

*The
Devil's Bible*

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Smashwords Edition

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Author's note

this book contains strong language, fantasy violence, and sexual content not suitable for under 16's.

Part One

ℓ

Sophie

One

I let my eyes travel around the School yard. Moving around a lot was a gift that enabled me to get a handle on people fairly quickly, take the group huddled in the corner for instance. A thin girl with a black hoody holds her boyfriend's hand. He is so caught up in showing off to his friends that he doesn't see her constantly staring at the blonde haired jock across the yard.

He meanwhile is too busy flirting with a handful of Cheerleaders to even notice. I observe while others live, it's what I do. I gave up on living when my mother died and I was carted off, along with my younger sister, to a poor excuse of a father.

I hide in books, longing to meet my Edward Cullen but I've long resigned myself to a lonely life. Boys are just stupid, predictable and only out for one thing; at least that has been my experience. Far from the dark mysterious gods I read about; the ones that risk their very breath for love, now that was my definition of a man.

Finishing my sweep of the yard I know that I won't find someone like that in *Wove*. It's the same as any other school and town I have ever been or lived in, only this is even more drab and dull than all the rest. At least I only have a few months to go before I can tell my father to stick his Guardianship.

I put my copy of *Breaking Dawn* back into my bag and get to my feet. A ball drops into my path and a boy comes running up to claim it. I put my head down and stare at the floor, quickly speeding past before he can say anything.

The sunny afternoon has cleared the school for lunch, leaving it nice and deserted. I skip up the steps and through the open doors I see something that makes my heart beat faster. He's dark and absolutely dangerous. It isn't just his flawless looks that take my breath away; it's the confident way he walks. I just know with one look that my luck has changed. He's better than Edward.

Before he can spot me I hide behind the wall and peek out. I can't bring myself to look away and I know I don't have the guts to introduce myself, so I do what I do best and I observe. "Faith!" The sudden sound of his voice makes a pleasant shiver travel down my spine: deep, rich and totally commanding. I have never had a reaction to anyone...ever, but this is what I've been waiting for all my life, to be affected, to actually feel something.

I am so taken over by him that I don't see the girl ahead of him, it is her he is shouting of but she doesn't slow her pace. Dark glossy curls bounce as she storms away, her sun-kissed skin and flawless complexion make her look like a goddess.

I'm glued in place as he grabs her arm and swings her around. "Damn it Angel," she curses in a pissed off tone. "Let go of me!" My eyes nearly pop out of their sockets when she curls her fist and tries to punch him with such speed, she blurs, equally as fast he catches her fist in the palm of his hand and slams her against the lockers with a hand round her throat. At this point I am totally in love with him. He has such strength and grace that no one can rival. It doesn't bother me that he is man handling a girl right in

front of me.

I watch with bated breath as they stand staring at each other in the lonely corridor, neither one moving or speaking. He must not be applying that much pressure because she does not look strangled at all, quite the opposite in fact. Suddenly he leans forward and takes her mouth hard. My heart literally stops beating as his lips smother hers with hot smoking passion.

He blocks her high knee before I even know she has moved, which would have hit him right in his crown jewels. He gives her a look that makes my knees weak. Faith smiles. "You're getting slow in your old age." He muses before spinning her round and trapping her face first against the lockers, which clatter with the commotion.

I feel my own face flush as his hand slips from her neck and gropes its way down her body. Her neck arches as he lifts her skirt and his hand disappears from view. I know I shouldn't be watching but I am aroused as much as I am shocked. This is the last thing I expected to see when I arrived at school this morning, this is defiantly not dull. It is way...hot.

I'm stunned by my reaction and as the first of Faith's gasps reach my ears; I make myself back away, appalled at my depravity and bang into someone. Red faced and sweating, that has nothing to do with the weather, I turn to see a muscular pretty girl with a pile of shiny black hair pinned up on her head, watching me watch them.

"Enjoying the show?" She spits, disgusted. "Pathetic." Before I can respond with anything more than a gasp of shame, she pushes past and goes inside, when I finally do have the courage to look, the hallway is deserted...

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I can't get the steamy encounter out of my head. Throughout the rest of my classes I day dream about him doing that to me. My face flushes bright red just thinking about it, and I know I need to get a grip on reality. My mother used to say that I let my imagination get the best of me, and right now that is exactly what's happening.

As school lets out and I walk to the entrance to meet Ellie, I'm gutted that I haven't seen any sign of him since lunch. I know that I have to be a part of his life in any which way I can. It sounds nutty but I am totally fixated on that guy.

"Hey sis." Ellie's sweet pitch brings me back to reality with a crash. I look up and a smile bursts across my face. My twelve year old sister has the mentality of half her age. She always sees the light in the darkest cloud, and to tell the truth I wouldn't have survived my mother's illness and death, without her to lean on. She's my saving grace.

"Hey, how was school?" I ask as I take her red backpack and we start to walk. Ellie launches into a monologue about how great her first day was, and how many new friends she's made, when a blue battered Ford Pick-up pulls up beside us. I immediately tense up and tighten my grip on Ellie's hand.

“Hey kids!” My father’s bellowing voice makes my skin prickle, and I guide Ellie to my other side, putting me between her and our tormentor.

I pick up my pace hoping to get past the school parking lot that is crawling with students before he causes a scene. “Hey! Sophie!” His cheery tone has changed to irritation, and I know I should just face the music now, but I refuse to give in to him.

Three more steps and we’re forced to stop when the Pick-up mounts the curb directly in front of us, and my flabby alcoholic father practically falls out the cab. “Are you deaf or something kid?” He snaps pulling himself up with the help of the door handle, beside me I feel Ellie tremble. “I’m here to give you a ride home.”

“I told you,” I say quietly keeping my eyes on the tarmac. “We’ll make our own way.” His lager induced happiness fades.

“You ungrateful git!” He shouts causing heads to turn our way. “Get in the bloody truck now!” I back away keeping Ellie hidden behind me.

“No.” I answer simply and his face turns redder than a strawberry, at least he won’t try anything in a public place, I think to myself.

“Oh come on Hal,” A woman’s voice says from inside the cab. “Screw them, if they don’t want a lift let them walk. I want to go.” My father glares at me.

“Fine.” He growls coming closer. “If you don’t want to come home fine. Stay out till eight, I’m entertaining.” There’s pure rage in his dull grey eyes as he climbs back into the Pick-up. The tires blow smoke over us as he guns the engine and speeds off. I breathe a sigh of relief until I turn to look at Ellie; she’s shaking and doing her best not to cry in front of everyone.

“Hey sweetie it’s okay,” I sooth bending down in front of her. “We can explore the town, would you like that?” She nods her head but won’t look at me. Taking her hand I make to leave and my eyes lock onto Faith’s.

She’s leaning against a dark coloured car in the parking lot, normally I would drop my eyes and hurry away but there’s something about the way she’s looking at me. There’s a sad haunted and distant tinge to her stormy eyes. Faith doesn’t move, it’s like her body’s here but her mind is somewhere else. A weird connection passes between us, and I recognise the pain behind her beautiful facade, I see it in the mirror everyday...

*

Walking around Wove seems to calm Ellie; we browse the window displays on Main Street, and then watch the swans and ducks in the park until the light fades. Coming out the park we weave in and out of tea time traffic crossing the road to the small bank. My mother scrimped and saved to open a college fund for me and my sister and it’s what we’ve survived on since her death. My father’s money goes on drink, drugs and whores. I withdraw half and treat me and Ellie to a slap up meal in a posh restaurant.

After our meal we order two more cokes and a slice of apple pie to share while we do our homework. When I can't put it off anymore I help Ellie into her coat, pack up our stuff, pay the bill and start for home, or a cramped dirty trailer that passes as home these days. It's quite a trek back and halfway through our journey Ellie trips.

"Well what do we have here...?" A voice says from the darkness. We're beside a seven eleven and I fail to notice the gang hanging around the parking lot until they're on top of us. I extract Ellie from the ground and hurry on but a lanky figure whose face is obscured by a hood steps in the way.

"Give me a break..." I mutter under my breath and attempt to go round.

"Stay a little while." He says still blocking my path. Why did we have to live in the bad part of town? Ellie lets go of my hand and before I can stop her she bolts for the lights of the seven eleven.

"Ellie...!" She screams as rough hands grab her shoulders. "Please... don't hurt her..." I plead in a desperate tone. Her screams are smothered as a hand clamps over her mouth.

"Depends if her sister is co-operative." The guy that's blocking my path sneers.

"Having fun?" A voice I recognise but can't place suddenly says. Everyone freezes and I turn to see Faith calmly walking up to us. Her heeled boots click over the paving and I notice she's changed into tight jeans and a jacket.

"Fa...Faith." The guy stammers as she comes to a stop beside us. Her eye's sweep the parking lot and finally settles on my sister. The tension thickens dramatically at her presence and I swallow hard, wondering how this is going to pan out, surely Angel's with her, right?

"What...are you d-doing here?" He asks in a clearly un-nerved tone. Something about this girl has got him on edge, even though his 'posse' has the number advantage.

"I was thirsty." She answers casually, her reply puts the gang further on alert and Ellie runs to me when her captor steps back. "How about you take your cockroaches and get out of here, before you start something you really can't finish." Unbelievably the ten member strong gang bow to Faith's hostility and scaper.

"You won't tell Angel, will you?" The guy asks Faith, who in reply just fixes him with a silent glare; he takes off after his friends. For the second time that night I let out a breath of relief and check that Ellie is okay.

"Thank you." I say to Faith who is staring past me at Ellie.

"You shouldn't be out here alone, at night." She finally says, tearing her eyes from my sister. I feel my sister trembling, clamping onto my hand, but before I can say anything to comfort her, Faith stoops down in front of her.

"I have something for you." She tells Ellie who is intrigued to say the least, momentarily forgetting the horror of the night; her blue eyes grow as big as saucers when Faith pulls something out of her back pocket.

She holds up a circular piece of card with white lace attached to each side. On one side of the card is a young girl, remarkably similar to Ellie in appearance. My sister gasps with delight when Faith shows her

it. On the other is a castle fit for a princess, with the flick of her wrist the pictures merge into one, so that the girl appears to be on the castle walkway, surveying her land.

“It’s magic!” Ellie exclaims excitedly, reaching out for it. Faith hands it over with a laugh.

“Alice thought so...” she whispers sadly, and just like that the hurt that was evident in the parking lot, burns through her happy façade. I look at her questioningly but she refuses to meet my eyes.

I open my mouth to say something, anything to break this uneasy silence that rests over us, but before I can Faith’s head jerks round and her eyes narrow. “Leave.” She demands firmly. Ellie looks up as my mouth falls open, there’s a cold edge to her voice replacing the warmth that was there only a second ago. Talk about mood swings. “Now!” She snaps when we don’t move. Ellie jumps at the bark and Faith’s face softens as she turns to face us.

“It’s getting late. You should go.” The façade appears again masking her face, but there’s violence brewing in her dark eyes, and as I give a tight smile and shuffle my feet forward I think I hear a deep animal growl. Faith’s eyes fix on a bush on the boundary of the lot and I look back to see something dark and huge in the undergrowth. Faith catches my eye and tells me quietly...

“Quickly.”

Two

I toss and turn all night long, dreaming about dark creatures jumping out at us, biting and slashing and eating me and Ellie whole. Safe to say I was far from rested when the bus dropped us off at school the next day.

As I sit through Biology my mind strays to Faith. There's a lot more to her than just being the school beauty, something dark and dangerous. I had only glimpsed a second of her obviously intense physical relationship with Angel, and envied her something bad.

She had the hottest guy on the planet sharing her bed; she could scare off a gang with just a few threatening words and a look, powerful, beautiful and Queen of Wove. Who wouldn't want to be her? "You look as wrecked as me." The soft voice came from behind me as the bell rang for second period. A puzzled frown broke out on my face as I looked at a tall whisp of a guy, rigged with a blue beany hat that his golden tousled hair peeked out of the edges, a lose white shirt open at the collar, showing off pale porcelain skin, and dark tight fitted jeans. He was totally rocking the hot geek thing.

"What?" He flashes a perfect set of pearly whites at me.

"I didn't mean that as an insult. You just looked ready to crash back there, not that I blame Mr Watkins has that effect on most." I laugh despite myself and he seems to relax as he falls in step next to me. "I'm Jack Fitzgerald." He holds out his right hand and I shake it, his skin feels as cold as an ice box and I quickly let go. "Sorry. Bloody freezing."

"I noticed."

"You're Sophie Fielding right?" I raise my brows.

"I promise I'm not stalking you," he says quickly. "We don't get a lot of new people here is all."

"How come?" This is the most I've ever said to a guy, but there's just something about him that puts me at ease. He shrugs.

"It's not exactly Palm Springs. I'm surprised we have electricity and running water to be honest." I burst out laughing and he joins in. We chat all the way to English and my heart nearly jumps out my chest when I enter class and see Angel.

He's sitting on top of a desk in the back row looking so smoking I literally feel on fire, my stomach lurches up my throat and all the oxygen seems to disappear. I'm a wreck of emotion with just one glance at him, and when he glances my way time stops and the lights seem to dim till there's nothing shining but him.

"There he is." He says in his sensual tone, the guy is sex walking, and I drop my weak body into the nearest chair, trying to remember to breathe. I look over as Jack greets him and the guys sitting around him. Angel looks flawless in a sweater and ripped jeans.

"Did you really mix red eye with Vodka?" One asks Jacks who rolls his eyes at Angel.

"You only turn eighteen once guys." He answers and shares a private grin with Angel, like he'd just

made a joke.

“That’s totally radical man.” Another boy says shaking his head in disbelief.

“Oh, guys this is Sophie Fielding,” my eyes widen with sheer terror as Jack motions to me, the guys look at me briefly, being polite, before breaking into another discussion. Angel’s eyes study me as Jack takes the desk next to me. I can feel them moving down my body, setting the hairs on my neck on end with electricity.

“Not bad.” My face flushes and I feel a total idiot.

“Angel.” Jack admonishes. “You’ll have to forgive my brother here; his brains are housed in his trousers.” Brother? They looked nothing alike. Angel leans back and a lazy grin plays with his wicked lips.

“Shame yours wasn’t. You might see some action.” He retorted. “Other than Jane Phillips.” Out the corner of my eye I see Jack shoot him a warning glare. “I mean the girl resembles the back of a horse.” Angel carries on, mischief dancing in his hypnotic eyes.

“Fucker!” A high pitched shrill makes all of us look forward, where a girl is throwing us dirty looks.

“You love me really Jane.” Angel blows her a kiss and she crosses her arms and faces the front, rage contorting her pretty face.

“I’ll give you that one though,” he faces Jack again. “You were off your face with coffee and Vodka.”

“Angel, not everyone wants to ride their way through High school.” Jack tells him, trying to hide a smile, and not doing so well.

“Why not?” Angel asks. “It makes it bearable. Speaking of riding, you seen my Bucking Bronco-ess?” All this talk of sex was making me really hot, just thinking about Angel all naked and groaning... God I had to stop this. It wasn’t normal!

Jack sighs. “I presume you’re talking about Faith?” Angel gives us a naughty wink that sets my pulse racing.

“Of course.” The twitch of his lips makes me believe she isn’t the only one getting his goods. My hopes soar desperately clasp onto the fact that she might just be favour of the month.

“Faith would kick your ass if she heard you call her that.” Jack teased.

“Please.” Angel scoffed. “The only time she kicks my ass is in bed.” Jack gives me a look that says otherwise. I get a feeling that all of Angel’s bravado is a façade, just like Faith’s, only I can’t tell yet what it’s hiding.

A guy walks into the classroom and Angel visibly tightens. It’s only for a brief second and no one else seems to catch it. Silence descends on the room and I swear that Jack moves closer to me. The faces around me are filled with foreboding and some even try to move their desks away from Angel. The legs of their chairs make a sound like nails across a blackboard.

The guy walks across the room calmly even though all eyes are on him, almost all. Mine are as usual locked on Angel. His chest is moving in and out faster and his eyes are hard and angry. There’s a threat of violence in the air as the two guys eyes lock, and for the first time I’m afraid of the rage radiating out

of Angel's every pore.

I look away and catch Faith, looking stunning as usual, crossing the threshold. Her eyes fall on the stranger with brilliant white hair and bright emerald eyes and surprise fills her face. There's a tense hush over the room and Jack relaxes next to me as Faith recovers.

The striking boy with the dazzlingly hair, who is almost as dreamy as Angel... almost, takes his seat and I look back at Angel just in time to see Faith wrap her arms around his neck. At first he doesn't react even when her mouth takes his softly, but then his body sinks into hers and before I can be shocked it turns into a full on snog.

Angel's raking his hands through her curls, fisting them pulling her closer. I hear a moan and my face lights up like a Christmas tree.

"Can we please leave the display of affection for home time?" The teacher shoots at them breezing into the room, and Faith has to detach herself much to Angel's disappointment. Faith takes the empty desk behind him and I see her throw the stranger a defiant glance, that kiss was not Faith declaring her feelings. She was making a statement. She catches my eye and flashes me a friendly smile.

All through English I try to figure out the deal with Faith and Angel, and even Jack: Angel's brother? I shoot Jack loads of questioning glances but he shakes his head and loses himself in the class. Who was this stranger? Why did he affect Faith and Angel as strong as he had? And just what the hell was in those bushes last night at the Seven Eleven?

Was it my overactive imagination doing overtime, or was there something weird going on in Wove?

Whatever the answer, Wove was proving far from dull.

Three

After class ended I followed Jack to the cafeteria. “Are you and Angel really brothers?” I blurt out when we’re weaving through the crowds. He moves with precision leading us to a table at the back of the huge room.

The smell of bleach and burnt food cling to the air and I notice Ellie sitting at a table a few feet away, talking animatedly, hands flapping away, with a bunch of friends listening intently. I smile happily, glad that she seems to be settling in.

“It’s a bit complicated.” He says, answering my question. We sit down at the table and I get my packed lunch out. “We’ve not actual blood brothers; we’re not really related at all. Alex is Angel’s real brother. Alex kind of picked the rest of us up along the way.” My brow creases with confusion.

“Who’s the rest of us?” I ask biting into my chicken Mayo sandwich. He plays with his food, swirling the portion of spaghetti and meatballs around his fork.

“Faith and Sunny.” I choke and have to take a drink of my Orange juice to clear the obstruction in my throat.

“Faith lives with Angel!” He nods with a concerned expression on his handsome face.

“I said it was complicated. Are you okay?” I nod taking another sip of juice.

“So it’s serious with them then?” I ask deserting my Chicken. Jack study’s me and smiles sadly, shaking his head. “What?”

“Nearly every girl on this planet has asked me that.” I strongly doubt he’s being literal. He wipes his hands on a napkin and tosses it on the table. “I know the way Angel acts suggests otherwise but he is one hundred per cent Faith’s. Always has been.” My heart sinks to my feet; I try to keep the agony from my face.

“And Alex is okay with that?” I feel myself blushing. “I mean living together...you know sharing...?” I trail off fearing I am prying, but he just smiles.

“He’s kind of laid back about it. I mean they are eighteen, he accepts it; we’re not your conventional family. Alex doesn’t have rules as such.” I give up on my lunch; some people have all the luck. “You’ll see when you meet him.” He adds and I look up sharply. His smile could light the darkest room and I find myself wondering why a guy like him, would talk to a shy loner like me.

“Why are you talking to me? Did Faith put you up to this?” His smile fades.

“Faith? Why would she?” He looks at me, perplexed by my sharpness. I have a hard time trusting people and generally believe the worst first.

“I’m sorry. It’s just guys don’t really talk to me.” I feel his eyes searching mine.

“Then they’re missing out.” He tells me seriously. “I talked to you because you seem more interesting than the usual Barbie doll wanna-be’s, that only talk to me to get closer to Angel.” We share a smile and I know I don’t feel for Jack what I feel for Angel. Jack seems more of BBF material than a boyfriend.

But since Angel and Faith seem to be set in stone at least I'd found someone as cool as Jack. I am pulled out of my head when Jack's head turn towards the doors. His smile dies and he exhales heavily. "Are you finished?" He asks already getting to his feet.

"Em...sure." I fumble with my stuff, trying to gather it all up. My apple rolls across the table top and falls. Jack catches it seemingly mid-air. I look at it in the palm of his hand as he holds it out to me.

"How did you do that?" I gasp.

"Quick reflexes." He says quickly then curses out loud. I don't know why at first then I hear Angel's angry voice floating across the cafeteria. I pivot to see him storming towards us, chasing after Faith. The way he had yesterday when I first saw him.

"Don't dare walk away from me!" He booms. Faith keeps walking over to us, another girl with long wavy blond hair and sporting the shortest skirt I've ever seen in my life, follows close behind. She sits down beside Jack and they share a look.

Faith gets within inches of the table before Angel catches her arm and swings her round. She tears from his hold and hisses. "Stop fucking this up!" Her words are dripping venom and the icy tone to her voice takes me by surprise. Even Angel is momentarily taken aback by her ferocity. Reigning in her temper Faith seems to remember where she is and sits down at the table.

"Well we were just..." Jack starts trying to excuse us but a death glare from Faith renders him speechless, and he plonks back down. I follow his lead.

Angel sits opposite her and the table falls into a tense silence. "So Sophie," he finally says and the thrill of hearing him say my name rips through me. "How are you enjoying Wove?" He's eyes lock on me but the fury is still swimming in them.

"It's...different" I say cursing myself for not saying something cooler. My first words to the dark God I worship is...different? WTF!

"You have no idea." He smirks devilishly and I feel heat between my legs. "Just like I have no idea what I have to do to make Faith look at me, instead of everyone else." He bites watching Faith with cold hatred. How can they be so loved up one minute, then hate each other the next? I just don't understand it. Faith rolls her eyes and looks at him with unbridled contempt.

"You really want to do this here?" She asks. "Right now?"

"Why is *he* here?" Angel spits like he harbours poison in his mouth. Faith mumbles something I can't catch, even though I am sitting right next to her.

"I don't know. Why don't you go and ask him." She retorts. Angel regards her with cool eyes. He gets to his feet.

"Fine with me." I watch him walk away and hear the girl next to Jack groan.

"Faith!" Jack exclaims staring at Faith accusingly. She rolls her eyes and grudgingly gets to her feet.

"This has nothing to do with me Jack!" She practically shouts. He gives her a hard stare.

"I rather doubt that." His answer seems to ebb at her anger and with a grunt of frustration she goes after Angel.

“Mark my words. This spells trouble,” the girl utters to Jack quietly, watching Faith leave.

“For all of us.”

Four

I had made my mind up yesterday that I was going to be in Angel's life, how could I not be? The decision wasn't my own. He enslaves me to the point where I have no say over my bodily functions. Excusing myself I follow Faith.

Making sure I stay well back, I don't want to be spotted spying on them; I trail her down the hallway. She sprints the last few paces and after a heated exchange, which I can't make out because I'm so far away, she drags Angel round the corner.

My heart feels like a jackhammer in my chest as I hurry to the end of the hallway. I snuggle up to the wall and peek round the corner. "I don't have anything to do with Rain showing up here." Angel grunts and crosses his arms. From their reactions to the stranger in English class, I can only assume that he is Rain, the guy they're fighting over.

"Angel please..." Faith pleads. "You really think I'm that stupid?" Angel glares at her.

"You don't think straight when it comes to him, everybody knows that." He tosses at her and she closes her eyes and I can make out her chest raising and falling rapidly. After a few tense minutes Faith opens her eyes and moves to lean against the lockers.

"Have you even considered the possibility that he might be here for the same reason you are." She says slowly. Angel tenses immediately.

"The book? Why would he want that?" Faith sighs.

"For the same reason you do." Angel looks at her thoughtfully then shakes his head.

"Rain has no desire for it. We both know he only wants one thing..." He let the meaning of his words hang in the air. Faith looks like she's just be slapped.

"Why won't you let this go Angel? I'm here aren't I?" She flings at him. "You won." He watches her closely, his hot gaze sweeps down her body and there's something more in it than lust. He moves to her and I have to strain to hear him.

"Just remember that Faithy." He tells her in a dangerous low voice. "You know what will happen if you break your oath to me." His left hand pins hers against the lockers while his right moves down to rub in between her legs. I gasp and lift my hands to my chest, knowing I shouldn't be witnessing this, but unable to tear myself away. "You cross me and I'll bum your world down." Faith bites her bottom lip as his hand rubs her harder. Then Angel takes off leaving her there.

"You already have." I hear her mutter quietly, she rights her clothes and I scurry to hide in an empty classroom. For a second I think I've been rumbled but Faith walks straight past, and I breathe a sigh of relief, too caught up in her thoughts I guess.

I sit on a nearby desk and ponder over what I just heard. Angel's here in Wove for a book? Didn't he just emphasize this morning how much studying turned him off? Why in the hell would he be searching for a book? And who was this Rain? Surely Faith wouldn't betray Angel?

None of it made any sense. The whole thing was just bizarre, but I have to say I am intrigued by the whole thing, not to mention turned on by Angel's dominance over everything and everyone. Faith must have felt the same because I didn't hear her object.

In fact when Angel touches Faith like that, a light blazes in her eyes and there's a shimmering glow about her. She likes it, craves it, and who can blame her? Angel is probably even more perfect with his clothes off. The thought of him on me makes my heartbeat dance with joy, and it's right here in this moment that I decide Angel is the guy I want to take my virginity.

"There you are." The girl from earlier steps into the classroom, and I leap up from the desk like a child just been caught napping. "Jack had to leave. Family emergency." She tells me in a sing song tone. Alarm replaces the buzz in my chest.

"Is everything okay?" She stills my fears with a wave of her manicured hand.

"Everything's ship shape, just Angel acting out again." She rolls her eyes, indicting he did it a lot.

"Is he okay?" She crosses to me.

"He'll be fine, just needs to get it out of his system, cool off you know?"

"You mean over his fight in the cafeteria with Faith?" She nods her head, making her gold looped earrings jingle.

"They're always like that. Trying to kill each other one second, then all over each other the next. Guess love makes you whacky like that." She adds with a shrug.

"What was it about?" I ask quietly, trying to make my voice sound casual. I already know it's about Rain but I wanted to know more.

"Oh, just stupid stuff." She answers vaguely. I remember what she said in the dining hall after Faith left, and wanted to ask what she meant by it but didn't want to push my luck. "I'm Sunny by the way."

"Sophie."

"I know." She says with a smirk. "Jack's quite taken with you, and believe me that is quite a feat." She nudges me with her shoulder and gives me a conspiratorial wink. My mouth stutters at this and cheeks redden.

"He seems...nice." I finally get out. Sunny laughs.

"Jack's a diamond in the rough; only don't tell him I said that. Don't want him getting a big head, do we?" Our laughter fills the classroom. "So we have gym together, you ready to go?" I'm rendered speechless by the sudden warmth she's showing me, that Jack shown me, and I can't help but think if there's a motive behind it.

As we walk through the halls this feeling strengthens when I see the envious looks people throw at me. Sunny can sure talk and doesn't seem to notice the appreciate stares she gets from guys as we pass them. We're late for gym and I quickly change into baggy shorts and a white tee, tying my unruly brown hair into a messy bun and shoving my stuff hastily into my locker I follow Sunny into the cold gym.

The wooden gym is crowded with people: guys and girls hanging around in groups. I put my head down feeling self-conscious with my exposed pale skin, that I've always hated and let Sunny lead me

over to Faith, who's sitting on the bleachers by herself looking faraway. Her bronze kissed skin catches the light overhead and literally gleams, her black shorts and fitted tee hug her toned body. "Hey I thought you were skipping?" Sunny exclaims when we reach her.

"And go where?" She asks with raised brows. "The library's bloody closed."

"Attention please!" A middle aged woman with short black hair calls from the top bleacher. "Mr Smith and Miss Greaves have gone down with the flu bug, so we have to merge all classes into one." Voices rose and she had to shout over the top to be heard. "I want everyone to take a vest and we'll have an hour of dodge ball. You'll be divided into teams according to the colour of your vest. Let's go people!" Faith lets out a groan and we go to retrieve our vests from the middle of the room. They are lying in a heap on the floor and people fight to get the same colour as they're friends. Sunny manages to get two yellow, and I pick up a red.

She looks back and forth between me and Faith. "How are we going to do this?" Faith rolls her eyes and takes the red from me. "You sure?" Sunny asks with raised eyebrows.

"I wouldn't be good company anyway." She says putting on the red vest, and I'm astounded that she'd give up the yellow vest, so I wouldn't be by myself. We sit together until our respective teams are called. I'm useless at it and keep getting knocked out; but somehow, mostly thanks to Sunny's speed and agility our team make it to the semi-final, where we came up against Rain who looks effortless and flows with a motion I would expect of running water, even Sunny couldn't stand up against him. Faith's red team beats the blue so bad it's almost embarrassing, and we all settle down to watch the final. It's only when I see the teams on the floor I realize its Rain against Faith.

"Cream them Faith!" Sunny screams getting into it. I watch with a spark of excitement in my chest.

Rain as leader stands in the front line whereas Faith hangs back. As the dodging gets underway I spot the girl with black hair that saw me peeping on Faith and Angel yesterday bobbing next to Rain. The game is so fast paced I have trouble catching all the eliminations. The balls thud against skin so hard it'll leave bruises in the morning.

The numbers whittle down and there's a collective gasp as a ball hits the girl with the dark hair hard in the stomach. She doubles over but it's what happens next that makes me gasp. Rain actually stops to tend to her. His strong but lithe hands close around her waist, and I search for Faith to see if she reacts to the show of compassion, and she does...big time.

A shadow passes over her face and she catches a rebound and slams it into the girl's face with enough force she's ripped from Rain's hold, and crumbles to the floor. Behind me the whistle blows.

"Faith!" The teacher shouts jogging over to the downed girl. Faith's eyes are locked onto Rain's, a ghost of a smile plays with his luscious lips as the girl's escorted out the gym. "You do that again," the teacher warns her, "and your team will forfeit." Faith barely glances at her as she passes.

"Man." Sunny says to me. "This is brutal."

The game restarts and within minutes the only ones left standing are Faith and Rain. Barely a hair out of place and looking as fresh as they were at the beginning, they face off against each other. The pace picks

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