



Chapter 6

"We can't have that! Take a seat at the counter, I will get your order done as fast as I can."

I do as he asks and I wait. I look around as see a few kids staring and whispering, I am pretty sure I recognize them. Jared, Sarah, Matthew, Jenny, and Thomas are all at a booth. My heart stops when I see them all nod at each other and walk towards me.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck." I whisper to myself as I quickly turn around a put head down.

"Hey! Lee is that you?" I hear Jared ask.

I sigh, look over to him, smile, and nod. We go through the whole, your back, I heard you were hurt pretty bad, sorry about your mom, are you staying, and I will see you at school. Then finally, Franky saves me when he comes out with my order.

I say goodbye to them, take the order, pay, say goodbye to Franky and tell him I will be back soon. Of course he makes me pinky promise, because he knows I would NEVER break a pinky promise. He was the one that taught me about them and since then I have and will never break one.

As I am about to leave someone walks in the door and I bump into them.

"Oh my gosh. I am so sorry." I say and look up. Damn, he is kind of tall, ok tree trunk.

Wait, I remember him. Warner? William? Warren! He was in my same grade from kindergarten to 5th grade, when I left.

"That's ok, babydoll." He says while smiling at me for a second before it kind of falters.

Shit. I don't want anyone else to recognize me.

I quickly go around him and practically sprint out the door. I can feel him looking at me as a jump in my car and drive away.

Ok well that's weird. Why would he call me babydoll? Only creeps do that sir.

I pull up to Luca's house, well our house, and go inside. Amber is gone and Luca isn't home, so I guess its just me. I take my food up to my room and eat while listening to some music and finishing the summer assignment for the English class I will be starting tomorrow. I am absolutely fucking terrified for school. But, unfortunately I have to go. The rest of my day is spent reading, singing, facetimeing with Francesca for my weekly session, and overthinking. You know, the usual stuff.

It is already like eleven and Luca isn't home. I do my nighttime routine and as I crawl in bed my phone dings. Luca's text said, "Be home in an hour. Take your meds. Go to bed. You have school tomorrow." I roll my eyes and reply, "No shit, Sherlock."

I take all my medication, lay back and stare at the ceiling again as I wait for my sleeping meds to kick in. My bod relaxes and my eyes start to feel heavy. I am mentally praying I don't have nightmares tonight, but I know I will.

Sleep overtakes me.

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Warren's POV (Damion's best friend):

"I am hungry." I groan as I set the controller down and lean back into the couch.

"Me too. You should go get us burgers from Frank's." Damion says casually, so that it doesn't seem as if he is asking for the biggest favor in the world.

"Oh come on. Why can't you or Max do it? I always go." I pout.

"Because me and Max don't like people. Plus, you suck at this game anyways." He mutters while still playing the game.

I gasp. "I do not!"

"Dude. We have been playing for like four hours and you have died within the first 15 minutes every time." Max says with his usual cold expression.

"Whatever." I mutter.

Damion rolls his eyes and says, "Just go. Money is in my wallet."

I sigh, get up to get the money, and leave.

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As I pull up to Frank's I can smell the grease from outside the building. My wolfy senses are the worst sometimes. I get out and start to walk in. Then, someone bumps into me.

I hear her say, "Oh my gosh. I am so sorry." As she looks up at me. I made sure to have my best smile on because she could

be hot.

"That's ok babydoll."

When she looks up I realize I was right, she is hot. And also looks and smells really fucking familiar. Before I can get a good look, she walks away and is out the door.

Weird. But man, she smells good. Wouldn't mind tapping that.

Lee's POV:

I can feel it as soon as I open my eyes and hear that awful alarm sound. The overwhelming sense of nausea, worry, and dread. I turn off my alarm, roll over, and scream into my pillow. Then, I take a deep breathe and get up. I do my morning routine, my hair and makeup, and then go to pick out my outfit. I decided to be basic because the last thing I want today is to stand out. I put on a black v-necks shirt, ripped jean shorts, and red old skool vans. I grabbed my black backpack and put my notebooks, pencils, pens, Ipad, AirPods, and everything else I might need in there and walked out of my room.

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