to follow!
@joprbooks*

AFTERWARDS! <3

*I'll post the sneak peek for the next chapter on my Twitter and Instagram, so make sure to follow!
@joprbooks*

Btw, you guys don't mind that I stalk your Twitter and Instagrams right?

I love you soooooooooooooo much and I think about you all the time. And your hilarious comments got me in trouble at work yesterday. -_- thanks a lot. x)

Goal : Votes 1050 Comments 1500

MOVIE >take64> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

"You look like a walking corpse." Kurt, the mute, one day said.

Fayth was simply numb. Nothing less, nothing more.

Almost dead.

They sat together in the F.A.I.T.H. wing. Everyone else was in the dining hall now, however Fayth this time decided to stay back. She still hasn't finished the puzzle, wasn't even halfway done, and everyone treated her like a maid. She was sick and tired of it and decided to just finish the puzzle. Either way, in a week she'll be withdrawing from the Academy.

Fayth looked at Kurt and sighed. "Everything is overwhelming, that's all. Everyone is treating me like I'm petty. When they don't know the whole story."

"Tell me the whole story then."

Fayth snorted and stood up, then made her way to the glass wall. She looked out into the blue sky. It was clear and beautiful today. The prettiest its ever been.

Kurt stood up and walked to the lime green sectional on the other side of the room, then flopped his body on top it and crossed his legs.

"So dead." He mumbled.

Fayth looked over at him and smiled. She made her way to where he lay and sat on the sectional's shorter side. "To me, you seem more dead."

He kept his eyes closed. "Why do you think that?"

"You're scared of something that doesn't exist. You don't talk because of your obsessive fear over a memory. You don't socialize. You don't love, hate, get angry or express any emotion. You're just there. Watching and listening at the very most. You're more dead to me."

"You don't know anything. So don't say things lightly."

Ever since the trial of the murder that happened in that mansion, detectives kept looking for a witness. While they were searching, the bastards back in the mansion searched for Kurt. They found him multiple times. They beat him close to death. Reminding him of what they could do to him, reminding him of what happened, clicking refresh on his fear every time he sees them. He lived in tormented horror for so long. And occasionally, he would look over his shoulder, sensing someone following him. Being mute was out of fear, but it was also a survival instinct. What if they heard him? What if they realized that he could speak? They'll kill him like they killed that man.

No one will understand that fear. No one. Unless they've been through it themselves.

"I know enough. You're far out of their reach. You just choose not to believe in yourself. You're more protected than you think. You still have two more years in this school. And there is no way in hell they can enter here. When you graduate you can hire body guards. You're rich and lucky enough to have that privilege. By then, they won't even know who you are anymore. Your body would have completely changed from back then."

Kurt straightened into a sitting position and rested his arms on top of his legs. He looked at Fayth. Silence stretched as they looked into each other's eyes.

"Do you know why I talked to you out of everyone else?"

She shook her head. "I wondered about it a lot..."

"To tell you the truth I was captivated by you from before you even joined the program. I followed you a few times. I became a class A stalker because of you. Do you know why?"

Fayth could only stare at him.

"When you first enrolled. On that first day. Do you remember seeing me by any chance?"

Fayth tried to recall seeing him, but she couldn't remember.

"On the patio tennis court. Where you met Connor."

She tried to remember Kurt being there that day, but again failed.

She shook her head in answer.

"I was there, sitting twenty feet away from the door." Kurt had been sitting there, his head laid back on the wall and his eyes closed, enjoying the sun. "I was sitting there before Connor came out there. And then minutes later *you* did."

"Oh."

"I'll never forget that day. Every word you said. Your actions. The way you responded to the angry Connor. The way you went around him and saved that kid. It was so smooth. I smiled for the first time since I could remember. When you left, I followed you. It was just out of curiosity. Nothing more. I probably would have walked behind you until you reached the office and then had enough and left. But you did something even more demented. Remember?"

"Joseph said something to you. And in a second your fake charade wore off and you had him in a killer position against the wall. I'll never forget it." He smiled and put his hand on his chest. "My heart started beating strong for the first time. I realized I was moved. I wanted to know more about you. I followed you here and there. Tried to see you more and more. I noticed a lot of things about you. Like how you hated Lexis, loved Jessie, played Summer in more ways than even Summer thinks. But what made me more desperate is when you'd disappear sometimes. You're not there anymore. It almost seemed like you weren't even in the Academy all together. And when you enrolled into the program..."

He shook his head once and smiled.

"Was that a confession?" Fayth asked, lost for any other words to say.

Kurt nodded, still smiling. "Mmm."

Fayth felt empty. Not a bit moved. She couldn't return any of his feelings. To her, Kurt was a friend that she could do without. Someone she can talk to and not be afraid for rumors to spread later on. He was comfortable, she realized. Someone who was comfortable.

She thought about it. For a long moment, all she could think about were Vincent's words. His challenge. And she became a strategist again.

"I don't date anyone from the F.A.I.T.H. program."

"Are you saying there is a chance you'll date me if I enroll into the regular classes?"

She nodded.

He smiled and stood up. "Guess we're not meant to be then." With that, he left the room.

Fayth watched him leave, and only let herself a secret smile afterwards. *You're obsession with me will win whether you like it or not.*

Summer walked into through the hallway, her fingers trembling. She hoped for the best but anticipated the worst. This could go either really well, or just take a three sixty and stab her in the back.

However as she made her way into Mr. Ellis's office, she reminded herself over and over that she will only have to make him promise that her identity will stay concealed. That much he can do for her.

When she finally went into the cubicle where his secretary was, the lady stood up and walked Summer to a door, knocked on it twice then let Summer in.

Summer walked into the enormous Ellis headquarters, her eyes taken by the marvelous view behind the long wall windows, overlooking a seventy floor view of the Hudson River.

"Ms. Harrison, what a pleasant surprise." Mr. Ellis said, looking up to see her for the first time. He stood up and made his way around his desk, where a set of chairs were. "Go ahead and have a seat."

"Hello Mr. Ellis." Summer took the seat across from him, her heart pounding in discomfort. While every being inside of her screamed on how bad of an idea this was, her stubborn mind refused to believe in the consequences and decided to just accept that she was already here. It was simply too late to reconsider now.

"So Ms. Harrison, what is that you wanted to tell me that was so important?"

Summer fiddled with her purse strap, wondering where to start—how to start. Somewhere along the lines she saw her death in this. She began to think about her parents. What will happen to them if she said what she did next? Surely Fayth Armstrong won't leave them or Summer alone. She'll come after them.

"I need your promise. What I say didn't come from me. It's just a rumor that you heard, that would be all."

John can see the seriousness of the matter from Summer's uneasiness. "Go ahead. Let me hear it first."

Summer shook her head, refusing to say anything until he promised. "You have to promise me."

John didn't believe in promises. Can words really be that heavy? To hold a secret in chains? Are kids this dense these days? Simply because someone said the words 'I promise' it is right away believed that they will be so loyal?

He internally snorted. "I promise."

Summer sighed, her face muscles relaxing. "I'm sure you heard that Lexis has a somewhat intimate relationship with a student in the Academy."

"I did. However I'm not aware of who that student is."

"You'll be surprised to know that she's not what you expect."

John studied Summer's face. "And why is that?"

"She's..." Summer took in a sharp breath. "She's really poor. With a very bad family background."

John's eyebrows pulled together. "Ms. Harrison, I expected that she wouldn't have high standards to meet my expectations, but I definitely know enough to be sure that no one as such would be enrolled into our Academy."

"But there is."

John stared at her, wondering who she was possibly talking about. And in that instant, a flash back of the girl he'd seen in the Academy's kitchen played before his eyes.

He straightened up and entwined his hands in front of him, his face suddenly a sculpture. "Rihanna Gessner?"

Summer nodded.

Anger began to eat at John's insides. His nose flared, wondering where he went wrong with his excuse of a son.

He quickly stood up, not wanting to lose his self-control in front of the young lady. "You may leave now."

Summer nodded and quickly rushed out of the room.

The mansion was on a beautifully manicured estate that hasn't been mimicked yet. Lexis walked into its grand hallway studying the exquisite artwork displayed on the golden walls. They were a unique set. By artist he knew well. Perhaps, he thought, he could talk the resident in selling some of them to him.

He made his way into the saloon. Where most public meetings were held in this mansion. He was asked to wait here for the meeting.

He was finally meeting with the manager of Armstrong Next, Director Vincent.

Lexis only waited for a few minutes before the well fit man walked into the room, he made his way toward Lexis, who stood up, and they shook hands.

"Welcome. I've been meaning to meet with you for quite a while, however no free time came through. Christmas is in a couple of days, and things have settled lately. So I'm glad you accepted today to come."

"If it weren't so important, I wouldn't have bothered either of us."

Director Vincent stared at the young man in front of him, he was incredibly mature for his age, and he couldn't believe that the person who he heard on the phone days ago speaking with Fayth was this seventeen year old, the only heir for the Ellis and Sons corp. no less.

"So what brings you here? A business matter perhaps? Your father and I had talked before, and he's quite excited about giving up his life's work to you. It must feel like a great burden on you right now, but it will become quite a mere day job later on."

"Actually, I have no interest in what my father does, nor will I inherit his life's worth of work. But that's not the point here, I had come for a different matter, a more...personal one."

Lexis studied the man's reactions to his words, and he liked what he observed. He seemed to be willing to talk about anything as long as it had good motive, and Lexis found that to his advantage.

Vincent liked the young man in front of him instantly. He wasn't afraid to speak what was on his mind, and had a good way of looking at things. If by any chance, his motivations changed, he knew for sure Lexis would be a great addition to the Ellis and Sons organization. One a million times better than his father's.

And since Armstrong Next and Ellis and Sons were linked, it would be especially fun to see Fayth and Lexis compete against each other.

He could almost see it right now...

"Personal?" Vincent asked, finding this pleasing. "What is it?"

"It's about Rihanna Gessner."

Vincent was never as good as Fayth in covering up unwanted expressions, so his shock showed on his face clearly.

"Yes, I know. I'm just not well aware of the details. And I never had the time to do the research with school and such, though I'm sure I could find a lot on my own that way. I just thought it would be better if I heard it from the source, or at least those closest to the source."

"How much do you know?"

"I know more than you'd expect. For starters, Fayth doesn't have a clue that I'm here sitting talking to you about her. She doesn't know that I know she's using Rihanna Gessner as only an identity. And I'm hoping she wouldn't later on. Until I personally break it up to her."

Vincent wasn't sure how to take this in. He knew clearly well that Fayth's family name was on the line here, and he was already considering either a bargain or a blackmail to back this boy off. The problem was, Lexis didn't seem to have any distaste on this subject. Which only confused Vincent.

"What else do you know?"

Lexis considered, "In general terms, I know enough that brought me here to you. To her house. Personally, however, I know more things about her than you could assume. Has she mentioned to you that I found out she takes pills?"

"Yes, she had actually. She mentioned to me about the misfortunate event that happened during the marathon. And I thank you deeply for helping her out."

Lexis nodded in amusement. "So she shares quite a bit with you. Well then, so you knew that she was in love with this boy at school. Jessie?"

"Yes. Your best friend."

"Recently, I've been worrying because she's too calm around him."

Vincent's eyebrows flew up, "Why would that be worrying?"

Lexis was caught in surprise for a second, he was almost certain she would have told him about this too. "She hasn't told you?"

Vincent was even more confused, what on earth could have happened between her and Jessie that she hadn't told him, and Lexis, her equivocal foe, knows that Vincent doesn't.

"What hasn't she told me?"

Lexis hesitated at first, wondering why she hadn't said anything to Vincent about this. Surely she should have, but then he realized something. The question he was about to ask Vincent answered itself on its own.

"That's why..."

Vincent didn't like the desperate expression on Lexis's face. It was as if he realized terrible news. "That's why what? What hasn't she told me?"

Lexis thought back to when Summer had spoke of the incident from three years ago. Shortly afterwards, he wondered why Fayth had been there, and not long afterwards he found the broken picture frame.

She should have reacted to it. She should have done what she had done during the birthday party...

"Fayth, recently had stumbled upon an...unpleasant scene. You see, Jessie was put in F.A.I.T.H. for a completely different reason than what she thought. He was put there because he was exposed. He's a homosexual. He never held romantic feelings for a woman before."

Vincent's hands clenched in fists as he heard this. Why hadn't she discussed this with Vincent? She should have. He should have known about this. That girl...was out there in pain again and he wasn't—

"You—you said she's too calm. How can that be? Knowing her, she would be..." He couldn't even say it out loud.

Vincent heard her love for that boy from miles away. How could more bad things turn out for her like this? How is it possible that she's that unlucky?

"I was going to ask you the same question, but then I realized it myself when you said that she hadn't told you about this specific incident. She was afraid that you'll eventually find out how she was healing herself. She's overdosing. To the point where she had become completely numb. I'm sure of it now."

Vincent wiped his face in disbelief. Too many things. Too many bad things were happening and he wasn't there to help her. That's not all, only days ago he was beaming about going to Hawaii with his girlfriend, leaving Fayth alone for Christmas.

Hands still covering his face, Vincent evenly asked, "Tell me, does the Academy let students stay over for Christmas?"

"Why are you asking?"

"My girlfriend and I are leaving for vacation soon, and since it will be our our first anniversary, we couldn't bring Fayth along. The vacation will take up Christmas too. She said she'll be fine. That there a lot of rich kids whose parents are working and cant go home too. That she has friends that will be staying and celebrating Christmas at the Academy."

Lexis was lost in thought. "Since there will be no adult supervision, the Academy dismisses all students until the break ends. All her friends were bragging about spending Christmas with their families. Not the opposite. In fact, she was doing the same thing. I'm only hearing about her staying at the Academy now. It seems like she was going to come back home without you knowing."

Vincent was torn to shreds. He couldn't even describe the foolishness he was feeling now. Of course she would lie. She would do that much for him. She will go through all that pain by herself if it meant to make Vincent happy. Sometimes, he hated her for trying so hard, when she didn't have to at all.

He felt so ashamed and didn't have the confidence to ever show his face to her again. However he made the final decision. There was no way he was going to go anywhere this Christmas without her.

Vincent reached for his phone on the table, deciding to call her and confront her with this. However, Lexis quickly bent over and placed his fingers on the screen, pushing the phone back down.

"Listen to what I have to say."

Vincent by now was exhausted. "What is it exactly that you want?"

Lexis could feel the bond between Fayth and Vincent by just his reaction. And he was more perplexed by Fayth's intentions, ways of thinking. What she held in her heart was something no one will ever truly understand.

And that's why he said what he did next, because he knew exactly what he was supposed to do now.

"I want to take full responsibly of Fayth now. Give me that chance."

Vincent stared at Lexis, studying his expression. His feelings weren't in anyway apparent for Vincent. His face was empty, blank. Hidden behind a locked door he doubted to ever be opened again. However, with all of that, Vincent didn't doubt Lexis. Someone so emotionless wouldn't have come here unless he had genuine intentions towards Fayth.

"Let me ask you a question, that day on your fellow classmate's birthday party, how is it that you knew exactly what to say to calm Fayth down?"

A small smile appeared on Lexis's lips, praising the man for seeing through his plot at that time. "To be honest, I was in a somewhat similar situation. I also used to take the medication she's taking now. I knew what kind of feelings control her when she's reminded by a traumatic memory. Using reverse psychology would be the only way to take her slowly out of it. She'll start to face it, going through the worst, then she'll begin to refuse to believe it herself, instead of trying to convince others."

Vincent squinted his eyes in thought. He wondered if Fayth's luck was suddenly changing to her own good by meeting such an indifferent man.

"And what will you do with what I tell you about Fayth?"

"I will use that knowledge to cure her. I'm capable since I've been through it before."

"Are you really ready to do that? No matter how disturbing what I tell you is?"

Lexis studied the man in front of him, and suddenly realized that what he had on his plate was much larger than what he had anticipated.

"Absolutely."

DON'T FORGET TO PUT THIS BOOK UNDER YOUR LIBRARY IF YOU HAVEN'T! I love you. c:

AND 'PLEASE' FOR THE LOVE OF FAYLEX GO BACK AND VOTE FOR THE PREVIOUS CHAPS IF YOU HAVEN'T!!! IT MEANS SOOOOO MUCH TO ME!!!

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Sneak peek for chapter 65 will be uploaded to Twitter and Instagram @joprbooks so follow to check it out!

IT IS THE LAST DAY TO ASK ANY QUESTIONS ON MY QUESTIONS BOOK! (Go to my profile. Its there.) I'LL BE TAKING IT DOWN AND ANSWERING ALL QUESTIONS!

My love for you will never fit an infinite number of pages. :* <3

Comment and vote until you get sick of doing it. Haha. That's your goal. The next chapter is incredibly sensitive so I have to take my time on it. AND I still have to figure out if I can just take that two week break.

MOVIE >take65> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.



Mentality is controlled by not the human, but by what the human brain perceives from the life around its mind. And then it becomes a habit, and the habit becomes the person. -Jo

"She was born seventeen years ago, and I've been taking care of her since day one. Her father hired me to be her full time guardian. I was his executor's son, and he knew fully well I would be capable of doing a fine job in taking care of his daughter. To be honest, he didn't seem like he cared who would take care of her, as long as someone did. At first, I found the job a humiliating notion. How dare he put me up for such a position? I was clever enough to take on my father's position later on when he retired, I wasn't a baby sitter. But slowly I found the baby girl to be amusing. She was able to put her own jacket on at one. She was one of the smartest babies I had ever come across.

"She started to realize her parents distant communication with her at age three. Her mother didn't even

"She started to realize her parents distant communication with her at age three. Her mother didn't even breast feed her, I was the one who made bottles for her to drink. Her mother, like her dad, owned an active business that took her away from home quite a lot. But Fayth didn't understand this. She simply thought her parents hated her for existing because she was the only thing in their life they will work on and not earn money out of. It sounded ridiculous, but quite a thing coming from a toddler. When she said this to me is when I realized how alone she must have been feeling. Even with me filling up her time, it was still not enough.

"The years started to pass slowly and she grew up with unpleasant feelings toward her parents. She started refusing the short moments she had the chance to meet them in—the moments she longed for when she was a baby. And slowly she treated them as if they were complete strangers.

"Neither of her parents ever remembered her birthday. Not even a call to me ordering me to say happy birthday to her. They treated her as if she didn't exist, as if a bloodline of theirs wasn't out there in the world in need of their parental love. Work took over their whole life, and pushed away Fayth to the depth of despair. Her hate grew, she couldn't stand seeing anyone loving in front of her sight. Love to her became a completely dysfunctional falsehood only hypocrites do. She believed that it was weak feelings, that they will only make a person vulnerable. She hated it said to her. She hated it said around her. She loathed seeing parents adoring their kids, because she believed it was only a mask, that they really would rather their kids be gone.

"She slowly grew angry at the smallest bit of love shared around her without her being involved. No matter how many times she said it was only because she hated it's falseness, I knew quite well it was out of jealousy. And as her jealousy grew, her anger and dark feelings grew. Until she became completely chaotic.

"When she entered her tween years, you couldn't say a word to her anymore without being caught in an argument. Her actions were as disappointing as they were frightening. One day, she's a complete street con who wears tattered clothes and runs around beating kids to death and stealing money from the homeless beggars. And the other day she's the rich spoiled brat who orders people around to get down on their knees and clean the spot of dirt on the bottom of her shoes. It was a nightmare for me. Her parents were completely helpless, that I had come to realize it was only a waste of time to complain to them. Every time I had complained to them about her, I would get the same response: *Vincent, just enroll her in this or that activity. She'll like it there.*

"Their daughter was becoming insanely out of hand. I couldn't put her together anymore. She caused trouble in school, she came back and caused trouble outdoors. At age thirteen she started coming back home at three or four o'clock in the morning completely drunk. At age fourteen I found out she drove a heavily priced race car around without me having the slightest idea of it. At age fifteen she started causing fights in schools daily, as if she was giving a regular class martial arts. She bullied kids as if it was her hobby, the school was complaining about having to deal with transfers because of Fayth. And all I could do is keep them quite with money.

"At age sixteen things started to change...she had come home drunk one night. At this point, I was just like her father, and I couldn't stand aside and watch her do what she pleases. That's when I first hit her, a slap across the face that had her crying and throwing a tantrum for hours. At that time, I didn't care what she did, she could cry and I wasn't going to feel bad for her anymore. I needed to stop her from what she was becoming. The anger she held, it was indescribable. She always felt the need to make someone feel as miserable and as bad as possibly could. It drove me insane. I was protective of her to the point where I was going to take parental actions without her parents involved.

"I stopped her from going to school, took all kinds of entertainment and any kind of communication devices from her, then locked her in her room. At first, she didn't complain. She didn't scream or knock the door down. She saw it as a challenge, and she was going to make me feel sorry for her and me ask her to come out. I didn't it. I let her stay there for days, with me only coming in to bring her food.

"I thought I was doing the right thing. I wanted her to sit and think. That's all she would have been able to do in a locked room. I wanted her to think about her past, present and future. I wanted her to consider her parents as human beings who feel and can understand if she asked—even made them to. I wanted her to see a different world than the one she was looking at. But I guess I was asking for too much all at once.

"Leaving her alone to think, she only thought of all the after school activities her parents enrolled her in to get her out of the way. Piano lessons, soccer, golf, dance, gymnastics, and on and on with any possible

"Leaving her alone to think, she only thought of all the after school activities her parents enrolled her in to get her out of the way. Piano lessons, soccer, golf, dance, gymnastics, and on and on with any possible activity that can take her away from them having to deal with her. Its the reason all these things nauseate her now. They remind her of how worthless she was as a daughter.

"And one day—one day I walked in and she was standing there—where she had fixed a rope hanging from her bedroom fan. She was staring at it as if she had suddenly gone blind, numb, standing on a chair and ready to take her life away. At that sight, I went into hysterics. Her whole body was covered in scars that I haven't seen before. I screamed, I shouted, I used the Lord's name in vain, and all she did was stand there and say: "Maybe if I do this I can show them how cruel...those people who gave birth to me are...I can show them what seed they brought up. Maybe they'll regret it only then." We cried together that day. I realized what I had done was the stupidest thing. Making her think of her pain wasn't the solution at all. What she had been doing all these years, they might have been awfully wrong, but it wasn't her fault. It was her parents who had given up on her for all these years. How could they? Wouldn't they at least call her for ten seconds every day and remind her how much they love her? Couldn't they at least do that? If they were dead, she would find an excuse to why they ignored her, but what excuse is there when they were alive to not see their child for not days or months, but years after years.

"I was absolutely outraged. As soon as she fell asleep, I ran over to them and made my point across. I cursed them to hell. I didn't care if they fired me, huh, firing me felt better than seeing her suffer every day. And I

"I was absolutely outraged. As soon as she fell asleep, I ran over to them and made my point across. I cursed them to hell. I didn't care if they fired me, huh, firing me felt better than seeing her suffer every day. And I knew they wouldn't have the slightest idea if I still took care of her or not since their absence in her life was ridicules. But thankfully, my protest had a positive response. And they said they had great news they wanted to celebrate with her on her seventeenth birthday.

"Fayth, as much as she protested against going to meet with her parents, was unbelievably shy of the idea too. She kept worrying that they wouldn't like her or who she was or even how she looked like. She worried that her dad will find out about her report cards and realizes that he was right to never see her all along. She worried a lot about meeting them, because she was so happy. The happiness I had seen on her face, it was so pure, happiness I hadn't seen on her for the longest time. It might have taken seventeen years, but she was going to finally celebrate her birthday with her parents. Like every other normal child.

"On her seventeenth birthday, you should have seen her. She was a princess out of a dream. So happy and flawless, it felt as if the past seventeen years were never there as they were. Her smiles, her happy aura, it was a dream come true for me. I was as happy as anything to see her like this.

"She left, and even though I didn't go since it was a private family event, she had wanted me to come, ordering me if I didn't, she will fire me herself. I couldn't, of course. I had to minimize my presence in her life when her parents were there so she can rely on them more. So she left alone.

2:04

"The birthday party her parents held for her was in a quiet park. It was the three of them, with waiters for the food. Her parents were a complete failure. She said she sat in her seat the entire time watching them and listening to their endless phone conversations. If they didn't talk about business between themselves, their phones would ring and they would talk about work on there instead. She watched their ignorance in front of her eyes. She witnessed it. She saw and felt her unworthy self in their presence this time. They didn't even compliment what she looked like, though she had spent an endless time trying to perfect her exterior to meet their expectations. It was a mistake for her to meet them. However I didn't realize it. I didn't realize that putting reality under the table is a million times better than putting it on top for her to eat up.

"Her whole life, she was a mentally deranged person. She wasn't your normal child, your average teen. She saw things from a completely different perspective. She was a strategist, but at times it was a bad thing. Her mind was filled with anguish she wished she could express, but pride would always come in the way. She was an angry woman, and that's the worst a woman can be. She was a humiliated child, and that's the worst for a child to be. She wanted relief. She wanted a normal family, but her parents by far were the worst parents to ever exist. They *shouldn't* be parents. To her, it was only then that she realized...

"When her parents finally paid attention to her, they did so by breaking the good news. Fayth was going to become a big sister in less than a month. Her mother's pregnancy was not showing on her. Something common to happen. So the news hit Fayth like a monsoon. She congratulated her parents of course, said she couldn't wait to meet her baby sister.

2:05

"One of the bigger balloons in the birthday decorations popped in the sun that caused her mother to go in panic and get badly startled. That alone made her want to give birth that second. She started screaming, saying "The baby is coming out! The baby is coming out!" I don't know what she was thinking, but before anyone could react, Fayth jumped into her car and drove it over, yelling for her parents to get in. That she knew where a close hospital was.

"Her parents got into the car and Fayth took off in enormous speed. She told me later on that she had been holding it all in. Her parents ignorance displayed right before her, her mother idiocy for trying to bring another human into their miserable life to thoroughly suffer. How dare they even think of bringing another person to live a life like Fayth's? She was completely infuriated by the mere thought of it. Let alone let it happen. She would never...let anyone taste the agonizing glass she sipped from. Especially not her a sibling.

"When she drove off that cliff, and as the car rolled down the small hill, she didn't want to just end her life from getting too exhausted of living it. She wanted to end her parents, who were heartless, merciless, who didn't give a damn about their own daughter, and she wanted the innocent baby to not come out and get tormented like she did. She was committing suicide as well as murder. But at that time, she was as good as senseless. She was dead from the inside. Mentally deranged from life, from sanity. She wasn't a human anymore. Her parents never treated her as one, so she never saw herself as one either.

"She was the only one who survived that massive car crash, getting out by a mere scar on her forth finger. When she woke up in the hospital, she had temporarily lost her memory. She didn't even remember me. When I brought her back home, weeks later, she slipped and fell, and her memory came back full blow. She was so shocked, so traumatized by what she had done, that she had practically driven herself to insanity.

"I got the best doctor around for her, and working with him slowly, we were able to renovate her to a better state. With rehab and medication, Fayth was slowly changing to a normal person. She laughed more, hugged me more, loved me more. She became a person with more pleasant feelings then the horrible ones. I couldn't believe my eyes at what she had become now. I was terrified sometimes that it was all a dream, if not, I'm always afraid that something will happen that will make her lose her senses again.

"I think this year it will be her most sensitive one. That's why I feel so regretful letting her pity me when she was going through all this pain. She still hasn't completely overcome her past, and I don't want to let her do it alone. I sent her to the Academy so she can become friends with good people. So she can start a normal teenager's life. It was part of her rehabilitation. To become a person she wishes to be, opposite to the person she was.

"She wanted to finish school as well, but knew the moment the news about the car crash reached the higher ups, life will become much harder on her. People will figure out what happened. That she was the cause of her parents death. And since that might traumatize her more, drive her out of her recollected

person she was.

"She wanted to finish school as well, but knew the moment the news about the car crash reached the higher ups, life will become much harder on her. People will figure out what happened. That she was the cause of her parents death. And since that might traumatize her more, drive her out of her recollected sanity. I bought a fake identity and gave her a second chance at life. For her to stay away from the money, riches, and judgmental opinions of those who will want to know what happened that day. For her to finish school and not have to worry about 'Fayth Armstrong, the demented psychopath who had done more sinful things in her life than the devil himself.' Its what everyone saw her as, and it wasn't helping her get any better.

"I didn't know that she would go through so much anguish at the Academy too. Even as a sweet and quiet person, she still went through hypercritical and negative treatment. It seems like... I'm doing everything so wrong."

Lexis sat there, his expression sullen. Disturbed, drowning in disbelief at what he heard. He couldn't comprehend the fact that *this* was Fayth Armstrong. His heart throbbed. He had a tremendous urge to hit something, so that it would take him away from his numb emotions. He didn't like the feelings that frayed him. He didn't like them at all. They made his heart hurt. Made his knees want to kneel. Why, he asked himself, why the hell was he feeling for her pain, when it had absolutely nothing to do with him?

He shut his eyes tight and tried to breathe in and out slowly until he was cool, calm and collected again.

He looked up at Director Vincent. "Is this why she's taking the medication now? Because she might commit suicide?"

Vincent fully noticed Lexis's reaction to Fayth's story, and was now completely sure that the young man held more than personal feelings for Fayth. He was in fact, in love with her. And Vincent found this pleasing.

"If she had lost control of herself again, to the point where she might remember her past while feeling torture similar to the one she had felt before, the two combined might drive her to the edge of insanity again and make her have a go at a suicide attempt. But that's only if she wasn't taking her medication. Which she is. I'm only afraid of the overdose. I want her to stop taking those pills soon, but the doctor had said—"

"That if she started an obsession on taking pills as often as she felt like she needed and not as prescribed, it might make her addicted to them like a drug addict is addicted to heroin? And the withdrawal symptoms might be massive?"

Vincent stared at Lexis. It was exactly what the doctor had said.

"I've already told you. Her and I have a lot of similarities."

"Why are you so interested in Fayth?" Vincent asked, knowing why but not understanding the motive of this visit.

"I don't believe that anyone will ever understand the relationship between her and I. As mutual and as dead as it may seem, we know exactly what the other one is going through with a simple look in the eye. She had helped me at times without compensation and I'm going to return the favor now. I'm going to help her overcome her past and what she had been missing. I understand fully why she was terrified of me when she had enrolled into the Academy. I reminded her of her past self. A person she was trying to forget. And right now, I might not know what kind of feelings she's going through because of the incident with Jessie, but I know that numbing herself with those pills is dangerous. I'm going to have to stop her from that." Lexis stood up, mission set in front of him. "I'm going to ask you not to let her know anything about my visit. I will act as if I don't know a thing about her true identity. And I will ask you to not invite her anywhere. Because real rehab will start with me. I will ask her to accompany me this Christmas and I will get her to stop using those pills."

Vincent stood up too, a proud smile on his face. He can finally see hope in Fayth's future. He can see it in the determination in Lexis's eyes. "Then, please do take care of my daughter. I will entrust her to you from this point on."

**Big sigh* Well, *throws hands* now its out. I'm just going to sit here and wonder what the hell other surprises I should jump at you with. *just kidding.* Anyways, I feel empty for some reason. Naked, sort of. But hey, I never said I was a professional writer right!? :D I love you. c:*

Actually super nervous about the chapter :c

*And oh, can someone say 'romance coming up'. *Just kidding* You know I'm not good with romance _._ -_- But wait. You also know I'm good at surprises :). Did I mention my birthday is on sept 1st? I think I'm not going to sleep tonight since I drank so much caffeine.*

*Chapter 66 <- O: Double numbers. I haven't had one of those for so long *ten chapters ago* anyways. *My*

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*Chapter 66 <- O: Double numbers. I haven't had one of those for so long *ten chapters ago* anyways, *My nervousness isn't showing is it* Chapter 66 Sneak Peek will be on Twitter and Instagram so make sure to follow. @joprbooks*

Oh and I made a book trailer. Just search F.A.I.T.H. Wattpad story on youtube and it should be the first suggestion.

Goals : Comments 1500 Votes 1000



MOVIE >take66> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.



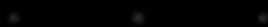
"I have great news for you!" Mandy said, coming inside the F.A.I.T.H. classroom. She stood behind her podium and looked over at everyone, holding something in her hand.

"Katerina," Mandy began. She stuck out one of the papers in her hand. "Your request to the headmistress had been submitted. Here is your enrollment certificate back to the regular class."

Katerina squealed and stood up, running over to Mandy and hugging her before taking the certificate.

"Next," Mandy read the certificate and stuck it out. "Alvin. It seems like you convinced them well about your pursuit in controlling your eating habits."

Alvin's eyes opened wide with shock, he placed the catering size subway on his desk and ran over to Mandy. "Are you serious?!" He grabbed the certificate and read it, then turned and looked at Katerina, who looked flustered. "I told you! I told you I could do it."



She looked away.

He walked over and near her ear, he said, "You totally owe me a date now."

"And last," Mandy looked up. "Kurt?"

Fayth held back a secret smile.

"Yes?" Kurt said, for the very first time. Everyone looked at him, eyes wide, their mouths gaping with disbelief.

"You can talk?!" Connor exclaimed.

A few swear words went around, and a few shocked remarks made a flood of rumors go through the room.

Mandy smiled. "What ever it was that had you speak again, I'm glad you found it." She stuck out a certificate. "You've been reenrolled into the regular classes."

Connor, Vivian, Jessie and Lexis were the only ones left in F.A.I.T.H. If Fayth could accomplish getting the



Connor, Vivian, Jessie and Lexis were the only ones left in F.A.I.T.H. If Fayth could accomplish getting the rest them out, she could make Vincent proud. She could show him that she had changed. That she can change others as well.

"Oh and Rihanna?"

Fayth looked up at Mandy.

"Dr. Dean would like to meet with you tonight. Please make sure you go to her office."

Fayth momentarily remembered the appointment she had before with Dr. Dean, but after the tragic event that took over the Academy with Anthony's death, she never heard from her again. Until now.

Lexis whirled the glass in his hand, staring at the red drink inside, lost in thought. He owned his mind, but Fayth might as well have taken over it these day, dictating possession.

When the door closed and the familiar footsteps made their way toward him, Lexis sighed and said.
"What do you want?"

Charles trotted into the room, uniform unbuttoned and his shirt messy.

"In case it isn't clear to you, Rihanna and I are a package. And it'd be hell if you try and get in the middle."

"Why would I that?" Lexis said, calmly taking a drink from his cup.

Because you're in love with her, you sly bastard. Charles's nose flared. "It doesn't matter. I'm just making sure you get the memo from now."

Lexis leaned back against the arm set of the sofa, placing the cup on the side table. "Rihanna isn't someone that either I or you should try to control. Is she wants to be with you, I can't do anything about it."

"I'm not saying I want to control her--"

"Then if she wanted to be with me instead, will you come in her way or will you let her go?"

Charles stared at Lexis, his teeth and hands clenched. For a moment, he wondered what it could feel like to have one of his fists get in contact with Lexis's jaw. To crack into it so hard it'll make him unable to speak for a year or so.

"She's mine. I don't care what it is you're thinking, or how interesting you find her. I don't care if you have questions for her that she didn't answer or things about her that confuse you or don't fit. Leave her alone. She's not here for your amusement. She's scared of you. She hates you."

"How would you know that?" Lexis said, still calm.

Charles chuckled to himself without humor. "I know both of you. Did you forget? I grew up knowing you. In fact, we were once friends. Do you remember us playing at clubs together?" Charles twirled the keychain in his hand around his finger. "I know things about you that others don't. However I want you to understand something so that we're both on the same page. I don't care if you never loved a girl before. I don't care if you have trust issues. I don't care if you're a social mess. I don't care if your relationship with your father is trash worthy. I don't care if your daughter doesn't know the truth. And I certainly don't care if Rihanna happens to be a person you see as someone who can distinguish all of those things to her own liking. I don't care about all of those things. I've known her longer. She talks to me more than she does to you. That's how I know her feelings toward you. You're bad for her, like a sober person locked in a wine cellar. That's how much you suffocate her with your presence. Do us both a favor and leave her alone."

Lexis bit his lip, slowly twisting it between his straight teeth, a smirk filled with mock formed on his lips as he looked up at Charles and slowly blinked once, his lazy smile suddenly visible.

The punch Charles wanted to give Lexis so dearly, Lexis did without hesitation. In a second long, Lexis's fist met Charles's jaw, a short sound of a crack audible as he dropped to the ground, his shoulder hitting the edge of the reading table.

Lexis closed up on him. His face suddenly becoming completely dark with anger, he firmly muttered. "Don't ever insult my father or mention my daughter on your lips again."

With that, Lexis turned around and took his leave.

Charles sprang up, turned Lexis's by his shoulder around and swung his fist across his face. The hit was weak, but it was enough to start a fight between the two.

Pounding on the door was becoming more and more louder as they fought with no mercy with one another. There was only one rule, make the other back away and surrender. And neither one was going to do that anytime soon.

"Charles. Charles are you in here?"

They both froze as Fayth's voice came from behind the door.

"Charles are you in there?"

Why can't she open the door? The door wasn't locked. Surely she can twist the knob and walk in.

"Charles." She finally opened the door and walked in.

The punch Lexis threw at Charles at that moment made a whole other fight start again. Fayth ran over to them, screaming.

"Stop. Stop fighting." She took ahold of Charles's arm and pulled it behind her, facing Lexis.

"Stay out of this." Lexis hissed in her face.

Whimpering away, she went back to covering for Charles, trying her best to get him out of harms way. Which only pissed Lexis off more, making the desire to hurt Charles until he was desperate for mercy that much more intimidating.

Fayth took ahold of one of Lexis's fists that he was about to throw at Charles and stared at him with anger and hate, he didn't miss the tears that were puddling in her eyes. "I told you to stop." She insisted.

Charles, breathing hard behind her, took ahold of her waist and was trying to move her to the side.

"I said stop."

Charles, however, no matter how tired or bloody he was, no matter how exhausted and defeated he felt, was still trying to pull her away.

"STOP!" Fayth snapped, shaking with the scream.

Lexis stared into her eyes, and right away he knew something was wrong. Something was definitely unstable with her in the head right now. If he didn't know better he would have thought she was drunk, but clearly she wasn't.

Her eyes had a glassy hypnotized texture to them, and for an odd reason, the fear he suddenly had for her health made his heart beat with anxiousness. It terrified him, the way she looked right now. It was always what she *didn't* say that ended up being the thing that had him worry.

She turned around and looked at Charles. "Stop." She took a step closer to him. "I want you to stop. You're hurt. Why are you hurt? Look at you now. You're bleeding."

She started sobbing. Charles paused long enough to look at her with worry.

She put her hand up and wiped the trail of blood on his chin with her thumb. With a thick voice, she said. "Don't bleed. You said you liked me. You were going to take care of me. How am I going to live with myself if you're hurt? You said you'll make my life better, how are you going to do that if you can't even take care of yours?"

Lexis's blood boiled. Anger erupted through him, infuriated with her words to Charles. He knew he shouldn't be, but he was jealous of him. And he hated himself to think that he can be jealous of someone like Charles. That in some deranged sense, he couldn't get something that Charles could.

Fayth took another step closer and wrapped her arms around Charles, from under his arms, then up and around his shoulders. Lexis's fury grew, and he was a second from throwing Charles out of a window. His hands itches as the urge to hold her and pull her backwards grew, but as she pressed her face against Charles's chest, all he could do is stare at her back with anguish and pain.

"F-Fay-" Charles quickly glanced up at Lexis, trying to correct the mistake he did, he quickly saved himself. "How come you left your F.A.I.T.H. class?"

Lexis clenched his hands. This wasn't fair. Charles *knew*? How much did he know? Did he know as much as Lexis did? As much as Vincent had shared with him?

"Rihanna?" Charles questioned.

Lexis let out a breath of disbelief. Is he on it too? Did he cover for her all this time? Being his maid, was it a plan from the beginning? To purposely give the impression to the other's in the Academy that Fayth was from a poor family, so the truth about her never comes out in the open? Was it a thoroughly thought-of plan from the beginning?

"Rihanna?" Charles said, this time obviously worried. He shook Fayth's shoulders, but instead of looking up or making a sound, instead of yelling at him again, Fayth silently sunk down to the floor.

Lexis and Charles began to panic as she lay unconscious on the ground. Her skin pale and ice cold. For a moment, all Lexis could do was stare as Charles tried to pick her up in his arms. All he could do was watch as Charles swore under his breath as her unconscious body refused to cooperate with him like he wanted to.

"Where are you taking her?"

"Shut the hell up. It's all your fault."

"You're not allowed to take her to the Infirmary."

Charles glanced at Lexis, his face red with anger. *Smartass*. "Why?"

"She's using medication against the Academy's acknowledgment. As far as I know, she had lied to the Academy's nurse that she's using any medication in general. This can result in expulsion. Contact her guardian. Tell whoever it is to come pick her up and take her personally to a hospital without the Academy's awareness."

Finding sense in what Lexis had said, Charles laid her back down and quickly took out his phone. Then stood up and moved far away from Lexis's hearing range so he can freely talk with Vincent.

Knowing this would be the result of his request, Lexis quickly brought a large bottle of water and laid Fayth's head on his lap. He forced her lips open and put the bottle's tip inside, then lifted the bottle and slowly let the water slide down her throat—into her stomach. When she had drowned the entire bottle. He slowly pressed on top of her stomach, pushing in the tips of his fingers slowly, then pulling them out. He redid this a few times, then pulled her so her back was against his stomach and she was facing the floor.

He slid his fingers inside her mouth, searching for the spot that will trigger a response from her insides, and right away found it.

She hurled four times before heaves of vomit came gushing out of her mouth, the water and the pills she seemed to have consumed not more than minutes earlier came out in the mess as well.

She growled in distaste, and voluntarily vomited again. More water. More pills.

How many of them did she take?!

He found himself fuming over this fact and had to calm himself to focus. Pounding on her back, he was able to have her take out all of what's inside her stomach and regain her consciousness.

Charles walked back to where Lexis was. He was still on the phone with Vincent, updating him on how she was doing now, and relief washed over Charles's face as he watched Fayth moan and try to straighten up.

Lexis stood up and grabbed the phone from Charles. "Hello Mr. Gessner, this is Lexis speaking. She's doing fine. You don't need to come."

"Lexis? How is she doing? You said you were going to help her." Vincent's worried voice pierced through the phone.

"I did. I will."

Lexis hung up and threw the phone at Charles. Then without a word, left the room.

Fayth grabbed Charles's hand. "What happened? Where am I?"

Charles knelt down and let her lean on him. "You scared the shit out of me, that's what happened. Are you stupid? Are you crazy? Why are you taking medication?"

"Who told you that?"

"Lexis mentioned it. He said not to call the infirmary because you had once lied to them and said you weren't taking anything."

She closed her eyes and nodded in approval. "Good thing you didn't." She laid her head on his chest. "I feel sick."

"Do you want to go the hospital?"

She shook her head. "Not that sick."

He put his arms around her and pulled her closer. Her vomit made him want to throw up too, but he held it in. "Why did you find me?"

Fayth was silent for a long moment. She pulled away, trying to remember, but Charles wrapped his arms around her again and pulled her back against him.

"I was walking." She began. "I was walking... I remember that. I think I was coming from my dorm. That's right. I remember now. I took too many of my candies again, but this time my body reacted strangely to it. My insides started getting hot and I left the dorm quickly. To be honest I really thought I was going to die. I felt what it was like to die. I wanted to see you at least once. To apologize. To say that 'I liked you' before it was too late. I asked people around and they guided me here. And then. I was going to turn the knob, but my vision went out of line. I couldn't find the handle. No matter how many times I told myself it was right there, and I reached for it...my hand would touch something else. Finally I did. I went in. And then..."

She was silent again.

"Then what?"

She shook her head slowly. "I don't remember."

Flashbacks of her being held inside Lexis's arms penetrated her thoughts, but they weren't long enough for her to understand what they were exactly. She slowly stood up and stumbled, but steadying herself using Charles, she was able to stand on her feet again without falling.

"I want to go."

"Where? Just tell me. I'll take you where ever you'd like."

She shook her head. "I have to go and get myself cleaned up. The headmistress wants to meet with me in an hour."

"The headmistress? Why?"

Fayth shrugged. "I don't know." She mumbled. "But for some reason I don't have a good feeling about it."

I will be posting the Sneak Peek for Chapter 67 on my Instagram and Twitter, so make sure to follow @joprbooks

AND PLEASE IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY, GO BACK AND VOTE FOR THE PREVIOUS CHAPTERS! IT MEANS SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO MUCH TO ME i love you c:

In the tub Me: Singing

Mom (outside the bathroom): Shut. Up. -_-

Me: I don't see how you can hate from outside the tub.

You can't even get in.

HAHAHA LEGGO! :D

YELLOW SOAP BAR

HAHAHA LEGGO! :D

YELLOW SOAP BAR

YELLOW RUBBER DUCKY

YELLOW SHAMPOO BOTTLES

YELLOW WATER'S YUCKY

Look at me now. Look at me now. Ohh! I'm getting cleaner!

Fresher than a mo-what!

:D IM DONE!

I can't wait for the Dawn Academy's christmas break D: <3



6:39

MOVIE >take67> - A Dorm. A Delinquent. A Girl.

- - -

@NolaVelncia "JO! I have come to the realization that you are the love child of Shakespeare and Einstein. It's the only possible solution for how beautifully written and ingenious your story is. I felt like I just read every secret in the world and any minute now I'm going to go jail for reading something top secret. Fayth's story and her life OMG! I honestly spent my days trying to solve the pieces or coming up with theories and this was just sooo much better. I can't even begin to tell you in words or express my love for Faylex. It's rather unhealthy and scary really. I bow down to you JO. Thank you for this story."

"Look at this shit. You ever seen a comment this heartfelt?!" My heart swarmed and flied to Venus (it got pretty darn hot). Thanks so much for the awesome SUPER sweet comment. I'M STILL TRYING TO GET OVER THE WHOLE SHAKESPEARE AND EINSTEIN MASHUP!!! I'M SO DAMN FLATTERED!!! <3

The walk to the Academy's headmistress's office was the longest walk Fayth had ever made. Every step took

The walk to the Academy's headmistress's office was the longest walk Fayth had ever made. Every step took her closer to the big doors, and she had a very firm feeling on what Dr. Dean was calling her for. Surely she saw that Fayth was no longer accused. Surely she was going to apologize and move her back into the regular classes like she did with most of the members.

Fayth didn't want that. She liked F.A.I.T.H. It was so much more quiet there. So much more predictable.

She stopped behind the big doors and took a deep breath in, then putting herself under as much collected control as possible, she opened the door and walked in.

Dr. Dean stood somewhere between the window and her desk, staring out the glass from afar. Her arms were crossed, and was idling there lost in thought. When she heard the door close, she turned and looked at Fayth, a smile breaking on her lips instantly.

She acknowledged Fayth a lot differently than the last time she was here. And it caught Fayth by surprise. She didn't expect to see such a beautiful light aura on the incredibly serious and stuck up person from before.

She seemed to be apologetic and kind and—apologetic. Fayth suddenly became fearful that her thoughts

She seemed to be apologetic and kind and—apologetic. Fayth suddenly became fearful that her thoughts about the meeting were right. Dr. Dean seemed to have realized her mistakes.

"Oh, I'm so glad you could make it." She said, quickly ushering for Fayth to have a seat on the leather chair. "Are you thirsty?" She said worriedly. "Or cold? Are you both? I'll get you something warm if you'd like. Its such cold weather outside nowadays."

Fayth shifted in her seat and wondered why the sudden change of heart—why Dr. Dean was suddenly so odd. "Um, coffee sounds good."

She nodded. "I'll bring it over. I drink so much coffee, you'll always find some around me."

She poured Fayth a cup out of a machine on a table by the wall and brought it over. Then offered it carefully, as if Fayth might spill it on herself. Fayth, for some odd reason, liked the kindness as much as she feared it.

"How was your day? Did you and your friends have fun?" Dr. Dean asked, sitting on the small glass table in front of Fayth.

What on earth is happening here? Why is she so caring all the sudden?

"Um, I didn't really go out to do anything today. I just stayed in my dorm."

"Oh! Alright. Are your friends treating you okay? Is anyone mean to you?"

Before Fayth could answer, Dr. Dean reached over and placed a small strand of hair that fell on Fayth's eye behind her ear.

This was too much.

"I'm sorry, but I'm a bit confused here. Why are you so kind to me all the sudden?"

She laughed nervously, fidgeting with the watch on her wrist. "Why? Did I give out the impression that I was an unpleasant person before?"

"No—No, it's just that the last time I was in here, you were...rather...serious."

"I tend to be like that when I'm trying to make a clear point."

Okay, maybe not the answer I wanted. "Then, can you please tell me why you asked to see me? I'm starting to get really uncomfortable."

She stood up, walking away to the window. For a long moment, all Fayth could see was sudden sadness hovering over her, as if something that weighed a ton was pushing against her chest. Fayth watched her as she sighed and her shoulders slumped, the happy person from before completely disappearing. Seeing her this down after being so kind, something twisted in Fayth's stomach, making her sad too.

"How...are you and Jessie getting along?"

Fayth swallowed down her heart, and quickly clutched her candy bottle that she now carries with her in her pocket. Almost choking, she said. "Fine, we're getting along just fine." She looked up at Dr. Dean. "You're his mother, right?"

"How—how did you know?"

Now to see her after Anthony telling her the secret, Fayth can see the resemblance between the two. They looked very much alike. Same brown hair, same brown eyes, same face shape, same smile. It was all there.

To think about it, it all made sense—but didn't at the same time. Of course his mother would want him to stay away from the boys dorms. Of course she wouldn't want him in relationships when he was the student president. It made sense that she'd put him in F.A.I.T.H. She most likely was afraid that he'd be found out. To her, it must be so shameful to have a son who, in her mind, will never nest grandchildren for her.

Fayth was about to say something, but hesitated.

"What is it?" Dr. Dean pushed, sensing it.

Fayth closed her eyes, thinking it through. Yes, Fayth hated the fact that Jessie was gay. She hated it more than she hated anything else in her life, but she also had a mission she had to accomplish.

She reopened her eyes. "I know another thing about Jessie too." Fayth mumbled, looking up at Dr. Dean, she added. "I know... about him."

This took the headmistress by surprise. Her eyes opened a slit bigger, her breath staggered, and she seemed to have lost control of her straight posture.

Fixing up her dress jacket, she cleared her throat and pulled herself together. "Have you told...anyone?"

Fayth shook her head.

"That's for the best."

"Why?" Fayth asked, "Why did you place him in F.A.I.T.H. for such a normal thing? Why do you have to make him feel like he's different when he's not? It's so depressing...watching him smile and be happy every day when I know quite well it's only to pull him away from the misery he's feeling.

"I'm not trying to be disrespectful. And I'm not asking you to take action on this specific matter as his mother, but as the one responsible in the Academy instead. Jessie...no matter what his preferences are, is still a man. He's a strong person, and a faithful one. You should be glad...he *found* himself. You should also consider the fact that none of the students here have an open agenda. There might be so many homosexuals in this school that you don't know about. Does that mean that Jessie has to suffer through all of this because he got...*caught*? If I were the one responsible here, I would easily let my student be whoever he wants to be as long as it doesn't break any school rules. Because...that's the only thing that should matter. He's old enough to realize where to not cross the line, and by simply laying the consequences for him in case he did, that's as far as you can control him. Otherwise, let him be responsible for his own action. You must have no idea what an absolutely incredible and thoughtful person he is."

Dr. Dean looked down at her hands, as if she was reading something in them. she was suddenly so unhappy, it hurt to watch.

"What have I done?" She whispered. "I was only thinking about myself..."

She looked up at Fayth, her face still kind, still upset, but slightly more serious. "I have something to discuss with you. And I don't want personal feelings to interfere anymore."

Dr. Dean came over and sat in the seat opposite Fayth.

With a deep sigh, she started with a businesslike tone. "I won't beat around the bush. I will tell you straightforward the reason why I brought you here. It was definitely not to discuss Jessie's homosexuality, but I'm glad you voiced your opinions. It made me realize some things I was blinded on."

Jessie had always obediently listened to his mother. Even if she told him to do something unpleasant, he would do it nonetheless, simply because his mother asked him to. When she had found out about his homosexuality, after the shock wore off, she right away made the decision to enroll him into F.A.I.T.H. and into the girls dormitory, using the excuse of excessive bullying as the reason.

She had no idea...that he was going through so much trying to please his mom.

Fayth stared at her silently, wondering if she made an impression with her tiny speech. If so, that would leave three in F.A.I.T.H.

"I brought you here because I wanted to tell you that I know. I know everything," Dr. Dean looked up. "Fayth Armstrong."

Fayth felt like someone had socked her breathless for a moment. She stared at Dr. Dean, the jittery feeling Fayth had seconds ago vanished and terrifying heart beats took over. She clenched her fists, which were starting to shake uncontrollably. It was the first time, the first time someone in the Academy other than Anthony said the name. Fayth felt like a mouse trapped inside a corner in a big house. And for the first time ever, she didn't know what to do. Unlike before, Fayth couldn't just act her way out of it. Dr. Dean knew. Fayth couldn't change that reality in her mind. She found the right answer, and it's impossible to give a complicated question the wrong answer after that.

Things are just not that easy.

"How...?" Fayth was breathless. So breathless, she felt dizziness overcome her thoughts. She reached in her skirt pocket and clutched her candy bottle again.

"You seem shocked. Actually no, you seem frightened. Don't be scared. I am here to talk. So please compose yourself so we can discuss this comfortably."

Fayth nodded. *That's right, she knows and hasn't been a tad mad since I stepped a foot in this room.*

Fayth, however, was not afraid of Dr. Dean finding out as much as she was afraid of the consequences that will follow after. *Will Jessie find out? Then the rest of F.A.I.T.H.? And before long the entire Academy? I have to get out of here. I need to leave the Academy today!*

Fayth took a sip of coffee to wet her dry throat a bit. Her heart didn't stop beating hysterically for a single second. "Please," She begged, "please don't let the matter get bigger. Please don't tell anyone else." Fayth looked up at Dr. Dean frantic, "I'll explain everything. Just don't let this get to my friends. They'll dump me if they knew I had been deceiving them this whole time."

Dr. Dean smiled. "Oh please Fayth, I'm not here to threaten you." She pursed her lips. "Fine. Let's do this. I promise your identity will stay hidden under my wings. I will not *change* anything about who you are and anything about you in the Academy, and that includes you're enrollment into F.A.I.T.H. Will you please calm down now?"

Fayth took in deep breaths, her loss of composure taking more time to settle. She was so airless, so lightheaded a minute ago, that she was on the verge of fainting.

Finally finding her voice and her steady breathing, Fayth said the first thing on her mind. "But why? Do you even realize what I have done? I-I have faked my enrollment into the Academy."

Dr. Dean sighed. "The first time I called you here, I clearly stated that I was suspicious about you're enrollment. Why, you might think? Well, our Academy received a late enrollment form from a girl whose only home income comes from her father, who's a carpenter, yet, incredibly, that parent somehow had a connection with someone who paid the Academy's fundraiser an incredible amount of money. How can that be? The two together just didn't fit right.

"A few months ago the truth about you was put down in front of my eyes. I proceeded and made a few phone calls to your old schools and realized that not everything is what meets the eyes. You weren't just a rich student who was the only heiress to Armstrong Next, but you were a changed person. Massively at that too. I couldn't help but admire the person that you are now. I saw a bright future for you. If all what you needed is a change of name and style, then be it. Have another identity and continue to do for yourself what you're doing. You're story is an absolutely incredible one. If every person did a little for themselves like what you've done, the world would instantly become a much better place.

Fayth sat there speechless. *This woman...how can she be understanding...too understanding...*

"Your story," she resumed as she stood up and walked back to the window, "its a beautiful one. One I enjoyed seeing transform every day in front of my eyes. However, now that I've talked to you about yours, I would like another story to be heard in this room." She glanced at Fayth and looked back at the window. "A story that involves three people in this Academy. And I want you to be as understanding as I was about you when you hear it. Will you please give me that promise? That you will be understanding?"

Fayth was astounded really. Her identity that she was terrified of anyone knowing is revealed to her by no one other than the headmistress, and she was genuinely kind about the situation Fayth was put in as well. Dr. Dean understood it as something beautiful to see, the change that had occurred to Fayth's life. She also didn't bring any of it's details up, and Fayth was glad for that. Details from her past life hurt her more than anything and she would normally block them out wholeheartedly. It's as if...Dr. Dean understood that too...

"I promise."

Dr. Dean turned fully away so that Fayth couldn't see her face anymore. "I knew you're father a while ago. I knew him while he was married to your mother too. He was a good man. One who...likes to think of people before himself. Back then, we were both in high school. He was the richest boy, most handsome too. I was a lost girl trying to find my dream. Trying to understand what makes me or at the very least what I'm good at

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"He surprised me. Shocked me even. He was proposing to me to become his girlfriend and I just sat there waiting for him to say that he was just joking. But he wasn't. In fact we began dating and stayed together for the rest of the remaining high school years. And when high school ended, problems emerged...

"His father found out that he was planning to marry me and went into hysterics. So we broke up. A few years later, I found out that he married the woman his father chose for him. Someone who was rich, smart and from a well off family.

"I brought you here Fayth to explain to you the one thing that happened between your father and I because I can no longer hold you two apart. And I'm terrified of what the outcome might be, but I'm going to go ahead and say it out loud anyway...

"After your father married, we got together once more because of the intimate feelings we had for each other from before. It was an affair...that was supposed to set us free and let us move on, but something happened...nine months later, a baby bore out of me and Jessie was born. Jessie...is you're half-brother Fayth. And I don't want to keep you apart anymore. I want you to get to know each other. But the first one to know of this, I wanted it to be you.

"I wanted to let you know before Jessie did, because I have a feeling that this will surely hurt you more than him, and I want you to be the one to confront your brother with this. Not in a wounded state, but instead, with love and dedication. So he won't feel hurt as much as he would be when he finds out that his real father had passed away just recently. I also want you to know that I had kept him away from his father...only because I didn't want to hurt anyone from your family. Jessie won't understand this, so please, however much this may hurt you now...heal fast and find your brother. Who I'm sure will love the fact that

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Fayth stood up.

Fayth stood up and left the room.

Fayth couldn't breathe.

Her lips, her hands, her legs, her heart...were all trembling violently.

She couldn't even see straight.

She was numb. Senseless...

She couldn't even feel the cold outside.

How...was she outside all the sudden anyway...

Ha ha ha ha ha and you thought the surprises were all over. Silly you. ._. I'm Jo. XD

*Please go back and vote for the previous chapters if you haven't already!!! It would mean so so so so so much to me! Please? With Faylex ontop? <3 :**

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A SNEAK PEEK OF CHAPTER 68 WILL BE ON INSTAGRAM AND TWITTER SO FOLLOW @joprbooks

AND OMG DID YOU GUYS SEE?! F.A.I.T.H. is #1 Teen Fiction / #2 Humor I still can't believe it. GO F.A.I.T.H.FUL FAMILY! #FAYLEX FOREVER! <33333

*GOAL: 1200 VOTES 1500 COMMENTS. :**