

Undercover: Book 1

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Chapter One

There were many opportunities given to a person in life. When going to school, I'm given the opportunity to work hard and be anything I wanted to be in life. A world-class surgeon, a well-known movie director, a lawyer, or, even something more along the fine arts section. I made the risky decision of modelling. I took the opportunity with modelling that could either sore in life and give the career of rich or fame or it couldn't go more than a local commercial. My name's Clover Thompson, but to the world, I'm Lucky.

My mother named me after a four-leaf clover she found while walking inside. Apparently, when she bent down to pick it up it was in that exact moment her water broke. As she was giving birth she held onto the small green clover and when the time came and I popped out, she decided to share the name with me, naming me Clover Thompson. Thompson, being our family name of course. I got the name Lucky when my career went sky rocketing up after my first magazine appearance. It wasn't something that happened at a such a young age which is why they called me Lucky, plus a four-leaf clover is supposed to be lucky. Either way, the name has stuck ever since.

And, speaking of my mother, she wasn't my biggest fan, but I was grateful for the fact that she was the one who started me in the modeling business when I was two years old.

Yes, in case you were wondering, you can find pictures of me today in your local Babies R Us catalog.

Now, I know I'm being a little nonchalant about this whole model business thing but it's because I've done this whole thing for sixteen years all starting in this exact city in Long Beach, California. That is why it didn't take long for me to become Victoria's Secret's number one angel.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

I jumped in my chair as my rather annoying alarm went off for the billionth time. Yeah, I'm not what you would call a morning person. I set, at the least, ten alarms a morning because I have a bad habit of sleeping through them like a groundhog sleeps through winter.

Nah, I don't think I'm *that* bad.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Okay, maybe I'm just a little bad.

But in my defense, I'm technically still a teenager. We like our sleep but today was one of my better days. It's two months into school, so at this point I'm used to the five-thirty wake-up call.

I turned off the rest of my alarms and continued with my usual morning routine. I made sure my fake, latex nose piece that I added on only for school was perfectly on my face before I started French braiding my blond, slightly shower-wet hair to the back. Once the two braids were done, I twisted them together and pinned them up into a bun, a special trick my stylist taught me a few years ago. I put on a new wig cap, slightly wincing at the tightness of it since it's never been worn. After a minute of getting used to the feeling, I added on a long brown messy wig.

I guess I should explain that my life as a model isn't your most typical lifestyle. One of the perks of being the number one Victoria's Secret's Model is that everyone would kill to have you model for them as well as pay you quite a bit for just one photo shoot. One of the downsides, is that your life isn't exactly normal. I was followed from time to time. The paparazzi thoroughly enjoyed trying to find some story that could ruin my perfect image.

They never succeeded though.

Why? Well, simply because they didn't see me outside of my model life. In school, I'm known as Clover Thompson, my legal name. My modeling name is Lucky. It was an easy thing, really, since the world didn't know me by anything else besides Lucky. Now, how does the whole thing work? Outside of school, I dress normally and go on with my life as I usually do. In school, I dress down and change my appearance completely, hence the fake nose.

I know it's a strange thing, going undercover in high school. Who would want to go to school? Well, when you live your life with private tutors, it kind of sucks. That's why I decided to start the undercover in high school thing as soon as I was old enough to attend. It probably all seemed like a lonely life, but I had my best friend, Tori. She's just like me, a model who attends high school, but since she's new to Victoria's Secret, she doesn't get much recognition in school.

I glanced at the clock and knew it was time to start picking up the pace a bit. I stood up from my chair in front of my vanity mirror and went over to my closet. I opened the white doors and stepped into the humongous closet filled with tons of outfits. I walked into the back where my school clothes were located and slipped on a plain, olive-colored t-shirt over my embroidered, black bra and then a warm, oversized hoodie. I then slid on a pair of flared jeans that fit perfectly, completely covering my black lace panties before I pulled on a pair of ankle socks and some Converse to finish off my outfit.

Ding.

I glanced at my iPhone that laid on my vanity, plugged into the charger. I slid my finger across the phone, quickly putting in the passcode and easily unlocking it before going to the messages.

Hey, babe. I'm coming up, Tori had texted and I smiled. Tori was the only one I trusted everything with, from my secret to the key to my house. She was one of those friends you could trust with

your life if it came down to a life or death situation. She was like the sister I didn't get the opportunity to grow up with.

Like the one I could only imagine since she was gone too soon.

Besides that, Tori and I were extremely close and found it easier to take turns driving to school every day. The car I usually use for school is an old, beige-colored Cavalier but the one I prefer to use outside of school is my black Audi R8 coupe. In other words, my life. That car is the one thing I couldn't live without.

Tori lightly tapped on the door before coming in. "Hey, you almost ready?" She handed me my usual drink from Starbucks, a caramel espresso grande. Heaven in a cup.

"Yeah, I just need to remember where I put my glasses yesterday," I said, moving my makeup around on my dresser and opening drawers as I tried to find the square frames.

"You truly show that you're a natural blonde," Tori said, chuckling as she handed me the glasses.

I scowled. "Where'd you find them?"

She rolled her eyes at me. "You left them on the kitchen table."

I sent her a sheepish smile. Of course, I did. Ha, I totally knew that.

Well, I would've known that... eventually.

I slid on the fake glasses and gave myself a quick look in my full body mirror on the wall. "Sexy as ever." I winked and Tori snorted.

"Yeah, the boys will truly be drooling," she said dryly before ushering me out of my room. We headed down the stairs to the living room where I grabbed my gray and black book bag off the plush, white couch.

"You know, I'm starting to think you have some secret boyfriend or something. No teenager on earth is as wide awake as you and in such a hurry to go to school. I mean, it's six-thirty in the morning," I said, dragging my feet behind her as we exited the house, locking the door behind us.

I didn't bother to yell a goodbye, since the house was empty. My parents weren't around very often. I know what you're thinking, wow, another teenager with some oh-so-sad life with parents who weren't around and didn't care. But my life wasn't like that. I mean, sure, my dad didn't care much, but my mother definitely cared when it came to my career. They were both busy—my mom with her fashion companies all around the world and my dad with his full-time job as a surgeon. Trust me, though, it wasn't as bad as it seemed. I mean, I'm used to it.

"You know, life would be good if I had a boyfriend to take me to school. Then I wouldn't have to constantly nag you on not taking forever," she said.

"Please, you truly love me," I said, as we got into Tori's silver jeep, being careful not to spill our drinks on the leather seats. She glanced at her phone, sending a quick text before starting up the car.

I sighed dramatically. "C'mon, Tori. Hurry up and drive before we're late. We don't want to ruin my perfect attendance record, and we don't want your boyfriend to think you got in an accident or something," I said teasingly.

She snorted. "You know I don't have a boyfriend," she chided for the billionth time as she finally pulled out of the driveway and started the not-too-long drive to school.

"You will as soon as next week's catalogue comes out," I said, sending her a wink.

Instead of responding, she turned up the music, letting the top song of the week blast through the speakers.

"I absolutely love Drake," I said with a dreamy sigh. "I can't wait till we go see him in concert next fall," I said, lightly tapping my fingers on my jeans to the beat.

"Yeah, I still can't believe we won tickets to that," Tori said, with an excited grin.

"I know!" I exclaimed matching her excitement.

"I would literally give that man my life savings for a hug." She sighed dreamily.

I couldn't help but chuckle.

That's how I feel about Zayn Malik.

"You know with your connections I'm sure you could even get tickets just by asking." She said looking at me.

I shrugged, "Maybe, but that would involve going to more awards shows and going to more parties."

She rolled her eyes, "Well, the awards shows are something you should want to go to. You get to see so many different artists perform."

"I'm over that phase, but hey, give your career some time, and you'll be where I am and can go to as many awards shows as you want in no time," I said with a knowing smile.

She frowned. "I sure hope so. I mean, you're eighteen and you're getting away with drinking illegally at these parties after your huge fashion shows in New York."

I smiled innocently. "Yeah, let's just keep that to ourselves though." I bit back a small smirk. Believe it or not, that was a one-time thing and since then, I'd vowed to never drink again. I didn't like the feeling of not knowing what I was doing, and I didn't like not remembering every event the next day. Besides the one drinking incident that only Tori and those who were at the party know about, I've had a completely clean record

We fell into a comfortable silence, and I decided to leave it at that with only the music filling the silence in the air till we got to school, since I was dead tired.

It didn't take long until we pulled up at the school parking lot. We went to our lockers together, pushing past people in the crowded hallway. Tori's locker was only a few down from mine.

This was usually the time we would split up, since we only had our lunch together and science at the end of the day. Deciding to say my goodbye, I lightly bumped my hip with hers. "Bye, see you at lunch."

"Bye, see ya then," she said with a wave, and we split up.

Now, time for lovely history with Mr. Stark.

Please allow yourself to notice my sincere sarcasm.

My job here as an undercover student was to be a nerd. If I wanted to stay in a public school then I needed to follow the rules set by my mother and my modeling agent, Mary. My only rules were to stay out of trouble, get good grades, and be on all the teachers' good sides to try to have a normal life. Let me tell you, that's a hard thing when you go to a school with a bunch of girls who care more about gossip than their actual studies.

As I was walking to class, I accidentally bumped into the school's queen bee, the one and only Stacey Heart. She was a real daisy to talk to. I mean, it wasn't hard to picture her in your head, brunette with long, curled hair and short-shorts with a tank top.

Don't ask me how she got past the dress code because I had no idea but it probably had something to do with her sleeping with the hall monitors. I mentally scolded myself; I needed to start paying attention and stop getting lost in my thoughts.

"Watch where you're going, freak," Stacey sneered, pushing my books all over the floor. "You ruined my new shirt."

"Sorry," I mumbled, trying to pat down her shirt with the napkin that had been around my Starbucks cup. She only pushed me back and let out a strangled-sounding noise.

"Don't touch me," she snapped, pushing past me. I let out a sigh and started to pick up my books. But, of course, Stacey needed to make one of her usual scenes and kicked one of my books across the hall and started laughing obnoxiously as the minute bell rung.

Great. I'm going to be late to class. So much for that clean record.

"Go fetch, like the dog you are," Stacey sneered, as she walked away with her Michael Kors' bag sitting on her shoulder and her matching name brand shoes squeaking down the hallway.

Nice. Of course, I had to be her unlucky victim of the day.

I pushed my hair behind my ear as I started to reach for my books, one by one. I glanced at the stragglers left in the hall. Unsurprisingly, there were quite a few people still talking about Stacey's scene.

Like I said, it's a normal thing for her, a new victim has to deal with her bitch wrath every day. When I finally got all but one book, Stacey's friend, Anne, ran over and kicked the book further away from me.

"Oops, sorry, my foot slipped," she said with a fake pout before walking away as the late bell rung.

I huffed out loud. "Cool, fantastic. So much for that good day I was having," I muttered to myself. I grabbed my remaining book and quickly jogged toward my class. I slowed down the pace once I was two doors away and straightened my appearance. I knocked on the locked and closed door. Mr. Stark stopped whatever he was saying and opened it, letting me in, three minutes late.

"Mr. Stark, I'm so sorry I'm late. My books fell on my way here," I lied as I walked into the classroom in front of everyone's piercing eyes, which I decided to ignore. They could stare all they wanted. I mean, it's not like I killed someone. All I did was come in late.

"Well, I'm sorry, Ms. Thompson. I know this is your first time being late but rules are rules. If I let you off, then I have to let everyone off and so you must get a detention," he said.

I held back myself from commenting on the fact that he'd let many students off before and only nodded, keeping a tight smile on my face. I took a seat in the back of the room.

By the time lunch arrived, I'd already decided today was the worst day so far this year as Stacey's group yelled little attention-seeking comments to try to get some type of emotion from me, most likely hoping for tears.

Yeah, right. Like I'm gonna cry over them.

I walked over to where Tori and my other friend, Katy, were sitting. Now, Katy was definitely someone who would never know my secret because she was a total gossip. She knows everything that goes around this school. If I told her, she would spread my secret like wildfire. Friend or not,

she was still a gossip. Don't get me wrong, I mean, I completely accept that about her. I just can't risk my secret, especially since I've made it this far.

"Hey, guys," I said, sitting down at the table with my lunch in hand.

"Hey, Clover," they said in sync, still giggling about something they were talking about before.

Katy suddenly gasped, slamming her hand down on the table loudly, causing a few people to look our way. "Oh, my gosh, Clover!" she said and Tori raised an eyebrow. "Spill the beans. I totally heard rumors about you being Stacey's victim. Tell us what happened," Katy said, placing her head on her hand and leaning forward slightly.

I couldn't help but chuckle. I wasn't even the worst of Stacey's victims. I mean, once a freshman tried to get into her in crowd by offering to carry her books. Stacey had that poor girl not only crying by the end of the week, but somehow, she even got her kicked off the cheer team. A team Stacey's not even a part of.

"Whoa, wait, what happened?" Tori asked with concern.

I waved her off. "It really was nothing." I took a bite out of my chicken salad. Neither one was having it as they stared me down, waiting for me to tell them the story. After three minutes of them just staring at me, I finally broke and told them everything.

"What a bitch," Tori snapped, and I silently agreed. She wasn't the Cinderella of the place, that's for sure.

"You need to stick up for yourself," Katy said and Tori agreed. "You shouldn't let her talk to you like that. You should use that sass you always use toward us," Katy said, giving me an encouraging smile.

"What sass?" I questioned curiously. I thought I was pretty good at hiding that. I mean, I'm told all the time that I can be extremely sassy, but I was good at being a different person at school. A good girl who kept mostly to herself.

"What sass? Honey, you are like, off the scales with how much sass you can have. With the way you talk, to the way you sometimes walk, swaying your hips. You should stop with those oversized shirts and the hoodies. Show off your body; I bet you have curves. You'd probably make even Stacey jealous." Katy took a bite of her own salad.

"Nah, I don't have any curves. Ask Tori, she's seen me in a bathing suit before. I'm that person who has curves in all the wrong places," I lied, waving her off.

"Yeah, no offense, but you're like looking at one of those tall fans. You got little curves that come out of nowhere," Tori said, quickly covering for me.

I almost snorted. Did she really just compare me to a fan?

"I doubt it," Katy argued, giving us a look that said she was unconvinced.

I didn't respond and only shoved a fork full of a salad into my face.

Yeah, like I said, Katy's a well-known gossip.

Chapter Two

After the school day was mostly over, I met up with Tori again. "Hey, hottie," she greeted me, and I returned the hello. "Katy and I are going to the mall, so whenever you finish with detention then feel free to join us."

"I totally would, but I just remembered I have that photo shoot," I said, shoving my books into my locker.

This detention was only making this day even harder.

I looked at the slip I'd been given and frowned. "Shoot! It starts at the exact time detention lets out," I said, looking at Tori, feeling slightly nervous. If I showed up late to work because of detention, Mary would kill me.

"It's okay. Usually, the teacher, Mr. Ollie, falls asleep or forgets about detention duty, so you can easily sneak out, but don't forget to sign your name on the sheet in the front of the room or else you'll get another detention," Tori warned, giving me a reassuring smile.

"I'm not even going to ask how you know that." I shook my head in amusement.

"Forget your homework like I do all the time. Trust me, that's where you'll spend your day." She quietly squealed, as though she just remembered something. "I can't believe it, Clover Thompson is going to do something exciting in school, something bad." She bounced on her heels, the movement causing me to roll my eyes.

"It's leaving detention five minutes early. It's really not that big of a deal," I said, waving her off as she slammed my locker shut.

"Please, you won't even want to leave once you see the guys in there. They're all incredibly hot," she gushed.

I lightly pushed her shoulder while laughing. "Okay, well, I have to go before I'm late for those hot guys."

She stuck her tongue out at me before pulling her bag higher on her shoulder.

I shook my head at her, a small smile playing on my lips. "I'll text you later, after the photoshoot," I told her and she gave me a side hug.

"Okay, bye, girl!" Tori said, waving, as I headed off to detention. I checked the slip: Room 218. I quickly rushed off to the room, with only three minutes to get there. Once I walked in, I frowned, seeing only one group of guys in the back corner.

These must be the guys she was talking about. I signed my name before taking a seat on the opposite side of the room.

I glanced over at them again, and recognition finally set in. Andrew Carter. Now, I didn't know much about him, but from what Katy had told me, him and Stacey were constantly on and off. Plus, he was apparently the one who threw all the school parties. And I won't lie, I have heard a rumor that he was the one who went to juvie his whole freshman year of high school. I'm not even sure how he made it to senior year. We've only had one or two classes together in the past, but never any to really force us to talk. I'd be surprised if he even knew my name.

Andrew seemed to notice my attention and smirked, turning his chair around, so the back was facing me. He sat on it and rested his arms on the top of the chair. "Heya, boys. Look what we have here, Stacey described her new conquest of the week to me earlier and it looks like this one fits her description perfectly. You're the so-called freak who messed with her this morning, right?"

I gulped. Okay, so I really didn't want to be beaten to a pulp by this so-called delinquent, Andrew Carter.

"Awe, babes, did Stace cut off your tongue?" he asked, standing up and moving directly beside me.

I couldn't help but smell the cologne coming off him, giving him the scent of citrus and cigarettes and something else I couldn't put my finger on.

"Can you please just leave me alone?" I asked.

He ran his hand down the side of my face before stumbling slightly, almost falling over the side of my desk. "Ah, does the freak have a name?" he asked curiously, reaching to grab my glasses off my face. I quick turned my head to the side and pushed his hand out of my face.

I stood up and moved to the next seat over.

"Baby, no need to get all mad. I mean I'm on your side," Andrew said and I scrunched up my nose in disgust as he stumbled over to the seat near his friends. "Stacey's a slut."

"It's like you two are made for each other then," I said before quickly covering my mouth.

Okay, that was definitely the wrong thing to say.

I quickly changed the subject before he could process anything I just said, "So, how did you make it all day without the cops picking you up? I mean you reek of booze."

His friends all chuckled.

"Carter here is a big boy. He knows how to convince the big lady here to just keep him in detention for the day," his friend, Zach, said.

I sent him a look of disgust. Who talks about the principal like that?

"Wait, they got it in on? I mean, she's like dinosaur," Jack said.

Andrew stood up on the desk in the front of the room, almost falling over as he tried to balance on one foot. "She's not that bad. She's like forty." He let out a disgusting burp, almost falling over. I watched as he leaned against the chalkboard, looking completely ridiculous. His hair was messy, with pieces falling onto his forehead.

"You do realize how incredibly stupid you're being right now, right? I mean, you're completely drunk and trying to balance on a desk at school when any minute the teacher could come in," I said without thinking, once again drawing their attention to me.

"Oh, should I be doing something else? Something down and dirty with a certain brunette in here?" Andrew asked. "I do have a thing for you brown-haired girls. Although, your face kind of ruins the whole thing."

How priceless. This guy seriously thinks I would ever be into him.

"Sorry to disappoint," I said sarcastically.

Andrew lifted his shoulders up into a shrug. "Oh, well. I mean I've seen worse."

How does this guy even get girls?

"Yeah, remember that one redhead? I mean, if she got that double chin, braces, and glasses taken away then she'd probably be hot," said the third one in his group, Michael.

"You're a pig, you know that?" I said with clenched teeth.

"I prefer the name donkey or jackass, but whatever works for you, Princess," Michael responded.

Andrew stumbled over to me, placing his hand on my shoulder. "So, conquest of the week, what exactly is your name, babe?" he whispered in my ear, in what I'm guessing was supposed to be a seductive tone.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" I said with a wry smile.

"I'd love to." He tucked a piece of my hair back, or rather a piece of my fake hair back. I pushed him away. "Fine, you want to know my name first?"

Michael chuckled loudly, blowing on one of those vapor things. "She probably already knows your name," he said, which was true, but I didn't say anything since Andrew was too drunk to care.

Andrew sent me a drunken smile. "The name is Andrew Carter and yes, if you were wondering..." He paused, putting his hand to his chest, probably trying to stop the throw up from leaving his

mouth. "I sure as hell throw some badass parties. You're welcome to come to the next one, but if you do, which I know you will, wear something a little hotter." He pulled at the sleeve of my hoodie.

"Twelve more minutes of this misery and then I'm free," I muttered to myself after checking the time on my phone.

Who was stupid enough to show up at school completely drunk off their ass? I mean, he's throwing away his whole life and for what? A pack of cigarettes and a twelve pack of beer? It's repulsive. I don't know how Stacey even puts up with this if he's like this on a daily basis.

Jack seemed to hear me because he responded to the comment, "You know, you don't have to stay here. I mean, Mr.Ollie only shows up on Wednesdays. You're safe since it's Monday. "

"No, no, no," Andrew said, jumping down from the teacher's desk and almost tripping into another desk. "The nerd can't leave. I mean, she's too good for all of that. Stacey would be pissed as hell if she found out that you didn't even get a real punishment."

I narrowed my eyes. Was he really threatening me with Stacey?

"I spilled coffee on her shirt; big deal. I can pay for a new one if it's seriously that much of a problem," I snapped, getting fed up with everyone in this room.

"No, it's okay. If you have some place to be then I'll just let her know. She shouldn't mind too much," he said giving me a pathetic taste of sarcasm.

I tapped my nails against the desk irritably, I wasn't in the mood for all of this. "Well, I guess it's a good thing I'm not leaving yet." I said making myself more comfortable in my seat before I pulled out my phone, scrolling through my timeline on Instagram that was mostly filled with celebrities I knew and only a few people from school.

"Huh, I guess so." He said staring at me longer than necessary before he turned to his friends again.

I felt myself slouch slightly as I sighed in relief, happy to have him off my back. It only stayed like that for another fifteen minutes, him and his friends talking and laughing obnoxiously before I knew I had to get going if I wanted to make it in time for my photo shoot.

I doubled checked the time on my phone before I stood up.

"Where do you think you're going?" Andrew asked, noticing my standing figure.

"I need to leave." I said slipping my book bag on my shoulders.

"And what did I say about leaving? Unless you have some type of memory loss and suddenly forgot in this short time?"

I scowled, "Fine, what do you want?"

"I don't know yet." Andrew lightly tapped his stubbled chin with his index finger. "But I'll make sure to let you know when I think of something."

I sighed. "Okay, whatever."

I left it at that and headed out of the room just as my phone rang loudly throughout the hallway. I pulled the device from my back pocket and frowned at the name that appeared on the screen.

"Mary," I said with fake happiness.

"Clover Ann Thompson! Where the hell are you? The photo shoot starts in less than ten minutes! You should be here by now!" Mary yelled through the phone, causing me to cringe, slightly pulling it from my ear.

"I know, I know. I totally forgot, I'm at Tori's house, and I'll leave right now and meet you there," I lied.

I could picture her shaking her head in disappointment. "You should know how important this shoot is. I mean, it's being done by Mandy Francisco," she said with a sigh. "If you want to go to that fashion show this year then you need her to approve everything from this shoot."

I used fake sweetness as I responded to the lecture I've only heard a million times, "Yes, Mary, I know. I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Good, because that's all you've got," she snapped before disconnecting the phone call.

I glanced at my phone and shoved it inside my pocket. "Sure, Mary, my day was fine. Thanks for asking," I said in a posh tone, sarcastically making little faces.

"Do you always talk to yourself or only on special occasions?" a man asked and I gasped, rushing over and throwing my arms around him.

"West Thompson," I said with a wide smile. "What are you doing here?"

"I was in town. I'm supposed to be staying at your place for a night," he told me and I squealed, giving him another hug.

West Thompson is my cousin from my father's side. He didn't come around much, but he's always that one cousin you want to do everything with. He's the one who goes to the parties and the one who will sneak you out of the house if you needed him to. He's that older cousin that you can't help but completely adore.

"You know, you're looking hot right now," he commented, his eyes skimming my nonexistent figure in these clothes.

"Oh, please shush," I said before scanning the parking lot cars, stopping on the familiar Escalade from my garage. The car wasn't 100% mine, but I kept it in my garage for an old boyfriend of mine or, well, current boyfriend of mine. Things were a bit confusing with him since he was a few years older than me and left a while back to join the military. We never really ended things, so I can't exactly say we're together, but it's been about a year if not longer since he left for boot camp and wherever else they shipped him off to.

I took off my glasses and pouted, blinking a few times for the effect. "West, my amazing cousin, want to give me a ride to the shoot?"

"Why else do you think I'm here? Your agent showed up while I was at your house and got all pissed when you she found out you weren't home," he explained. "She sent me to come and pick you."

"How'd you even get in?" I asked accusingly.

He smirked, lightly patting his chest. "I'm West Thompson. How do you think I got in?"

I sent him a flat look. He wasn't amusing.

"You guys still leave the spare key under that rock under the second step out front," West said.

I frowned. "Something told me I should move that."

He waved me off. "Only me and your parents know. It's not a big deal."

I bit my lip, still thinking about it. I mean, they weren't the only ones who knew that since I'd told Tori and Damien, but they were trustworthy, so I wasn't worried. I was just worried about the paparazzi snooping around and one of them seeing it.

"Hey, you alive in there?" West asked, tapping my forehead with his fist, lightly. "C'mon, you've been staring out into space. We gotta go if you want to get there on time, so we don't get killed by Mary."

I nodded. "Right, let's go."

Chapter Three

When West and I arrived at the photo shoot, the scene changed from fun time to the time to get in a serious mood. We walked into the photo shoot on time, and I was immediately taken to hair and makeup. My wig, glasses, and fake nose were all taken off by my stylist. My blond hair was quickly straightened and then left with a messy look. The man in charge of my outfits quickly handed me the new Perfect Shape bra by Victoria's Secret and a matching pair of panties before directing me to the changing room.

I changed out of my baggy clothes and into the red and blue bra set. I immediately loved the way it looked on me. I stepped out of the dressing room and my hair stylist, Jennifer, gushed at the look.

"You look fabulous!" Jennifer said as she pulled at pieces of my hair a bit, trying to keep the messy look.

"Thanks! Isn't this bra adorable? The world is going to buy this up," I said.

"At least you get to keep it," Jennifer said, pouting.

"They'll be out on the market soon enough," I said.

"Good point. On the bright side, we get first dibs," Jennifer said, finally removing her hands from my hair.

"Lucky, you're in room A today for the photo shoot, so hurry. We have to get started if you don't want to get home late," Caitlin, the photographer ordered.

Once I reached room A, I noticed the walls were completely white and there was furniture in the room.

"You ready to get started?" she asked.

"More ready now than ever," I said and Mary sent me a thumbs up from the back of the room.

"Okay, great! Now, for this first one, I want you to go for the sexy look. I mean, this is lingerie after all," she said with a comfortable smile.

I didn't say anything as I posed, biting my lip while scrunching up my hair with my left hand.

She took a hundred shots as I constantly did different poses before instructing me to go change into the next set ready for me in the dressing room. The next bra was a normal push-up bra.

"Now, for this one, I want you to show us who Lucky is. Show us you," she instructed and I nodded.

There were only twenty more sets, some pajamas, others swimsuits, but most of them ended up being just lingerie.

Surprising? I know.

"As always, you can take home everything you modeled today," Mary said, not even looking at me as she texted away on her phone.

I didn't respond as I packed up my belongings, throwing my new clothes into the bag I was given and throwing my school stuff in my book bag.

"I'm ready," I said, opening the curtain as I wore nothing but my black sleep romper with a printed kimono. I was only going home and since it was already ten at night, I didn't really expect any more paparazzi to be hanging around.

"Clove, I don't know how you do that for a living. I mean, I was bored after five minutes," West said, throwing an arm over my shoulder.

I snorted. "Please, if I wasn't your cousin and was some other pretty model then you would've been watching me the whole time instead of your phone."

He couldn't hold back the smile from his face since he knew I was right.

Mary decided to finally look up from her own phone and she plastered a smile on her face. "Good job today."

"Thanks," I said with a small smile of my own.

"Don't forget, tomorrow you have a photo shoot at six, so you'll have a few hours to yourself after school, but I expect you to be jogging at 4:30. We need some new cover photos that aren't located on a Victoria Secret catalogue." She checked her watch and put her own bag over her shoulder.

"Look your best and be prepared for the paparazzi. I expect you to be on time for that," Mary said before doing the *la bise*, also known as the little kiss-kiss thing on both cheeks. "Bye, darling."

"Of course, you will," I mumbled as she walked away.

West coughed loudly, covering up the laughing fit he was having from my little comment.

"You poor thing. I don't know how you deal with that bitch either." He shook his head as he led me out to the car.

"Trust me when I say it takes lots of work. I mean, she's supposed to be my agent, not my friend, so it's what I signed up for when I hired her."

He suddenly looked at me with wide eyes. "Hey, how about we go to that diner near your place? I haven't been to that place in forever."

My own eyes brightened at the thought of the great burger joint nearby. "Mary would kill me if she found out I went there."

"Live a little," he said as we got in the car. "We'll stop at home so you can change into some clothes that won't make a man get a hard-on and then we'll head up there."

I tried to ignore the pleading look he was giving me but eventually decided to give in.

Why not? It's been awhile since I've been there, and West is only here for the night so I might as well do something fun with him.

"Fine, but you're paying," I said.

He made his hand into a fist, pulling his arm toward him, signaling his happiness. "Yes, I could really go for one of those greasy burgers."

I couldn't help but agree. Greasy food sounded amazing right now.

It didn't take long for me to get home and change into a pair of plaid pajama pants and a tank top before we were left again, arriving at the burger joint in less than five minutes.

The place luckily ended up being completely empty besides the employees and a few stray people who were either eating or drinking a coffee as they read today's newspaper.

"Hey, welcome to Kell's Burger! Can I start you guys with anything to drink?" the waitress asked while taking out two menus and placing them in front of us.

"Just a water is fine," I said politely and she nodded, not losing the smile on her face.

"And for you?" she asked West.

"I'll take the same," he replied, looking down at the menu.

"Sounds good. I'll be back with those in a minute. Feel free to take your time and check out the menu while I'm gone," the waitress said.

I made sure to thank her before looking at the food on the menu.

"You know the—" West started, but my focus was on someone else entering the diner in a familiar black leather jacket. Andrew Carter.

Instead of having his hair all down and draped over his forehead like before, it was now back to its usual way, with pieces pushed up and back with only a few strays resting on his forehead, the brown color shining under the light from drops of water that covered it all. He sat down in a chair, draping the black jacket on the back.

"Clove? You're not even listening to me. What are you..." West trailed off, his eyes landing on Andrew. "Who's that?"

I sighed, removing my eyes and focusing on the menu again. "No one," I said simply, pursing my lips.

"No, no, no." West shook his head, "Don't go lying to me now."

I scoffed. "I'm not lying about anything. I have a boyfriend."

This time, it was West's turn to roll his eyes. "That douche is hardly a boyfriend." He took a sip of his drink that I somehow missed the waitress setting down.

"Yeah, so you've said," I mumbled, waving him off.

"Did you guys decide what you want?" the waitress interrupted, and I looked at West with wide eyes. I'd barely even glanced at the menu.

"I'll just take the classic burger with fries and she'll take the same," West ordered.

The waitress smiled. "Okay, anything else?"

We shook our heads.

"Well, then you two made my night easy," she said, sending us a wink. "Your orders will be up soon, hon," she said, lightly patting my shoulder before heading over to Andrew's table. My eyes followed the movement and watched as she poured him a cup of coffee.

"He looks like he's hungover," West commented and I scrunched up my nose. He probably was. "So, want to tell me who he is?"

"He's just a kid in my grade. Total delinquent," I said as I twirled my straw around my drink.

West raised an eyebrow. "Is that so? He's a delinquent? Why don't you invite him to join us? He looks lonely."

I gave him a look that said, "Are you serious?"

"He wasn't lonely earlier when he and his friends were all smoking and laughing together," I retorted.

West dipped his fingers in his water and flicked it at me.

I giggled. "Hey, now! I'd appreciate it if you didn't try to throw water at me with those disgusting fingers that have been who knows where."

He rolled his eyes. "Oh, don't be dramatic."

"I'm Clover Thompson, also known as Victoria's Secret's number one model, Lucky. Of course, I'm dramatic," I whispered, sticking my tongue out at him.

"Wow, why am I not surprised? You're pulling the Lucky card again." He shook his head, and I lifted my head in the air, a conceited look on my face.

"Who do you think the public thinks you're with right now? I mean, the world doesn't know me as Clover Thompson yet," I said.

He didn't respond and only took a sip out of his water.

"Here you go," the waitress said suddenly, handing us each our own plate.

"Oh, my gosh, I'm never going to finish this," I said, letting out a laugh as I looked at the size of the burger.

"Whatever you don't finish, I definitely will," West said before shoving his burger in his mouth.

I twirled a fry between my fingers and looked over at Andrew again. Surprisingly, I found that he was already looking over at me, but with only a curious look. When eye contact was made, part of me wanted to look away, but something about the look in his eyes kept me frozen.

Instead of giving me the look he would typically give girls at school, he kept his face blank, yet held some type of anger in his features. I didn't think the anger was toward me, since he didn't know me as the model, Lucky, but rather toward something else.

"Can you two please stop making gooey eyes from across the room? You're going to make me puke," West said, causing me to scowl and throw a French fry at him.

"Real mature, *Lucky*."

"Yeah, yeah," I said, making a face and he couldn't help but laugh.

"That look," he said in between breaths. "Absolutely priceless."

I didn't respond and only took a small bite of my burger.

"You're eating like a mouse," West said with an amused look.

I rolled my eyes. "Sorry, it's not my fault this burger is bigger than my mouth."

I looked up and saw Andrew standing there; he reached over and grabbed the ketchup bottle from the middle of the table.

"Don't mind me," Andrew said with a smirk, his whole attitude changing.

I didn't say anything and sent West a look that I could only hope he'd understand. I couldn't risk saying anything because whether he was partly drunk or not earlier, he may recognize my voice.

"You're fine, man," West said awkwardly, and I shoved a fry in my mouth to hold back a chuckle.

Attractive, I know.

"Thanks, hot date you got," Andrew said, sending me a wink before walking away.

West looked at me with wide eyes and gave me a look that said, "Is he serious?"

"Who the hell does that?" I asked, just as surprised.

"Maybe he knows we're actually cousins? I mean, he probably recognizes you as Lucky," he suggested. ,

I shook my head, watching as Andrew sat down, flirting with the waitress.

I knew he didn't recognize me. He didn't seem like the type to research models and find out all about their relationship statuses and all that. I mean, the only people who really look into that stuff about a model are the creepy perverts.

I chewed on another fry slowly as I got lost in my thoughts again, watching the man who seemed to corrupt my thoughts lately. It was strange how different he acts. One minute, he looks like he's screaming inside his head because of his sorrows, the next minute, he's dancing on desks while completely drunk off his ass and now... now he's acting like the jerk we all see at school, but not just any jerk, the supposed bad boy, the player, the one and only, Andrew Carter.

Chapter Four

Alarms were never my favorite sound in the world especially when they continuously go off after a late night. I was exhausted and hearing the sound of beeping was enough to annoy anyone this early.

I was up until two o'clock hanging out with West last night, so hearing that beeping wasn't exactly my favorite thing to hear three hours later. Therefore, this morning was starting off like hell already.

West knocked a few times, entering my room with a cup of coffee in his hand. "Ah, rise and shine." He looked all sweaty, probably from his morning jog.

I pouted. "Where's mine?"

He chuckled, ruffling my already bedridden hair. "In a container waiting to be made."

In response, I threw a pillow at him and started getting my stuff together for school. "What are you doing up so early anyway?"

"I have to make that stop and check on my mom's friend and get whatever she wanted to give me and then I have to catch my flight," he said.

I don't get why his mom's friend couldn't just mail whatever it is she's giving him, but since he got a nice visit here, I'd have to say I didn't really mind.

"I wish you could stay longer," I said sadly as I tried to brush out all the knots in my hair. He walked over and gave me a side hug, and I pretended to gag, pushing him away.

"Okay, you smell like sweat. You can go now," I said, plugging my nose and shooing him away.

He only chuckled. "That's what happens when you go jogging on a hot day."

I couldn't help the snort that came from me. "It's always a hot day in Long Beach," I said before walking into my closet and grabbing a pair of leggings and a long t-shirt to cover my butt.

When I walked out, my cousin moved to just sitting back on my bed with his phone in his hand.

I raised an eyebrow. "Do you mind?"

"Nah, not at all. Continue with your little morning routine."

I rolled my eyes, but still did exactly that, taking a shower, I quickly washed my body and hair before getting out. I knew I'd have more time to enjoy the hot water later after my jog.

I brushed out my wet hair and then blow dried it. Once it was completely dry, I got dressed and then headed out to my vanity, doing my usual braids and then the bun before putting on the wig cap and the wig.

I moved onto the nose part and easily put it on before I added my glasses just as my phone rang loudly throughout the room.

"Hello?" West said into the device, since it just so happened to be right next to him. I attempted to grab it out of his hands, but once he stood up, it was nearly impossible, even for me, being 5'10.

He pulled the phone away from his ear and covered it with his phone. "Clove, Tori said that the key's not in the rock. Therefore, you have five seconds to open the door before she beats your ass."

I punched his arm. "Well, go replace it and let her in, you idiot. What were you going to do? Take it with you back to Seattle?" I asked, shaking my head.

He only stuck his tongue out at me before telling Tori that he'd be down in a sec and hanging up the phone.

A minute later, my favorite brunette friend was in my room. "Hey, I thought I was driving today?" I asked curiously as I grabbed my bookbag and made sure my history book was in there since I forgot it yesterday.

"Yeah, I thought about that, but I didn't want to be without a ride if you got another detention," she said with a serious face, causing my jaw to drop.

"You bitch," I said, throwing a pillow at her.

She only burst out laughing. "Please, you know I'm only kidding. I just have my own shoot today so after I drop you off, I'm going straight there."

"Okay, well, I'm ready to go then," I said and she smiled, handing me my usual Starbucks drink. When I walked downstairs, I was surprised to see my parents sitting at the dining room table, drinking coffee. My dad wasn't talking as he read the newspaper and my mother was talking to West, who was seated right next to her.

Hearing me enter the room, my mother and West looked over at me, pausing their conversation.

"Mom," I said with enthusiasm that even a crazy person could see wasn't real.

"Hi, darling," she said, standing up and doing the *faire la bise*, the kiss on both cheeks. "How have you been? I called Mary; she said you've been late recently to your photo shoots." Her smile turned into a look of disappointment.

I frowned. Was she serious? She made it sound like it's a constant thing. It happened once.

"Nothing you should worry about. It happened once and it won't happen again," I said.

"I know it won't," she said, narrowing her eyes slightly before looking down at her wrist, showing off her expensive Apple watch. "Well, as always, I was only stopping in to see how everything was going and to grab more clothes. Oh, and it was a pleasure seeing you again, Tori."

I watched as she picked up her purse and her suitcase before heading out the front door with a small wave.

"Hey, Dad," I said softly as I grabbed an apple from the bowl located on the table.

"I'm leaving as well," he stated monotonously. A sad smile appeared on my face and I couldn't find myself to speak so I only nodded, watching as he closed the newspaper and grabbed his briefcase, leaving in his perfect suit.

If anyone wanted to see what it's like to not live up to your parents' expectations then my parents were the ones to have. My mom constantly traveled around the world to her many boutiques. She sold the best clothes, clothes everyone wanted. Clothes I've even seen people at school wearing. She was like the new Michael Kors or the new Coach. You just had to have her clothes. Now, my dad was a different story. He's a surgeon, so he didn't come home often. He was always doing surgery or he was always at the hospital doing paperwork. At least, that's what he said he did. I wasn't stupid, though, I know that a surgeon can come home eventually even in the busiest hours, but part of me knew he just didn't want to.

I mean every surgeon has to come home for clothes eventually. That is, if they're even still at their so called "home."

He didn't want the responsibility of a daughter who did something as stupid as modeling. He wanted a daughter who was working hard in school, getting perfect grades, going to a school like Harvard or Yale. He wanted the child who would be worth talking about, worth seeing.

A daughter who wasn't me.

"Clove," Tori mumbled softly, pulling me into a hug.

I wiped off a tear that I didn't realize had fallen and pulled away from Tori. "I'm okay, don't worry about it," I said, slathering my own fake smile on my face.

"You know, you could always come live with us. My mom would love to feel like she has a daughter," West said, trying to make light of the conversation.

I chuckled, "No offense, West, but your mom is a little too crazy."

"Yeah, I'd say so," he said, and I grinned. West and his mom were the ones who actually made me feel like I was a part of a family. I should really visit them soon.

I glanced at the time on my phone and knew we had to leave now if we wanted to make it to school on time. "We have to get going, but I'll come visit soon."

He bobbed his head up and down. "Definitely." He gave me a hug and stole the apple from my hand, taking a huge bite out of it. "Bye, thanks for this," he said with his mouth full, making me scrunch up my nose in disgust.

"Bye, West," Tori said while sending him a wave as we headed out to the car. We both got in and buckled up and made light conversation the whole way.

"Wait, so you're telling me *the* Andrew Carter was in detention at the same time as you? You're so lucky," she said with a look of veneration.

I raised an eyebrow. "He was completely drunk."

What was so great about sitting in the same room as a drunk idiot?

"I know, but he paid attention to you the whole time. That's a rare thing for him. He usually talks to the girls who will put it out just by him breathing as he walks past," Tori said.

I couldn't hold back a laugh. She had a point.

"Kind of like you?" I asked, causing her to look at me with a glare and smack my arm before focusing back on the road.

"Please don't let me die with my last conversation being about the school's player," I said, pretending to look up at the sky.

"You're a jerk," she said, shaking her head in amusement as we arrived at school.

Together, we walked up to the front of the school. No one bothered to glance in our direction, but I did notice Andrew was standing with Stacey, leaning over her, probably flirting endlessly.

"No," Tori said, quickly noticing where my attention was at. "He may be incredibly hot, but you're not allowed to even be interest in him. That guy will break your heart quicker than you can say sex."

I looked away from the couple and nodded. "I know. I just met the guy yesterday. I'm not interested in him, and I probably never will be. I have Damien, remember?"

"He barely counts as a boyfriend. I mean, long distance relationships don't work. You haven't seen each other in over a year," she said honestly.

"He'll be coming home soon," I said, letting the conversation end there.

He was only gone for training again. That's it. He'd be back soon.

But what about after training? He'd eventually be sent off somewhere else. I didn't mention that to Tori since she probably already knew. I seemed to be the only one denying it at this point, but it's because I cared for him. He wasn't just some random guy, though. He held a part of my heart and in some way, he probably always will.

"Listen, I'll see you at lunch. Keep your thoughts away from the gutter, aka Carter, missy," she ordered.

"The thoughts are long gone, Tori. Now, I'll see you later," I said, making her eyes narrow slightly, a sign she didn't believe me.

But it was true. I wasn't interested in Andrew Carter. He's just some delinquent.

"Goodbye, Tori," I said, not even looking at her as I reached into my locker to grab my last book and shoved it in my locker.

"Last time I checked, my name wasn't Tori, but I guess people do get that mixed up with the words tasty or talented when describing me," an annoyingly familiar voice said from next to me.

I jumped, hitting my head on the top of my locker. I squeezed my eyes tight and pressed my hand to the top of my head. Yeah, that hurt like a bitch. I opened my eyes and stepped back, looking at Andrew.

"Hey, babe, miss me?" he asked.

"Sorry, do I know you?" I asked, faking sincere curiosity.

"You know you do," he said, leaning against the locker next to mine. Today, he looked back to normal. Instead of completely wasted or hungover, he looked freshly showered and smelled a bit like mint instead of cigarettes and even like some Calvin Klein cologne.

"Sorry, I don't think I do," I said, continuing with the fake attitude as I now pretended to actually be apologetic.

"We spent time together in detention. Remember? You owe me because I didn't tell Stacey about you leaving early," he said, and I cringed.

It was impossible to forget about that, but I was hoping he was too drunk to remember. I didn't even tell Tori about it because I thought it would all blow over. Apparently not, though.

"I've never had a detention," I said as I closed my locker and focused my full attention on him, hugging my books to my chest.

"You're playing with me right now because I was drunk yesterday, right?" he asked, stepping away from the locker. "Mike," he called over his friend and I panicked. There goes my 'make him think he's crazy' plan.

"I'm going to be late to class. I hope you find the girl you're looking for, though," I said before heading in the opposite direction just as his friend from yesterday showed up.

I glanced back only for a minute and made eye contact with Andrew, who was looking at me with a smirk.

He totally knew I was lying for sure now.

I quickened my pace and got to Mr. Stark's room before any of the bells went off. I took my usual seat in the front of the room. While I waited patiently for the bell to ring, I started on the homework.

On my way to lunch, I had another encounter with Andrew, who was waiting at my locker.

I wouldn't be surprised if he'd never left the spot this morning.

"What do you want?" I asked, opening my locker.

"You were good earlier, I'll admit that. I almost thought I was that drunk yesterday, but it doesn't matter now because I figured out what you're going to do," he said, making me stop what I was doing and look at him, raising an eyebrow as a signal to continue talking.

"Oh, and what am I going to do exactly?" I asked, not at all amused or excited.

"You're supposedly some nerd, so you'll do my homework. I have a book report due Friday along with a history project. You'll come over and do both," he said.

I burst out laughing. "You can't be serious." I shook my head as I grabbed my last few books for the day before shutting my locker. "Why would I come to *your* place to do *your* homework?"

He shrugged. "You owe me."

I thought it over, and it wouldn't be that bad. Only those two things? Seemed easy enough. Plus, I've already seen a couple different sides of this Andrew Carter. Maybe spending some time with him could make me discover who he actually was. The drunken fool? Or something more? Either way, for some reason I was curious and I definitely wanted to know the answer.

"So, only those two things and then I'm free?" I asked, although I couldn't care less about this deal. It was my goal of knowing more about the rumored delinquent than anything else.

He shook his head. "Oh, my bad. I forgot to mention. You'll be doing it for the next month."

I scoffed. "No way in hell. One week."

"Four weeks."

"Two," I argued and he thought it over.

"Fine, two it is," he agreed.

"And I'll do it at my own time at my house."

This time, it was his turn to argue. "No, because you need to do quality work. Not your AP quality work."

I smirked, tilting my head to the side a bit. "So, I just need to forget to dot my *I*'s, write my name, and only do half the assignment then?" I asked sweetly, causing him to glower.

"You're not funny. I'll see you at my house after school," he said.

I stared to argue, but he had already started walking away.

"I don't have your address," I yelled and he just kept walking.

"I'll text it to you," he said before walking out of the building. Yes, in the middle of a school day.

I started heading toward the cafeteria where Tori and possibly Katy were waiting. I wasn't sure how he'd text me since he didn't have my number, but I didn't bother to question it. When I entered the cafeteria, it was obnoxiously loud due to all the booming voices from my classmates. I spotted Tori and Katy in their typical spot and headed over there.

"Oh, my gosh, Tori. I am never listening to you again," I groaned, sitting down on the bench.

"Why? What'd I do now?" Tori questioned.

"I may have failed to mention earlier that I left early from detention like you told me to, and Mr. Ollie wasn't there, but Andrew and his group were there, so he blackmailed me that he would mention it to Stacey if I didn't do something for him. Now, I'm doing his homework for the next two weeks."

Katy leaned over the table, her eyes sparkling with something I wasn't sure of. "Oh, my gosh, you are so lucky! He can, like, make you have a make-out session with him for hours. I'm not seeing the problem with this."

I cringed. Didn't she see that was the last thing I wanted to do?

"Wait, why would it be a big deal if he told Stacey?" Tori asked, confused.

I sighed. "She has some mysterious vendetta against me just like the rest of the school population, so she'd be pissed if she found out she didn't win a round of 'Who's the better bitch' yesterday. I mean, she purposely did all that so I'd be late and she'd look better."

"She has a mysterious vendetta against everyone," Tori agreed. "I heard she already had two girls running off crying after an encounter today."

"Oh! I heard about that too! Apparently, one was the new girl and the other was Clancy, that really spunky girl with purple hair. Head of the dance team?" Katy said.

I nodded, recognizing the name immediately.

"And still, it's Andrew Carter. You get to see where he lives. Who he lives with. Haven't you heard that the most secret part of a boy is where he lives?" Katy gushed once again.

I only shrugged, playing it off like it wasn't that big of a deal. Although, in reality that's how I'd probably learn the most about who he really is.

"I don't like him, though. Plus, he is the school's player who's constantly getting in trouble. I don't want to get involved with that. No one around here would want me to either because, apparently, I'm the school's nerd. The player and the nerd don't mix." I was partly telling the truth since I really didn't need the attention, but curiosity was a little more ruling in this situation.

Katy pouted, turning her head to the side. "Only a few people think that. It's something Stacey's friend, Hailey, started a while back when you did all the work for the project you were paired up for."

"Thanks for letting me know," I muttered.

"Well, you still don't have to talk to him exactly. You just do his school work," Tori said and I silently agreed. She did have a point. If things all go downhill, that'll be my escape route.

"Okay, you've got a point there, but I'll be right back. I have to make a call, and I'm going to go get a salad," I said and the girls nodded.

"Wait, Clover! Can you grab me a cheeseburger?" Tori asked.

"Sure," I said and went to get my lunch. See, that's the wonderful thing about Tori. She can eat whatever she wants and will never gain a pound. It's nice for her, but I have to admit, I sometimes felt jealous since I have an agent who makes me run a few miles a day because I gained one pound.

One, not two, just one.

Ever since that one time, she's made me run almost every day to keep in shape and gave me a strict diet. One I broke last night with those fries and burger, but she won't ever know that.

"What do you want?" the lunch lady asked, staring blankly at me. Her flat tone showed off just how much she really likes this job of hers.

"Can I have a cheeseburger and a chicken salad, please?" I asked sweetly.

"\$7.50," she said, handing me my lunch.

"Thank you and keep the change for yourself," I tell her, handing her a twenty-dollar bill, hoping it will brighten up her day a little. I walked over and handed Tori her burger, and I set down my own salad before heading off to make that call.

I had to call Mary back since I missed a call from her earlier. I stepped outside and dialed her number, waiting patiently for her to pick up.

"Hello," Mary said into the phone.

"Hey, sorry I missed your call. I was in class," I apologized.

"It's fine. I just wanted to let you know you're going to New York this coming weekend. We're leaving Friday."

I squealed from excitement.

"You can also tell Tori that she has been chosen to model one set, but since she doesn't have her wings yet, it will be only the swim line. It's the best Megan could get for her."

I squealed again. "Oh, my gosh! Yes! I can't wait! I'll make sure to tell her. Thank you so much!"

I could hear the smile in her voice. "You're welcome. Now get back to class."

I nodded before remembering she couldn't see me. "Okay, see you later," I said before hanging up and squealing once more, jumping up and down.

I calmed down before going back inside, sitting in front of my salad. "I'm back; sorry, guys, had to call my manager for work."

They nodded.

"Oh, and Tori, I have to tell you something important later, so make sure to meet me at my locker at the end of the day," I said, trying to hide my excitement.

"Okay and you're not going to believe this. My mom called me and told me I have to have dinner with her new boyfriend tonight. She thinks he's 'the one,'" Tori said, rolling her eyes.

I gave her an apologetic look. Her mom did that often, bringing home her boyfriends and claiming they were the one for her. It always sucked for Tori, since she lost her dad when she was little.

"I'm sorry, girl. Good luck and make sure to call me about it after," I said, standing up as the bell rang.

"See you later, Katy," I said before heading to science with Tori.

"Okay, I can't wait until the end of the day, so guess what!" I said, grabbing her arm and forcing her to stop and look at me.

"What?" Tori said, looking slightly amused as I was almost bouncing with every step I took. "I'm going to New York this weekend for the fashion show!" I whispered quietly.

"Oh, my gosh, you're so lucky!" Tori whisper-yelled. Then she winked at me. "See what I did there?" she added, making me laugh.

"I know right! But that's not it. My best friend, Tori, is going, too," I said, squealing.

This time, Tori joined in. "You're kidding, right? You have to be. There's no way I made it." She shook her head and I grabbed her hands, jumping up and down, not caring about the weird looks we were getting from passing people.

"Call Megan. She'll tell you," I said and she nodded.

"Uh, I totally will," Tori said before squealing, "I can't believe this is happening!"

She suddenly looked at me seriously. "You have one problem. What are you gonna do about Andrew all weekend?" Tori questioned as we began walking to our class again.

I frowned. "Forget about him. I can just tell him I won't be home, no big deal." I waved her off before letting a wide smile appear on my face. "We're going to New York, baby!" I whispered quietly, and she smiled so widely that I don't think it would disappear even if someone were to smack her right now.

Chapter Five

I leaned my head on my hand, trying to listen to everything my science teacher, Mr. Reagan was saying.

"Can you focus on anything he's saying?" Tori whispered and I shook my head, glancing to make sure he wasn't paying attention to us talking.

"I just want to go home and pack right now," I whispered back and she nodded eagerly.

Mr. Reagan cleared his throat loudly and gave us both a pointed look. I shrunk back in my seat awkwardly and mumbled an apology. I wasn't one to get yelled at by teachers often, but my science teacher was an exception. Since this was the only class I've had with Tori, we tended to get in trouble a lot; whether it's whispering to each other or texting back and forth. Heck, he gets mad just for us glancing at each other.

"Okay, I have your list of partners for this month's project right here. It's Miranda and Alex, Tori and Clover, Stacey and Hailey, Andrew and Michael, and oh, wait, this is the seating chart. Hold on one second."

I frowned looking at Tori. "So close." She muttered and I frowned, nodding in agreement.

"I know."

"Ah, here it is. Okay, Stacey and Alex, Tori and Michael, Andrew and Miranda, Clover and Eric..." He continued with the list but I tuned out once I heard who I was partnered with.

"Hey, at least your partnered with someone smart," Tori whispered to me before looking over at her partner with disgust who sat across the room next to Andrew.

"Any questions?" Mr. Reagan asked, finishing the list and hanging it on the chalkboard with a magnet.

I looked around and noticed my partner wasn't here so I raised my hand. "Yeah, my partner isn't here." I said awkwardly.

"Huh, well we're starting this today, so you can be with Andrew since his partner isn't here either. I'll just switch those around and pair those two together instead." He said making my eyes go wide.

"No, it's okay. Really it's no problem. I can wait till he comes back." I insisted but he waved me off. Partners are officially settled now. Get with each other and look at the sheet from earlier to pick your topic.

Everyone hesitantly moved over to their partners, but I decided not to move and waited for the obnoxious bad boy to move by me. "Slut." Stacey muttered walking past me as she moved over by her partner, Alex.

I look back at Andrew who was sitting in his chair with his head back and eyes closed.

Yeah, he was sleeping.

I huffed loudly and pick up my books from my desk, walking over to him. I kicked the chair leg hard, enough to make it at least shake a little. "Hey, sleeping beauty. Wake up." I snapped but he didn't budge. I lightly patted his cheeks but cringed when drool lightly dribbled down the side of chin.

Lovely.

"Ew," I mumbled before shaking his shoulder. "Andrew!" I said louder causing him to jump up in surprise.

"What? What happened? Is class over?" He asked rubbing his hand up his face and into his messy hair after realizing there was no dire emergency.

"We're partners," I said sitting in the seat next to him.

"What class are we even in?" He asked confused making me look up at the ceiling, silently praying this is just a dream and I really wasn't stuck with this completely incompetent idiot.

"Clover, Andrew, do you have your topic?" Mr. Reagan asked and I cringed, quickly skimming the sheet for a topic.

"Yeah, we're going to do the food one," Andrew said confidently making my eyes snap to him.

"We're what?" I questioned with narrowed eyes. I don't remember agreeing on this.

"Very well." He said walking away to the next group.

I stared at Andrew with confusion and he only looked back at me with a challenging look. "What's wrong? Surprised I actually knew what we were doing?" He asked harshly making me frown.

"So you weren't sleeping before?" I asked and he only shook his head.

"Clearly not." He said looking down at his paper. "So we're doing the topic, 'Can food affect your mood?' It's an easy A and we get to eat." He added on, his tone less harsh then before.

"Did I do something to offend you?" I asked suddenly. I couldn't understand where the harshness was coming from. I mean sure he's annoying but I didn't say anything that would actually hurt him.

"No." He said pulling out his phone and texting furiously to someone.

"Okay, well, when are we going to work on this? I mean clearly, we can't be bringing food into the classroom so we can just do the paperwork stuff in here and the eating and note taking outside of school." I said, writing that on the side of the paper as well.

"Sounds fine to me." He said not bothering to look up at me.

"How about tomorrow then?" I asked slowly. It was strange that he was acting this way when just earlier he was all flirty and ready to mingle.

"You'll be over later so we can just start then." He said finally looking back up at me again.

"Fine," I said slightly clenching my pen. This monotone Andrew was slightly infuriating. How can a guy go from constant flirting to a complete closed off douche in just hours? Were girls this bad?

"So," I started in a more upbeat tone. "What homework do you have tonight?" I asked curiously, a lame attempt to start a conversation.

"Didn't we already go over this?" Andrew questioned boredly, typing away at his phone again.

"Nope," I answer while lightly tapping my nails on the desk.

Yeah, I was one of those people in class.

He finished off his text before setting it on the desk and turning so he was looking at me. His cold exterior was now gone and replaced with a more confident look that reeked cocky. "Why? Excited to get to my place?" He asked causing me to stare at him blankly.

I blinked a few times to see if he was serious. He continued on before I could respond. "Listen, I know a nerdy virgin like you probably doesn't do the whole sex thing, but I'm feeling generous. I'll give you one time for free, but if you mention it to Stacey then you're digging your own grave." He whispered to me causing my jaw to drop.

My hand twitched, wanting to slap him. "You're a complete dick. You know that, right?" I asked but he only leaned back in his chair.

"I don't mind. I mean it would be my community service for the week. You should feel proud that I'd even do you for free. I mean you've got no boobs and no ass." He said making me frown, highly offended. I mean even though my shirt covered my butt and you could tell I at least had something there.

He clearly doesn't have room for imagination with that ego.

"Um, I would never need nor want sex from you. Sorry, buddy, but I've seen and met hotter than you." I said lightly patting his shoulder. There was no way I was letting him get away with that comment and keep the upper hand.

"I'm the school's notorious bad boy, the player. Of course you want this." Andrew said gesturing to his own fit body.

"The only thing your notorious for is pulling fire alarms and playing with matches." I said turning my head to the side slightly and sending him a fake apologetic look.

"Pulling the fire alarm? Baby, I do way worse than pull some fire alarms. But if you would like me to, I could show you some time." I quietly snorted and sent him a disgusted look.

"No thanks. I prefer guys who have an IQ higher than twelve." I said causing him to narrow his eyes.

"Man, who knew you were such a bitch. No wonder Stacey doesn't like you." He said turning back so he was facing front.

I sighed, maybe I was a little harsh. No, wait he started it with his demeaning comments. Not all women want him. I mean sure he's hot, but if he didn't bring his ego down from the clouds then he would surely end up alone with nothing but his hand to satisfy him.

The bell suddenly rung, not giving me a chance to reply. I stood up and gathered my books and he did the same, except he had no books to gather so he only stood there waiting for me.

"Yes?" I asked once I was finished.

"You riding home with me?" He asked making me mentally cringe. This new wig cap was squeezing my head to death. I just wanted to take it off and go have a nice bath with rose petals and candles.

Typical? I know, but hey, they leave you with a great smell.

I looked over at Tori who was waiting impatiently at the door. Right, she has that photo shoot. She wouldn't have time to drive me to his house. For all I know it could be the complete opposite direction.

"Yeah, if you don't mind." I said and sent Tori a signal with my hands, waving them show she would know that she's good to go. I sent her a quick text as well before facing the bad boy.

"Okay, let's go then." He said walking ahead. I followed him out and wasn't surprised to find Stacey standing there waiting. "Baby, you're still coming over, right?" She asked batting her lashes and pushing her boobs on his arm.

"No, plans changed. I've got homework." He said making her giggle loudly.

"Please, you don't do homework." She said, but he only stepped back in response.

"I'll talk to you later, Stace." He said before heading to the front school doors.

"This is your fault, you nerdy bitch." Stacey snapped, backing me into a locker.

I hummed quietly to myself to stop myself from punching her fake nose. I smiled sweetly and turned my head to the side, "Sorry, I don't think I have any idea what you're talking about." I said batting my own eyelashes before sliding past her and following after Andrew.

I heard her small scream of frustration causing me to laugh quietly to myself. When we got to Andrew's car I was more than surprised to see an old, dark blue volvo from 2000. The car name I only knew from the side, but it still wasn't what I was expecting. Most people around here had some nice 2016 cars, but he seemed proud of his older car.

"Don't look so surprised." He said suddenly after we were both seated and buckled. I looked at him in confusion, waiting for him to continue on. "If it's not your cup of tea then you can walk. I worked hard for this car, so if your probably rich ass doesn't want to sit in here then the doors right next to you." He snapped and I shook my head, waving my hands in front of me.

"No, there's nothing wrong with your car. I was just surprised that you didn't have some nice and expensive jeep or something. You have the rich look." I said causing him to roll his eyes.

"Yeah, because rich has a look." He said sarcastically as he started the car and pulled out with the rest of school traffic.

"I didn't mean it like that." I sighed. "You just carry yourself so confidently and you always are with Stacey so I just figured-"

"-Figured that I'm some rich guy who gets all of his daddy's money." He said causing me to cringe.

"No, I-" I cut myself off this time because it's exactly what I thought. Guilt filled me knowing I was just another judging bitch. Nothing else was said between us as he drove the way to his house. After ten minutes, we arrived at a white, two story house. The lawn was perfect with a nice garden in front of the house and many outside decorations.

"I'm sorry." I said softly as he shut off the car. "I wasn't thinking."

Andrew shrugged, "It's whatever. I'm over it." He responded, getting out of the car and heading towards the house. "My sister goes to a boarding school in Seattle and rarely comes to visit so you don't worry about her and my mom's at work so don't worry about her either." He explained without me asking. I only nodded in response. I was curious about why he didn't mention his dad, but something told me it wasn't my place to ask.

"You have a nice house." I said as we entered.

I caught the picture of his mom, sister, and him on the wall and felt my heart warm. I remembered when my house had family pictures of us coating the walls. Even individuals and different portraits

dedicated to us. It was sight I couldn't forget, I refused to forget. But maybe that's because next to that vision is watching them all break into pieces.

"Yeah, it's not bad." He said interrupting my thoughts as he threw his jacket off and onto the couch and entering the kitchen that was connected. "You hungry?" He asked me as he looked into the fridge.

"Yeah, any chance you have stuff for a salad?" I asked sitting on the stool at the cute breakfast bar.

"Yeah." He said taking out a bag of lettuce, some fruit and vegetables along with a bag of shredded cheese. "Come make it yourself." He said taking out a frozen pizza and sliding it in the oven without even waiting for it to preheat.

"You sure that's all you want?" Andrew questioned after he turned on the timer.

I smiled, "Yeah, thanks." I said throwing some lettuce in the bowl and adding on cucumbers, tomatoes and cheese. I looked in the fridge and pulled out the brand-new bottle of Italian dressing.

"Hey, do you care if I open this?" I asked and he only shrugged.

"My mom loves salad. She buys a new bottle every week so she won't care." He said as he washed his hands. I pulled off the wrapping and shook the bottle before attempting to squeeze some of its contents out. When nothing came out I looked down at the cap and squeezed it lightly.

I gasped suddenly as Italian dressing squirted up at my face, directly on my glasses.

Fan-freaking-tastic.

"Loser." Andrew snorted, handing me a paper towel. I sent him a glare as I took off my glasses and wiped off the liquid.

Andrew suddenly waved his hands in front of my eyes making me smack his hand away and give him a look that said 'what the hell?'

"So you can see without your glasses then?" He said dropping his hand back to his side.

I rolled my eyes, "Yeah, it's just easier to wear them all day though instead of taking them on and off." I explained, but he didn't seem to care that much as he grabbed them from my hand and held them up above his head so I couldn't grab them.

"You have nice eyes." He complimented, stepping back as I tried jumping for the lenses.

"Thanks, now can I have those back." I asked and he shook his head no.

"You said you don't need them, so why wear them now? It's not like you need to read anything." He said and I opened my mouth to respond but closed it immediately when I couldn't think of anything to say. I huffed and threw a handful of lettuce at him.

He smirked, "Baby, have I ever told you how hot you actually are? I mean those leggings are hot and tight on you." He teased making my cheeks tint a pink color as I tried to reach up and grab the glasses again. I suddenly felt his finger touch my waist making me jump a little and step back.

"You're a pervert, you know that?" I snapped causing his smirk to widen.

"What's wrong, Cloves? Does it bother you when I compliment you? Get you all hot and bothered?" He asked causing my glare to deepen. Compliments were something I was use to thanks to the whole model business, but still something about Andrew Carter saying it had me glowing red.

"Can you not." I asked facing toward my bowl of salad.

"I think it's cute that it bothers you. No need to hide." He said and I still didn't turn around, only shoving a fork full of salad in my mouth. I jumped suddenly as I felt something cold hit my back. I ran my hand to the cold spot and felt my jaw drop as I saw a white colored sauce on my hand. That ass just threw ranch at me.

"You did not just do that!" I snapped, turning around and he only looked at me innocently.

"Do what?" He asked with his hands hiding behind his back. I shook my head at him and threw the glass of water that was sitting on the counter at him.

"Oops, i'm so sorry. My hand twitched or something." I replied with the same fake innocence. Andrew wasn't having it, though as he opened a container that had chocolate cupcakes in it.

"Don't you dare." I said backing up slowly. The beautiful cupcakes we all combined into a cake and had the words 'congratulations on your A' spelled out on them. He didn't seem to care as he threw the sweet cupcake at me. Hitting me directly in the face.

"Andrew, you're so dead!" I yelled as I grabbed the rest of my salad and dump it all on him.

"What's wrong, baby? You can't handle me fighting back?" He teased, chucking another cupcake at me, one I barely missed. He quickly got me with the sprayer connected to the sink.

I gasped at the cold water and narrowed my eyes at him. "You jerk!" I snapped wiping off my eyes. I quickly grabbed the two dressings and pointed the bottles at him in defense. Would you like some Ranch or Italian with that? How about both?"

"Don't you dare." He said pointing the sprayer towards me. I stepped forward so I was inches away and leaned my lips closer to his ear causing him to unconsciously loosen his grip on the sprayer.

"Or what?" I asked seductively in his ear before squeezing the bottles and getting it all over his shirt.

Andrew looked disgusted with the dressing as he wiped it off the part of his neck it hit. He easily lifted his shirt over his head and threw it on the ground. I smiled slightly at the bit of ranch that dripped on his hair.

I wasn't sure how we got this point when just ten minutes ago we weren't even on speaking terms, but I guess something was bound to happen since I threw the lettuce at him. It was in his personality. He had that arrogant, yet playful personality more than anything.

My eyes very noticeably travel down his chest, clearly noticing the nice six-pack he had. I turned around to hide my red face. My thoughts traveling to my make up. Sure it was all expensive makeup I was wearing but I definitely wasn't wearing any waterproof today. I could only hope nothing was becoming noticeable.

I suddenly felt a bare chest against my back making my heart speed up slightly. His warm breath was against my neck as he talked slowly and seductively. "Clover," He started softly. "Baby, If you wanted to play dirty all you had to do was ask." Andrew said, trailing his hand up the side of my neck making me stiffen. His hand went into my wig and before I could even react to what was happening it was already too late.

Chapter Six

"Clover," Andrew started softly. "Baby, if you wanted to play dirty, all you had to do was ask," Andrew said, trailing his hand up the side of my neck, making me stiffen. His hand went into my wig and before I could even react to what was happening, it was already too late. He pulled the back of my shirt and sprayed whip cream all down my back. I gasped, jumping away, not missing the huge whiff of cream that was suddenly sprayed all over my hair.

My jaw was stuck completely open. "Andrew Carter," I gasped.

"Oops," he said, smirking, before pretending to look at a nonexistent clock on his wrist.

"Look at the time," he said, shaking his head and tapping his wrist. "Guess we should change so you can get started on my homework and not get food all over my furniture."

"You're just scared because you were losing," I retorted, crossing my arms over my sticky chest.

"No, no, no," he said, shaking his head and putting one arm over my shoulder. "Haven't you ever heard of the saying, stop while you're ahead?" he asked, doing a little wave with his other hand as if there was something in the air that said those words and his hand was underlining them.

"Hey, you haven't always had blond highlights, have you?" Andrew asked suddenly, picking up a piece of my real hair that must have fallen out of my braids.

"Yeah, I got them last year but they're starting to fade," I lied, thinking quickly on the spot.

"Really? I've never noticed," he said, dropping the piece.

I gave him a wry smile. "It's not like you've known me or even ever really noticed me before," I said, stepping away. "Not that that's exactly a bad thing," I mumbled under my breath.

"Well, I think the blond goes well with you," he said as our eyes made contact. "I'm gonna go take a shower cause I smell like ranch and cupcakes so I will be back. If you want, you can go wash up in that bathroom," Andrew said before disappearing for a minute. He reappeared with a pair of black, skinny collegiate pants and a black t-shirt.

"Cool, thanks," I said and he sent me a nod before heading back upstairs. The bathroom was easy to find, but I didn't feel comfortable showering in someone else's house so I wiped myself off with the small washrag as much as I could before changing. As I pulled up the pants, they fit surprisingly well, but the shirt wasn't exactly my favorite, as it was tight on my boobs. I sighed before removing my wig and rinsing it out. It didn't take long, since I decided to only get out what I could for the moment before going through the process of putting it back on.

"This outfit looks awful on me," I muttered to myself as I exited the bathroom. I wondered if he had a shirt I could borrow because it was clear his sister was a bit smaller than me.

"Hey, nerd, I just noticed something," Andrew said, glancing up at me while cleaning the kitchen.

"What? That you're a jerk?" I asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Ha, you're funny." He rolled his eyes as he reached into the fridge and poured a glass of orange juice. "Want some?"

I shook my head.

After putting away the juice, he leaned against the cabinet and looked at me carefully. "I just noticed that you're pretty hot, you know?"

"And you're still annoying," I retorted.

"You're not very creative, in case you were wondering," he muttered before taking a sip of his drink.

I ran my hands down my face in irritation before taking another deep breath. This guy was trying my patience. "Anyway, what time is it?"

He looked down at his phone. "'Four-fifteen."

"Where's your homework? I have to get it done now," I said and he raised an eyebrow curiously. "I have to leave soon."

"In that case, you do the work, and I'll start cleaning up here," he said, gesturing around the messy kitchen.

"Sounds good then," I said, sitting at the table. His research paper was fairly easy to start on since he already had his topic. I went through and Googled a few sources before I actually started the writing process. If there was something I loved doing in school, it was research papers. Not your typical essays, actual research papers. There was so much thought that went into them and the actual researching part could be fun as well.

"You're fucking weird," Andrew said suddenly, making my eyes snap up to him as he held the broom and just stood there staring at me.

"How so?" I responded, wondering where that random comment came from.

"Because either you're looking up porn on my computer or you actually enjoy doing homework. Either way, they both scream that you're fucking weird," he replied.

"You caught me. It's definitely the porn," I said, nodding with a thoughtful expression. "I just couldn't help myself when one of your videos came up."

Andrew scowled. "You're just hilarious."

"And you, sir, are a big stick in the mud."

"You could, at the very least, try to act like you're not a complete nerd," Andrew responded.

"What's the fun in that?" I questioned before going back to his paper. I got about a paragraph and a half in before my phone started blaring.

"Wait a second? Clover actually has friends?" Andrew said sarcastically.

"At least I don't stick *it* in all of mine," I said, pointing with my eyes down to his crotch.

"At least I have somewhere to stick it," he responded and we both gave each other a look that said, "What the hell are we even talking about?" before bursting out laughing.

"Let's just leave it at that," I said, chuckling, before finally deciding to answer my phone.

"Clover?" Mary said.

"Hey, Mary," I said awkwardly, knowing that if she was calling then it was probably for nothing good.

"Can you please explain to me why you are not jogging at this very moment?" Her politeness turned into screaming into the line by the end, which caused me to cringe. "We are leaving for New York in two days. You need to be perfect. So, if you are not outside jogging in the next ten minutes, you won't be modeling for the next month!" Mary said sternly into the phone before hanging up.

I sat there frozen, phone in hand. The thought of not modeling made my mind wander to what it would be like to not be famous. I decided I should get going.

"You okay?" Andrew questioned, causing me to jump. I'd almost forgotten he was here.

"Oh, uh, yeah, I'm fine," I said, still feeling slightly dazed. "Just a little trouble at work." I waved him off. "Listen, would you mind if I borrowed this outfit and brought it back to you tomorrow? I have to go and I don't really have time to change and all that."

"Yeah, like I said it's my sister's and she's away at school, so it's not like she'll be looking for them." He leaned the broom against the wall.

"Thanks," I said, sending him a small smile.

"I can give you a ride to wherever you need to go," he said.

"I don't live too far from here so I can walk. Thanks, though," I said, standing up and grabbing my stuff.

"You sure?" he asked.

"You know, I surprisingly didn't have an awful time with you today, Andrew Carter," I said and he smirked.

"Yeah, well, I didn't have an awful time with you either, Clover Thompson," he said before adding on, "You're a lot different outside of school, more relaxed, sexier even." His wink at the end caused me to shake my head.

I brought my hands together in front of me and sent him a very tight smile. "I wish I could say the same to you, Carter."

He walked me to his front door, even going as far as to open it for me. "See ya around?"

"See ya." I closed the door behind me before doing the little fast walk to my house the street behind his. When I arrived, there were a few lingering men and women with cameras so I decided it would be best to go around back. I quietly went through my neighbor's yard, thankful that they weren't home before I jumped over the fence. I used my key and went in the back door before rushing upstairs and changing into one of our new sports bras Victoria's Secret was trying to promote and a pair of matching shorts. I slipped on my shoes and put in a pair of earbuds before heading back downstairs and straight outside.

A few photographers tried to stop me, but I only sent them a smile before starting my jog. I silently thought over my time at Andrew's and it surprisingly wasn't that bad. At home, he wasn't that drunk guy everyone obsessed over. He was just your average teenage boy with a bit of a large ego. Nothing out of the ordinary.

Maybe Andrew Carter would turn out to be someone different than people thought? Maybe even someone tolerable.

Chapter Seven

Ding ding. Ding ding. Ding ding.

I blinked a few times, attempting to adjust to the light in my room. I reached next to me on my bed until my hand finally found my cell phone that was using the 'Twinkle' ringtone. "Yeah, what?" I asked croakily.

"Well, hello to you, too!" Tori chirped into the phone, causing me to cringe.

"It's too early for me to function," I grumbled, placing my face back on the pillow.

"Well, maybe you should change that. But anyway, I'll be over in a few. You have ten minutes to be ready unless, of course, you want to be late," Tori said.

"Yeah, that's cute. I'll see you in an hour," I told her, knowing that it was only six o'clock.

"I thought I'd for sure get you this time," she said and I smiled slightly.

Only she would do this to a friend.

"Not today. See you at seven," I told her before saying my goodbyes and hanging up.

I took my time getting out of bed, sliding my clothes off on my way to the bathroom. Once I was completely undressed, I got in the shower, taking a quick one. When I stepped out, I quickly got in my usual routine.

I put my hair in braided before adding the wig cap and brown wig. Careful to brush it out before I put it on. I then put on the fake nose and the makeup that went along with it. I finished up everything and added my other accessories before putting on a pair of leggings and an oversized hoodie over my cute bra configuration I was planning to show off later after my meeting with a coworker. Next, I slid on lace underwear and nodded in approval. Matching undergarments make a queen.

"Hey, babe," Tori said, causing me to jump as she walked into the room.

"You could knock, you know?" I said, holding my hand over my heart.

"I mean, when your mom gave me a key, that kind of took away the point of knocking." She waved the key in front of my face.

"Yeah, yeah," I said as I searched through my stuff to find my glasses.

"What are you looking for?" she questioned, not surprised to see me all distressed while looking for something.

"My glasses," I mumbled, making her frown.

"Think about the last place you had them," she told me.

I bit my lip, thinking carefully. "Last place I remember wearing them is Andrew's," I said, while silently praying that they'd show up any minute now.

Tori shook her head. "Yeah, you're probably screwed. Look, we can just go after school and buy new ones."

"You're right. One day without them won't kill me. I mean, I still have the fake nose," I said before grabbing my book bag. I grabbed a change of clothes that I knew I would look cute in, a blue turtle neck, a leather jacket, and a pair of black pants and boots with heels.

"After school, I have to be seen at the mall walking with Ashley," I said, while grabbing my keys.

"Ashley Hunter?" Tori asked with wide eyes.

I nodded, sharing her disgusted look.

"Why would you go out with that bitch?" she questioned.

I shrugged. "Mary claims that it's a publicity stunt to fix that tweet she was totally trying to throw shade at me with. In other words, it's to show we're still the best of friends so no reputations are hurt." I rolled my eyes.

Ashley Hunter was one of my biggest rivals. We both modeled a new line for Chanel and when they went with my shoot over hers, she grew a vendetta against me. It didn't exactly help when she moved over to model Victoria's Secret's lines as well. If there was one thing that girl wanted, it was to see me fall and lose my spot as the number one angel.

Something that would never happen.

"Well, if you need an out, just text me and I'll get you out of there in five seconds flat," Tori said.

I smiled. "This is why I keep you around." I lightly patted her cheek as I walked past her.

"No, you keep me around to bring you Starbucks." She took the drink out of the carrier and handed it to me.

"That, too." I tossed her a five-dollar bill before placing my wallet back in my bag.

"Now, let's hurry because if one is late, one is dead."

I shook my head with a small playing on my lips. "Of course, one cannot be late."

We headed down to my garage and slid into my poor rusty Cavalier.

This thing was probably ready to retire.

I started the car and backed up perfectly, using the button on the remote to close the garage after pulling out. I turned out of my driveway and started the way to school. As we drove in comfortable silence with only Ariana Grande playing in the background, I let myself think about my time at Andrew's house yesterday.

I hated to admit that I actually wasn't miserable there, and I wouldn't mind going back next time, but it was the truth. Part of me wanted to see more of the Andrew Carter I met yesterday and less of the one I met in detention.

I suddenly felt a slap on my arm, causing me to jump and swerve the car a little. Luckily, this road wasn't that busy or else I probably would've hit someone.

"Are you trying to kill us? I'm trying to drive!" I snapped at Tori.

"What aren't you telling me?" She exclaimed, completely ignoring my last comment.

I raised an eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

She held up a finger in warning. "Don't even try to hide it. I was trying to tell you something for the past two minutes and you haven't said a word."

I sighed. "It's a long story." We pulled into school.

"Well, long stories are always the best, and I have plenty of time," she pushed.

I parked the car in my assigned space and looked at her. "Look, I promise to tell you at lunch when Katy isn't there."

"Is it about Andrew?"

I nodded. "It's nothing bad. I just keep thinking about everything that happened at his house. It was weird."

She groaned loudly in response. "As much as I'd loved to know right now, I'll let it go until lunch because I can clearly see you're still half asleep. Start drinking your coffee, girl."

"I will," I said, taking the drink as proof. She smiled at that before taking a sip of her own before we got out of the car and headed to our locker. Inside, the school was fairly empty, as most people were still hanging around in the cafeteria. We had plenty of time before our first period of the day.

"Awe, Hailey, look who it is," Stacey said with fake excitement as she stopped next to us.

"Is that really Clover Thompson? Friends with the so-called model?" Hailey asked with the same fake attitude.

"Tori, I saw you in my catalog yesterday. I honestly thought you were a bit skinnier under those shirts you wear, but I guess I can't say I'm surprised to find out you're not," she said with a small fake pout.

Tori glared at her. "Stacey, sweetie, you shouldn't talk. I mean, what are those?" She dramatically pointed both her hands at Stacey's shoes.

Stacey only rolled her eyes, clearly not amused by the old joke. "Anyway, on another note, how is everything, Clover? I mean, your friend's career isn't taking off, and you're still nerdy and single with nothing but detentions piling up. I'm here for you if you ever need anything." Stacey put her hand on my shoulder as she made eye contact with me.

I shrugged off her hand. "Stacey, isn't it time for you to move on to your next victim?" I questioned.

She had a routine, one she was breaking by constantly messing with me now. I had a feeling it had to do with Andrew, but I still didn't want to deal with her confrontations anymore.

"I'm not sure I know what you're talking about, but whatever it is, I'm sure it can wait." She pursed her lips before standing up straighter and squealing obnoxiously as a fake smile appeared on her face.

"Andrew, baby!" she yelled, waving him over.

I looked over to find him and his friends walking over. I would have sent him a small smile if it wasn't for the bloodshot eyes he supported and his unbrushed hair, along with his sweatpants and t-shirt.

"Hi, baby cakes." Stacey leaned her breasts on his arm, causing him to smirk as he looked down at hers

"Hey, Stace. What's going on here?" he asked with a lazy grin as he looked over at Tori and me.

"Oh, nothing! Daisy here offered to do my homework for this weekend since she knows how long and hard my gymnastics practices are due to our big competition coming up," she said, making me narrow my eyes.

"Who in the hell said they were doing your homework?" Tori snapped, raising an eyebrow.

"Obviously not you. It was your best friend, Daisy!" she said and I cringed. How did she get Daisy from Clover?

Andrew studied me carefully before his grin lifted even higher and he sent me a wink. "Awe, you can't do that to her, babe." Was Andrew actually helping me? Was he defending me?

"She has to do my homework, too, so we'll make it easier for her. You both can come over to my house later," he said, making my jaw almost drop.

Tori looked like she was ready to kill while Stacey's jaw actually did drop at the suggestion.

"Andrew, honey, why on earth would you let the trash in your home?" she asked sweetly as her nails dug into her palm angrily.

"He lets you in, doesn't he?" Michael, Andrew's friend, asked, causing everyone to burst out laughing.

"Very funny, Mikey," she said, referring to his elementary school name that he despised now.

"You know I was having a chat with Daisy here the other day. She's not too bad. Actually, I think you're right, Stacey. You and I can meet in about twenty minutes in our usual spot. After that, we'll call it a day and Clo and I can meet up after school to work on homework." He threw an arm around my shoulder.

He leaned down a little with his warm, minty breath directly next to my ear. "You know what they say, don't mix the cats with the dogs." He pulled away with a grin.

Stacey's eyes didn't miss the movement, and it seemed as no one else did either as the whispers immediately followed. I stepped to the side and pushed his arm off. Last thing I needed was rumors circling around me. I'm supposed to be the nerd or, at the very least, the quiet one people always tend to ignore.

"So, you're fucking her?" Stacey asked as tears started to slowly fill her eyes.

Her friend, Hailey, quickly saw how upset she was and looked around the hall. "Get to class. You thirsty drama-wanting asses can get your fill later. This is over." She waved everyone away.

"Yes," Andrew answered, making a gasp leave my mouth.

"Like hell we are," I snapped, without needing to think about it.

"Andrew Carter, you're such a prick!" she snapped before turning away.

"Does that mean we're done?" he called back.

She paused, not looking back. "We'll talk later," she said before continuing her walk.

Once she was out of sight, he turned toward me. "You're no fun."

"You have issues," I said, before looking at Tori. "We still have five minutes till class, so I'll walk you to yours."

"I actually have to go talk to a teacher, but I'll see you later?" she asked.

Way to take my escape route away.

"Yeah, see you then," I said, watching as she headed toward the art wing. I didn't wait around for Andrew to say something and only headed straight to class.

I could definitely live without high school confrontations.

Chapter Eight

I stood at my locker, clenching the side tightly as I tried to remember what book I came to grab.

"I can't believe they even bothered to mess with Stacey," a redhead whispered to her friend only three lockers away.

"I know! Which one is she again?" the brunette asked, full of curiosity.

"Clover Thompson. She's the one screwing Andrew Carter."

"Wow, I can't believe he'd waste his time with her. She can barely defend herself against Stacey. I wonder how that disaster happened. Clearly a mistake."

I slammed my locker shut, making sure it was noticeable as I sent the two girls a tight-lipped smile as their heads followed the noise.

I turned around and headed straight to the cafeteria. All morning, people had been talking about my encounter with Stacey. I thought they'd care more about the fact that Stacey and Andrew were having problems but it seemed things got twisted and now people were talking more about how Tori and I tried to fight Stacey for no apparent reason.

Don't worry, I wonder where this stuff comes from, too.

I headed straight to the lunch line and ordered my food. "Can I get a chicken salad and some nachos and cheese, please?" I asked politely.

"Sure, darling," the lunch lady said, handing me my salad and Tori's nachos. I headed to the line to pay before putting my number in and going to sit down.

"Here you go," I said, handing her the nachos.

"Thanks," she chirped, obviously in a good mood. I nodded and started to eat my chicken salad but couldn't help but let my thoughts drift to what happened yesterday with Andrew. He was so different than what he showed here at school. He was playful and fun, yet who knew what the real side was? Is he this player stoner or is he just your average teenage boy trying to get by?

"Tori."

"Hmm," she asked while taking another bite and looking up from her food.

"Andrew is interesting," I said, twirling my fake hair unconsciously.

"How so?" she asked with a raised eyebrow, clearly disgusted by the conversation topic.

"He's different in school," I said, looking at him sitting at one of the side tables by the wall. He was laughing with his friends, looking like he was genuinely enjoying himself. The crinkles by his eyes and his wide smile were like last night. A chip suddenly hit my face as fingers started snapping right in front of me.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" Tori asked with accusing eyes. "You do realize this guy basically helped publicly embarrass you earlier, right? Oh, and in case you forgot, you're pretty different in school, too."

"Yes, I don't have the hots for him or anything. I just think he's hiding a lot," I said, glancing back over at him.

"Nope, nope, and nope!" she said, slamming her hand on the table to get my attention. "Do not try to get all in his business. He's a complete stoner who's going nowhere in life. Just get your deal finished with him and call it a year. You are too gorgeous and you have too much on your plate for all that."

I nodded, taking a bite of my own food. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Anyway, I still have Damien," I mumbled before glancing at my phone. I knew Tori meant no harm; she just was protecting me from the worst.

Changing the subject, Tori quickly started talking about the recent gossip with Caitlin Harringway, another friend of ours from the modeling business. I listened to bits and pieces as she rambled on about the new gig Caitlin got. I felt bad for zoning out, but I was too distracted at the moment. Something about everything that had gone on today was keeping my mind busy.

"You're distracted," Tori commented.

I sent her an apologetic look. "I can't believe you're not after everything with Stacey this morning and all the rumors circling."

"It's not a big deal. Stacey is just being her usual dramatic self. No harm with a few words," she said.

"How about you call me later about everything that happened with Cait when I'm less distracted?" I suggested and she agreed. Unlike most people, we still always talked on the phone. The only time we really texted was to have random conversations, which usually included hilarious messages from Tori. She would click the first word that would come up on her keyboard from the autocorrect bar and keep doing that. It made a very interesting story sometimes, yet a long conversation.

Tori stared at something behind me with a glare. "Sorry, we don't sell cheap extensions over here."

I turned to see who she was talking to. "Isn't one encounter with you enough?" I asked tiredly when I saw Stacey standing there.

"Very cute. Really, your comments stab me hard," she said with a fake pout. "Fake model bitch and the boyfriend-stealing whore, glad to see you both are still as cocky as ever." She nodded her head slowly. "But here's the thing," She paused dramatically before increasing the sound of her voice so it was projecting across the loud cafeteria.

"I'm Stacey Heart. And *no one* messes with me or mine," she said before nodding to her friends. One each walked around us and, before I could even register what was happening, two cans of Coca-Cola were poured all over our heads.

"Don't get yourself in sticky situations that you can't get yourself out of, sweetheart," Stacey said with a sweet voice before her and her friends walked away with the smell of victory coating each and every one of them.

My eyes welled up at the attention. I wasn't much of a crier, but something about half of the school's eyes on me and hearing nothing but laughter didn't sit well with my insides.

I looked around the room. Where were the teachers? The principal? How did she get them to leave their spots at the front of the cafeteria?

"I'm gonna kill her," Tori hissed, pulling a piece of her wet, sticky hair away from her face.

"I'll get the knife," I muttered as I stood up. I grabbed my bookbag and headed toward the bathroom, knowing my best friend was following.

"This is terrible," I muttered, looking into the mirror.

"Hey, everyone, get out, there's a fire drill," Tori yelled, causing the girls who spent their lunch touching up their makeup to run out. Once everyone was out, she locked the door.

"I didn't even bring an extra pair of clothes," Tori said.

"All I have are my ones for later," I said, peeling my wet shirt away from my body while looking in the mirror. My pants looked like I'd peed myself.

"So, we're screwed?" I asked.

"Do you have anything in your car?" Tori questioned, and I frowned.

"Only way to know for sure is to go check," I said, pulling out my keys. We headed out the side doors of the school before going straight to my car. After unlocking it, we opened every bag I had in there, which turned out to be quite a lot since I was usually too tired to bring in my bags from my photo shoots.

"I forgot I had all of this back here," I said, lifting up a regular plastic bag with a pair of leggings and a jacket. "You can wear this," I suggested, looking at the black dress and blue flannel. It was cute, but I couldn't remember where I received it from originally.

She nodded. "And you can wear this." She held up a white long-sleeved shirt with a furry vest and black shorts.

"I remember this; it's from the Free People catalog," I said, grabbing it from her hand and analyzing it. I'd worn it for a photo shoot and completely forgotten about it.

"It'll have to do. We have five minutes to get changed and get to class," she said.

I sighed before grabbing everything and closing the trunk. "I'm going to regret this later," I muttered as we hurried into the front of the school.

When we returned to the bathroom, we quickly changed and it only took ten seconds of looking in the mirror to regret not going straight home.

My eyes welled up with tears. Everything was perfect until Stacey decided to make me her art project. My life was normal; Tori's life was normal. Why the hell was it all going downhill now?

I stared in the mirror, my hands leaning against the sink. I wiped away the leaking mascara and eyeliner from my eyes. I was thankful that I'd put so many layers on this morning for my cover.

"It's going to be okay," Tori said, rubbing my back.

I couldn't help but let out a fake laugh. "None of this is okay. I'm not okay. All of this is not okay." I threw my hands up in the air.

"It will get better, sweetie," she tried to assure me. "Stacey is only temporary; don't let her get to you."

I looked in the mirror at my appearance. Although I still had the fake nose and the heavy makeup that was already halfway off, everything looked so wrong. My glasses were still missing and I looked half prepared to walk a runway and start posing.

Maybe that's a bit dramatic, but you don't typically see a high school student in a style like this. It's unique and it involves the right look to pull it off. This hair and this face didn't have the look. But that's not what made it completely awful. It was the shorts that ruined it all. They were too tight, too short, and they showed everything.

"How the hell did I get in this situation? Stacey just couldn't have picked someone else. It's time for her to move on. I can't do this anymore. This stress isn't worth it," I said, shaking my head.

"I know. I know," Tori said, handing me a tissue.

"Do you see how much skin I'm showing?" I asked, throwing the tissue I used to clean up my makeup in the sink out of anger.

"Yes, trust me, those legs are as long as a bowling alley," she said, making me let out a small laugh.

"You're not funny," I pouted, looking back into the mirror.

"You're worrying too much," she said before looking me over. "Okay, maybe it's more than a little skin, but you still have your wig, which only has a little pop on it and people can't tell with those thick raccoon eyes. You're fine and all good to go. No one will notice you. Trust me, babe."

"Only a few more classes?"

"Only a few more," she confirmed, while nodding her head up and down. "Now fix the wig and get to ccience. We're late and you know how Mr. Reagan gets when you're late."

I quickly fixed the wig before we left the bathroom. "You're sure they won't notice?" I asked for the fifteen millionth time.

"I'm positive," she said one last time as we walked in.

"Ahh, Tori, Clover, it's wonderful for you to join us," Mr. Reagan said, frowning.

"Sorry we were late. I had a stomach ache, and Clover brought me to the nurse," Tori easily lied.

"Do you have a pass? And are you feeling better, Tori?"

"Yes, I'm feeling much better. Thanks for asking, and we told her she didn't have to sign one since the bell just went off. We could go back and get one if you'd like?"

He shook his head. "You're fine, you girls can just go work on your project like everyone else."

We went to our own partners, who were by each other, and I noticed Andrew was looking at me funny.

I gave him a questioning look.

"How come you're kind of dressed up and hot looking?" he asked me.

"Where were you all day?" I questioned back. I hadn't seen him since the encounter this morning.

"Busy," he replied.

"Sure, I didn't want to know anyway," I said sarcastically. "Your girlfriend and her loonies decided to pour their drinks all over Tori and I."

"Listen about yesterday—" he started suddenly, causing me to cut him off, putting a hand up.

"I know, let's just pretend the whole situation never happened. We'll meet somewhere else next time," I said, knowing he probably didn't want anyone to know about that side of him.

"Ooh, Andrewwww," a squeaky and increasingly annoying voice called from across the classroom, causing Andrew to silently swear and me to giggle.

Stacey stopped right in front of his desk and narrowed her eyes at me. "Look who decided to show up. I'm surprised, I thought for sure you and Tori would leave after you spilled pop like that earlier. Nice to see you clean up well." She looked at my outfit with calculating eyes.

"Nice to see some things never change with you, Stacey," I said plastering a fake smile.

She rolled her eyes before fixing her hair and focusing back on the devil himself. "You want to come over later?" Stacey purred, sitting on his lap. "We can just forget anything ever happened today."

"No, I'm good," he said carelessly.

"Awe, but, baby, I'm having a party tonight and plus, you don't want to hang out with this bitch," Stacey said, running her hand up and down his chest.

"I would rather hang out with this nerd than you, Sandy," Andrew said, making me frown slightly. Something about him calling me a nerd didn't sit well with me.

"It's Stacey and you know that. But whatever, you know where I live when you're too drunk to talk, so I'll see you later. Have fun with your next whore." She flipped her hair over her shoulder before standing straighter.

"Mr. Reagan!" Stacey yelled suddenly.

"Yes, Stacey?" Mr. Reagan asked with a tired sigh.

"Clover stole my outfit," she whined.

I gasped. "I totally did not!"

"Yes, you did!" she whined again.

"Miss Thompson, is this true?" he asked.

"How on earth would I steal her outfit? She wouldn't even know where to buy a shirt like this," I said, getting defensive. I refused to let Stacey win something so petty.

"Just go take a seat. You two can work this out with security later if it's that big of a deal," he said.

I sighed. She just had to mess with something in my life whenever she got a chance.

Stacey only huffed and sat back in her seat. Before anyone could comment on what just happened, the bell rung.

But through everything, my thoughts still went back to Andrew. He didn't seem to like Stacey, yet he let her lay all over him and I couldn't understand why. Maybe he pretended not to like her? I'm not sure, but it was something I definitely wouldn't let go if I wanted to crack who Andrew Carter really was. The part about him that bothered me the most was he's so intriguing, and I was extremely curious.

Chapter Nine

I leaned my head against my locker, feeling absolutely defeated. I felt a presence next to me and I didn't bother looking up, knowing it was Tori.

"I can't believe everything that has happened today. First, when we got in that fight with Stacey, then the Coke getting poured on me and then I had to wear these clothes; and finally, Stacey tried to fight with me again over clothes. People *will* get suspicious if the year continues like this," I complained with tears threatening to spill out. My head felt like it was going to explode from all the stress I was currently feeling.

"Awe, it's fine, babe. Don't worry, it's almost Friday and soon enough we'll be on our way to New York to get away from everything and everyone. Tomorrow starts a new and exciting fashion adventure." She shook my arms, forcing me to look at her. "People are going to forget all about everything by next week. Now, about the clothes part, I already told you, you're fine. And about Stacey, she won't ever forget what happened today, but that's Stacey, it won't last long before she will find some other person to pick on for a while. Now, shut up and be excited for New York!"

I looked at her with absolute awe. This girl doesn't fail to amaze me. "Thanks, Tori. I definitely needed that," I said, hugging her.

"I know," Tori said, shrugging with a smile on her lips. She was about to add something, but was cut off by my phone ringing. Really loudly, I may add,

"Hello," I said, my face red as a tomato from my phone going off playing "The Year 3000" by Busted.

"Hey, babe," a husky voice said from the other side of the phone.

"Who is this?" I asked, confused, as my eyebrows furrowed together in confusion.

"Wow, I'm hurt you don't remember me," the husky voice replied with a teasing tone clear in his voice.

"Listen, I don't care who the he—"

"Whoa, whoa, calm down, Angel," the voice said and I paused. There was only one person who calls me Angel.

"Damien?" I questioned in a small voice.

"Yeah, babe, it's me," Damien said, and I broke into a huge smile.

"Oh, my gosh," I mumbled, my body feeling numb. "It can't be," I said, shaking my head. "You scared the hell out of me." Tears slowly started to fill my eyes.

Tori quietly led me to the bathroom.

"Yeah, it's me, Cloves. I'm back in town and this time I'm not leaving so soon," Damien said, and I felt my body shake from the thought of seeing him again.

"Oh, my gosh," I mumbled again. "Hold on, I just need to process this." I let the line fall silent. "So, you're out of the National Guard? For good? And you're alive?" I questioned.

"For the time being, I'm out on a short break they're giving me to visit my family and friends before I go back to training for the next several months. And yes, obviously I am alive." he chuckled. "I didn't go to war or anything, but it's cute that you worry."

"Where are you?" I demanded.

"I'm about to get on a plane and when I get home, I'm going to have my own house. So, I won't live a street over anymore, but it's only a few streets away," he said.

"As soon as you get your ass back here you better come visit me and we are catching up. I've missed you," I said, smiling so huge people probably thought I'd gone crazy.

"Of course, I will come see you, Angel. I should be home by midnight tonight," he confirmed and I felt disappointment fill my heart knowing I probably wouldn't see him till tomorrow now.

Hearing my silence, he continued, "If you're still up, I will swing by and maybe we can get some coffee. Is that twenty-four/seven coffee shop still open on the corner of town?"

"Yeah, it's still there. Make sure to call me when you step foot in this airport!" I demanded.

"I promise I will. Now, I have to go, the plane's about to take off. I'll see you soon, okay?"

My cheeks hurt from the sincerity in my smile but I couldn't get it to disappear even if I tried.

"Okay," I replied.

"Bye, Angel," Damien said before the line went dead.

"What was that all about?" Tori questioned.

"He's coming back," I said happily.

"Is *he* who I think he is?" Tori questioned and I nodded.

"It's been like a year," she said with wide eyes.

"He's still alive and he's coming back," I said as we released our hug. I didn't know much about the military, but after boot camp, they forced him to go to another state for training. I was completely devastated when he left. Damien was like a best friend, someone I've always been completely in love with. He was like my imaginary prince that a girl in a tower waits for. Maybe that's a bit dramatic, but he always did have a soft spot in my heart.

"This is amazing," she exclaimed.

"I wonder how he looks like now. Or how his hair looks. Does he have a six-pack still? Does he have a girlfriend? Is he single? Is he injured? Did he lose an eye?" I rambled but Tori interrupted.

"I'm sure he is fine and not injured. He most likely still has his eyes. The boy is probably fit as hell. Girl, I can only imagine those arms." Tori grinned and my smile widened.

"He's really coming home?" I asked softly, looking at my soft blue eyes in the mirror. Those eyes held every secret I can hold and with one look into them, Damien would know every single one.

"Damien is coming home."

Chapter Ten

I sat on my couch, my nails lightly tapping my legs. My blond hair was in a messy bun, and I was wearing a pair of red high-waisted shorts, a white short-sleeved blouse, a pair of black heels, and some dark red lipstick. It was currently 11:58 at night, and I was waiting anxiously for my phone to ring.

Damien was supposed to get back any minute, and I was nervous as hell. Part of me knew I shouldn't be, but he's Damien. I've known him my whole life. We were your typical childhood story. We started as best friends and it became something more. We got along so well at a young age because we were both doing the extraordinary at the time. I was a famous model and he was a Disney Channel star who appeared in a few movies. The one you look back at and go, hey, I remember him. He's from *High School Musical*! No, he wasn't actually, but he was in films like that.

We were both signing autographs before we even knew cursive. Even with him being slightly older, we were great friends. He was always more than a friend to me, though. I adored him. No, I loved him and he never knew. At least, not until before he left for the military. It took all the way up to age seventeen and a push from Tori for me to admit to him that I was in love with him.

It was the wrong decision.

He loved me, too. Problem was, he was leaving for a long time and we didn't have any contact during that time. When you don't see someone for a long time, you slowly start to fall out of love with them. Biggest fear with that? When you see him again, what feelings return?

The sound of a door opening knocked me out of my thoughts. I slipped off my heels and got up front the couch. Walking slowly, I could only hope it was Damien and not someone who just so happened to choose tonight to break in. Just to be safe, I grabbed the nearest object which just so happened to be an umbrella.

"That's not gonna do very much to me," a husky voice said from behind me.

I turned around, ready to swing, but paused at the man who stood in front of me.

"Hey, Angel." Damien smiled and I gasped as I dropped the umbrella.

I stared at him. His blue eyes shined brightly, and he didn't slouch anymore. His back was perfectly straight and his green shirt and camouflage pants fit him perfectly.

I felt my chest tighten at the sight of him. I went into his open arms and squeezed his body close to mine. "Oh, my gosh," I mumbled into his chest. "I've missed you so much."

"Don't worry, I'm not leaving again for quite some time," he said, hugging me even tighter to his body.

"How did you get in?" I questioned him, pulling back a little to look at his face.

"Some things never change. You still keep your spare key in the rock under the second stair outside," Damien said, smirking, and I blushed.

"Come on, let's go," I said and dragged him to my garage.

"Pick a car, any car," I said, smiling. I already knew which one he was going to choose since it was partially his.

"You already know which one," he said and grabbed the keys to the black Escalade. It was always his favorite since he did pick the SUV out. We both put our money together about a year before he left and we bought the vehicle, but I always felt like it belonged to him more than me since it was in his garage more than mine, but I didn't mind. I wasn't very much of an SUV driver; I did like seeing him smile over it though.

Tori always judged me slightly for helping buy a car for a guy older than me when I was only sixteen at the time. She liked to think it was a decision as big as tattooing his name on me, but I could at least get rid of the car if I wanted to.

"I missed this baby so much." He hugged the car, causing me to roll my eyes. "I can't believe you kept it here all this time. I thought for sure you'd get rid of it. It's got a thick layer of dust on it even." He wiped the front with part of his shirt.

We both got into the car. The engine roared loudly before he took off. I studied his face. He still had his dark brown hair and his blue eyes still shined brightly every time he talked. I noticed he had now had a small five o'clock shadow, which made me mentally roll my eyes because he used to think facial hair was "overrated."

"Take a picture, it might last longer." Damien smirked and this time I actually rolled my eyes.

"I don't need to because now you're here to stay," I said.

He grabbed my hand, squeezing it as we pulled into the parking lot. "Well, I still have a month here at most before I'm due back, so don't expect to get rid of me anytime soon," he joked as we walked up to the counter.

"Darn, I was hoping to move to Australia so I could get rid of you as long as possible," I replied.

"Australia?" He laughed, raising an eyebrow.

"What's wrong with Australia? I want to move there and find myself a nice hot husband," I replied defensively.

"Okay, let me know how that works out for you," he said, shaking his head with a smile.

"Hello, sorry for the wait. What can I get you two?"

"I will take a regular hot coffee with sugar and what would you like, Angel?" Damien asked me.

"Can I have a cup of herbal tea, please?" I asked.

"Sure." The waitress smiled politely. She told us the price, and Damien handed the girl his card to pay. After, we sat in a booth while we waited patiently.

"Thanks for paying, you really didn't have to," I said with a smile.

"It's fine," he said, shrugging it off.

"So, how's school been going?" he asked curiously.

"Still the same as ever with me getting picked on and acting like a nerd." I shrugged and thanked the girl as she set down our drinks.

"Well, no one is gonna pick on you anymore now that I'm back," Damien said, smiling reassuringly, and I felt my heart jump slightly even though I knew there was nothing he could really do.

"The girls would cling to you like fleas if you went to school." I frowned a little at the thought. "It feels like it's been forever since you've graduated school."

"I know, but one thing still hasn't changed and that's the fact that I only have eyes for one girl," he said with a look in his eyes that I couldn't put my finger on.

"Oh? And may I ask who that lucky girl is?" I asked, taking a sip of my tea.

"I mean she is *the* Lucky, the model," Damien said, smiling slightly.

"I guess it's a good thing this Lucky girl still only has eyes for one guy as well then."

Damien smirked before putting his hand on my face. He ran his thumb up and down before leaning in slightly, checking to make sure I was okay with his next action. He pressed his lips firmly against mine. Surprisingly, as much time that I've spent waiting for something like this again, it wasn't like I imagined it. It was nice, but I didn't want to stay this way forever like most people wished.

Damien pulled away and looked at me with a smile still tugging at his lips. "You don't know how long I have wanted to do that again."

I put a small smile on my face but didn't respond. For some reason, I couldn't help but feel a little guilty and I wasn't sure why.

"So, what was boot camp like? Everything you dreamed about?" I asked curiously.

He looked out the window and tightened his grip on the cup. "It was interesting. I mean, no one can imagine how rough it was going to be. Even the training they gave beforehand couldn't help prepare me fully for the extent of it, but that's the military for you. It's hard, but the feelings I have make it worth it." He turned to look back at me.

I took it as my turn to grab his hand and squeeze it. "I'm proud of you either way. You went off to do something a lot of people would be too scared to do."

My phone vibrated in my pocket, and I used my spare hand to slide it halfway out of my pocket. Looking down, I immediately noticed that it was my phone reminding me I still had sixteen text messages that were sent from Andrew a couple hours ago demanding to know why I wasn't at his house to work on the project today. I groaned, irritated with myself. I totally forgot about our stupid deal and that stupid project. I was less interested now that Damien was back, yet part of me still held curiosity.

Sliding my phone completely out, I typed a quick, *call you tomorrow* before putting it away and attempting to focus on the man in front of me. I wasn't sure when Andrew Carter started becoming a consistent part to my days, but something about him texting me made me feel slightly more relaxed and I wasn't sure why.

I woke up to my doorbell ringing, causing me to groan and get out of bed. I didn't get home until two in the morning last night and getting up extremely early on a day like today was not what I wanted. Especially because I was informed as of late last night that our flight to New York got pushed back until tonight. Now, it was going to be less like a fun vacation and more of a few days of strict preparing and work since today was supposed to be our day of shopping and fun. If that didn't drive a person to straight irritation, I don't know what would.

I ran my hands down my face before clenching my fists. I checked the time on my phone to see it was nine in the morning. It's days like this I wished my parents were actually home. I put on a pair of slippers and headed downstairs, slipping a robe on to cover my nightgown.

I quickly unlocked the door and opened it. "Yes?" I snapped. See, this is why we don't force me to wake up early when I don't have school or work.

"Where were you yesterday?" Andrew demanded, walking in, and I stared at him in surprise.

"Excuse me?" I demanded, staring at him.

He looked at me with wide eyes. "You're not Clover?" He tilted his head to the side as he looked at me carefully. I felt my heart speed up in my chest.

"Katy said this is where she lived?" Andrew said to himself, frowning, and I felt my heart skip a beat. I knew I should have never let Katy over my house for a sleepover a couple weeks ago. I felt bad leaving her out of my girl's nights with Tori so we finally invited her to one. Clearly my mistake, even though there were no paparazzi around that week.

"Yeah, and you're not the guest I was expecting," I said awkwardly as I tightened my robe around me.

He stared at me carefully, stepping closer. "You look very familiar," he said, not making any attempt to leave.

"Yeah, I'm a model. You've probably seen my face around," I said before biting my lip nervously. This was a very bad situation right now, and I wasn't exactly sure how to get out of it.

He looked down at his phone, checking his messages again. "Yeah, that must be it. I guess she had the address wrong, sorry."

I cringed as my phone rang loudly. He stopped his exit and looked at me curiously before back at his phone. I watched as he pressed the end button and the ringing of the phone in my hand stopped.

He stared at me in complete confusion, unsure what to say. I wasn't sure if he was able to put two and two together right now as even my mind couldn't process how to deal with this situation.

"Well, that was weird," I said awkwardly, and he moved closer to me again.

"Hey, you know those glasses are strangely familiar." He tried to grab them off my face and I moved my hands to hold them in place to stop him from grabbing them, but instead my hands came up empty. In that moment, I remembered I wasn't wearing my glasses. Even though my eyesight was perfect, I wore my glasses to school enough to feel like they were a part of me.

Andrew's lips suddenly curved up. "No way." He shook his head with a smirk.

I closed my eyes, praying this was just a dream. I opened them and saw he was still staring at me. I felt disappointment flow through me. I definitely just gave it all away.

I sighed loudly before holding out my hand. He raised an eyebrow and stared at my outstretched palm. "Hi, nice to meet you. I'm Clover Thompson, also known as the model, Lucky," I introduced myself, making the situation one hundred times more awkward.

"This is gold," he said, shaking his head. "How on earth are you pulling this off?"

"As you know, I wear a wig and add some extra makeup accessories so I don't look like this," I said, awkwardly as I pointed at my face.

"All this time you could've been more popular than Stacey, yet you instead let her pour Coke on you and mess with you as some nerdy chick," he said, looking like he was waiting on some big explanation.

"Listen, you can't tell anyone. It's for privacy reasons I'm doing this. The paparazzi would die trying to find something on me that could ruin my image," I told him.

He shrugged. "I could care less about that. I care more about the fact that you put up this false persona of a shy nerd to protect all of this. You could've just chosen to be the normal student playing sports or something. Instead, you chose the one thing that gets you bullied."

I frowned, unsure why he was so worked up over this. "I mean, I needed something to keep me out of the spotlight and that was the perfect disguise. I'm a model who is currently making over 30,000,000 a year, I can't just put on a wig and call it a day. I would be recognized too easily, and I wouldn't get any privacy. If I'm a nerd with some weird nose and glasses then people won't talk to me. It works perfectly, and I'm happy with it."

"Who knows the truth?" he asked.

I thought about the number for a minute. "My manager, school officials, my family, a close friend, and Tori," I said, and he nodded once again.

"Tell me what you're thinking," I said, not liking his odd silence.

"You're a model," he said, and I couldn't help but chuckle a little at the fact that he was stuck on that fact still. He put his arm over my shoulder suddenly with a smirk on his face. "And I know."

"Yep," I said, not denying the fact.

"Man, and I thought we were going to be good friends before," he said, grinning. "We now have to be the bestest, Clove."

I frowned, pushing him slightly away from me. "No, we don't. You can just keep this a secret and all of this can just stay the same," I responded, although part of me wanted to get to know the mysterious boy.

"You see, when I lied to Katy and told her I wanted to drop off some flowers because you were sick, I definitely had a plan to freak out on you for ditching me last night. Because of you, I had to go to my drunken father's. Truly a pleasure, but this makes things a hundred times better," Andrew said, and I didn't miss his comment about his father. His father was a drunk? I felt my heart clench

slightly, knowing that information. He had such a carefree attitude with such an annoying, yet bearable personality. I couldn't help but wonder how it doesn't get to him. Even my parents being away so much bothered me.

"I am curious, though. Why'd you blow me off last night?"

"Because I met up with an old friend," I said, smiling slightly as I thought about my night with Damien.

"An old friend? Do they know this secret?"

"Yes, well before most people. Is that okay, Dad?" I asked sarcastically.

"Actually, no. Is this old friend a boy or a girl?" he questioned.

I huffed. "Does it matter?"

"Would I be asking if it didn't?"

I looked at him carefully, measuring how serious he supposedly was. "He's a guy," I said, narrowing my eyes slightly as I waited for his reaction.

"Is this guy more than a friend?" he questioned smoothly.

"Are you a reporter suddenly?" I snapped.

"So, he is," he said, taking it for confirmation.

"No, yes... I mean, we're not exactly dating again, but we're more than friends. I guess you can say we're talking," I explained and he smirked.

"Still in school?"

"He's in the military." I said, not really sure why I was even telling him anything.

"Oh, he's a military boy. That's all I needed to know then." He moved closer, so he was only a couple inches away from me.

"What are you thinking?" I whispered, silently praying I didn't have bad morning breath.

"You, Clover Thompson, are a real mystery and I am going to solve you, but first, I have to win your heart," he said, smirking before stepping away from me.

I raised an eyebrow. "There isn't much of a mystery left. I mean, you know my biggest secret."

"No, I know what your name is, and I know how you look. I don't know you, the real Clover Thompson. The one behind the fake nose," he clarified.

"Like I said, there isn't much of a mystery left, but good luck. Now, you're not going to tell anyone, right?" I asked and he snorted.

"I don't have time for that," he said, waving me off.

"Good." I ushered him toward the door. When I opened the door, there now stood a group of paparazzi there.

"Lucky! Why aren't you in New York yet?"

"Lucky, were you not invited to this year's fashion show?"

"How does it feel to be the richest model in the world right now on Ford's list?"

"Are you recording this? Look at how she's dressed!"

"This stays between us," I said as he walked out on the front porch.

"Yes, Ma'am." He gave me a fake salute before heading toward his car. I quickly shut my door to avoid any more pictures. Andrew Carter knew my secret, yet I wasn't even close to being worried.

Chapter Eleven

Andrew's Point of View

I smirked at the newfound information I had now. Clover Thompson the nerd wasn't actually a nerd. She was a model and apparently the richest one around right now? Before any of this, I liked her personality, her sass, even her glasses. I couldn't help but wonder if she was even the Clover Thompson I knew? Or was she just some stuck up rich model? If it was the latter, we wouldn't fit well together. I didn't fit into that celebrity look and I didn't care for the flashy people, and more importantly, I didn't do the whole male model look either. I guess only time would tell who Clover Thompson really was.

"Who are you?"

"Are you Lucky's boyfriend?"

"Are you and Lucky secretly dating?"

"What's your name?"

"Is Lucky pregnant?"

"Are you cheating on Lucky?"

Seriously, where were these questions coming from? Why would she be pregnant? I rolled my eyes and pushed past the people with cameras. I wasn't sure how much she had to deal with this, but this was crazy. I don't know why people would want to be famous if you had to go through this all day. As I got in my car, a black Escalade pulled up in Clover's driveway.

The paparazzi attacked him as he got out, but he acted like they were just ants on the ground and pushed through them. I stepped out of my car and looked at him curiously. He noticed me immediately as I stepped in front of him.

"Are you Lucky's old friend?" I questioned curiously.

"I prefer the word boyfriend." He smirked and I returned it.

"Really? She doesn't seem to call it the same," I said with a slightly challenging tone. I wasn't sure why jealousy was boiling in me because of the thought of her with someone. Heck, I barely even knew her, but maybe it was the fact that she was different. She saw me, but she didn't *see* me and I almost loved that.

"It's only because I just got back from a nice stay at my family home in the Bahamas," he said, not letting his arrogant smirk leaving his face. I honestly hoped I didn't look nothing like this guy who reeked of arrogance.

"Fancy," I commented. "Funny, I'm surprised she waited around so long for someone who left her for a nice beach."

"Oh wait! She didn't because I specifically remember her telling me all about the fact that you're in the military." I said tilting my head to the side slightly.

The paparazzi moved in closer, their questions getting louder. He grabbed my arm and pointed to the side of her house that had a gate. I looked back at the house to see she wasn't looking and nodded. Something about this old friend was off and I was going to get rid of him really quick. We opened her gate and closed it behind us, standing on the side of her house. I found it slightly weird to be standing in her yard without her knowing it, but he didn't seem to mind. I watched as he dramatically ran his hand through his hair before taking his sunglasses off.

"Is there a reason we're having a conversation right now? I don't know you, do I?" he asked, looking down at his phone. I took the time to press the call button for Clover on my phone before sliding it back in my pocket.

"No, but we both know Clover. I just wanted to see this guy she's clearly in love with," I said, shrugging.

He paused and looked up at me before smirking. "I get it, you're using her, too, right? Listen, just buy her a few nice things and she'll be in love with you in a day. Just make sure you stay in your lane. I want to be front page of the magazines. The more money I get, the better."

I felt my fists clenching. This wasn't going how I thought it would. "You're using her? I thought you loved her. You were away how long and came back for her? I don't understand."

He shook his head. "No, you see, she thought I was away in the military. You know, I give the nice strong man vibe to her and she falls even more in love with me while I'm away. Now, I'm back and I get nice presents and some fun extras." He dangled a set of keys. "Girlfriend number two provides the home-cooked meals and the massages."

I felt a glare form on my face. "For one, that's disrespectful to even lie about fighting for your country. Two, using a girl for money? Definitely a new low. Grow a pair and work for some. Lastly, you're a douche." I said, slamming my fist into his face.

Clover's Point of View

I stared at my phone as the phone call ended. I should've started crying. I should be shaking in anger, but I couldn't feel anything. My heart was pounding, yet I stood here with a blank face. My mind went over everything I'd just heard a thousand times. He'd never joined the military; he was at his beach house all this time. He had a girlfriend already. He was trying to use me for money.

Andrew had punched him.

I looked at the outfit I was wearing and smirked slightly. I tucked my crimped hair behind my ear and took in my appearance that consisted of black knee-length boots, a maroon jean skirt that had buttons that went all the way up and a striped shirt. I didn't think I looked too bad, considering what I was about to do.

I walked downstairs and opened the front door to see the paparazzi focusing on the two males fighting now in the front yard. I rushed over, yelling both of their names.

I pulled on Andrew's arm. "Get off of him!" I said, shaking him. I looked at all the paparazzi. One of you, help me!" I snapped, trying to pull on Andrew.

A man rushed over and helped pull Andrew off, but he only angrily shrugged him off as he got off of Damien. I grabbed his face and glared at him. "What on earth were you thinking?" I hissed, my eyes skimming his injuries.

"Are you okay?" I asked, wiping the blood off his lip.

He stared at me for a good minute, not saying anything before nodding to himself. "Yup, it was worth it." He smirked, and I rolled my eyes.

"Andrew Carter, I swear," I said, not being able to stop the smile on my lips. I glanced over at Damien, who was just now standing up, spitting the blood out of his own mouth.

"Angel, what the hell?" he snapped, looking at my hands that were still on Andrew's face.

I grinned before looking back at Andrew, silently contemplating if this was what I wanted to do. "Smile, pretty boy. You're about to be on camera again," I whispered and Andrew quirked an eyebrow.

I moved my face forward and connected my lips with his. He didn't even take a second before he responded, moving his hands to my back then sliding up and tangling in my hair. His lips moved in sync with mine and as cheesy as it sounds, I felt an unexpected tingle that wouldn't go even after I pulled away.

I removed my hands and turned to Damien. "Sorry, what? Did you want to say something to me or your girlfriend number two?" I asked, tilting my head to the side. I grabbed the Escalade keys that sat on the ground and dangled them in the air as I looked at them.

"Huh, what a pretty car. Too bad I'm selling it and taking every dime for it," I said, smiling sickly sweet.

His hooded eyes looked at me with what I'm guessing was supposed to be a glare. "You can't do that. I paid for half of that car."

I pursed my lips, nodding. "Wow, I guess you did," I said in agreement. "I hope you have receipts because it's in my name."

I walked over to the car and hopped in. "Thanks for stopping by. I hope you had a great time, Damien. PS - whatever we had is so over." I flipped my hair over my shoulder as I put the key in the ignition. I sent him one last wink before I put a pair of sunglasses on my face that were sitting in the passenger seat.

"Lucky, over here!"

"Did you just break up with Damien?"

"Are you going bad?"

"Are you going to rob a bank?"

"Who is this guy to you? How do you know him?"

"Lucky wait!"

I pulled out of my driveway, ignoring the hundreds of questions and flashing of cameras. I should be angry at everything that just happened. It was going to be on every media outlet, but that's okay. There was no time for tears at this point. He was gone for years, and now I'm fine if he's gone forever. I couldn't help but feel a slight guilt for using Andrew. I should've asked in the first place if that was all okay. He's about to get questioned like crazy, and rumors are bound to start now. I tightened my grip on the steering wheel and smirked. I felt good right now and nothing was going to take away this feeling now.

Chapter Twelve

I realized my secret wouldn't be a secret for much longer. I decided I was going to have to learn to accept that, especially when I had two hot guys who both most likely hated me and wanted to get revenge but it was okay. Well, that's not completely true. I'm sure Andrew didn't want revenge yet, since this was all probably still extremely new and he really didn't have anything to hate me for besides that kiss.

I sighed and leaned back as I parked in a parking lot. I am going to get a huge break from everything and everyone by late tonight. That is, if Mary didn't kill me first. You know, because I can control if two guys fight. My phone started to vibrate from the cup holder, and I looked down to see it was Tori. I let out another sigh, but this one of relief and quickly answered.

"Hello."

"Don't *hello* me!" Tori said in a disapproving tone.

"Sorry, what's wrong?" I asked with closed eyes.

"Well, I was stuck at home for the day because my mother was doing the whole 'I'm gonna miss you when you go off to college thing' and so I got stuck sitting here watching TV with her."

"And?" I asked, confused why she was telling me all of this.

"So, I was sitting there watching TV, and my mom is flickering through the channels and we pass TLM. You know, the show that talks all about celebrities. Funny, because I see you on the screen kissing freaking Andrew Carter as Lucky. Oh, and I see those two rolling around on the ground fighting like gorillas. There are videos everywhere, YouTube, Vine, Snapchat, everything you can think of! What the hell happened?" Tori demanded. I could just imagine her being overdramatic with hand motions as she sat there telling me the story.

"Well Andrew came over, thanks to Katy telling him where I live. When he left, I guess Damien must've pulled in or something and I got a nice recording of part of their conversation where Damien tells Andrew all about how he's a dirty liar." I snapped my eyes open in anger once again from the memory. "I guess Andrew didn't like what he said and beat the crap out of him."

"Wow, you get suck with your mom for the day and you miss everything," Tori says, acting amazed. "Where are you now?"

"Right now, I am at Starbucks, why?" I asked as I headed inside the building.

"Okay, I'll be there in a minute." She hung up. Not even a second later, she walked in Starbucks wearing a pair of sunglasses and a pretty gray shirt, blue skinny jeans and black stilettos.

"Paparazzi bad?" I asked and she shrugged.

"Only a little."

"I thought your mom wanted you at home?" I asked and she shrugged.

"This was clearly an emergency." She took a seat in the chair in front of me.

"How'd you get here so fast? I only told you not even a minute ago where I was," I questioned.

"Snapchat's new stalker addition helped." She hid a smile. "Plus, I lied a little when I said I couldn't leave the house. I was allowed out for a little drink or two and I know you so well to know this is where you'd be," she said innocently and I smiled.

We walked up to the counter, and I ordered a Cookie Crumble Frappuccino and Tori ordered an Iced Coffee. We quickly thanked them and sat down again.

"Well, I have to say, the paparazzi are surrounding this place from the bushes, to behind cars, to pretending to be looking through a window of a store for twenty minutes. Ever since Ford's list got revealed that you're currently number one, everyone wants to get the inside dirt. On top of that, all media outlets want to know what that exactly was about," Tori said, rolling her eyes.

"I know, as exciting as this is, the paparazzi are worse than they've ever been," I said, frowning.

"New York won't be much better."

I couldn't help but agree. "Speaking of, when is our first photo shoot?" I asked, focusing my attention on my friend.

"Well, I think it's supposed to be our first day we arrive in New York, so today," Tori said, taking a sip of her iced coffee.

"Why so late?" I questioned, twirling a piece of hair around my finger.

"Well, we each have our own individual photo shoots tonight, but I'm not exactly sure about all those details, so don't quote me on that. But then the next day we have an interview at eight a.m., but again don't quote me on that, then we have to go out to lunch with an important magazine company and we may have another photo shoot somewhere in there."

"Oh, I think I remember Mary saying something about a lunch," I said, shrugging and taking a sip of my Frappuccino. We both sat there talking for a little while before Tori jumped up suddenly.

"Oh, my gosh, it's already five! I have to go back and do some extra packing and probably get yelled at by my mom."

"Why would you get yelled at?" I asked her and she sent me a sheepish smile.

"I told her I was going to the store to pick up something," she said, grabbing her purse.

"Of course, you did," I said, shaking my head. But I'll see you tonight."

We did the whole kiss-kiss thing and she left. I left right after her and went home. Most of the Paparazzi left besides the few hiding across the street secretly taking pictures.

Of course, I'm a full-time procrastinator so I waited until an hour before I started packing, but it wasn't until seven that we left. I got into the dark Escalade limo waiting outside and left to the airport where I met Mary and Tori, plus her manager Megan. Surprisingly, it was only a two-hour speech instead of the typical four-hour one about what happened today.

Chapter Thirteen

I woke from the feeling of someone shaking me. Peeling my eyes open, I saw a woman with brown hair looking at me. Mary.

"Clover, wake up, we're here," she said, causing me to groan.

I forced myself to get up and stretch a bit so I wasn't so tired.

"I am so happy to be here!" Tori exclaimed as we went to the bathroom to fix our hair before we got off. As soon as we stepped off the plane, the airport luckily only had a few groups of paparazzi on the side. You'd think they'd get tired of doing this after a while.

I'd changed before we landed and was now wearing a leather jacket from last year that said on the back: *Victoria's Secret Fashion Show NYC*. And the year, of course. Tori was wearing something from Pink, since she wasn't actually in the show at the time and wasn't allowed the jacket. We both wore matching gray tank tops underneath that came from Pink as well. Both of us wore a pair of blue skinny jeans and black heels. We both looked pretty good for just getting off a plane.

Victoria's Secret provided us with a vehicle to get around with, so it was easy to get to the place we were staying at.

"Okay, so at noon tomorrow you two have an interview with Ricki Lake and they may ask some personal questions like about school, relationship statuses, and a few about the upcoming fashion show, too. So, I hope you both are prepared because you'll have an hour to get there by the time you get up tomorrow for your runs," Megan, Tori's manager, said.

We both nodded. This was going to be easy. Every interview I've ever given, they always ask the same questions and all I do is give them what they want to hear. It helps with getting more publicity, which is why Mary doesn't even bother to tell me what to say anymore since I know what I'm doing.

"You both look fine and gorgeous as always so when you get there, they are just going to fix up your hair. Clover, you're going to change, and then you girls are going to be set to go to your own photo shoots," Mary said with a large smile on her face.

"I thought you just said we looked good? Why do I have to change?" I questioned.

She grabbed my arm, motioning for me to move closer to her. "Clover, you aren't in second grade anymore. You don't need to match your best friend. And, your photo shoot isn't with Victoria Secret, so I expect you to look nicer than that." She pulled away, giving me a fake smile before focusing on Megan.

"There's a car downstairs, so you two can go ahead," Megan said.

I held up my hands and took a step back, "Wait we just got here. What do we have to do already?"

Mary rolled her eyes. "We went over this schedule a million time, Clover. You both have two different photo shoots tonight. Victoria's is with VS and yours is for the new Daily NY Magazine."

"What am I modeling exactly?" I asked in confusion.

She sighed, shaking her head. "Does it matter? Just go before you're late." She pushed me lightly to the door.

"Great, it's settled! Have fun, girls, I know you'll both do well," Megan said, before pushing us both out of the penthouse. We took the elevator down to the lobby.

"You ready?" I asked Tori.

"Ready as I'll ever be," she said, and we both put on our designer sunglasses and stepped outside, almost running to the car.

"We're in New York City!" Tori yelled as soon as we sat down inside. I laughed at my best friend as she started fist pumping dramatically. The driver only glanced back through the mirror, shaking his head before focusing on the road again. I used the remote and started blasting music. About a half an hour later, we finally arrived at my stop, making the usual butterflies fill my stomach.

I stepped inside the new place, putting my sunglasses on top of my head. The furniture was all black and white and the walls all held elegant photographs.

"Can I help you?" a lady questioned in a nasal voice, completing interrupting my thoughts.

"I'm Lucky, I'm here for a photoshoot," I said, and she typed my name into her computer before standing up suddenly.

"Right this way," she ordered, not bothering to see if I was following her. We were led through multiple hallways before we stopped right in front of a door.

I walked in and looked at the set up. It looked like it was going to be pretty basic from the curtain that hung as the background.

"Lucky, wonderful that you're here. We're looking forward to working with you today. Your clothes are already set up behind that door right there. Please go get your hair and makeup done and get dressed and then we'll get started."

The next day wasn't much different, as we followed a list of things to do. Starting with an interview. Tori and I walked into the building but got quickly taken by our hairdressers to our chairs in front of the large, lit up mirrors. My hair was left down and only a few small bouncy curls were added in less than fifteen minutes. When they finished, I was pushed over to a room where there was an outfit already waiting for me.

I quickly changed into the black, ripped jeans and a nice white shirt that rested a little below my shoulders. I slipped on the black heels before heading to the side of the stage, passing Tori on the way, who was still getting ready.

"Next, I would like to welcome one Victoria's Secret's angel that you all know and love. Here she is, the one and only Lucky," Ricki said, standing up and clapping with the crowd, and I walked onto the stage smiling and waving. We all took our seats again, and Ricki crossed her right leg over the left.

"Welcome! It's honestly a pleasure to have you on my show today," she said, smiling warmly.

"It's a pleasure to be here," I said, sending her a closed mouth smile.

"Okay, since we don't have a lot of time with you before our next guest comes on, we wanted to go straight into some questions from the fans. Is that all right with you?"

"Sounds good," I replied, nodding.

"What is your relationship status? @james62 asked."

"Single," I said, letting out a small laugh. Her eyebrows raised in surprise at that answer.

"I have a special question for you then," she said before doing that dramatic pause as the crowd went silent, eager to hear what she would ask next. "Now, we all have seen the videos of two guys fighting over you and you leaving in your boyfriend Damien's car or well, your now ex-boyfriend. A source has quoted you saying, 'Whatever we had is over.' Do you have anything to say about that? And if you don't mind me asking, why haven't we seen you two together in years?"

"Well, it's kinda a long story so I'll keep it short," I said and the crowd listened carefully for my response. "He was someone very close to me for years, but when he came back, he just wasn't that person anymore. Finding out he was using me was my final straw, so I ended it," I said, shrugging, and claps and cheers came from all around the room.

"Well, good for you, Lucky. We woman have to stay strong and stick together. Now, you're officially on the market again so we have to know, is there anyone you are currently interested in?" She wiggled her eyes suggestively as a picture of me and Andrew kissing popped up on the screen. The crowd went crazy, laughing and clapping with wide smiles on their faces.

I gave a wide grin, trying to not show how not innocent I truly was in this situation. "I think that one's going to have to stay with me, but he's someone in my life, that's for sure," I said honestly. Andrew Carter always found a way in my thoughts and now that he knew my secret, he was for sure to be almost a permanent part in my life.

"I take it this boy, Andrew Carter, which an insider told us about, goes to your school?" Ricki asked, interrupting my thoughts.

"That's something that's going to have to stay with me as well," I said, smiling.

"Well, then that will just lead us to our next question from Twitter. What school do you go to? @Katty9 asks."

"Next question," I said after a minute of silence. In reality, I knew they'd edit this small part out so people who would watch it on TV an hour from now wouldn't actually hear us skipping that question.

"Okay, we only have time for one more quick question. What is the most exciting part of each fashion show?"

I smiled, thinking carefully about my answer. "This is going to sound cheesy so bear with me," I said, sounding apologetic. "I love everything about it. That feeling when you're running up and down the steps after a quick change, the energy you feel in the air as you're walking down the runway with nothing but a pose you choose. It's all a feeling I hope I never forget."

Ricki smiled kindly. "Cheers to that," she said, clapping her hands. "Now, you've modeled for Vogue, Calvin Klein, Victoria's Secret, and many more. You're currently the face everyone knows. You're number one and Ford's list proves you're making the most money when compared to other models because of your talent. We, the world, the crowd, and I can't help but wonder, why hide your real identity?"

I thought about it carefully, partially considering skipping the question. "Privacy is such a big thing for any celebrity. Being a top model is fun, but it's stressful and it has its good and bad days. Being a normal person, a normal student, where no one knows who you are underneath. All they know is your real personality and they base it on your insides. All that doesn't even compare to any other feeling," I told her honestly.

She set down her cards and smiled. "That sounds like a good feeling. Well, we are very excited for tomorrow night's show. Thank you so much for finding time to come today during your busy schedule. It was great having you," Ricki said, shaking my hand.

"Thanks for having me, I had a great time," I said before someone yelled cut.

"Thanks again," Ricki said, smiling as someone came rushing on stage, powdering her face again.

Since Tori had a slightly different schedule and still had her interview, we parted ways and I got dropped off at my location.

"Welcome, Lucky, welcome! I'm so happy you could come. Now, we are in a hurry so please go put this on in your dressing room down the hallway. When you are done come to the door on the left that's where we are taking the photos," Cierra said, ushering me to my dressing room. I wasn't late, a couple minutes early actually, but these places always liked to act like I was, since they would probably have to take 100 pictures of every pose.

I quickly put on the black and white strapless bathing suit and went over to the next room.

When I walked into the room, there was a green screen set up and they explained to me that it would be as realistic as standing on an actual beach.

"Lucky, as requested, you are going to be posing with someone today. He should be here any sec—oh, look, here he is," Lyndsey said, looking at the door that was slowly opening.

"Damien?"

Chapter Fourteen

"Damien?!"

"Oh, great, you two know each other?" Cierra said, clapping, completely oblivious to the glare I was giving Damien.

"What are you doing here?" I asked through clenched teeth.

"Well, Cierra here use to be my agent once upon a time, and hearing I was back, she decided to offer me a modeling job to pose with Victoria's Secret's number one angel, Lucky, so of course I couldn't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Aren't you happy, babe?" Damien said, smirking.

Cierra waited for my answer while staring at me with her beady little eyes. Trying to not show how nervous I actually was, I responded with a fake smile.

"Oh yeah! I can't wait to stand next to you and take tons of pictures together while you're shirtless and me wearing a bikini! This should be fun!" I said sarcastically.

Cierra gave me an approving look since this wasn't some high school game. We were both adults and this was business. They didn't have time for who didn't like who.

"Well, I'm glad you two are close friends! So, you won't mind the first pose," Cierra said, smiling innocently. "I want Damien to stand behind you with his arms around your waist and then I want you to smile and look at him lovingly. Damien, you look down at Lucky lovingly. That's the exact vibe I want for this photo shoot."

"But you do know we aren't together, right?" I asked almost annoyed. I loved modeling, but it's stuff like this that drove me insane. They'll most likely turn this picture around, and it'll be the same magazine questioning if me breaking up with him was just an act.

"What? Damien told me on the phone that you two have been together for years now."

I raised an eyebrow at this information. She just asked if we knew each other.

"Yeah, we were technically together for years but I just recently broke up with him," I said, glaring at Damien.

"Haha, that's funny, babe. But anyway, I have somewhere to be so let's get this over with," Damien said, laughing nervously.

"Yeah, let's just start. We are on a tight schedule today," Cierra agreed.

After about an hour and a half of Damien and I making up our own poses and taking a bunch of pictures for some new swim line, I was sent to take a few photos in the water.

"Beautiful, that will be front cover!" she said as I stepped out of the edge of the water.

"Thank you so much for coming. These photos are all perfect for the summer line of bikinis and that outfit you wore here today was perfect for the occasion," Cierra told me, patting me on the shoulder. "Make sure to return everything you modeled today at the front desk."

I nodded, thanking her. I usually got to keep everything I modeled, but not all places were as generous. I walked out front to see the car waiting and started to walk through the path that security cleared. As I was walking, someone suddenly grabbed my arm.

"Damien, what do you want now? Can't you understand it's over?" I snapped once I saw it was him.

"Here, can we talk inside, because there is a lot of paparazzi..." Damien said, trailing off and pointing to the nearby Starbucks. Why am I not surprised that they have an a Starbucks next to an agency?

"Fine, you have five minutes and that's only because I'm going to get a drink." I signaled next door to my driver and walked over.

"Hello, what can I get you?" the lady named Scarlet asked politely.

"Can I have an iced coffee with an extra shot of espresso and regular cream and regular sugar?" I asked, smiling.

"Sure. With the name Lucky, right?" she asked.

I nodded as I swiped my card to pay.

Damien ordered his coffee and paid for his own then we quickly got them and sat down.

"Can you explain to me when you started modeling?" I questioned, taking a sip of my drink.

"Well, when people saw me with you on the magazines the first day I got back, I got tons of calls asking me to model their clothes and swimsuit lines so I agreed," he said, shrugging.

I laughed bitterly. "Wow, you got your fame restored just like you wanted all along," I said, shaking my head. "I'm sure you missed the spot light in the few years you've been out of it."

Doesn't it hurt you to know that you used me to regain it? I wanted to ask, but I decided against it.

"You know I do love you," Damien said, giving me some fake look of love, which I fell for so easily before.

"Yeah, I'm sure you did. Now, I really need to get going. But before I do, I have a tip for you, Damien. Stay out of my life and take the hint that we are done! I don't have time for you trying to raise your fame by attempting to get me to model with you," I said, standing up. "I'm serious about this."

"You can't be mad! I just got bored of our lame relationship! I am a man and I have needs. You weren't filling my needs!" Damien said.

I glared at him and took one last sip of my drink. Interesting. How can one fill any needs when they disappear for years, lying about how they're fighting for our country but are really sitting in a house on the beach?

"So, why are you talking to me now?" I snapped.

"Because you *are* really famous and if everyone sees us talking they will think we are making up." He quickly stood up and gave me a kiss on the lips.

I quickly pushed him back. "You're such a pig! Sorry I was such a bore to you. I hope girlfriend number two makes your life easier." In one swift motion, I grabbed his own drink and poured it on him before walking away. Cameras easily caught the act as the paparazzi furiously took pictures. When I got to the car and slid in, Tori was sitting there patiently.

"Explain," Tori said as soon as the door shut.

"Well, hello to you, too," I said sarcastically.

"Oh, cut the crap. Why the hell were you just with Damien?" Tori questioned, frowning.

I quickly started explaining about the photo shoot and about what Damien said at Starbucks.

"Oh, babe! I'm so sorry. He is such a pig!" she snapped, shaking her head. "He better wish he never crosses me or I swear I will chop off—"

"Tori, I love you," I said, unable to hold back my laughter at my friend.

"Sorry, I was getting a little carried away," Tori said sheepishly.

"It's fine," I said with a small smile.

When we arrived back, we got out of the car and went into the building and took the elevator up to the top floor. When we walked in, there was a note sitting on the counter.

Dear Clover and Tori,

Nice work on the photoshoots and the interview turned out great, but Clover, I am very disappointed about a few things that we will discuss later. For now, I want you both to go and get ready. Since you are both

models, it shouldn't be difficult to pick a nice dress. Remember, this is a five-star restaurant so do look nice. I sent out a few people to pick out about five elegant dresses, so go and choose one. They should all be on your beds. Now hurry up. Dinner starts at seven o'clock sharp, don't be late. Car will be out front.

Sincerely,

Mary and Megan.

I quickly read over the note again and gave it to Tori to read and ran off to my bedroom. When I walked in, there were five beautiful dresses on my bed like Mary said there would be. I checked the time. 5:30. So I took a bit of time and jumped in the shower and washed my hair and did the usual stuff. I easily picked the black and white skin-tight dress. I waited to put it on as I curled my blond hair so it was in big bouncy curls then I pulled it back so it was all laying on one shoulder. I added a little bit of makeup, just enough so it still looked natural, then I slid on the dress and put on a pair of black platform suede heels.

When Tori and I were both ready, we went out to the limo. While we were waiting, I admired Tori's David Lerner long-sleeved mesh dress with a pair of black suede ankle boots. Her hair was up in a nice bun with both sides of her bangs hanging down. We complimented each other's outfits and we gossiped until we arrived a few minutes later. Tons of pictures were taken as we walked in through the door. We were quickly directed by the person at the front to the table with Mary, Megan, and... Andrew?

"Andrew? What is Andrew doing here... in New York?" I asked as I sat down.

"Well, since you have decided to go off and do what you wish lately, you sort of got yourself in a mess. We can't have you kissing random guys on front covers, so we'll stick with the first one you put your lips on," Mary said.

I couldn't help but laugh. I laughed for a good three minutes. You know, that bend-over-crying laughter.

This had to be a joke. That's it, there's nothing more to it. I mean, she wants me to fake date Andrew? Andrew Carter, the one who I semi-agreed to tolerate only a day ago? Oh, sweet baby Jesus, help me.

Chapter Fifteen

"Okay, Mary," I started slowly, closing my eyes and thinking carefully about what I was going to say next. "You have had many great ideas and many horrible ones as well, but if I'm going to be honest, this has to be worst out of all," I said, wiping the smirk off Andrew's face.

"C'mon, this sounds great. Me dating Lucky, life couldn't get much better."

"Fake dating," Mary corrected before looking at me. "Listen, it's sudden, but you weren't really dating Damien anyway. Since he's not famous, it may cause eyes to look other ways when it comes to talking about your relationships," Mary said, trying to reason, but the glint in her eyes told me something was off about this whole plan.

"You can't seriously tell me that this will be good for my reputation. This is a joke, I mean, it's like you want my secret to be found out!" I said, making sure my face showed how ridiculous I thought the idea was.

"He's not much better than Damien!" Tori added, helping me out, but she quickly stopped talking when Megan sent her a single look.

"He has never stayed with a girl longer than two days, if that!" I exclaimed. "If any media outlets look into this, they'll easily find he has a long line of a history with the female population."

"Actually, I once stayed with a girl for a week, thank you very much," Andrew said, frowning, even though he low key knew everything we were saying was true.

"And you can't forget about Stacey!" Tori said sarcasm dripping from her voice.

He corrected her, "She was more of a friends with benefits type of thing. Going on and off for that purpose."

I snorted, "Oh because that makes it better! Mary, don't you see the problem with him?" I exclaimed even though I knew her stern look wasn't going to change.

"Clover, this conversation is over, since it was never a discussion to begin with. He is your fake boyfriend and that's that. Now put a smile on your face and go sit in those two chairs. Your food should be there any moment," Mary said, pointing to the table across the room.

I plastered a fake smile on my face. I swear she acted like my mother and I definitely don't need another one of those, especially with that attitude.

"I'll text you later, Tori," I mumbled to Tori as I walked past her.

"Bye, have fun!" she said, giving an apologetic look as she acted 'happy' for me. Andrew and I sat down at the table just as the food arrived. I quickly thanked them and went back to glaring at Andrew.

"You know, it's not very nice to glare at your *boyfriend*," Andrew smirked, exaggerating the word boyfriend.

"Well, good thing I'm not a very nice person," I said matter-of-factly.

"Really, because from what I have heard from both inside and outside of school, you're not a bad or mean person, Clo," Andrew said, taking a bite of his steak.

"Aww, how sweet of you to say," I said sarcastically. "Now explain why you agreed to this?"

"I love you, Clo, and I have always wanted to be with you," he said, staring at me sweetly.

"Drop the act, my manager isn't here so please, spend this time to explain to me why you even agreed to this and what the hell is she thinking?" I snapped, causing Andrew to sigh.

"Okay, Mary offered me \$5,000 dollars and I need that money. I don't understand why she would offer me so much either but it helps."

"You live in a house about as big as mine. Why do you need money? Can't you just ask your parents?" I questioned, honestly curious.

"I thought I told you my parents are divorced. My mother is the only one with the money. Not my father," Andrew said bluntly.

"Well, why does you—"

"Because he's an idiot who can barely pay his bills and spends most of his money on alcohol. If I give him this money then I can be done with him for good. Now, how about we change the subject. Why were you in Starbucks with Damien earlier?" Andrew said, cutting me off.

"Sorry for asking," I pursed my lips, looking down at my steak. "And because after I heard about him using me, I needed to hear out some type of small explanation." I frowned as I thought about what happened earlier. "Can we start over? You know my secret now, so there's no point of this back and forth stuff. Plus, we are going to be fake dating for who knows how long," I said with a tired sigh.

"Not that long. Mary said give it a week if New York isn't long enough. She didn't pay me for anything more," he informed me. "But, hello, I'm Andrew Carter, you know, the God-like figure at the high school I go to," Andrew said, holding out his hand.

"More like the cockiest guy in *our* school but I'm Clover Thompson. You may know me as the world's number one model right now, Lucky," I said, shaking his hand, causing him to smirk.

"Well, Ms. Thompson, why don't we ditch this fancy restaurant, box this food up and go somewhere fun?" Andrew suggested.

"What do you have in mind, Mr. Carter?" I asked, smiling.

"You took me to a fair while I'm wearing a dress and heels? People are gonna look at me like I'm crazy," I said flatly.

"People are gonna look at you like you're the most amazing person who has ever walked on this earth and ask for pictures and autographs. I'm positive you won't get one crazy look," Andrew said with a smirk.

"Fine, but if I get one bad look you have to wash every single car I own," I said with a small grin.

"That doesn't sound like a bad thing, I mean, have you seen those babes? But if and when I win, I get to kiss you," Andrew said, holding out his hand.

"Deal," I said and we shook. But as we shook hands, I couldn't help but think, what if he wins?

Chapter Sixteen

Unknown Point of View

I know everything. From her secret to her home problems. Clover the school's nerd or as most people know her as Lucky, currently Victoria's Secret's leading Angel. She thinks she is some amazing actress hiding under a wig, fake nose, and glasses, but she obviously isn't that great because I know everything there is to know about Clover and her secrets. Clover doesn't get attention at school unless it's being laughed and pointed by some fellow friends, but she gets tons of attention outside of school. I mean, the reason why she hides under all that crap is because she wants a normal life. I can't help but wonder, how would she feel if her secret got out before the last assembly of the year? How about in one week or maybe two weeks? Decisions, decisions... so many to make. But the most important decision is how I should tell the school? I wonder, would it be easier to just tell the world instead?

Clover's Point of View

As Andrew and I walked around, I started to notice that, so far, I was completely losing this bet.

"You know, you could just give up and give me a nice kiss right on the lips," Andrew said smugly as he tapped his lips.

"I would rather die," I said seriously.

"I'm just gonna pretend I didn't hear that," Andrew said, sticking his hands over his ears and making obnoxious noises.

"Okay, shut up! You're going to cause us to have even more attention." I grabbed his hands away from his ears. "You act like you're five. Can we go play that game?" I asked, looking at the game straight in front of us. But when I looked at Andrew he wasn't paying attention and was looking down. I looked down as well and noticed I was still holding his hand. I immediately let go and focused on the game. Andrew cleared his throat and looked to where I was looking.

"Yeah, sure," Andrew mumbled and we immediately started walking over there, hands now unconnected.

"It's three dollars for three rings or one for a dollar," the guy said, winking at me and his eyes slowly trailing up my legs. "But for you, I could make it free."

Andrew coughed. "I'm the one paying and my eyes are over here." He handed the guy a crisp five-dollar bill.

"You know I could have paid," I said, frowning.

"Just because I said I need money doesn't mean I'm broke," Andrew said bluntly.

"Right," I mumbled, grabbing the three rings from the counter. I tried throwing two but they both missed, which caused me to frown.

"Here, let me help you," Andrew said, coming up behind me and wrapping his arms around my waist. He then grabbed my wrist and helped me flick it, which made it land perfectly on the bottle. Though this was extremely cheesy and something you'd only hear about in a book, it still made me smile because it's exactly how every girl wanted to be treated whether they admitted it or not. It was like a fantasy from some Disney movie that never seemed to end.

"Uh, nice job, you can pick anything in the middle row," the guy said nervously after Andrew fiercely glared at him again.

"Oooh, can I have that huge, cute pink bear with the bow around its neck?" I asked, looking at Andrew.

"You heard the girl," Andrew said with a smirk.

"She has to pick from the middle and that one's on the top," he said, rubbing the back of his neck.

Realizing he was right, I pulled out three singles and handed it to him to go again.

"I got it," Andrew said, cracking his knuckles. He picked up all three rings and easily tossed them, attempting to make them perfectly on different bottles. Yeah, he missed every single one. I couldn't stop myself from falling into a fit of laughter as Andrew tried to not cringe in embarrassment.

"Before you go, can I get a picture with you, Lucky?" the guy asked.

I was slightly surprised that he knew who I was, but I smiled anyway then nodded. Andrew took the time to scowl at the guy as I made sure not to stand too close. We quickly took the picture and then walked away with Andrew throwing one last glare over his shoulder.

"I didn't know you like carnivals so much," Andrew said.

"Yeah, you see, I actually have never been to one before," I said, smiling and looking around. It felt like a whole new world for me. It's not like I could just go to a fair whenever. The closest I got to one was Coachella.

"What?" Andrew asked with an amazed look on his face.

"Well, yeah, when you're busy being a part-time model and a nerd, you don't really get to do fun stuff other than shopping and occasional coffee," I said, shrugging. "Plus, even when I was younger,

my parents would have me model toddler clothes while they were working. I never really got the experience."

"Your parents work a lot, huh?"

"Yeah, but it doesn't matter anymore. I'm eighteen so I really don't need them," I said, biting my lip. After many years of practice, I was now perfectly capable of taking care of myself and all my needs. I didn't need them to be home every day or even the holidays because I was an adult. I didn't need to get lonely being by myself anymore.

"Wow, you really haven't lived. But since you're my *girlfriend* now, you are going to get to see the wild side," Andrew said, trying to lighten the mood.

"Hmm, well, I have been a nerd before and a model but I must say I have never been a bad girl," I said, which caused Andrew's smirk to widen.

"Sweetheart, prepare for the best ride of your life tonight." he said.

"Oh, Clo, you really are so innocent. Come on," Andrew said, pulling me to the parking lot.

"Where are we going now? Your car is parked that way," I said, pointing to the opposite direction.

"That wasn't my car. It's just some rental your Medusa of a manager got for me. I'm sure she can worry about that later," he said, and I didn't stop myself from chuckling at the name for Mary.

"Okay, well, bad boy, where are we going on foot because I am in heels?" I reminded him.

"Don't worry. We are going where they sell cars," Andrew said, walking faster.

"Wait, are you renting a car?" I asked, even more confused. "We just had one."

"More like borrowing. Now, Clo, when we get there, I want you to go up to the counter and tell everyone who works there you are going to have a sports section in the new magazine you are in and you need a picture with everyone. Okay? At 9:30 sharp, come back out and just tell them you have to go. Do you understand?" Andrew said, looking at me dead in the eye as we stood outside of a car place.

"Yeah, but where are you going for the next five minutes?" I questioned.

"You'll see," Andrew smirked, rushing off into the car parking lot.

"Well, okay then," I grumbled, walking into the shop.

"Please, let this not be a dream! I have dreamed of sleeping with you, Lucky," a guy in his thirties said when he saw me. I immediately noticed the *Sports Illustrated* poster I was on behind him.

"Um what?" I asked, slightly freaked out.

"Sorry, um, hi, how can I help you?" the guy next to him asked.

"Well, for the magazine I'm going to be in, they want a car section, so I need all of your employees to come over here and take a picture with me, since we have decided to sponsor you," I said and all the employees easily believed me. After a few pictures, the clock struck 9:30, and I said a quick thanks and ran out of the car dealership. When I walked out, I saw Andrew sitting there on a Harley Davidson motorcycle

"Hop on," he said.

"Where the hell did you get this motorcycle?" I asked before I put two and two together and gasped.

"You stole it?" I shrieked.

"Shh. Get on," Andrew told me.

"I'm wearing a dress," I said, giving him a disapproving look.

Andrew obviously didn't like that answer so he got off and picked me up then sat me down on the black beast.

"Hold on tight," Andrew said, speeding off, which cause me to immediately hold on tightly to his waist.

"By the way, babe, I'm pretty sure you owe me a kiss," Andrew said after a few minutes, which caused me to groan.

"Yeah, right." I snorted. "Now where are we going?" I asked for the millionth time today.

"Have you ever been clubbing?"

Chapter Seventeen

"Clubbing?" I asked in disbelief, as we pulled up to a place with loud music and people lined up outside.

"Yeah, you know the place you dance, drink, have se—"

"I know about clubs, and what people do in a club," I said, cutting him off as I shook my hair out from the ride. When I looked at Andrew, he was giving me a strange look.

"What? Do I have something on my face?" I questioned with a raised eyebrow, getting off the motorcycle perfectly. He cleared his throat and shook his head. I fixed my hair so it was pinned down again to the side and pulled my dress down a little.

"You ready?" Andrew asked me and I nodded. "You are actually gonna come in handy."

"And how is that?" I questioned, narrowing my eyes.

"Well, babe, you're Lucky, currently the top model in the world," Andrew said, putting his arm around my shoulder.

"I know that, I get reminded by everyone every single day. How would that help anything?" I asked, shrugging his arm off.

"Well, from the looks of it, the guy up front is at least in his early twenties, so you're gonna have to flirt your way in. I don't have a fake ID for you," Andrew said, putting his arm back on my shoulder, causing me to narrow my eyes at him.

"You know, you shouldn't glare. It ruins your cute innocent look you have in this dress," Andrew said, smirking, as I shot him another glare.

"ID," the guy said.

"Well, you see, I kinda forgot my ID at home. Which is all the way in California. Do you know how far California is from New York?" I asked with a frown.

"Well, we wouldn't want a pretty girl like you to be alone in the dark," the guy said, nodding. "I guess you can just stand right next to me all night."

"I'd love to, but only in there. You know, the flashing lights, bodies moving together, everyone drunk off their asses," I said suggestively as I bit my lip.

"In that case, I hope you'll still be in there when I get off in two hours," he said, opening the gate.

"Thank you so much," I fake squealed before walking into the crowded club with Andrew behind me.

"What is this club anyway?" I yelled over the music.

"You really don't know? They're huge in California, they have tons of these clubs everywhere. It's called Seven, but it's spelled with a money sign for the S," he explained and I nodded in understanding.

"You want a drink?" a guy asked, walking up by me.

"No, she does not," Andrew said, glaring at the guy.

"Listen, you are not allowed to take any drinks from anyone but me. Got it?" Andrew said, giving me a stern look.

"Yes, Mom," I said, rolling my eyes. "I'm not drinking, so you have nothing to worry about anyway." I sat down on one of the stools at the bar.

"I'll take a wat—"

"A cherry vodka and a beer," Andrew said, cutting in.

"I said I'm not drinking!"

"Loosen up a bit, Clo."

"Well, Drew, when I get drunk and I'm on every magazine, good luck talking to Mary," I said, smirking as I took a sip of the drink. It burned my throat a little, but after a few sips more I got used to it.

"Come on, shut up and dance," Andrew said, making me roll my eyes.

Four hours later, I was totally drunk. Andrew's lips were placed on mine and were moving feverishly together, our mouths slapping together every couple seconds, only move back for breath. My hand was tangled in his hair, but I didn't care to find an escape route from the brown roots. My right leg was being held up by his hand and was wrapped around his hips as he continued to try to get as close as possible. The feeling of his warm breath only made me hotter every time he'd pull away and his lips moved down my jaw, down my neck. Was I being taken advantage of right now? Definitely not, I was bathing in this feeling, in this heat. In the past, I was never one for such PDA but I was drunk, in a club and I'm definitely not a virgin.

"Everyone in this club, put your hands up!" someone yelled, causing the music to cut off. Of course, since I was drunk, I just continued to make out with Andrew with no care in the world. A few

minutes later, Andrew got pulled off me and then shoved against a wall with handcuffs on his wrists. Seconds later, I was in the same position.

"But, wait, everybody in the club put yo' hands up," I sung, swaying my hips and trying to put my hands in the air.

"Anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law You have the right to an attorney, if you cannot afford one, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand your rights as they have been read to you?" the officer said, immediately causing me to think straighter.

"Wait! Why am I going to jail?" I asked, panicking as he started to push me out the door.

"Do you understand your rights as they have been read to you?" he asked again.

I nodded.

"Underage drinking and sneaking into a club," the officer said before shoving me into the backseat of the car next to Andrew.

"Why are we the only two being arrested?" I asked with disbelief. "And how do these people know my age! I could be twenty-one!" I argued, trying to open the door.

"You two are at a club that is well-known for selling drugs straight from the bar and is well-known for prostitution. You walked straight into a drug factory tonight," the officer up front said.

"And, from what the officer up front said, we aren't the only two. Which explains why there are about eight other cop cars here," Andrew said, oddly calm, looking around.

I looked up in mild irritation, trying to calm myself down. This night was totally not suppose to end like this.

I woke up on a cold hard metal bed and frowned. I groaned, as it felt like someone just dropped a huge rock on my head.

"Where the hell am I? And why does it feel like someone hit my head with a rock?" I questioned, squinting my eyes and running a hand through my hair.

"Morning, sweetheart, and welcome to jail. Your head is hurting because you have a hangover. Now, what would you prefer to eat? We have eggs, bacon, and pancakes or hash browns, eggs, and pancakes," Andrew said sarcastically from the cell across from me.

After a minute of me not responding, he burst out laughing, which caused me to glare at him.

"Why do I have a hangover? I told you I wasn't going to drink!"

"Well, you did. I lost count of how many drinks you had after four," Andrew said, shrugging. "We've been in here for about four hours."

"Wait! When do we get out of here?" I asked, pacing back and forth as I stood up.

"I don't know, ask Joe." He gestured to the officer sitting at a desk on the side of the room.

He's been here for who know how long and didn't bother to ask when we could leave? He's an idiot, I swear.

"Excuse me, Officer. When can we be released?" I asked politely while walking over to in front of the bars.

"When someone comes and gets you," The officer, Joe said, not even looking up from his newspaper.

"But we're both eighteen. Why do we need someone to get us?"

"Because I said so."

"Because I said so," Andrew repeated, mocking the guy. His response was a simple glare.

"Well, this is just great! I have a fashion show at five o'clock tonight, and I have photo shoots all day starting at twelve! Andrew, do you see what you did? This is why I don't go clubbing," I yelled frustrated. "You actually deserve to be in here for all the crap you have done! Couldn't you have just stayed out of my life instead of ruining my career? Oh, my gosh! I can't even imagine." I slid down the wall with tears slowly coming down my face.

"It's not even all my fault. How was I supposed to know the club was run by a bunch of drug addicts who, I forgot to mention didn't even get caught," Andrew yelled back, glaring at me.

"I can't even imagine," I repeated.

"I'm being nice by just letting you talk so stop yelling!" Joe said, yelling at both of us.

"Oh, my gosh, I'm done. My career is officially over. I can't imagine all the pictures that are online and in magazines. Mary is gonna drop me like I'm hot," I said, shaking my head.

"It won't be hard then because you are hot," Andrew said.

"Just shut the hell up!" I whisper-yelled.

"Is this girl still drunk?" a random guy asked from the corner of Andrew's cell.

"I would seriously go to jail all the time if I knew it would be this entertaining," a random chick appeared next to me, making me jump. Where the hell did she come from?

"Who are you two?" I questioned, my eyebrows furrowing. I didn't realize there were more people in our holding cells, but I really haven't taken my eyes away from Andrew.

"Well, I'm Jasmin," the chick said.

"I'm Christopher but you can call me Chris," the guy said, winking as he walked out of the corner that he had apparently been sitting in.

"Back off, dude," Andrew said, glaring.

The guy named Chris had brown hair that was styled almost perfectly and went well with his blue eyes. He looked like he was a typical football player jock by his slightly buff arms in the black long-sleeved shirt. The girl named Jasmin had brown hair as well that was dyed so it had bright pink at the ends.

"Why are you two in here?" I asked.

"Her emotions are giving me whiplash," Chris said, chuckling.

"I'm not even drunk anymore," I exclaimed, throwing my hands up.

"Yeah, sure you're not," Jasmin said sarcastically.

"I'm in here because I was caught in that stupid club for drinking and a fake ID," Chris said, and I couldn't help but notice his slightly red eyes.

"Yeah, I tried to attack the cop while he tried to force me to leave," Jasmin said, shrugging.

I gave her a look of disbelief, who would be that stupid?

"And I came in here drunk, trying to get them to release her, which resulted in me getting caught," Chris said.

"Are you crazy?" I asked them.

"No, are you?" she retorted.

"At this point, I don't even know," I said, putting my head in my hands.

"Anyway, are you two from around here?" Chris asked us.

"No, we're from Cali," I said with a small smile.

"That explains the small accent you have," Jasmin said, glancing at the guy next to her.

"When do I get a phone call?" I complained.

"You get one when you shut the hell up," Joe said, slamming his newspaper on the desk.

"That's not very nice to say, sir. I am ninety percent sure you are not allowed to say that," I said to the officer with a frown.

"You know everything you say will be used against you in court," Officer Joe said to us.

"Well, you know you telling us to shut the hell up can be used against you, too," I snapped.

"Okay, Clover. It's about time you stop talking," Andrew said, giving me a stern look and pulling me away from the bars.

"You're lucky I'm behind bars," I mumbled so only the four of us could hear. Jasmin and Chris let out a small chuckle before they continued their small talk.

"So, anyway, what are you doing here in New York?" Chris asked us.

"Can you stop flirting with my girlfriend?" Andrew snapped, glaring.

"I'm not your girlfriend," I said at the same time Chris did.

"I'm not flirting."

"Ugh, guys these days," Jasmin said, giggling, and I cringed slightly as I took in her appearance as well. They both looked like they grew up on the street. Meeting someone in jail definitely topped the list for the sketchiest things I've ever done.

"Wait a minute. You're that model, Lucky," Jasmin said suddenly, her eyes lighting up with something I wasn't sure of.

"He just called her Clover," Chris said, looking confused.

Jasmin shook her head. "No, you're that model. Is Clover your real name?"

I sighed. "Lovely, you're just spilling all my secrets, Andrew. This is going great." I turned to Jasmin. "Yup, I'm Clover Thompson. Great to meet ya," I said with sarcasm dripping from my sentence.

"No, you just told them your whole secret. You need some water in your system because clearly you're still some type of drunk," Andrew replied.

I rolled my eyes. "Who cares? My career will be over by the time I'm out of her anyway."

No one really said anything for a good ten minutes before I groaned loudly.

"I'm so bored." I sighed. "I have been in this cell long enough."

"You have only been in here for six hours and four of them you were sleeping," Andrew pointed out.

"Well, Andrew Carter, you better get me out of here soon because when we do get out, you are most likely fired!" I hissed at him as I sat on the cold, hard metal bed.

"Come on, it's not that bad. I have been in here plenty of times before. If I'm fired I expect that 5,000 still. Contract says it's mine either way," Andrew said, shrugging. "Plus, there is a little pad for the bed, it's underneath."

I looked underneath and saw a dirty brown cushion that was supposed to be all white laying there. I gagged for a second before sitting up straight on the hard bed.

"Come on, it's not that bad. I have been in here plenty of times," Andrew said, shrugging. "Hey, Joe, can I be let out to smoke for a minute?" Andrew asked the cop, leaning in front with his arms on the bar.

"No, I told you this an hour ago. Kids should not be smoking. It's bad for your lungs and you will be dead by the time you are forty," the officer said, shaking his head before mumbling under his breath, "Kids these days."

"Can I call now?" I whined, which the officer ignored.

"What are we going to do? Mary, Megan, and Tori have no idea we're in here and it's cold. If we are in here for a day then they are going to put us in those ugly jumpsuits," I complained.

"I am not getting in one of those jumpsuits!" Jasmin exclaimed nervously.

"That's not gonna even happen, Clo. We're in a holding cell not prison. Speaking of, how are you two planning on getting out?" Andrew questioned.

"Same as you two... when someone gets us," Chris said, shrugging.

"I'm pretty sure Jesse's coming," Jasmin told Chris, looking at him carefully through the bars.

"Good, because now we have some news for him," Chris responded, smirking. Noticing our eyes, his smirk dropped but I didn't care much for the conversation as I focused on the officer again.

"Excuse me, Officer Joe, is it? How are we supposed to get out without calling anyone? I mean, no one knows we're in here. Did you call our parents?" I asked.

"No. Clover Thompson get up and follow me," Joe said, unlocking the door.

"Ugh, finally," I said, stretching and putting my heels back on. "Where am I going?"

"To get your picture taken," Officer Joe said, handing me a sign with a number on it. "Now, just hold it up." Of course, my modeling part of me came out, and I quickly raked my fingers through my hair and straightened out my dress. I started posing and doing like a kissy face and things like that.

"Ms. Thompson, this is not a photo shoot and you need to stop posing. You are no model," Joe said, grabbing my arm and pulling me back to the cell. He shoved me in there and quickly locked it up again.

"You know, Joe, I know for a fact that you shoving her and being rude will all be on camera, too." Andrew stood up, smirking.

The officer simply made a humming noise in response.

"Andrew, what are you doing?" I whispered.

"Baby, your modeling job is about to come in," Andrew smirked, and I immediately understood what I had to do.

"Joe, can we get some food?" Andrew asked.

Officer Joe groaned for the billionth time and called someone on the walkie talkie, then he walked out of the room as a young guy in his early twenties came in and replaced him.

"Hello, what's your name?" I asked, twirling a piece of my blond hair.

"Officer Stanley."

"I thought I was suppose to get a phone call by now," I said with a pout.

"You haven't gotten one yet?" He asked sounding confused.

"No! The last guy refused to give us one. How long are we expected to be held here with no charges and no phone call?" I questioned, not hiding my anger.

"Well, your charges were apparently removed as of two hours ago by our chief of police, I thought Joe would've told you that. I'm surprised you four are from the club. Nothing was found there. Everyone else caught was released after the chief removed the charges." Officer Stanley explained.

"Thank you, Jesse." I heard Jasmin whisper making me look at her in confusion. Who was this Jesse they kept mentioning and what did he have to do with our release?

"So you're going to let us all go?" Andrew asked carefully and the officer nodded.

"You'll have to sign some release papers, but I'll double check with Joe and the chief and see what's going on." He said standing up from his desk and leaving the room.

"Who's Jesse?" I asked once he left the room.

"A close friend, he has some upper connections with law enforcement. It had to of been him that helped get us all out." She explained, sharing an indescribable look with Chris.

"Okay." I said not sure whether to be suspicious or not.

Office Stanley walked into the room only a couple minutes later with keys in his hand. "I apologize for holding you here so long, but it was for safety precautions as for some reason your charges weren't dropped in the system when everyone else's went through. You all can sign the papers at the front desk and then you can head out." He said unlocking each of our holding cells.

"Thank goodness." I sighed in relief as I stepped out of the nasty cell. "I appreciate your help."

"Just make sure to have a nice day and make sure to stay out of trouble," Stanley said, waving, and we all made our way to the front and quickly signed the papers before leaving the building, almost afraid as if they'd change their minds.

A car suddenly pulled up in front of us, and Chris slid his phone in his pocket as he got thrown a pair of keys.

"I got us a ride," he said, nodding at the guy who got out of the driver's seat. "Thanks, James," he added, giving him a look, another one I didn't quite understand.

"C'mon, everyone can get in," Jasmin said wiping the fake sweat off her forehead once we were all in. I probably shouldn't have gotten in a car with two strangers but as Andrew says, I need to live a little.

"Wait, so to clear this up, you're actually Lucky? You're that extremely rich model—"

Andrew quickly cut off Chris. "Yeah, she is."

"Stop being a grumpy butt," I said with a frown.

"So, where are you guys headed?" Chris asked, cutting into our conversation.

I glanced at the time and considered a small outing.

"I mean, you guys seem pretty cool, we could all go out to breakfast since I still have a couple hours of time," I suggested.

"Then will you explain everything? Because Joe was calling you Clover Thompson, yet you're Lucky. Why is that all such a secret?" Jasmin asked with a confused face.

"Yeah, about all that. I'll explain over some breakfast," I said with a small innocent smile as I focused on the car radio.

Chapter Eighteen

"Hey, guys, I know we are really hungry and all, but we just sat in a jail cell for hours after a night of fun and I'm saying this in the nicest way as possible; we all look like crap," I said, looking at everyone.

"What are we supposed to do about that? If we go back to the penthouse and change, Mary will most likely kill us before we make it to our closet," Andrew said.

Our closet? More like my closet.

"You could borrow some of our clothes. Andrew, you can borrow my brother's clothes and Clover, you can borrow my clothes," Jasmin said.

"Who's your brother?" I asked.

"The douchebag driving," Andrew said

"Chris? I didn't know you two were brother and sister. But now that you mention it, you do look alike." I said.

"Yup. This dork is my brother," Jasmin said, flicking his arm.

"Excuse me, I am not a dork. I am the captain of the football team and also the quarterback so I prefer not to be put in that category," Chris said matter-of-factly.

"Oh, my gosh, like no way!" Andrew said in a high fake girly voice, causing me to slap his arm.

"Jasmin, I would honestly love to borrow your clothes, but If I'm going to be out and about, I have to be prepared if Paparazzi stop me, so how about we stop at a mall and change really quick?

"You must be loaded," Jasmin said, grinning slightly.

My brows furrowed, unsure why she was grinning. "I mean, yeah, I'm not exactly broke."

"Okay, we're here," Chris said, parking.

"You can't go out like that," Andrew said, looking at me.

"Like what?" I questioned.

"Have you looked in the mirror lately?" he asked.

"Yeah, while I was in jail for six hours, the cops gave me a mirror so I could look amazing at all times," I said sarcastically, causing Jasmin to laugh, but she quickly covered it with a cough when

Andrew stared angrily at her. When I looked in the car mirror, I saw my hair looked like a disaster but my dress looked okay.

I poured everything out of my purse on the car seat.

"Yeah, this is like a hair and makeup emergency!" I exclaimed, grabbing my mini brush that folds up with a mirror. I quickly brushed my hair and put my hair up then I grabbed another ponytail holder and put my hair in a stylish messy bun; then I applied some eyeliner to make my eyes pop and added a tiny bit of blush. I finished up with reapplying some light pink lip gloss and a medium pink lip gloss liner. I put on my three hundred dollar sunglasses and looked as good as new again in under five minutes,

"Wow. You're good," Jasmin said, nodding her approval.

"We should go shopping together sometime."

"Sounds great!" she squealed, clapping her hands. Something about her reaction seemed fake but I simply brushed off the thought.

"I'm hungry, so if you two are done talking about girly stuff, can we go?" Andrew asked, looking bored.

"You know, more people would talk to you if you weren't a grumpy ass all the time," I told Andrew as we walked into the mall. Next to the door was a newspaper stand, causing me to let out a small screech. A few people looked over at me, and I just ignored them and focused on the paper.

"Geez, my ears," Andrew said, covering them still.

"Clover, what's wrong?" Chris asked, immediately.

"Is everything okay?" Jasmin asked at the same time as Chris.

"Andrew, give me twenty-five cents now!" I said, holding out my hand.

"What? No? You have tons of money in your purse," Andrew said, frowning.

I turned around and gave him my fiercest glare. "Twenty-five cents now," I said darkly.

Andrew grumbled but handed me a quarter from his pocket. I put the quarter into the machine then grabbed the newspaper and read the corner of the front page.

Lucky, Victoria's Secret Angel in Jail Before Big Show?

Sources say that Lucky was seen sneaking out of a restaurant with an unknown man. The model was later seen being led out of a club in handcuffs along with her escort around one in the morning. Could this be the end of Lucky's career? Read more on page six.

I started hyperventilating. On the front page, there was a picture of me being pushed against the wall with handcuffs on me.

"That's it. My career is over. We should just leave now. I mean, could this day get any worse? I get to the point in life where I'm completely set. I'm happy and then Damien comes back and everything after that just rolled into this mess," I said, trying to stop myself from crying.

"It's fine, we will sort this all out," Andrew said, putting his hands on my shoulder. "Plus, that was a pretty crappy newspaper. The way they described it made it sound like a bunch of BS."

"Listen, Andrew. It's not your fault. Forget everything I said in jail. I was just upset and mad and didn't realize what I was saying. I just needed someone to blame and took it out on you. I'm really sorry," I said, leaning my head on his shoulder. After a few seconds, I felt his arms wrap around me, pulling me closer.

"Have you checked your phone?" Chris asked me.

I shook my head, moving back from Andrew.

"I'm a little scared to," I said honestly, still frowning.

"Wait, if this was in the newspaper then how come no one came and got you guys out?" Jasmin questioned. "I mean, that was quick. This all just happened, and it's already out and about?"

"Most likely Mary, my manager, didn't want to be seen walking out of a police station or she just didn't see it. I've never seen that woman reading a newspaper," I said with a sigh as we all started walking again. I grabbed my phone out of my black clutch and turned it on. As soon as it was turned on, it said fifty missed calls. Five from my mother, twenty from Mary, then twenty-five from Tori. I clicked Tori's number and called her back.

"You went to jail?" Tori screeched into the phone as soon as she answered.

"Well, hello to you, too," I said sarcastically while looking at a few dresses.

"No, you don't get a freaking hello! You secretly left the restaurant and you didn't even bring me. Nope, you just left me sitting there with our managers then you went to a freaking fair!" she said, and I could only imagine her shaking her head at me. "And you know I have always wanted to go to a fair! But no, worst of all is you went to jail... without me!" Tori sounded annoyed and really mad. Typical Tori, only she would be mad because I went to jail without her.

"Tori, trust me, you don't ever want to go to jail. It's boring, gross, and horrible," I said, cringing at the memory.

"Where are you now?" Tori asked.

"I'm at the mall getting a new outfit. You know, because if and when I come home, I'm most likely going to be told I am out of the fashion show tonight," I said, holding up a pink dress but immediately put it back.

"Who are you talking to?" Andrew asked.

"Tori," I whispered.

"I'm coming right now," she said before whispering to someone who I'm guessing was our driver.

"Okay, we are in that dress store across from the food court," I said.

"Okay, I'll be there in a few. Wait, which mall are you at?" Tori asked.

"I'm pretty sure it's the one that's closest to our hotel." I said and she mumbled an okay before we said our goodbyes and hung up.

"Who is Tori?" Chris asked curiously.

"Oh, she is my best friend. We came to New York together," I explained, and Chris nodded.

"Okay, I'm going to try this on," I said, holding up the dress and everyone nodded. I put on the long white dress that went down to my knees and had a small split in the back as an opening. I paired it with a pair of matching heels. I made sure to change my hair into my trademark golden tresses and style them into soft waves that bounced as I walked.

"I got here just in time to see you looking all flawless and stuff," Tori said with a smile as she took in my new appearance.

"Yeah, I am definitely going to buy this," I said as I went up to the counter and paid for it. I took the tag off the dress and put the dress I was wearing before in the bag.

"Tori, I missed you. Jail was torture," I exclaimed, pulling her into a hug, suddenly realizing she was actually here.

"Babe, don't ever go to jail without me again!" Tori said, giving me a stern look, causing us both to laugh.

"Trust me, it's not a blast like you may think. Speaking of, meet these two, who we met while in there. Jasmin, Chris, this is Tori. Tori, that's Jasmin and Chris," I said and she waved.

"Hello." She smiled. "You never told me how you guys got out of jail?" Tori said in a questioning tone.

I made eye contact with the others sheepishly, "Yeah, it's not the best experience," I said, shaking my head and she frowned.

"Well, if you stayed at the restaurant, this never would've happened. Andrew, get your ass over here!" Tori yelled.

"Yes, princess?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You seriously let her be put in jail?" Tori exclaimed, crossing her arms over her chest. "She's supposed to be walking the runway in less than twelve hours. Boy, you literally had one job," she said, throwing her hands up.

"Okay, it's not all his fault, Tori," I said with a small frown. "I chose to go with him."

She shook her head. "That's not how the newspaper is going to see it."

"Whatever," Andrew said and left to get his own clothes.

"Now can we go eat?" Andrew said after an hour of everyone changing clothes and spending way too much time in Sephora.

"Yeah, but hold on one second while I take this call. I will meet you guys at the food court," I said, feeling my phone vibrating and they nodded.

"Hello," I said not even looking at the caller ID.

"Clover Ann Thompson!" my mother yelled, and I froze.

"Mother?" I asked.

"Clover, I am very disappointed in you. You know this will leave an awful name on our family. People will go around talking about this at business meetings. What will your father say about this?" my mother said angrily.

"I know, Mother, I'm sorry. I promise I will clear this up. I promise," I said with a frown as I slowly made my way back to the group.

"Have you talked to Mary yet? What does she think of this? I swear, if you lost your modeling job, Clover Ann, you will be a disappointment to this family! Your father and I didn't work this hard for you to fail in the end."

"No, but I will call her right now. Mary works for me, not the other way around, and if she doesn't want to work with me anymore then I have plenty of other people who will. Like that girl, Sarah, you suggested a long time ago. All will be okay, I promise, but I have to go. Bye, Mom."

"Clov—" I hung up before she could finish what she was saying. I hated the rare conversations with my mother because I know she could care less about me; she only cared about our family name.

The Thompsons were known for a lot, believe it or not. My father was probably the best cardiothoracic surgeon in the country, which is why he traveled all the time and my mother had so many clothing stores around the world I couldn't even count them all. Taking my thoughts off my family, I quickly dialed Mary's number.

"So nice of you to finally call me, Clover," Mary said in a slow tone that showed she was clearly angry.

"I'm sorry," I said, biting my lip nervously.

"Sorry? Really, you're sorry? That's all you can say? I haven't heard from you since you left the restaurant secretly, which was very poorly planned. It's almost eleven in the morning right now and I'm over here reading a newspaper article about you being drunk and arrested!" Mary asked, her voice getting slowly louder.

"You were the one who got me a fake boyfriend. Look, I made a mistake, a big mistake, maybe, but nonetheless, it's still a mistake, which is something even you have made before. I love modeling so much, and I don't want to lose you as a manager, but if you are going to quit then get it done and over with because I'm not gonna sit on the phone for three hours listening to you yell at me for no reason." I sat down on a bench.

The other end of the phone was very quiet and that made me nervous. I was never one to stand up to Mary but, hey, there's a first for everything.

"I know you made a mistake. I understand and if I were you, I wouldn't want to lose my job either, but that's why I'm here to help you. I have an Idea. You should know I won't quit, and I don't ever think I ever will if this all works out," she said calmly. "As we've said many times before, you're Victoria's Secret's number one Angel. You are the world's top model and we need you tonight to show off those angel wings. So, you better be at all of your photo shoots today and the first one especially, because we're going to have a small change to cover up the whole going to jail thing.

"Starting now, you will say everything that happened last night was for a photoshoot. Your first photo shoot today will be at a different club and they are gonna get as many hot and sexy pictures of you as they can. You'll even be in some jumpsuit or something. Just trust me, Clover, everything will work out fine," Mary said, and I could only picture her with a smile on her face as she described what was going to happen.

"Thank you so much!" I said, feeling tears well up in my eyes. "You seriously deserve an award for the best manager in the world! Everything will work out. Just text me the address."

She told me a few more instructions before we said our goodbyes. I looked up at the glass ceiling of the mall. I couldn't be happier right now. I walked over to the group and plopped myself down in one of the empty seats between Tori and Andrew.

"I'm still in the show. It's all going to work out perfectly," I told them, stealing a fry off Tori's plate.

"See you were worried for nothing!" Jasmin said with a smile.

"Am I fired?" Andrew asked curiously.

"She didn't say a word about you. But don't worry, I'll do it for her. Andrew Carter, you are fired," I said.

"Firing still gets me that paycheck, so whatever works," he said, shrugging as he leaned back in his chair.

"Here, I got you some Chinese food," Tori said, handing me a little box and I thanked her.

Chinese for brunch was definitely my type of appetite.

"So, why are all of you wearing dresses?" Chris asked, taking a bite of his taco.

"I mean, any model is going to be in the spotlight today so we might as well look good while in it," I said, shrugging.

"What about you, sis?" Chris asked Jasmin, who was in a flowered dress, curiously.

"Oh, I just love dresses, too," Jasmin said, plastering a smile on her face and giving Chris another look I didn't understand.

Chris nodded to her before looking at us. "What have you two done to my sister?" he asked jokingly.

"Oh, please! She looks gorgeous." Tori said, smiling.

"Yeah, I'm sure James will love it," Chris said and Jasmin actually blushed from the comment.

My jaw dropped slightly. "Whoa, whoa, wait a minute. Is this James guy a boyfriend possibly?"

"Possibly," she said, tucking her hair behind her ear. "Speaking of, you guys said you're from California. It's kinda interesting, because we are, too."

"Yeah?" I answered, taking a bite from my egg roll.

"We go to that high school in Long Beach, Falcon High," Jasmin said.

Tori and I made immediate eye contact. "You're kidding?" I asked, waiting for her to start laughing.

"No, why?" she asked, looking confused.

"We live up there, too. I can't believe I've never seen you around school," I said, looking at her curiously.

"I mean, I've never seen you either, but I'm guessing that's because of your secret life," Jasmin said.

"Yeah, it makes sense now," Chris said. They shared another one of those looks from before that I didn't understand and smirked, their eyes twinkling. I ignored the look and started to explain how important it was to keep everything a secret. Something in the back of my head told me I'd have to be careful about them, but they already knew my secret so I was a little too late on that factor.

Jasmin's Point of View (Chapter 19)

As soon as Andrew and Tori sat down at the table with their food, Chris and I decided to excuse ourselves for a minute, making up some excuse about grabbing some drink or something.

"Jesse would love this girl," Chris said, and I smirked as I thought about the man who we all looked up to. He was the one in charge of us, after all. "We have to keep a close eye on her. I mean, she's fucking rich. Imagine everything we can get from this," he added, glancing at the blonde as she talked on the phone.

"We could move to their school and keep close with them," I suggested and Chris thought about it for a minute before agreeing.

"I think that's our only option at this point. We just need to find out what school they go to and we'll be set. We both know Jesse won't send Taylor or anyone else to do this. Heck, Jackson won't want to wait at all. He'll want to move in right away and take her for ransom or something," Chris said, pacing back and forth.

"That's why we'll have to keep this between us and Jesse. No one else can know," I told him confidently. We weren't amateurs; we could definitely do something as easy as this. "Plus, they have bigger things to worry about at the moment. James thinks they're being watched or something. He found someone hacking into their systems."

"What? Who would it be?" Chris asked and I bit my lip.

"No idea, but they changed everything so whoever it was can't get in again," I told him, looking at the pink ends of my hair. This whole look was disgusting, I absolutely hated dresses and I hated having my hair messed up. The only time I would dress myself all up is if I was going out on a job for the gang we're in.

Jesse, being our gang leader often sent us out on missions to help improve our gang environment back in California, that's part of the reason we're here in New York at moment. We're receiving a

load of money from an alley who owes us. The load was supposed to be received at the club last night, but things went downhill when someone caught site of the deal and the cops were called.

"Yeah, but on a different note, this group isn't the brightest. I mean, we could pull off changing to their school."

"What do you expect? They're a bunch of bimbo models and the guy is too blinded by his feelings for the girl that he doesn't care about his surroundings," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Yeah, but we have to be careful about him. Your game needs to be up 105 percent if this is going to work. I've seen him from somewhere before," Chris said, watching Andrew closely.

"From where?" I questioned, narrowing my eyes at him.

"I think it was that time I got sent to that delinquent center to sneak one of Jackson's friends out," he told me and my eyebrows furrowed as I thought about that moment.

"That was all the way back in our freshman year though?" I wondered out loud and he nodded.

"Yeah, it was," he mumbled more to himself than me.

"We should go back and sit down. We can finish this conversation later," I said after a minute of silence.

He shook his head. "We should call Jesse. He needs to know what's going on, especially because I texted him about going to get you out of jail," Chris said, and I resisted the temptation to slam my fist into a wall.

"You have to be fucking kidding me. Are you trying to get me killed?" I hissed quietly and he focused his attention on me now.

"Don't be dramatic, of course not, but I had to tell him and you know he's not that harsh to where he would kill you," he said, before sending a quick text to Jesse, saying everything was fixed.

"He may not kill me, but Jackson sure will if he finds out about this." He said referring to Jesse's brother. The both worked together to lead the gang and make it successful. It was part of the reason it's number of members and loads of money they're making is increasing.

Chris rolled his eyes at me. "Let's make sure he doesn't then."

I shook my head in disgust. He acted like my life was some type of game.

"Jesse wants to meet us," Chris said.

I bit the inside of my cheek as the nerves set in. "When?"

"At noon," he told me and I nodded.

We were only with Clover, Andrew, and Tori till eleven something before we went our separate ways. Chris drove us to the opposite side of New York where Jesse was located. Looking out the window, I couldn't help but notice the buildings weren't as nice and lots of them were rundown.

Stopping at some old deli place located in the back of a plaza that looked to be almost abandoned, we both exited the car and I looked all around to make sure there was no one around before I picked the lock and we snuck into the old place. Inside, Jesse sat on a chair with his feet on a disgusting table.

"Welcome," Jesse said after blowing smoke out of his mouth. "So, what or who is it you have for me?"

"Clover Thompson, also known as the model Lucky. She's completely rich and is only eighteen." I explained.

"How rich?"

"She could probably buy whatever the hell she wanted in this world," Chris tried to summarize and I almost snorted. That really shows how rich she is.

"We could buy thousands of loads of anything, we could increase our profit and we could increase our doses in the drugs that are being made back in California," I told him and he smirked, looking at me.

"Now that's what I like to hear." Jesse slid his feet off the table and stood up, walking toward us. "I want her."

"You see, the only problem is that she's pretty famous," I said and he narrowed his eyes.

"Then you'll keep an eye on her till her fame dies down," he said simply, and I shared a look with Chris.

"But that could take years," Chris said and Jesse sneered at him.

"Make it take less."

"Are we supposed to have like no contact with you then?" I questioned.

He shrugged. "Figure it out. I currently have bigger things to worry about. "

"Like what?" Chris asked curiously.

Jesse didn't respond right away, putting the cigarette to his lips. "Jackson killed a teenage girl. That's the real reason why we're staying here for a week."

I couldn't help but gasp. Believe it or not, we don't kill. It doesn't matter that we're a gang. It's something we just didn't do. We come close, but we don't ever finish. We would do some drug deals and all that but never anything that could keep us in prison for years.

"You have to be kidding, man. She's almost dead, right? She's not completely dead? We don't kill, so she can't be dead." Chris asked him and there was no response

"She's dead?" Chris hissed.

Jesse shrugged. "There was nothing I could do to save her at that point."

"That's it, I'm out," Chris said and my head snapped to the side to look at my brother. Was he trying to get himself killed next? People don't just leave the gang. Jesse once told us a story about someone who tried a few years back and they're still tracking him to this day.

"Levine, what makes you think you can just leave? Is this some type of game to you?" Jesse asked him, walking so he was directly in front of Chris.

"No, but I didn't sign up to be killing people. I signed up to be able to get high whenever I wanted to," Chris told him.

Jesse let out a dark chuckle that had goosebumps appearing on my arm. "You could have done that without joining, but no you wanted something that felt like a family. Now you're going to do what you're supposed to and keep a close eye on this girl you told me about. You're going to attend her school, become her best friend or whatever. And I don't want to see you again unless she's ready to be taken into our custody."

"But what about—"

"Don't worry, you'll still get whatever you want. All you have to do is text James and he'll get it for you. And for the time being, Jasmin, your job will be taken over by Lily," Jesse said before returning to his original position he was in.

"Okay, anything else?" I asked in a shaky voice.

"Yeah, get the hell out of my sight," Jesse hissed and we nodded, not hesitating to leave. As soon as we were out the doors and near the car, I let my knees hit the ground.

"Chris, I don't want to do this anymore. What if this ends badly? Clover may be a stuck-up bitch at times but she doesn't deserve to die," I said, tears filling my eyes. I let my hands cover my face and shook my head.

"Get up. You need a cold front from this point on because guess what, sis, we're stuck in this for life," Chris yelled at me and I shrunk back in fear.

My brother wouldn't admit it now after being told off by Jesse but he was afraid, too. Neither one of us wanted this life anymore and now not only did we get stuck in it, but we got someone else's life put in danger as well.

"We're no longer the Chris and Jasmin Levine from the gang. We're now going to play someone we've never been before and I'll be damned if we don't pull it off," he said, getting in the car.

I sat there for a minute before nodding and standing up. We were going to pull this off, we had to.

Chapter Nineteen

Tori and I spent the day going to all different photo shoots and by four o'clock, we were completely done. Even the extra jail photoshoot fitted perfectly with the schedule and turned out amazing. Mary sent a special guy to the police station and bought the pictures of all of us so there was no way anyone could ever find out we really went to jail. Tori and I were now ready for the fashion show to start, and we were posing for random pictures outside in the back for the reporters and a few paparazzi that our managers actually hired.

I was wearing a black bathing suit top with a pair of cheetah short-like bottoms. Tori was wearing a black leather bathing suit with a nice pair of sunglasses on her head. We were both pretending to blow kisses, which the reporters seemed to love. When it was around six-thirty, we got called inside.

"Clover, Tori, there you two are! I was going crazy looking for you. Melanie is on stage right now, announcing how you two are about to go on. Now, get your hot sexy heels on and stand behind the curtain and wait to strut your stuff," a woman named Sarah said, smacking our butts, causing us to let out a small laugh.

Sarah was a friend of Megan's and was an agent as well. From what I heard, she was pretty young, too, yet was extremely busy due to her recently adopted teenage son. Every time I think about anyone else's agent or manager, I can't help but feel a bit envious. Tori was lucky to have Megan as a manager because she was fun and nice. She doesn't make Tori run at least three miles a day or every other day. She trusts that Tori will do a good job at keeping her body in shape. Now it's not that I hate Mary, it's just that I think it's a little ridiculous to have to run three miles every other day. I am never allowed to just have a big tub of ice cream or really anything that I've eaten today or else I may get an ice cream gut or something; Mary's words, not mine. Although I personally don't even think there's such thing as an ice cream gut.

"Hello, and welcome to the annual Fashion show. Thank you all for being here, and I hope you all enjoy the new clothes line. Don't forget there are order forms inside of your magazines in your bags next to your chairs. We will be accepting any forms on your way out," a woman announced quickly before heading backstage.

There were a few different artists here and as soon as the first one started singing, a girl named Karli started the show. She easily strutted down the stage with her hand on her hip, wearing a gold-colored corset, blue underwear and firefly wings. She did a few different poses at the end of the catwalk before she started walking back the way she came as another girl started getting closer toward the end of the stage.

Tori was the third to go on and was strutting down the stage directly behind a girl named Jordan. Tori was wearing a light blue pair of lingerie set, with some type of lace butterfly tights and blue heels. To top off her look, she had blue and pink sparkly butterfly wings.

The girl directly after Tori was Amber Rally, who was sporting a light green and white lingerie outfit. She had blue wings and the same shoes as Tori but green. Three more models went on, each with some type of lingerie and wings before I finally went on.

I wore a white, lace pushup bra and underwear set with beautiful purple wings that were made out of flowers. I did a couple of quick poses before heading backstage and doing my next change. The show continued on like that with a couple of different models going on the stage at a time and doing a couple of quick poses before leaving and changing. After about twenty more models went up and took their turns, some of us even going twice, I was finally sent on again to finish up the lingerie set. I was wearing a white and gold bra and underwear set and I had white angel wings. I did a few more final poses and stood there as all the models came on the large stage one last time, wearing all different types of lingerie. Everyone headed backstage again as Sarah came out and talked about the swimwear set that would be coming up next.

The swimwear set went about the same as the lingerie set and the show lasted a couple more hours with all different sets as artists like Rihanna and Taylor Swift performed.

When the show was finally coming to an end, I went in and changed really quick into a black shirt that had one ruffled sleeve and the other sleeve hanging loosely on my left shoulder. I slipped on white pants and a pair of black heels. I left my hair the way it was for the show.

"You guys ready to go home?" Megan asked Tori and me.

"Already? I thought we had two more days here?" I asked.

"With everything that's happened in the past twenty-four hours, I think it would be best to skip the after party and head straight out of the spotlight," Mary suggested and we both agreed.

"Hold on one second," I said before rushing off to the seats up front. Andrew sat there waiting, and I ushered him backstage. I gave Jasmin a quick call, so she and Chris could hear this, too.

"So, change of plans, something came up, so we're heading home on the next flight. I promise I owe you a shopping trip, though," I told Jasmin.

"That's okay. Maybe when I return home in a few days, we can have a shopping spree in Long Beach. You know maybe we can even go visit LA," Jasmin suggested.

"It was wonderful meeting you, and I hope you two don't get into too much trouble with your parents for the whole going to jail thing, but I can't wait to see you at school. Don't forget, there I am the nerdy Clover Thompson."

Mary was ushering us to hurry up.

"See you soon!" Tori and I said in sync.

"Bye, Clover, it was wonderful meeting you. Remember, I'm single," Chris said, and I could already imagine him winking.

"Well, she isn't," Andrew snapped, dragging me off to the group. I didn't bother correcting him and gave them one last wave before I turned around and followed outside to the car.

"I can't wait to get on that plane and sleep," Tori said, sighing dramatically.

"Me, too," I said, leaning back. "Though I must say it sucks we couldn't go to the after party."

"Andrew, what a pleasure to see you," Mary said sarcastically as slid into the car. Andrew noticeably gulped as she continued talking. "How is being a fake boyfriend working out for you? You're not getting into trouble, are you? and definitely not going to jail with Clover, right?"

"I'm really sorr—"

Mary put her hand up, silencing him. "You're fired."

"Bu—"

"No buts, Andrew! Making stupid decisions while dating Clover almost cost her career. That was only day one; I couldn't imagine a day two. You may get a ride home with us but once we make it home, I never want to see you again. Your money has been sent to your account because a deal was a deal and you are still owed your money." Mary glared at Andrew. Though the glint in her eyes almost made it seem like she wasn't actually upset.

"Mary, don't you think that's a little harsh?" I asked with a small frown.

"What? You don't want him fired?" Mary asked, confused.

"No, of course, I don't mind him being fired," I said, since I technically did it earlier. "I just think it's harsh that you don't want to ever see him again."

"Fine, I don't want to ever see you in jail or in trouble with Clover again. Understood?" Mary said with a very unfriendly look.

"Understood." Andrew gave a fake salute. We soon were on the plane and after five minutes of being on the private jet, everyone fell asleep. I put in my headphones and looked out the window. New York City was truly a place that never slept.

Chapter Twenty

I groaned the next morning when my alarm went off for school. After a great few days in New York, I now had to go back to the horrible place I called school. I slowly got up and went to take a nice warm shower then wrapped a fuzzy light purple towel around me and started blow drying my hair.

When it was in its natural waves, I put my hair in French braids and wrapped them in a bun. I put my brown/black wig on, which now looked like I hadn't brushed my hair in weeks. I took the towel off and put on my new purple lace Victoria's Secret undergarments and decided to go for some pink sweatpants and an extra-large hoodie that made me look fat since I obviously couldn't fit into that. I rolled the top of my sweatpants and then put on a pair of old dirty Converse and added my black square glasses and retainer.

I know it's probably weird that I go through this much but my goal was to not stick out. No one would ever take a second glance at me if I looked gross. Now, don't get me wrong, I understand that not all nerds dress like this, but if you're trying to keep attention off of you, you wouldn't exactly be dressing like Beyonce or something.

I grabbed my keys off the hook and grabbed a granola bar then walked to the garage and got into my van and drove to go get Tori since it was my turn to pick her up. When I pulled to her house that was about nine houses down from mine, she hopped in.

"Hey, babe. You know what's stupid? The fact that Andrew is going to get ten times more attention than he did before, since he was seen in a photo shoot with you. Even though no one knows you two even dated, he is still going to be popular for meeting the Victoria's Secret Angel, Lucky!" Tori said, rolling her eyes before a frown appeared on her face. "I still think that was stupid of Mary to have you two fake date. I mean, how the heck did she even know who he was?"

I shrugged in response, unsure of the answer myself. "Great question, but at this point who cares? I mean, there's nothing we can even do about it now," I said, ending the conversation and turning up the music.

We pulled up in the school parking lot about fifteen minutes later and started walking in the school. My phone vibrated, signaling a text from Mary. I glanced at the text and mentally groaned. Apparently, I had to go on a three-hour jog without any breaks after school. You know, because it's not like I have anything better else to do than starve myself and run. I guess it's my punishment for going to jail. I walked in the school with Tori and we stopped at my locker first.

"Oh, my gosh, Tori, Clover, you're back!" Katy squealed

I plastered a smile on my face for my friend. "Yeah, that business trip we went on with our parents was awful," I said, giving Katy a hug.

"Wow, that must suck! While you were gone for the weekend, apparently Andrew was in like New York City with the Victoria's Secret Angel, Lucky! Have you guys seen the pictures? They're so incredibly hot. You have to see these pictures! Lucky is literally goals. I mean look at that body." Katy let out a dramatic sigh before squealing again as she pointed at Andrew and me in the picture in the magazine, which caused me to wince, yet I still managed to keep the smile on my face.

"I know, right, I'm really jealous. Clover and I have to go to class but we'll talk to you at lunch," Tori said, causing me to slam my locker as we walked away.

"I swear, she is the biggest gossip in this whole school," I said, rolling my eyes as I sat down in History.

"Yet we still love her," Tori said and I nodded. It was true, no matter how annoying she could get at times, she was still a great friend, especially when it came to giving advice. "Wait, what about Stacey? She has to be the biggest gossip queen," Tori said, taking out a notebook.

I shook my head, "No, Stacey is the biggest rumor starter but Katy is the biggest gossip."

"Yeah, I take it back, the best name for Stacey is just a bitch," Tori said and I let out a laugh and nodded.

"Class, quiet down!" Mr. Stark said, giving us all a stern look. "Clover, Tori, welcome back, now you two have your work from Friday and the work that was supposed to be done over the weekend, correct?"

"Yes, sir," I said, handing him my work and Tori did the same.

"Okay, now, Class, I decided today's just going to be a work day. I want you to work on your study guide in your history book, and I want it silent in here. I have to go use the restroom but remember to stay quiet," Mr. Stark snapped before leaving the room.

"He's gone," a guy said a minute later, after looking out the class window and everyone started talking.

"Move," Stacey sneered at the kid in the desk beside me and he immediately got up, rushing to the other side of the room with his books. She sat on top of the desk, looking at her long, maroon, acrylic nails. "So, Clover, how was that vacation?"

"Wonderful because you weren't there," I said sickly sweet. I know I'm going out of line with Stacey but she just annoys me so much with her screeching and bitchiness. Part of me felt bad for her, though. She probably only acts that way for attention.

"Well, I am happy to let you know that I am a size two now and that means I will be able to fit into a gorgeous dress, and Andrew will for sure ask me to the spring dance since I'll be the one with the nice ass and the slim body, unlike you," Stacey said loudly, pretending to look at me up and down before pretending to gag.

I looked at her body. She definitely not a size two. She only wanted attention again. That's the only reason she would announce her size, so those who weren't that skinny would feel bad about themselves.

I glanced at her again before looking her directly in the eyes. "C'mon, Stacey, no need to lie. We both know you're closer to being a size six, but that's nothing to be ashamed of! "I said, holding up my hands in surrender, to show her to calm down and that I meant no harm by the statement.

"How would you know? You're just a nerd who spends all her time reading books and knitting blankets!" Stacey screeched at me, trying to cut me with her glare.

"I know, because Tori is obviously smaller than you and she's like a size two," I said innocently. I was between a size zero and two so I knew Stacey couldn't be even close to a size two.

"Whatever, Clover, Andrew is still going to ask me to the dance and not you, so get off your high horse now." She walked away to her group of dogs. No offence to the dogs.

"There the bitch goes, back to her little group of followers," Tori said, rolling her eyes.

"Hey, I'm surprised she even knows my name," I said honestly before glancing at the blonde again who was silently sulking. "It's okay, though, she will never be a size two if she doesn't exercise. If she thinks starving herself her whole life will bring her down a few sizes then she is wrong," I said, shaking my head with a sigh.

"I would be embarrassed if she was a model," Tori said and I silently agreed before shaking my head.

"She can't exactly ever be a Victoria's Secret Angel, but I'm sure other people would hire her. As much as I hate to admit it, her butt is nicer than mine," I said.

"But her attitude would ruin her chance," Tori said and that I agreed to before quickly starting the questions.

When the bell rang for the end of math, I got up and went to my locker, stuffing all my books in there before I started heading to lunch. As I silently walked, I heard small parts of conversations.

"Did you see them yet?"

"They're brother and sister."

"Jasmin."

"Chris."

"New students."

I frowned, confused. Jasmin and Chris weren't supposed to be coming yet.

"Aren't Chris and Jasmin in New York still?" I asked Tori as I sat down next to her in the cafeteria.

"Yeah, why?" she asked, taking a bite of her chicken sandwich.

"So, I'm guessing you didn't miss us," someone said, placing their hands over my eyes. I removed their hands and my jaw dropped. Standing up, I gave the two of them quick hugs.

"Oh, my gosh! I thought you weren't coming for a few more days!" I squealed, pulling away, excited to see them.

"Well, as soon as you guys left, we realized there was nothing else to do, so we convinced our parents to let us come home while they stay up in New York for another week, and our parents managed to get everything transferred by second period today!" Jasmin squealed.

"Wait, but how did you know it was me?" I questioned them curiously.

"Well, who else would roll their sweatpants and stand next to Tori without crying because of her awful breath," Chris said smirking, causing Tori to gasp and punch him in the arm as he took the seat next to her.

"My breath isn't awful!" Tori exclaimed, as we all sat down at lunch.

"Is my breath really that bad?" she whispered to me, frowning.

"No, your breath is fine! Chris, shut up," I said, giving him a playful glare and he only busted out laughing. "So, are you gonna try out for the football team here?" I asked, but then quickly added, "Oh, Chris, Jasmin, by the way, this is our other friend Katy, Katy, this is Chris and Jasmin. We met them on that business trip we went on with our parents."

"Nice to meet you," Jasmin said politely.

"Yes, it is a pleasure to meet you," Chris said, winking and holding out his hand for her to shake, which she did. "And to answer your question, Clover, I was thinking about it; however, I already have heard whispers of me being hot so I don't really think I need to." Chris flexed his muscles, causing a group of girls to giggle as they walked by us. This was why I sometimes hated going to a large school. Everyone somehow knew everything about everyone because everyone was on

twitter and liked to spread gossip about everything. Usually you'd only expect small schools to have problems like these, but our senior class was smaller than the rest, meaning people were more invested into everyone's lives more.

"Hey, Clover!" Stacey said, smiling and sitting down next to me. I gave her a 'what are you on' look, causing her to giggle.

"What are you doing here, Stacey?" Tori snapped, glaring at the blonde.

"I'm just sitting down with my BFFs!" Stacey said, giggling as she moved over closer to Chris, and then it quickly all added up.

"Stacey, I don't think Andrew would be happy about you sitting here. You know, like by Chris and everything," I said with a smirk as Stacey glared at me.

"I really think Andrew wouldn't mind!" Stacey snapped, but then quickly turned back to Chris with a fake smile plastered on her face.

"Hey, babe, what's your name?" Chris flirted.

"Oh, my god. I do not need to see my brother flirt with a girl," Jasmin said with a disgusted look, pretending to gag.

"I'm Stacey Heart," Stacey purred, causing me to join Jasmin with the gagging.

"Wait, Stacey? As in *the* Stacey?" Chris asked, looking at me as if he just remembered me mentioning her and I nodded.

"Okay, get off me," Chris said, removing her hand and standing up, pushing Tori over so he was now on the other side of me with Tori now on the opposite side of him.

"Well, welcome to our school, Chris," Stacey purred, standing up while almost falling due to her four-inch black heels almost getting caught by the bench.

"It was nice meeting you, too, Stacey," Jasmin said sarcastically.

"Who are you?" Stacey asked, raising an eyebrow at Jasmin.

"That is my sister Jasmin," Chris said, raising an eyebrow as well, daring her to say something bad about his sister.

"Oh, nice meeting you, Jasmin! I can see we are going to be great friends!" Stacey said with a fake smile as she walked away.

"Does that girl know what clothes are?" Jasmin questioned, referring to her see-through lace tights and her skin-tight red dress that barely went to her mid-thighs. She shuddered in disgust, causing us all to chuckle.

"Nope, and she probably never will," Andrew said, sitting down next to Katy, causing Katy to look at me with wide eyes. She discreetly pointed at him and did a weird thing with her tongue, and I scrunched up my nose.

"What are you doing here Andrew?" I asked, groaning at his presence. Yes, he may be attractive, but he was annoying.

"Just joining my wonderful friends," Andrew said sarcastically.

"Cut the crap," I said, glaring at him.

"I'm actually hurt that you don't want me here, Clo," Andrew said, putting his hand on his heart, and I rolled my eyes.

"Andrew, can you sign this?!" Katy asked Andrew, holding out a magazine.

"Sure, babe," Andrew said, winking at Katy and causing her to giggle as he quickly signed it. For some reason, I felt a spark of jealousy bubble up in my stomach.

"Oh, I forgot the famous Andrew Carter was in a photoshoot with Lucky!" I said, acting like a fangirl, causing everyone to laugh, including Andrew.

"Don't be jealous. I already told you that you can have me anytime and any day if you just ask." He winked.

"I'd rather be sick."

Unknown Point of View

Everyone was laughing, Clover looked so carefree, like she didn't have a care in the world since her secret was safe and no one knows she is the famous Lucky. But Clover, sweetie, you're in for a big surprise. I have tons of pictures of all her texts from her conversations with Andrew to her conversations with her manager. Clover has actually helped me, though. Now that she went to jail, I was able to get pictures of her in the actual cell and pictures of her holding up the sign. Of course, I got them copied before Mary sent some John guy to get rid of them. It took a lot of work dressing up as a cop. It's actually pretty funny, because when she was at that fancy dinner, I was so close I was able to get a recording of her conversation and how she had to fake date Andrew. Not only am I going to expose Clover's secret, I am also going to take her down. She doesn't deserve all the fame that she gets. But friends, good friends, best friends or maybe even sisters she counts us as.

Oh, who am I kidding? She counts us enemies. She can't stand me and I can't stand her. It doesn't really matter because I hate her. Clover, be ready to be taken down.

Chapter Twenty-One

I slowly got out of my van, already feeling exhausted with the day. Locking my car, I entered my house slowly, not caring when my feet dragged against the ground. I paused in the living room when I came face to face with my parents.

I didn't hide my surprise and got straight to the point. "Mom? Dad? What are you doing here?"

"Oh, I hope you don't mind. I thought it would be okay if we stopped by our home," my mother said dryly, her voicing lacking any real emotion.

"Right, well, welcome home!" I said with a nervous smile. My parents only come home every once in a while, or when there is a problem. I'm guessing they came home for a problem. "I'm just going to go upstairs," I said, heading straight for the stairs.

"Clover Ann Thompson, take a seat now," my mother said, pointing to the couch, causing me to let out a sigh.

Well, so much for that.

"You have been modeling for years. I mean, since you were a baby, for goodness sake! Which is why when I heard from not only Mary but from social media and places like TMZ that you're hanging out with some juvenile delinquent, I was quite disappointed. You were raised better than this." Her disgust with the situation was clear and hung through the air with tension.

Yeah, Mom, I missed you and I love you, too. Thanks for coming home for once. I appreciate your constant support with my career. Sure, I'd love to go out to dinner with you and Dad. I tried to get rid of my scowl.

"Mother, don't be dramatic, he is not a delinquent! Plus, it's all taken care of, so you have nothing to worry about. Have you looked at the magazines lately?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

Probably not.

"No, Clover, you know I don't have time to look at all of your photo shoots. I have a busy schedule. You should appreciate the fact that I go across the world opening up clothing shops all while selling my greatest creations to celebrities that make us rich. Plus, with your father constantly traveling as one of the greatest surgeons, it's all just impossible for us. You should know by now that we don't have time for your childish behavior and your typical photo shoots." My mother sighed as she looked down at her expensive watch.

"You especially shouldn't be running around getting yourself in trouble like this. You've created and built an occupation for yourself that won't take you to college. So, if this occupation you have going on fails, so do you." My father agreed.

Ouch.

"You're right. I'm so sorry," I said with a tight smile.

"Yes, well, let me see how you fixed the situation," My mom said, waving off my apology.

"In the recent magazine, Mary and I worked out the whole jail thing," I said, grabbing the magazine off the glass side table next to the couch.

"Oh, you see, I really like this. What a truly brilliant idea. I must congratulate Mary for this. I mean, that red lace lingerie and then the devil wings and horns. Absolutely genius," she said, nodding in approval. "See, I knew it would work out. This jail shoot just tops it off."

I let out a sigh when suddenly her phone rang.

"Yeah, that wasn't bad. Now, your father and I are going out to dinner, so maybe I'll see you later." My mother handed me my magazine.

"I told you I can't go to dinner. I have to sit into a surgery tonight. It's important if I want to get bonus points and go to chief of surgery." My dad said looking annoyed.

"When did you tell me this?" She asked with her hands on her hips as she now stood.

"When you tried planning this three weeks ago."

She narrowed her eyes, "You mean when I was facing a crisis with a shipment in New Zealand?"

"Does it matter? Either way, I told you." He said shrugging.

"Fine, I'll just cancel the whole damn thing. Don't worry about it. Enjoy your surgery." She said not bothering to hide her anger as she slipped off her heels and headed upstairs. I sat there for a moment, waiting for my dad to say anything.

Thanks for the invite mom, I'd love to go to dinner with you.

My lips pursed as I looked at my father. "Are you staying any longer?"

He only scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Clearly not. I just told you I have surgery." I watched as he stood up, grabbing his briefcase. "I may be home for breakfast tomorrow if I don't get another call in." He said before he walked out of the room.

"Yeah, I love you both, too," I whispered when the front door slammed close. The sound caused the usual tears to fill my eyes. I wiped my eyes angrily as one traitorous tear fell.

"Do not cry. You know better than to expect anything more," I whispered to myself, my fists unconsciously trying to clench the end of the plush couch.

I sighed as the familiar ringtone of my cell sounded throughout the room. "Hello," I said, not even bothering to look at the caller ID.

"Clover, what do you think you're doing? Go get on your run now! I want you in that new promotional item. The gray and black sports bra and pair it with any matching shorts," Mary ordered. "Also, wear Nike shoes. If you promote their items for a week, you'll get a decent promotional cut. I already signed the papers."

Yeah, because some teenager is really going to gush over me wearing some Nike tennis shoes.

"Sorry, I forgot! My parents came home so I was talking to them," I explained, but she didn't seem to care as she rambled on about something else. Once she was finished yelling, I hesitantly got off the phone, taking off my ugly brown messy wig. I went upstairs and opened the top left dresser drawer, putting my wig and glasses inside. I didn't hide the relief I felt from taking the slobbery piece from my mouth, the usual lisp I got from it disappearing as it was washed off and put in its black case. I put on the outfit I was ordered to and threw my hair up in a high ponytail.

I headed downstairs and exited out the front door, locking it behind me and placing my spare key back under its usual step. I immediately turned on my timer on my Apple watch and started on my jog, slightly glad to see the usual paparazzi weren't around.

All the celebrities on the street must be out. They usually swarmed when there were other celebrities home on the street. What celebrities? I wasn't sure, but I was almost positive some famous basketball player lived somewhere down here along with some famous singer.

Three hours later, I decided to call it a day and headed home. I was surprised to see my door was opened a small crack.

"Hello?" I yelled in the dark house, making sure to close the door behind me.

"Mary? Mom? Dad?" I yelled, frowning slightly when I didn't hear anyone. I thought my mom was home? Did she decide to go out on that dinner after all? I grabbed a picture frame from the table and slowly started walking upstairs.

Don't judge me. It's the best I've got.

"Hello," I whispered, looking down the hallway.

"Hey, do you have some—" someone said from beside me, making me jump and throw the picture frame in the same direction the voice came from.

"Oww, what the hell was that for?" a familiar voice yelled, causing me to walk over and switch on the hall light.

I inhaled a good amount of oxygen, looking up at my ceiling.

"I should kill you for this," I muttered, causing Andrew's eyebrows to furrow.

"What? Why are you still whispering?" he whispered, glancing around.

"Andrew, what the hell are you doing in my house?" I questioned.

"I was walking by and the front door was wide open, so I decided to be the best person you could ever imagine and came to check if everything was okay," Andrew said while holding his arm.

"Quite brave and heroic, if you ask me, yet still I get assaulted."

I saw he was bleeding slightly. "Sorry about that. Here, follow me," I said, helping him up off the ground and leading him to the bathroom.

"Should I ask what a wooden picture frame would do if someone did break in?" Andrew asked with a raised eyebrow as I cleaned his cut,

"In my defense, it was the first thing I saw. You don't really have time to think in a deadly situation," I said, placing a band-aid on the area. "Plus, it managed to make you bleed."

I put away all the supplies before heading back into my bedroom, Andrew close behind me.

"Anyway, did you see anyone in here?" I asked.

"No, the house was completely empty." He shrugged as he picked up a magazine off my side table and started flipping through it while laying on my bed.

"Well, thanks for letting me know and sorry again for hitting you with a picture frame," I apologized.

Next time I'll go for your head.

"But I have to shower and do all that fun stuff, so you're going to have to go," I said, taking the magazine out of his hand.

"Bye, Clo," he said, taking the magazine from my hand, rolling it up and putting it in his back pocket. "By the way, you look hot in that magazine."

"Goodbye, Andrew," I said, slamming my bedroom door behind him. I slid off my tennis shoes, socks, and pants. I grabbed my silk pajamas and headed into the bathroom, on the way losing my sports bra and my underwear. Oh, the perks of living alone ninety percent of the time. Once the

water was set at the right temperature, I went in, thoroughly enjoying the hot steam it created along with the pressure on my back.

Once I was done doing my usual routine in the shower, I got out, wrapping the towel around me and drying off. I picked up my dirty clothes, throwing them into the basket before putting on my pajamas. As I walked past, I noticed my top left dresser drawer was opened. Walking over to the dresser, I saw a white envelope lying there.

Dear Clover,

Secrets, secrets are no fun unless you share them with everyone. Hasn't your mother always taught you that? Oh, my bad, she is never home to tell you anything. See you at school tomorrow, Lucky.

Kisses,

Unknown.

I read the letter over and over again. It couldn't be. Did someone actually know my secret? Everything in the drawer was gone. Feeling the panic start to consume me, I opened every dresser drawer, throwing out every outfit onto the floor.

"C'mon, where is it?" I muttered once all the drawers were empty and my nerd stuff couldn't be found. Picking up my cell phone, I dialed the one number I knew could help.

"Hello," Mary said sleepily from the other line.

"We have a problem," I said, glancing around my now messy room.

"What? What's wrong?" Mary snapped, sounding irritated, yet now wide awake.

"Someone stole my nerd uniform." When she didn't reply, I rephrased the statement.

"Someone stole everything I use to go undercover."

Chapter Twenty-Two

"Clover?" Tori yelled walking into my kitchen where I was eating an apple.

"What are you doing? I thought you were coming to pick me up. I had to walk all the way here." Tori sighed dramatically, sitting on the stool.

"You had to walk six houses. I have had to run three miles. You'll live," I snapped with an eye roll. Tori put both of her hands up in defense as she looked at me with a frown.

"Okay, who pissed in your Cheerios?" she questioned while grabbing her own apple.

"I'm sorry. I'm really stressed," I said, unintentionally sighing again.

"Wait, what on earth are you wearing? No wig or glasses or even a retainer? Where the hell do you think you're going?" Tori asked.

I didn't respond at first as I looked down at my outfit. My denim shorts went perfectly with my flowy tank top. I was ready.

"To school," I said with a serious face, causing Tori to burst out laughing.

"That's funny. Now hurry up and change. We can make it to school right before the bell rings if we leave now," Tori said, grabbing my van keys off the hook.

"Does it look like I'm joking?" I asked with a frown, causing Tori to sit back down, dropping the keys on the counter.

"What happened?" Tori asked.

"Someone broke in last night—"

"Oh, my gosh, are you okay?" Tori said, interrupting and looking for any injuries. I glared at her and she mumbled a sorry.

"Like I was saying, someone broke in last night. I wasn't home but the door was opened when Andrew was walking by and when I got home, Andrew told me he didn't see anyone inside. But last night when I was laying down, I noticed my left dresser drawer was opened and my undercover stuff was all gone. But they left this note," I said, handing Tori the letter.

She quickly read it and gasped. "So, you're just gonna give up? You're going to go to school as Lucky and expose that your real name is Clover Thompson? The girl who is the most famous model in the world, you're just going to give up all your privacy and everything you worked for

because of one bitch. You're falling into their trap. You need to show them you're not giving up your secret that easily. C'mon. we're missing first block."

I stared at my friend in awe. I really had the perfect best friend.

She grabbed the keys once again and this time, I followed her outside. She had me wait as she ran inside really quick before she reappeared with a bag. Part of me didn't want to go through with this anymore, since I knew Tori was right, but I had to. The secret had to come out eventually.

When she changed the set of keys and got into the black audi, I couldn't help but frown. "Where are we going, Tori?" I asked softly, not bothering to argue.

"We, my friend, are going to the store," Tori said.

"You are not driving my baby!" I said, ushering her out of the car.

"Okay, okay, chill. Drive to that place that sells everything, including wigs," Tori said as we started pulling out of my driveway.

"The mall?" I questioned, amused.

"Yes, that's it!" Tori exclaimed, causing me to let out a small laugh.

"No questions! Let's just go!" she said, getting out, and I followed behind her while she dragged me to the hair place.

"Hello, ladies. What can I do for ya?" a girl named Daisy asked us.

"I need to look at all the brown wigs," Tori demanded.

"Please," I added and Tori just rolled her eyes.

"We only have a few brown wigs, but you may look," Daisy said, pointing over to the shelves.

Tori wasted no time in dragging me over there. "Too short. That's a boy's. That's not even brown." She dragged her hands through each one.

"What about this one? It looks like my old one, just longer," I said and tried it on.

"Perfect! Let's go buy it and then we'll cut it," Tori said as she went to buy it. The wig went down to my butt so after we bought it we cut it so it went a little longer than my shoulders.

"Next, let's go to PINK!" Tori said.

"Why are we going to PINK?" I questioned as she dragged me out of the wig place.

"Because if we go there then we can get some cute shades," she said with a duh voice and I paused.

"You can't get the glasses we need there. We have to go to an actual eye place," I said while starting to head the opposite way.

"Right? I knew that," Tori said and we rushed into the eyeglass place.

"Did you get your prescription for these glasses?" the lady asked us at checkout.

"We actually don't need a prescription. We'll just pay the price for them now and then we'll go," Tori said and the lady just rolled her eyes. We swiped my card and paid for them before she handed us the bag and we left.

"What else?" I asked.

"We need to get you a retainer," she said and I shook my head.

"For now, I can live without it," I said and she nodded.

"What time is it?" Tori asked and I checked my phone.

"We have twenty minutes till first block ends, so we just have to get home and change," I said.

"Nope, we won't make it before second block, so we will have to go to school and you can change before the bell rings. I was thinking ahead and grabbed some clothes for you. I'll make sure the bathroom is cleared then I can stay guard while you change," Tori said and I nodded.

I arrived at school, and we immediately stuck with plan. No one saw us coming in so luckily there weren't any problems and it all worked out.

"Tori, Clover! You both made it!" Katy said as Tori and I walked to second block together. I didn't question why she wasn't in class and only plastered a fake smile similar to Tori's.

"Yeah, we had a sleepover and stayed up late," Tori said, clearly not missing her suspicious gaze.

"Oh, well, you didn't miss anything amazing," Katy said.

"Oh really?" I said, uninterested.

"Wait, actually Andrew has his new girl of the day," Katy said suddenly.

"Who is in the player's hands this time?" Tori questioned, not sounding surprised.

"Anne," Katy said, walking with us.

"Anne? From Stacey's group?" I asked, surprised.

"Yup. Well, gotta go. See you later," Katy said with a wave before heading the opposite way.

"Tori! I think we forgot about something." I said with wide eyes, pausing in the middle of the hall.

"What?" she asked with furrowed brows.

"We brought the Ferrari to school. California or not, no one in the whole school has a car as nice as that," I said.

"Yeah, I guess it didn't work out as planned. Guess we are taking the bus home," Tori said and kept walking.

"This is my baby we are talking about. I am not leaving her *here*," I said as I caught up with her.

"Her?" she asked, amused.

"Yes, her," I said matter-of-factly. The bell went off as students filled the halls, preparing to go to their next class.

"Okay, well then, we will have to be the last ones leaving or the first ones," Tori said.

I thought about it before nodding my head slowly. I could deal with that.

"Oh, and Tori?" I called when we sat down in class.

"Yeah?" she asked, looking at me.

"Thank you for being amazing," I said with an appreciative smile.

"What are best friends for?" she said, returning a smile.

"Hey, Clo, Tori," Chris said, sending us a nod as we sat down next to them at lunch.

"Where have you been?" Jasmin asked, picking at her fries.

"We had a sleepover last night and were up late so we slept in," I said, eating my chicken salad.

"Oh, really?" Jasmin asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, it's not the first time," I said, ignoring her stare. She obviously didn't believe me but she shrugged it off anyway.

"Hey, babe," Andrew said, sitting down next to me, causing me to scowl at him.

"Why are you here? Again?" I asked, annoyed.

"We are all best friends now! I mean, we have all been to jail together. Well, not Tori, but I never liked her much anyway, so it's not really like that's a bad thing," Andrew said, stealing a fry from Jasmin and causing her to glare at him.

"Don't worry, the feeling is mutual," Tori said with a scowl on her face.

"Hello," Katy squealed, sitting down by Chris.

"What's got you all excited?" I asked Katy.

"Caleb Brown just asked me out!" Katy said before squealing again.

"What did you say?" Tori asked and everyone gave her an, "Are you Serious," look and she just looked away, sipping on her milkshake.

"Obviously, she said yes, dumbass," Andrew said, rolling his eyes.

"Well, yeah, but I want all the details. Still, congrats, Katy. Let us know how it goes," Tori said, throwing a packet of ketchup at Andrew.

"Of course, I will, and Tori just a tip, you shouldn't drink that large of a milkshake. If you want to get a boyfriend, too, then you got to cut down on those sweets, girl," Katy said sweetly.

"Oh, yeah, um I'm—" Tori started saying but I cut her off.

"Tori can eat whatever she likes. If a guy only cares about her size then he clearly isn't worth it, but thanks for looking out for her, Katy," I said with a fake smile.

"I didn't mean it in an offensive way. I used to eat the same way, girl," Katy said apologetically. But I still could tell there was a glint in her eye that showed she really didn't mean her apology, but I just shrugged it off. We only spent another fifteen minutes in the cafeteria before I went to my locker.

I opened my locker and immediately a purple envelope fell out. I looked around and luckily, no one was with me nor paying attention to me. I noticed on the front of the envelope there was a kiss mark.

Whoever was sending me these was definitely is a girl. I opened it.

Dear Clover,

Nice job getting a new outfit, but you can't hide forever. I tried being nice and letting you expose being Lucky yourself. Sucks you had to ruin it. So, I guess it's my turn now. Clover, your secret will be out soon enough. Hope your day is as great as you are.

Kisses,

Unknown.

I stared at the note before quickly putting the note in my purse with shaky hands. Things were not going to end well.

Chapter Twenty-Three

As soon as Tori and I got to my house, I started pacing back and forth.

"What's wrong?" Tori asked.

"Everything! Nothing is right anymore. This unknown bitch is seriously going to expose me!" I said with tears in my eyes. "She freaking crossed the line this time. I mean, she painted my car! *My car!* It looks like a freaking rainbow!" I said, falling on the couch.

"Clover, get off your ass and deal with your problems. We need to think of something. She'll pay for the car when we catch her. At least, we now know it's not some jealous celebrity or something since the note came in school. But we can go around tomorrow asking if anyone saw anything and see if it works," Tori said, walking into the kitchen.

"Yeah, and with my luck they'll completely ignore me," I said before hearing a door slam shut.

"Clover Ann! Go change and meet me in the kitchen," Mary said, walking in.

"Sure, don't knock. Please feel free to come in whenever you like," I mumbled sarcastically as I headed upstairs. Tori joined me as I changed into the outfit I was wearing this morning.

"Mary has a key to your house? Who else has a key?" Tori questioned suspiciously.

"Just me, Mary, Mom, and Dad. Why?" I said, taking off my wig and glasses. I brushed my hair out and just left it to flow in its natural waves.

"We need to look at your door and see if it shows and scratch marks," Tori said.

"We can do that later. I have to go talk to Mary about all this. I called her the other night but she was half asleep and didn't know what she was saying. She told me she'd be over today to talk about this all again properly this time," I said while we made our way down stairs to the kitchen.

"Hey, Mary," we said in sync, sitting down on the high stools.

"What's up?" I asked.

"Cut the crap, Clover. Your secret is going to be exposed?" Mary asked.

"Yeah, some bit—"

"Language. You can speak more appropriately as this is an adult situation," Mary snapped, cutting off Tori.

"Yeah, some girl wants to expose Clover," Tori said, taking a bite out of a red apple.

"Yes, you said that on the phone too. You say expose you? And how would they do that?" Mary asked, rolling her eyes.

"She took my accessories to go undercover. I went out and got new stuff today, but she also painted my car. That's some vandalism, breaking and entering, stalking, harassment," I listed off realizing the seriousness that actually came with this. "This person needs to be found and put into jail! This is past pettiness now."

"You sound ridiculous. This is such a small thing. We'll take care of it. Wouldn't it just be easier to expose yourself already before someone else does?" Mary suggested,

"I'm just saying, Clover, you have been doing this for years. Since you were three, you were in beauty pageants getting first place. Maybe you should just let out the secret and live how all the other celebrities live with being followed by Paparazzi everywhere they go. Teenagers live just as fine now as they always have with less privacy. You will be fine," Mary said, grabbing her purse and keys before standing up. "Well, I have to go. See you soon. It was nice seeing you Tori," Mary said while getting ready to leave the room.

"Let me know if that's what you want," Mary said before blowing a kiss and leaving.

Once the front door closed, the silence was finally broken. "What the hell is she on?" Tori questioned.

"I have no clue but I know I am not giving up my privacy that quick," I said, shaking my head. I worked too hard to just give it all up now. "Now, let's go check the door for those scratches," I said and Tori ran over to the door.

"So, if the door handle is all scratched up then it means someone broke in with a bobby pin or something, but if the door is nice and shiny and new like it always is then that means someone broke in with a key," Tori said, opening the front door. We looked at the door handle and it indeed looked nice and new.

"Someone with the key is either helping or is our person," Tori said, slamming the door.

"Where are you going?" I asked, catching up to her.

"I need coffee," Tori said as she waited for me to unlock the garage. I rolled my eyes and unlocked the garage then went to my blue car.

"I can use at least three cups, so let's go!" I said as we hopped in.

"Wait, I need the keys," I said, smiling sheepishly. Tori handed them to me, causing me to give her a questioning look.

"I knew you would take your second baby," Tori said, rolling her eyes. When we got to Starbucks, we ordered and immediately sat down.

"So, it's either Mom, Dad, or Mary working with this Unknown Person," I said with a sigh, sipping my iced coffee. "It can't be my mum because she likes that I have at least some privacy so I don't think she would try let my secret out."

"Hey, Lucky. This was for you," April, the cashier said handing me a purple envelope with a familiar red kissy mark in the middle.

"Thanks, April. Do you know who gave this to you?" I asked.

"No, some girl came in and she left it on the counter after I gave her to drink to her," April said, shrugging.

"What name did you write on the cup?" Tori asked.

"I think it was Anne but I'm not sure," she said, shrugging. "I have to get back to work. If you two need anything, just let me know," April said and we nodded before facing each other.

"Anne?" Tori whisper-yelled.

"How the hell would Anne know my secret?" I asked.

"I don't know but open the envelope," Tori said.

I nodded and opened it.

"What does it say?" she asked.

"Nothing," I stated.

"Nothing? Then what is it?" Tori asked.

"A picture of me in jail and a flash drive," I said, handing the picture to Tori and taking out the black flash drive.

"Come on, let's go back to your place and see what's on it," Tori said.

We quickly waved goodbye to April and left. We got back to my place with only a few interruptions from paparazzi, grabbed my laptop and sat down in the living room. As the video started, I couldn't help but gasp.

It was a video of me making out with Andrew and the cops coming in. Me being put in handcuffs and being taken out of and shoved into the cop car. Then it changed to being in the actual jail cell. Everything was filmed, me and Andrew arguing with a cop. But also, I looked like Lucky and the cop called me Clover.

"You kissed Andrew?" Tori sputtered out in surprise.

"Apparently, I don't even remember anything until being arrested. It's all a big blur. I was completely drunk," I said before dialing Andrew's number.

"Hello," Andrew said into the phone, sounding a little breathless.

"Andrew, stop making out with some girl and get your ass to my place now," I yelled into the phone before hanging up.

"Wait, what was that?" I asked and we rewinded the video seeing words appear on the screen.

Dear Clover,

I hope you can now see that I have your whole career in my hands. I will give you one more chance. You have till Friday to reveal you're Lucky or else I will. I have hundreds of pictures from that night, Clover. By the way, I hope you liked your car, red was a bit dull, so I figured you'd like some more color. You know what they say, make sure you can taste the rainbow.

Kisses,

Unknown.

"Well, I guess I'm going to school as Lucky tomorrow," I said with a sigh. I couldn't stop the feeling of defeat from sitting on my chest.

"No, you are not. April told you it was left by a girl named Anne and there is a special girl named Anne in a certain bitches' group. We know it's her. So tomorrow we will go up to her in school and tell her we know it's her who sent the message and then we get her not to tell anyone and we are good to go," Tori said, and I bit my lip, thinking about the plan.

"Yeah, but we don't know it's for sure Anne. You can tell Starbucks that you're Beyonce and they'll write that on the cup," I argued.

"It's at least a chance. It's hope, Clover," Tori pushed.

"You're right. We'll go find her immediately tomorrow morning," I said just as the doorbell rang.

"Now I'm getting answers from that night."

"You know that chick was really hot," Andrew complained, walking in as I opened the door for him.

"Really, Andrew? What's her name then?" Tori asked.

"It was Britney," he said confidently. "Wait, maybe it was Sarah? No, both of them were last night. I'm positive it was Kelly," Andrew said, causing us to roll our eyes.

"Now, what did you want?" he asked, looking in my fridge.

"We kissed in the club and we never talked about that factor going out." I said, in reality, I partially wanted to see how he felt about it. We couldn't even detach ourselves from each other.

I pressed the play button and showed him the video.

"Damn! We kissed like that and I don't even remember it completely," he said disappointedly and I smacked his arm.

"So where did you get this?" he asked and I started explaining all the notes.

"So, do you know who it is yet?" he questioned with an eyebrow raised.

"Well, when we were at Starbucks, April gave me the note. I asked her who dropped it off and she said it was left behind after a girl named Anne got coffee," I explained.

"Anne?" he asked and I nodded.

"But wait, remember what we were talking about at the café, Clo?" Tori asked and I shook my head.

"There is someone helping her and it's either Mary or your dad," Tori said.

"Why would your dad try to ruin your career?" Andrew asked, grabbing a Pepsi.

"My dad doesn't like me. At all. He thinks modeling is stupid and it's a waste. I apparently will never get anywhere with my life," I said, shrugging.

"Well, tomorrow we are going to confront Anne and make sure she doesn't tell Clover's secret if it is her, and we can also find out who is helping her," Tori said.

"I'm in," Andrew agreed.

"Wait, if it is Mary helping her, then the question is, why would Mary ruin her number one model?" Andrew asked me.

I paused, thinking carefully. "Now that, I don't know."

Chapter Twenty-Four

Today is Thursday and Anne has not come to school once. On the outside, I may seem calm, but on the inside, I'm thinking of a million different ways to kill her. Is that too violent? Either way, I couldn't care less.

"Hey, babe," Andrew said, walking up to me.

"Are you ever going to stop calling me babe?" I asked, shutting my locker and facing Andrew. Even though I was halfway through my day, I couldn't help but be completely exhausted.

"Nah, it's either Babe or Clo. And I know you only like your bitch of a friend calling you Clo," Andrew said, leaning against the locker next to mine. I was about to argue his comment about Tori, but we were interrupted as the queen herself joined us.

"Why is he always here when I see you?" Tori asked, walking over to us.

"He doesn't ever leave me alone. He is like an annoying fly that won't go away," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Sure, talk about me like I'm not here. Don't worry, I don't mind at all," Andrew said sarcastically.

"Are you two like dating and you didn't tell me?" Jasmin asked, walking over with Chris.

"I heard jail can really bring people together," Chris said with a smirk.

"I don't know how you two hate each other. I mean, you have the same personality," I said, smirking back.

"I didn't hear a disagreement about you two dating," Jasmin said with a raised eyebrow.

"Because we are," Andrew said, putting his arm on me.

"We are not dating and we never will," I said with a glare. But I didn't shrug off his arm. It actually felt nice there. But, of course, I would never tell him that.

"Yeah, sure, as long as I'm your maid of honor, I won't mind," Tori said, shrugging. I shook my head at her before I started going to our usual lunch table.

"Andrew, don't you have a group to attend to? Like Jordan, Jake, and Zach?" I questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, well, Jake is in jail, and Zach and Jordan are actually going to join us today," Andrew said with a smirk.

"What? Jeez our table gets bigger and bigger," I huffed.

"Wait, why did Jake go to jail?" Tori questioned.

"He was caught for the tenth time with drugs on school grounds." Andrew shrugged, waving his friends over.

"Wait, waitm and wait. So we have Andrew, Chris, Jake, Zach, Jordan, Jasmin, Tori, and Clover all sitting here now?" Katy questioned.

"Yup, so eight people," Tori said.

"Great," I said sarcastically as I got pushed closer to Andrew.

"Aww, babe, don't worry. I don't bite," Andrew said, causing me to roll my eyes.

"So, have any of you seen Anne today?" I questioned, picking up a grape and putting it in my mouth.

"Yeah, she has been sick since Tuesday," Katy said, taking a sip of her water.

"So, she is back today and I'm guessing is sitting with Stacey right now?" I questioned, looking around the lunch room till I seen her. I noticed Katy nod and I said a quick thanks and all but ran over to the table.

"Anne, may I talk to you?" I asked sweetly.

"Do you ever go away?" Stacey asked, sitting on a jock's laps. I ignored her and looked Anne in the eyes.

"Now," I said, leaving no room for disagreement.

She nodded and followed me into the hallways.

"I know you gave me the note," I said and her eyes widened.

"Listen, the—" Anne started but I put my hand up, shutting her up.

"You may know my secret but if you tell everyone I can fire right back as a bitch and disagree," I snapped.

"Clover, listen, I didn't write that note. I don't even know what was inside the envelope. I got it from an unknown person with a note saying to give it to you at Starbucks and do not open it. It said if I do then my secret would be exposed," Anne said with a panicked look on her face.

"Why was this secret so big?" I questioned.

"I tried to sleep with Andrew but he told me no and rejected me, saying there is someone else he likes," Anne said a frown.

"So, you didn't want the school to know you were rejected," I asked with a raised eyebrow and she confirmed by nodding. I sighed and walked away with a groan. I sat down and Tori raised an eyebrow, waiting for answers. I only shook my head and she gave me an apologetic look.

"So, what you guys talking about?" I asked, jumping into the conversation.

"Well, we are talking about how tomorrow is supposed to be a big day," Katy said, smiling.

"Oh, and why is that?" I questioned.

"I don't know exactly but the principle has some big announcement," Katy said with a shrug, causing me to give her a suspicious look.

"Oh, cool, I guess," I said.

"You want to go to the library? We have only a few more days to work on our Science project," Andrew suggested and I agreed. We said goodbye and threw out our trash before we went straight to the library. After a few hours of sitting in the library and working on the project, it was finally time for it to close.

"You need a ride?" Andrew asked and I nodded.

"I let Tori take the van," I said, taking off my wig and letting my hair flow out. By now, everyone has gone home so I had nothing to worry about.

"Hold on tight," Andrew said, buckling the helmet on my head before he started his motorcycle and drove off.

"Thanks for the ride," I said, getting off the motorcycle once we arrived at my house.

"No problem. But what are you gonna do about tomorrow?" Andrew asked, getting off also.

"Only thing I can do. Come to school as Lucky," I said, taking off my hoodie to reveal a blue spaghetti strap tank-top and throwing the wig and hoodie in the garbage.

"Clover, we can find a way," Andrew said, walking over to me with a frown as he looked at me.

"It's okay. I'm ready for the world to know me as Clover Thompson instead of just Lucky," I said, slipping off the baggy jeans I was wearing and tossing them in the garbage, revealing a pair of black short shorts.

"Well, I'm heading inside. Good Night, Andrew," I whispered almost sadly with a wave as I started up the few steps to the front door.

"Wait, let me try something," Andrew said, causing me to turn around to see him right behind me.

"What are you talking ab—" I was cut off by Andrew's lips smashing onto mine, making my eyes automatically close. This kiss wasn't like any kiss I had ever had before in my life. Cliché, I know, but I only really had Damien in my life so something like this was definitely new.

He brought me closer, making me put my hands behind his neck while one of his was on my cheek and the other was on my waist. But it was over just as quickly as it started. He pulled away but I still didn't open my eyes. His soft lips still left that tingling feeling.

"Good night, Clover. Don't forget about me when you're all big at school," Andrew whispered in my ear before I felt his body move away. When I opened my eyes, he was already backing out of my driveway.

"Good night, Andrew," I whispered.

Chapter Twenty-Five

I woke up the next morning with a smile on my face, thinking about the kiss with Andrew last night. After today, I will have two days of no school. I swear, weekends are a true blessing, I thought as I went to take a shower.

When I got out, I wrapped a towel around me, walking to my dresser drawer and froze when nothing was in there but clothes. Everything from last night came rushing back to me, basically slapping me in the face. How could I forget about today being Friday? Friday, as in the day I expose myself. I was about to call Tori when my bedroom door burst open. I looked up and saw her there with her arms crossed.

"Seriously? Andrew told me about last night. So, you're done? You give up after everything you went through the past four years of high school," Tori asked with an annoyed expression. "Hell, after we just went out and bought you all that new stuff?"

"Tori, I can't just sit here and let some crazy ass bitch control my life, which is exactly why I'm going to school today and showing the world I'm Clover Thompson. I'm done hiding. Whoever it is can face me, my manager and probably the security I'm going to have to hire," I said as I walked back into the bathroom with some undergarments and some clothes. I put on a pink lacy bra and pink lace underwear. I slid on a pair of light blue jeans and then a white off-the-shoulder shirt. I went over to my dresser and put on some bracelets. Then I applied some lip gloss and eyeliner, making my blue eyes pop out more. I curled my hair and turned around to see Tori staring at me.

"Are you really ready for this?" she asked as I went to my shoe closet, putting on a pair gladiator sandals.

"No, but I'm as ready as I'll ever be," I said with a small smile as I looked over myself in the mirror. This was me, the Clover Thompson who should've been going to school like this the whole time.

I looked over Tori's outfit as we walked downstairs. She wore a cute, gray tank top, a long necklace, and skinny jeans. Her brown heels went perfectly with her outfit and so did the few bracelets she wore on her wrist. Her hair was parted and a few pieces were pulled back. The outfit was very simple, yet she still made it look gorgeous.

"Wow, you look cute!" I commented.

"Please, forget about me! Have you truly looked in the mirror for your real first day of school as Clover Thompson? You're no longer Lucky, Victoria's Secret's number one Angel, you're just Clover Thompson, the Victoria's Secret Angel and you look damn gorgeous for the role," Tori said with a smile and I pulled my best friend in a hug.

"I swear no one could ever ask for a better friend than you," I said, before pulling away. "Now, which car should we take?" I questioned.

"I'm thinking the audi," Tori said, grabbing the keys off the hook.

"Good idea," I said, grabbing the keys from her as we got in. We pulled up to the school and every head turned our way. I decided to park closer to the school and as soon as I got out of the car, there were a bunch of gasps and wolf whistles as guys and girls started whispering. Not one person moved toward me as they all chose to stare in awe.

"You look like a model and suddenly everyone treats you different," I said.

"Clover, you seem to forget you don't just look like a model. You *are* a model," Tori said with a smile.

"Yeah, but I've totally worn cuter outfits," I said with a shrug as a crowd of people started following a couple steps behind us, trying to secretly take pictures. I went to my usual locker, and I couldn't help but burst out laughing as my locker neighbor Tony gawked at me as I flashed him a smile.

"L-L-Lucky?" he stuttered, and I was surprised he knew who I was. He didn't seem like the type to know names.

"Clover Thompson, but you may call me Lucky if you want," I said, putting out my hand for him to shake. He gawked at it for at least two minutes before he finally shook it. I felt as his fingers moved up and down on the back of my hand, trying to feel it. I quickly let go and turned toward my locker.

"Your hands are smooth, Lucky," Tony said, causing Tori to laugh.

I said an awkward, "Thanks," while giving him a tight, uncomfortable smile as I opened my locker.

"That guy basically was trying to feel up your hand," Tori whispered quietly.

"You're Clover Thompson?" someone yelled from the set of lockers across from me, the same place the group from before stood.

"Real name's Clover Thompson. You can call me that or Lucky. It doesn't really matter to me," I said with a shrug as I grabbed a few books.

"There's no way this girl is Clover, the nerdiest girl in our school. No way in hell," the same guy said while shaking his head.

"Lucky, I can carry those for you!" a girl offered, making me mentally cringe.

"Listen, people. I am a normal student at this high school. I'm not different from any of you. I am capable of carrying my books," I said with a smile as I continued walking with Tori to her locker.

"Clover, you should totally join the cheer team!" Jackie from Stacey's group yelled, and I couldn't stop myself from snorting.

"Okay, people, keep moving and get to class," Andrew yelled, causing people to run away scared.

"Wow, you could be a nice bodyguard," I smirked.

"Babe, please, I am *the* bad boy, I basically run this school," Andrew said with a wink.

"More like the school's pig," Tori said, making me laugh.

"You seem like you're in a good mood, *Lucky*," Jasmin said, as she and Katy walked up.

"Well, I realized I should have done this a long time ago. It actually feels nice not being pushed on the ground and having to pick up books," I said with a shrug as Tori shut her locker.

"Where is Chris?" Tori asked Jasmin.

"Probably still sleeping. He refused to get up this morning so I left without him," Jasmin said, rolling her eyes.

"How is he going to get to school?" I questioned curiously.

"He will take his BMW," Jasmin said before letting her eyes skim my appearance. "I see you decided to go with the looking hot approach for this outing."

"Yup, I had to look all snazzy for the world," I said sarcastically.

"Snazzy?" Andrew asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Yeah, snazzy. Have a problem with that word?" I asked with a playful glare.

He only shook his head with a small smile on his lips. "No, not at all."

"I can't believe you, Clover Thompson, are *the* Lucky. You're Victoria's Secret's number one Angel," Katy squealed. "No, you're the world's number one angel. You're the model everyone would die to have on their team."

I bit my lip and looked around at the people who still stood on the sides, taking pictures and whispering. I felt my heart tighten, I didn't like this part of it. My normality felt like it'd been ripped from me. "Yeah, but I'm still your same old best friend, Clover Thompson," I said awkwardly.

"I just can't believe it. You're seriously gorgeous. Flawless even. Why would you go around looking like a nerd when you're really an angel?" Katy questioned.

"For privacy," I stated while holding my books tighter to me.

"I still can't believe this," Katy said, staring at me with wide eyes. "You're truly lucky that I have somewhere to be. This conversation isn't over though!" she told me sternly before muttering us all goodbyes and leaving.

"Now that the unknown bitch had you expose your secret, are you still going to try to figure out who it is?" Tori asked me when Katy was out of earshot.

"Yeah, she still has those pictures," I said, feeling determined. I pushed away any side feelings about this new situation and focused on the situation at hand.

"Wait, back everything up a minute," Jasmin said, putting her hands up. "Someone made you come to school today as Lucky?" she asked.

I confirmed it with a slight nod before explaining everything that had recently happened.

By the time I finished, the warning bell rang, signaling it was time to head to class.

Andrew grabbed my hand, making me stay behind while the rest of our group left.

"What?" I asked curiously.

"Tomorrow night at seven, I'm picking you up. Be ready," Andrew instructed with a genuine smile. I couldn't help but smile back at him and nod.

Unknown Point of View

Clover may be known to the world as Lucky now, but she doesn't realize that it's not completely over yet. Her manager won't help her since she is working with me now. With Mary and I having all of these photos and videos, we're set. Now, the next step is to ruin her career. She'll have nothing to hide behind now.

I can't wait to see the look on her face when she stands there wondering why Mary would want to help ruin her career. It's a simple answer, actually. Once Clover is out of the equation and isn't a model anymore, Mary can help her next star, her niece, me. It wasn't so much about the money right now, I just needed to be at the top and I couldn't do that unless the queen fell. After all, you can't have two Queen Bee's. Now, I'll become the number one angel and there will be nothing she can do about it. Clover Thompson, you're done for.

Chapter Twenty-Six

I sighed as I laid down on my couch after school, staring at the ceiling.

"Wow, so this is what you do in your free time?" Andrew asked sarcastically while walking in through the back door.

"Why did you come in the back door?" I asked, sitting up.

"There are a million different groups of paparazzi out front. I had to go through your neighbor's backyard so I didn't get caught. There are cops out front removing the paparazzi from the street right now as we speak," Andrew said, sitting next to me.

"Oh, I should've figured as much. With my identity released, everyone is just dying to know the inside scoop," I said, rolling my eyes. "They all just want to be the first one I talk to about everything. Joke's on them, I'm not talking to anyone yet, at least, not until this problem is solved."

Andrew frowned. "Nope, drop all of those paparazzi thoughts. Tonight, we're going out on a date and when I come back to pick you up at seven, you're going to be as giddy as ever and ready to have the night of your life."

I looked at him curiously. "Why are you here so early anyway?"

"To make sure you're all right and we're still on," he said.

"I'm surviving," I told him with a shrug.

"Good. Dress casual tonight and be ready."

I had three hours till Andrew came to get me so I decided to watch one more episode of *America's Got Talent* before I got ready. Once it was over, I took a long shower, following my usual routine before getting out and putting the pink fluffy towel around me. I walked over to my closet to pick out an outfit. I decided on a pair of skinny jeans and a black long-sleeved shirt. The shirt was lace so I wore a black bralette underneath. Then I decided on a pair of black knee-length boots.

I curled my hair and pulled it all to one side and braided one piece on the top so it was like a crown. I walked downstairs just as there was a knock on the door.

"Hey," he said, smiling, leaning against the doorframe.

"Hi." I smiled back. Everyone saw a bad boy or a player or whatever they wanted to classify him as but really he was nothing but a big dork. A cute one at that, but still a dork.

I guess that's why they always say the nerd gets on so well with the player.

I looked at all the paparazzi that surrounded the area still and mentally groaned. I grabbed my purse off the hook before closing and locking the door behind me.

"ARE YOU REALLY CLOVER THOMPSON?"

"LUCKY! OVER HERE."

"WHO IS WITH YOU?"

"IS HE THE SAME GUY YOU HAD THE JAIL PHOTOSHOOT WITH?"

A man grabbed my hand, stopping me from moving. "Were you really pretending to be a nerd or is that a cover for something else you're hiding?"

I removed his clammy hands and quickly got in the car that Andrew had ready with my door open. It took some time, but after some extreme honking on Andrew's part, the paparazzi eventually made a path for us to leave.

"Miss Thompson, you look lovely tonight," Andrew said in a fake British accent once we were driving on the road.

"Mr. Carter, you look rather dashing as well," I said, using the same tone. I truly meant it. Something about his black jeans and his white button-up shirt looked different than usual. He looked like he cared.

"That was a horrible accent," Andrew said, laughing, and I couldn't help but join in.

"I'm Aussie not British," I said matter-of-factly.

"True, true," he said, nodding his head in understanding.

"So, where are we going? Because I'm telling you now, I am not going to another fair or a club, and I am not stealing a motorcycle this time. But more importantly, I want to be sleeping on my bed tonight and not on the floor of a jail cell," I said seriously.

"Darn. I really liked that motorcycle from New York. Too bad we had to leave it there. You sure we can't get another one?" Andrew said with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, I'm positive. Now, where are we going?" I asked again.

"Now that's a surprise," Andrew said before turning up the music. One Direction's new song called the "Best Song Ever" came on so I turned it up louder, causing Andrew to groan.

"Awe, stop complaining," I said, flicking his arm.

I sang loudly along with the radio, and Andrew turned down the music.

"You have a horrible voice," Andrew said, causing my jaw to drop and him to receive a smack on the arm.

"Jeez! Must you be so abusive, woman?" Andrew said, rubbing his arm.

"Hey, my voice isn't that bad," I said before realizing what he said. "And I am not abusive!"

Andrew parked by a small forest and got out, opening the door and then holding his hand out.

"Yeah, sure, whatever you say," he mumbled under his breath. I grabbed his hand, sliding out. He quickly shut the door and started walking toward the forest.

"Are you going to kill me? If you are considering it then don't think for even a second I won't come back and haunt you," I said once I caught up to him.

"Yeah, I planned a date so I could kill you," Andrew said sarcastically as he moved branches out of the way. I rolled my eyes at his sarcasm but stopped in my tracks when we arrived on a beach.

"Andrew? What the hell?" I said, looking at the view. There was a blanket laid down and a path of candles leading toward the blanket. No one was around and it was completely clean.

"Did you do all this?" I asked as I sat on the blanket next to him.

"I could say I did but I would be lying. My sister helped me out," Andrew said sheepishly.

"Not to be weird, but what's she like? Your sister I mean?"

He shook his head. "There's nothing weird about asking. She's a sweet girl for being sixteen. Everything about her is fun; it's hard for someone not to get along with her."

I wondered why I'd never seen her around. If she's sixteen then she would definitely go to our school. I quickly remembered the fact that he told me in the past she went to a boarding school.

"That's kinda far," I responded, surprised.

"Yeah, but it's next to that Ivy League school for guys, Johnston University. My mom figured it would be more beneficial to go to the sister school since she's smart enough," Andrew said as we stopped at the end of a mountain area. We didn't go too close to the edge, but we sat close enough so we had the beautiful view.

"Are you hungry?" he asked suddenly, grabbing a basket from behind a tree.

"Extremely," I replied.

"I know you eat like nothing, so I got you a fruit bowl and some lasagna," Andrew said, handing me a container and bowl while he ate spaghetti and meatballs. I took a bite of the lasagna and moaned.

"This is so good! Did you make it?" I asked, taking another bite.

"No, I actually had my mom make it. But I'm glad you like it," Andrew said sheepishly.

"Wow! Tell her I said she is an amazing cook. I haven't had homemade food in like forever," I said just as I popped a grape in my mouth.

"So, it's your turn, Thompson. How'd you get here?" Andrew asked me after a while, handing me a water bottle.

"What?" I asked, honestly confused.

"How'd you become Lucky? What got you to this point? Just tell me, who is Clover Thompson?" he asked, seeming genuinely curious.

I set down my bowl of lasagna and looked at the view. "What got me here? I'm not really sure anymore. I guess I should start with my parents, since they're part of the reason I'm where I'm at, as much as I hate to admit it," I said honestly.

"Then tell me. I want to know the real you," he said, leaning against the tree behind him.

"Well, my mom owns a fashion business and my dad is a surgeon so neither one of them are ever home, which you've probably noticed," I said, moving my pasta around with my fork.

"I basically have been an adult since I was thirteen when my parents started leaving more often. My mother opened a business here in Cali so she decided to move here. May 1st I'll be nineteen, but it's really not something I celebrate, as age is not a model's friend. I started school earlier than most students so I went to preschool twice." I ended it there. Unsure of what else to really say.

Andrew snorted. "I could've read that all in a book. You're leaving things out. For one, I can tell your parents hurt you by leaving, but I can't tell what leaves you with such a sad look."

Something about his words struck a chord in my heart. Could I trust him? Yes. No thought was needed for that one at this point. "I had a sister," I said softly.

He looked at me carefully, waiting for me to continue.

"Her name was Aria. She died when she was five. I was only twelve at the time. I can't say it wasn't traumatic at the time because it was very. It's something that's always left my family's heart heavy I guess."

"If you don't mind me asking, how'd she die?" Andrew asked, causing me to look at his caring eyes. He wasn't there to judge or to laugh or make me cry. He was here for me, and I could tell it all just by one look.

"My dad blames me for her death. We were just going on a casual car ride to the store. We just needed a dress for my modeling gig. My mom couldn't take me so my dad offered to," I said, looking away from Andrew again, feeling slightly angry with myself. "Aria wanted to come with us so my dad let her. She wanted to sit up in the front seat with my dad and her being daddy's little princess, he let her. But it was about eight o'clock in the evening and we were heading downtown trying to get to the mall before it closed at nine," I said as tears started welling up as the memories flowed through my head.

Andrew grabbed my hand and squeezed it lightly, showing he was with me.

"We were turning and this car came out of nowhere, hitting the passenger side." A few tears started to slide down my face as I remember her piercing scream and the blood dripping down the side of her face.

"My dad blames me for sitting in the back seat. He would always tell me I should have been the one up there not my younger sister. He claims that it's my fault for even wanting a new dress," I sobbed.

Andrew started rubbing my back, saying soothing words. After a few minutes, I started calming down again.

"You know it wasn't your fault. It wasn't anyone's fault besides the other driver," Andrew said but I shook my head.

"I sometimes think he's right. I should have been up front, not her. Maybe then she would have survived. But ever since then, my parents have busied themselves with work to keep their minds off her death. I wanted to continue modeling, become something big even. I wanted to change my relationship with my dad and make myself something he would be proud and talk to me again, but he doesn't and he hasn't talked to me in months, maybe years," I said sadly.

"Does your mom blame you?" Andrew asked me.

"No, she knows it isn't my fault," I said, drinking some of my water.

"Good, because it isn't and it never will be your fault. It pisses me off that your dad would rather have you die than your sister. He should wish that no one died," Andrew said, wiping my tears with his thumb.

"I think he partially blames himself because he's a surgeon and he couldn't save her. That's the only thing that can make sense." I said as I thought about when we got back to the house after the accident. I remember the moment we were back at our house that night. All the pictures that coated the wall were thrown. They were shattered, stepped on, ripped apart. There's nothing left of them.

"My parents would fight all the time. They went from always being home and having family dinners every night to rarely being home. And when they were home all you'd hear is their screaming constantly. There's no relationship there anymore, just hatred."

I knew their relationship was done when their first fight ended with my dad yelling he wished they never gotten married. It broke my mom, the next day she flew to New Zealand for a week and I was left with a nanny.

Andrew squeezed my hand, reminding me he was there. "And now?" He asked softly, looking at me gently.

"Now? Now there's nothing. It's silence when they come home at the same time. I almost wished they'd fight or something just so I can see what it's like to see them talk to each other again." I told him honestly. My heart felt almost relieved to tell everything I've always felt deep down.

I looked at Andrew carefully, "What about you? Your dad, you never mention him." I said and he pulled his hand away and clenched the blanket lightly.

"My dad is a drunken fool. He spends his disability money on nothing but alcohol and prostitutes. He's his own sob story, but that's just because he needed help and no one would help him." Andrew briefly explained. "He makes me become him when I'm around him, I sit there and smoke my thoughts away or I drown them in alcohol. That's why I did what was best for both of us. That 5,000 that I got for fake dating you or whatever in New York, that went straight to helping him. I put him in a rehab center and that itself was the startup fee I needed."

My eyes widened in surprise, I forgot that Mary paid him so much for that.

"It's sad that this is what our world's turning to. There's no love anymore, just arguments, pain, and divorce." I said and he wrapped his arm around my shoulder and pulled me so I was leaning against his chest.

"But even with the pain, we always survive." He said pressing his lips to the top of my head. The small action caused my heart beat to dramatically speed up.

I wasn't sure how long we sat there just staring at the view, but I embraced the feeling for as long as possible.

"We should probably finish eating." He suggested and I nodded in agreement. Once we cleared out a majority of the food we spent the rest of the time sitting there talking and playing little games on his phone like tic-tac toe.

It wasn't until he suddenly locked his phone and stood up that I realized how dark it actually was.

"Where are you going now?" I asked, still sitting.

"We are going for a swim," Andrew said, taking off his jacket, shirt and shoes.

"Andrew, it's definitely too cold," I said, refusing to move.

"Fine, then I guess I will have to bring you in the hard way," Andrew said, picking me up.

"No, Andrew Carter, you put me down this instant! These are designer boots!" I squealed, hitting his back,

"Then we can take them off," Andrew said, throwing my shoes on the ground.

"I can't let the—" I started to say but got cut off due to the fact that I was thrown into the cold water. I came up coughing only to be splashed as Andrew jumped in.

"I was going to say I can't let the paparazzi see me like this," I said, shivering.

"Well, good thing I lost them before we came," Andrew said, swimming up to me.

"I mean, when I go home, dumb ass," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Then you can just stay at my house." Andrew shrugged.

"Will your parents mind?" I asked and he shook his head.

"Nope, my mom won't mind," Andrew said as he ran his hand through his wet hair.

"Oh, okay, then if you don't mind, I guess I'll stay," I told him.

"I'm pretty sure you will fit in my sister's clothes since you're so skinny but they may be too big," Andrew said, shrugging.

"I can work it out, bad boy," I said, splashing him.

"Oh, it's on," Andrew said and that's how it went till twelve, just splashing each other back and forth with nothing but laughs and a few perverted comments.

We ended up arriving at Andrew's house by twelve-thirty. When we got out of his car, I couldn't stop shivering, even with the towels we had wrapped around us. Thankfully, he was at least smart enough to bring towels. Still, I was sure my lips were blue from the freezing temperature of the water.

"You can take a shower if you want," Andrew said as we walked in.

"Yes, please. My hair feels gross from that water," I said.

"Okay, I'll just—"

"Andrew? Honey, is that you?" a lady asked, walking out of the kitchen. She was skinny and looked to be in her mid-forties. She had long dirty blonde hair and was wiping her hands on an apron. She was very pretty. You could see where Andrew got some of his looks from.

I was slightly surprised to see the apron and the small amount of flower that covered it. It was strange for her to be up, let alone cook so late.

"Yeah, ma, it's me," Andrew said, putting his leather jacket on the hook.

"Young man, why are you home so late? I told you a million times you need to stop partying and actually focus on—" The lady stopped when she noticed me standing behind Andrew.

"Oh, my! I'm sorry I didn't notice you there. What's your name, dear?" Ms. Carter asked.

"I'm Clover, it's nice to meet you, Ms. Carter," I said politely.

"Please call me Shelby. I got rid of the name Carter a long time ago," Shelby said, holding out her hand, which I shook.

"You are so beautiful! Wow, the first girl Andrew brings home," she said, giving him a look while sending him a wink that caused him to groan. "I actually just got done making cookies. I had to make two hundred for this baking fair tomorrow, but I made some extras. Would you like one?" Shelby asked.

That makes more sense for the cooking now. And here I thought it was a usual occasion for moms who are actually home.

"Ma, she will have one later. We were just swimming so she's gonna go take a shower since she's staying the night," Andrew said.

"Oh, *ooh*," she said with wide eyes as if she understood something I was clearly missing. "Of course. Make yourself at home, sweetie."

"Thank you so much," I said as Andrew and I walked off. He handed me a towel and a pile of clothes and I took a quick shower.

When I got out, I dried off and put on the clothes and noticed they were a pair of Victoria's Secret sweatpants and a white tank top. The tank top fit but the sweats were too big, so I rolled them up, which helped a lot. I put my hair up in a messy bun and walked out of the bathroom and into the kitchen where a now dry Andrew was wearing just sweatpants while standing there with his mom talking. He quickly excused himself and decided to show me where I would be sleeping tonight.

After leading me to the guest bedroom, he mumbled a goodnight before leaving me be. I laid down on the bed and grinned widely. I definitely had a problem on my hands. I may just have a huge crush on Andrew.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

I woke up the next morning and realized I wasn't in my room. The memories of last night rushed through my head, making me grin again. I quickly got out of bed and went into the bathroom. I did my business and fixed up my crazy bed head before deciding I looked presentable enough. After using some mouthwash on the counter, I walked into the kitchen where Andrew's mom was.

"Hello," she chirped.

I smiled in return. "Thank you for letting me stay over last night," I said, sitting down on the chair.

"Oh, no problem, dear. Would you like some eggs and bacon?" she asked and I agreed.

"Is Andrew still sleeping?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Nope, actually he went to go pick up some bacon he should be here any—"

"Ma, I'm back," Andrew yelled as he was walking into the kitchen.

"Thank you. I'll get started right away!" Shelby said, already taking the bacon out of the package.

Andrew wore a pair of black jeans that hung low, showing off his V-line and a pair of combat boots then a red shirt under his black leather jacket. I looked up to see Andrew smirking at me.

"I know I look good but no need to drool," Andrew said, causing me to roll my eyes.

"Arrogant much?" I said as we walked out of the kitchen toward the living room. After about twenty minutes, Shelby called us in the kitchen to eat. We shut off the TV and sat down at the table. When I sat next to Andrew I noticed there was actually a girl next to his mother. She must be Jenna. She must be on break already then?

"Oh, hello, I'm Jenna. I'm Andrew's sister," Jenna said, smiling politely.

"Oh I'm—" I started to say but she interrupted me.

"Lucky or now Clover Thompson, I guess? Either way, I know. You are like my inspiration!" Jenna gushed, causing me to smile

"You're already beautiful enough," I said, causing her to turn red.

"I thought Andrew said you were away at school?" I asked curiously.

She nodded. "I like to come home on breaks. We're already out of school for the year."

"Oh, how nice," I said, honestly jealous.

"Jenna, how do you know Clover?" Shelby asked her daughter.

"Mom, she is a model!" Jenna whispered in a duh voice.

"Oh, really? I had no idea. Did you show Andrew your photo shoot pictures? Because a while ago, you came over and you sadly left before I got home, but Andrew was standing in the kitchen blushing, I mean, Clover, you should hav—"

"All right, Mom. She gets it," Andrew said, sending her a glare.

"He was like a little school girl. If I would have gotten him a wig and let him wear Jenna's uniform. Oh, then there was this one time when he was four—"

"Mom!!" Andrew exclaimed as red as a tomato as I sat here laughing.

Shelby stopped talking and gave him a confused glance. "What?"

"Can you stop talking?" he asked, well, more like demanded.

"Andrew Carter! That is no way to talk to your mother. Now, please, Shelby, continue. I would love to hear more stories." I smiled as Andrew sent me a glare.

"Oh, okay, darling. There was this one time when Andrew was ten, and he wanted his first leather—"

And that was how I spent my morning, listening to Shelby tell me baby stories and show me pictures about Andrew as he sulked in the corner.

"That was so embarrassing," Andrew groaned as we sat on his bed.

"You really pissed on your cake at your own birthday party?" I asked, holding my stomach as I laughed.

"It wasn't exactly my fault," Andrew said as he started turning red.

"So, you say, but I'm pretty sure you control where you point that thing," I said, looking downward then back up.

"Whatever." He suddenly stood up and grabbed a pile of clothes off his dresser. "Here, my mom washed your clothes," Andrew said, handing me the pile.

I thanked him and quickly rushed off to the bathroom to change. As I walked back into Andrew's room, I handed Andrew his sister's clothes.

"Well, I have to go but I'll talk to you later. Thanks for last night, I had fun," I said with a smile as I grabbed my purse.

"Yeah, no problem. I'm expecting a second date soon, but this time as your boyfriend," Andrew said, and it took me a second to process what he was saying.

My lips quirked up as I turned away from the front door to look at him. "Is that your way of asking me to be your girlfriend, Mr. Player?" I asked, stepping toward him and putting my hands on his chest. "If that's the case, then I guess I can say I wouldn't mind being your girlfriend."

He grinned widely.

"I look forward to that second date and learning more about you, Mr. Carter," I said, teasing him as I brushed my lips against his then stepped away, opening the door.

Andrew groaned and stopped me by grabbing my hand. "You can't leave like that." Andrew smashed his lips against mine.

"Mm, I think I can," I said, pulling away a little.

He ignored my comment and pulled my face forward again, putting his lips on mine. We got interrupted by sniffing. We pulled back to see Shelby holding a video camera while crying.

"This is so adorable. My little Andrew is growing up. Now I don't have to worry about you getting any STDs or mono. Well, you still could get mono but there is a less of a chance now," Shelby said, wiping her eyes. "I'm going to send this to your Aunt Mallory right away." Shelby nodded furiously before running into a different room.

Andrew stood there with his mouth opened and my face wasn't much different. "Andrew, I'm sorry to say this, but your mother is crazy."

"No need to be sorry for something I already knew. I can't believe she got all that on video," Andrew said, shaking his head with a sigh. "I'm gonna go try to stop her from sending that to everyone and posting that on YouTube so I will text you later." He gave me a quick peck on the lips.

As I walked out to my car, I heard Andrew yell, "Ma, the whole world does not need to see that."

I let out a chuckle and got in my car and left.

When I arrived home, there were more paparazzi than usual swarming my door. I decided to be nice and answer some questions, but avoided all the ones about school. On my table was a cake with white and blue frosting along the edges and on it was a printed image with words on it.

Dear Clover,

So nice that you decided to let your little secret out. I hope you don't think everything's over. Plenty more to come and you can't say a word about this to anyone. Or else...

Kisses,

Unknown.

Underneath it was a kiss mark, causing me to frown. I took a picture with my phone and opened my back door then threw the cake at a tree. Luckily, my backyard is fenced in so no paparazzi witnessed it. I called Tori and immediately ordered her to get over her without any explanation.

Tori's Point of View

I wiped my forehead with a towel, removing any sign of my daily workout. I went into the locker room and took a quick shower then changed into a pair of yoga capris and a pink spaghetti strap tank top to match the pink fold. I wasn't in that much of a hurry, but I could tell by Clover's voice on the phone that she definitely needed me.

I picked up my purse to leave, but a purple envelope fell out. I picked it up and looked around before opening it.

Dear Tori,

Aren't you tired of living in Clover Thompson's shadows? I can fix your problem. We can work together and take Clover's career down. I could make you the number one model of Victoria's Secret. You wouldn't have to be Victoria, Lucky's amateur best friend, anymore. You could be first place in everything. Imagine the popularity at school you could get. Imagine Clover's face when she sees her best friend betray her. You like the idea yet? You want to contact me? Talk to Anne.

Kisses,

Unknown

I stood there rereading the message, my heart pounding in my chest. Was this how Clover felt every time she opened one of these things? I didn't like this feeling, like everyone could see the note, everyone was judging me. I felt naked in a room full of men. I wouldn't ever do that to Clover, but I felt like everyone here could read the note and thought I would.

I wouldn't.

I quickly made my way to my car then to Clover's house. When I arrived, I was attacked by paparazzi.

"WHAT ARE CLOVER'S SECRETS?"

"WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE MODEL POSE?"

"WILL YOU BRING CLOVER OUT HERE?"

I ignored all their stupid questions and went to the front door, knocking. Clover opened it a second later. She squinted from the flashing of lights and let me in, shutting and locking the door behind me.

"Sorry, Mary said she would work on getting them removed. They've tripled since the whole telling my real identity thing," Clover said, frowning.

I waved her off. "What's the problem?" I asked as we went up and sat in her bedroom.

"The problem is this unknown person is now sending me cakes and managed to get in my house ... again." Clover grabbed a pair of Adidas shorts and a PINK shirt. She quickly changed and laid out on her bed next to me.

"You got a cake?" I asked, surprised. I felt my heart pounding in my ears, the note burning a hole in my purse. I wasn't hiding it; I just needed to find the right time to bring it up. I would never do something like that to her.

"Yep and this is what it said," she said, handing me her iPhone. I read the note and frowned.

"What did you do with the cake?" I asked.

"I threw it at a tree. Who knows what this person could have done to it?" Clover said, sounding stressed.

"You told me? It says not to tell anyone?" I said, feeling slightly worried. This person would know if she told someone; they were good. Which was why I couldn't help but wonder. How close was she to this person?

"You're not just anyone, you're my best friend," she said, looking confused on why I would even question that fact.

"I'm worried about how dangerous this person really is. They're getting into your house. They could come in while you're sleeping, Clo. It's not safe and I'm worried about you," I said honestly.

Clover's eyes shifted to a darker look. "I'm tired of this. I don't want to look over my shoulder anymore. I don't want them breaking into my house anymore. I need my locks changed and I need to figure out a way to end this."

I looked at her determined face. She was such a strong girl, and she didn't even realize the extent of power she had yet. "Clove, there's something I have to show you," I said, making her sit up and look at me.

I pulled the envelope out and handed her the note. I watched as her eyes skimmed it furiously. "I found it in my stuff while I was at the gym."

"They would really go this far to try and get my best friend to go against me?" she asked furiously. I could see her shaking in anger, and I quickly grabbed her fisted hands and unrolled them before interlocking them with my own.

"Hey, I'm not going against you, so you have nothing to worry about," I said and she shook her head.

"What if they sent the same thing to Katy? Or Jasmin? Or hell, even Andrew or Chris? This isn't good." Angry tears started welling up in her eyes. "Do you feel like that Tori? Like you're just a shadow behind me?"

"No," I lied. I couldn't make her more upset, but it was something that she didn't need to hear right now. I only felt like a shadow when we're on the runway and there was nothing she could do to fix that feeling. She's the prized model and she deserved it for every bit of work she's put into it.

Besides, off the runway, she was the best friend a girl could wish for, and I honestly wouldn't want it any other way.

"Babe, this bitch is playing with fire now. And let me tell you, their fire is about to go out," I said with a smirk and she squeezed my hand.

Seeing my determined look, she nodded and wiped her watery eyes. "Let's throw some water on the bitch."

Unknown Point of View

I sat there smirking as I pressed the send button on a video of Clover's time in jail.

"By tomorrow her career will be down the drain," Mary smirked from beside me.

The doll that resembled a certain blond girl sat in my hand. Dressed neatly with even her outfit in place. I couldn't help, but share a smirk with Mary. This goal of bring Clover down was more for the purpose of me. Someone could say I was obsessed more with taking this model down, but it was more about wanting her life. I needed it. Mary knew it too and she was tired with working for a selfish bimbo who could care less about her career.

I would be the best model possible. I'd make it as the world's biggest model. I'd find a way to be bigger than whatever she was. I couldn't do that until her career was gone, though. I can't rise beside the biggest model around right now. I had to go above her, I had to be her. The only way to do that? Take her down.

For good.

I twisted the dolls hair before I threw the doll into the garbage as Mary lit it on fire with a match.

"You're right, Clover. It never is good to play with fire. The problem is, when you tease the fire with a bit of oil, it's only going to get bigger," I said a loud, turning my chair and looking back at Mary.

"Lucky will be no more," Mary agreed.

I smiled, flickering the lighter on and off, staring at the flame. "I can't wait to see her face when the streets are covered with paparazzi and she is on the front page of every magazine and every newspaper with her face being smashed against the wall handcuffed." I threw the lighter into the fire and stood up, turning my back to the flame. My lips curved up further as I started walking to the door with only one thought in my head. "Buh-bye, Lucky."

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Clover's Point of View

Last night, Tori ended up staying over, which I was grateful for. We were both sitting in the kitchen eating breakfast that Tori also made. I swear that girl is a goddess.

"Honestly, the paparazzi are so loud today," Tori commented. "I wonder if another celebrity moved on this street."

"I mean that one NBA player lives not that far down. Maybe he's back finally? I know he has like three different houses or something and he's rarely in town. But still, this street is crazy. I'm surprised I still have neighbors." I thought about it for a second before holding up a finger.

"Correction neighbor. Miranda and Jack went to their beach house in Florida for the rest of the year," I said, putting my plate in the sink.

"Yeah, I would, too. Hey, we should see if Mary and Megan can hook us up for a photoshoot or a fashion show in Paris soon," Tori said.

"Oh my gosh, that would be amazing," I squealed. I couldn't remember the last time I'd been to Paris.

"I've never been to Paris before," she said, pouting. "I really want to go."

"I would love to go to London, too," I said.

"We should just go on a road trip when we finish school," Tori said. "Oh, imagine all the hot boys."

"I would agree but I'm taken," I said, realizing I hadn't had a chance to tell her yet.

"Who? Are you dating Chris?" she asked suspiciously, making me raise an eyebrow.

"Why would I date Chris?" I asked, confused.

"Why wouldn't you? I mean, have you seen that boy's body," Tori said, fanning herself.

"Yeah, sure. I mean he is hot, but I wouldn't date him," I said, scrunching up my nose.

"Oh, I would totally take him anyway and anywhere. Now, off the subject of Chris for a minute. Who. Are. You. Dating?" she demanded. I stayed silent for a moment and she gasped.

"It's not—" Tori started saying and I nodded.

"Andrew Carter?" she asked with disgust.

"Surprise," I said with a small smile.

"Why the hell would you date him? You know he's trouble. I mean, you went to freaking jail with him," she said, shaking her head. "Clover, you have never been in jail before that. He's not good enough for you. He's a player who won't think twice before breaking your heart," Tori said desperately, trying to make me see from her point of view.

I twisted the stem of an apple sitting in the bowl in front of me as I listened to her rant on. "Tori, in all honesty, when was the last time you've seen him with someone?" I asked her.

"Last week," she exclaimed.

"Okay, you're not wrong, but I've actually gotten to know this player. I've sat and had breakfast with his mother and sister. I can't be one hundred percent positive, but I'd like to think he won't dump me so quickly," I said as she put her plate in the sink.

"Fine," Tori said seriously with a shrug. "But if he's an idiot and he hurts you, he better expect to never have kids after I'm done with him."

"I know, now, let's get to school. No one wants to be late on a Monday," I said, grabbing my Gucci sunglasses and my black bag. It went perfectly with the romper I was wearing. I looked in the mirror one last time; my hair was staying in its natural blond waves and the sandals I slipped on matched perfectly. Tori had borrowed a ruffled peach shirt and a pair of white shorts and she had her own sandals.

"Yeah, I'm ready, let's go," she said, hooking her arm through mine as we went out the door. I cringed as we stepped outside. We were hit with tons of flashing lights. I pulled my sunglasses down over my eyes and handed Tori an extra pair of Coach Sunglasses I had in my purse.

"Clover, over here! Talk to me, babe. Let's talk about jail," a guy yelled, causing me to freeze in place. Tori tried pulling me along but I stayed frozen.

"What did you say?" I asked, looking at the guy behind me who said that.

He held up the newspaper and I gasped. I grabbed \$20 out of my purse and handed it to him.

"Here, buy yourself another one," I said and quickly pushed through all the paparazzi to get to my car, which I for once didn't park in the garage.

"What the actual hell?" Tori exclaimed, looking over my shoulder at a picture of me against the wall with handcuffs on. It was the front-page picture with the headline of the day said,

CLOVER THOMPSON REALLY WENT TO JAIL.

"This unknown person is really playing games now," I said furiously. Words couldn't describe how mad I was right now. My body was shaking in anger.

"Where has Mary been through all of this?" Tori questioned.

"I don't know, but after school we are heading straight to her house," I said, leaving my driveway in my freshly repainted Ferrari. Yes, I got my baby fixed and cleaned looking as good as new. I sighed in relief when I saw the school. The worst of it all? The paparazzi now filled the parking lot.

"What are you going to do about all of this?" Tori asked me as we parked.

"I have no idea, but I am not letting this crazy bitch control my life. They say the only way to fix your problems is to face them," I said with a sigh.

"Well, don't worry, I'll be there the whole time for you," she said and I nodded. We stepped out of the car only to be attacked by paparazzi yelling questions.

Tori whistled loudly, causing them all to quiet down.

"This is a learning environment and let me tell you, some of your clothes are definitely not fitting our school's dress code, so please remove yourselves from this private property," I told them.

"Secondly, I went to jail. I see the picture; you see the picture. It's not a big deal. You want a story? Go out and make one. Stop using me for your own selfish gain."

"Did you get that?" a reporter asked her cameraman. He nodded and more yelling of questions started again.

I sighed, giving Tori a frown and she shrugged, unsure of what to do.

"People, back it up. Move it. Let her through," someone yelled, pushing through the crowd.

Jasmin and Chris.

"We know what's happening and we're going to help you," Jasmin said into my ear and I gave her a thankful look.

"Listen up, you have about thirty seconds to get off school property before the police personally remove you," she said just as sirens rang through the air.

"Clover, I just have one question," a reporter said, trying to persuade me, but I shook my head.

The police pulled up in the parking lot and immediately started handling the situation. I took the opportunity to go into school.

"You, my friend, are a lifesaver!" I said, hugging Jasmin.

"Aww, don't I get a hug, too?" Chris said sarcastically, holding out his arms.

"Get your own girlfriend to hug." Andrew's arms went around my waist as he leaned down, putting his head on my shoulder.

Jasmin squealed. "I knew it! I knew it! You owe me twenty bucks, Chris, pay up," Jasmin said, holding out her hand.

"You guys bet on me and Andrew?" I asked with a scowl.

"Yup," she said, giving me a cheeky smile.

"I don't understand why she would even date a pig like Andrew, but we all know Clover can be a little crazy," Tori said with a shrug, earning her a slap on the arm from me.

"Come on, they will be the cutest couple of the year! Wait till the yearbook comes out! Actually, no, forget about cutest couple. They will be Prom King and Queen!" Jasmin squealed.

"Now, if Andrew isn't an ass and doesn't dump my best friend then he will still make it to Prom with his precious jewels," Tori said, earning a warning look from me.

"I would like to keep Andrew junior, thank you. And, trust me, I'm not dumping her. She will most likely break up with me before I ever do," Andrew said, turning around and giving me a peck on the lips.

"Who knew the bad boy player would become a big softy?" I smirked, causing him to roll his eyes.

After school let out, we quickly left and made our way to Mary's. She surprisingly doesn't live in Long Beach. She lives right outside of town. I quickly drove there with Tori and we got out and basically started pounding on the door.

"Oh, Clover. It's been a while!" Mary said, stepping aside, letting me in.

"Yeah, it has. I was wondering when you were going to tell me when my next photo shoot is? Or maybe when you were going to solve this problem." I slapped the newspaper on the table.

"Oh, I had no idea this was all going on," Mary said with an innocent look.

"Cut the crap, Mary. You know everything that goes on in this world. Especially when it involves your number one model," Tori snapped.

"Tori, apparently Megan needs to teach you more manners," Mary gasped, earning her a glare from both of us.

"Just tell me what the hell is going on," I told her firmly.

"Nothing at all, Clover," Mary said, taking a sip of her cup of coffee before she started chuckling. "All right fine, you got me. Okay, we'll make this quick. Clover, you're fired and you are no longer my top model. There, said and done."

"What?" Tori exclaimed as I yelled, "Excuse me?"

"Yeah, Clover," Mary said, nodding. "You haven't been paying attention to your career and I haven't been able to get a hold of you since we got home from New York."

I looked at her like she was crazy. I almost snorted at how ridiculous this was. She couldn't fire me. She could quit, sure, but she couldn't fire me. She worked for me, not the other way around. "You haven't even contacted me once. I have had my phone on me 24/7, so you can't even say you called me!"

"I'm sorry, Clover, truly, but my niece is taking over for you," Mary said, smiling.

"Who is your niece?" Tori asked, still glaring at her.

"Why don't you come out, darling?" Mary said, and I couldn't believe who stepped out from the next room.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

"Katy!" I said with wide eyes.

"Yeah, bitch, it's me." she smirked, walking forward.

"You are replacing me with my best friend? This is a joke," I said, letting my hurt show on my face.

"Tsk tsk, Clover, we were never friends. You should know the saying, 'keep your friends close but your enemies closer,'" Katy smirked. "The best part? You never expected this. You didn't even bother telling me your secret."

"It was you! It was you all along! How could I have been so stupid?" I said angrily, clenching my fists. "How could you do this to me all this time? You knew my secret and you blackmailed me. And you!" I looked at Mary. "You let her release things, hell, you gave her videos and pictures to help her, yet you pretended to help me cover half of it up all this time."

Katy simply shrugged. "You have to understand how this all goes, Clover. You seriously think you have no competition in the modeling world?"

"This goes past competition. This goes to the level of petty and it's disgusting that Mary would go this far to help you," I said, shaking my head with disappointment.

"Clover, there's no point in standing here and pretending it's all going to get better. Your career with Victoria's Secret is done. Maybe you'll get a gig with some other local company, but you know they don't really accept fires, so maybe leave that part out," Katy said, rolling her eyes as she leaned against the table, twirling her hair.

"You act like you've taken something from me," I started, but she stood up straight and put her hands out, her laughter filling the room.

"I have taken everything from you, Clover Thompson. You're not 'Lucky' anymore. You think you have something still. Well, I guess you do, you have your best friend, Tori's career. You can watch it grow now that you're not around."

I shook my head. "Tori will continue to grow no matter where I am in the business because she's a talented model, and she's earned and worked toward where she is now. That fact alone proves you never even supported her." I took a step closer. I knew Tori always considered herself closer to Katy than I ever was to her, which was why it made this whole situation even more disgusting.

Katy shook her head. "That girl can stop being the caterpillar and can turn into the butterfly. Take this opportunity and go have a normal life that you've been trying so hard to have with a simple disguise."

"Clover, Long Beach doesn't want you anymore and neither does Victoria's Secret," Mary said and I laughed. I probably looked crazy, laughing to the point that my knees were bent and my eyes were watering. My stomach even started hurting from laughing so hard.

"Oh my gosh!" I laughed, now crying.

"What? Why are you laughing?" Katy asked, annoyed.

I only shook my head, holding up a finger, signaling for her to wait a minute.

"Katy, Mary, there is one problem to your plan," I smirked.

"Oh, really? And what is that?" Katy asked with a scowl.

"Katy... Katy... Katy..." I trailed off, shaking my head. "Hon, my career isn't over. I have had people lining up to take my place ever since I did my first fashion show when I was fifteen. You think because Mary fired me, I'm over? I can get a new and better manager in seconds because all she's doing is quitting. She can't fire me." My smirk got even bigger. "I have a contract with Victoria's Secret and multiple other companies. Managers are easily replaceable and if she wants out of the contract with the company for being my manager, she has to pay off her contract and do all that fun stuff. She knows this, I know this. And no matter what, I still have a career, I'm still at the top of the modeling business."

Mary nodded her head at the information, "Katy and I already talked about that part. I easily will pay my contract off and then I'll get Katy started with her own career. She will go big and you'll see her on more billboards than what you've ever made it to." Mary defended while Katy shook her head.

"No one is going to want to take you on after everything that you have going on. You have more bad publicity than Marilyn Monroe ever had." Katy said crossing her arms over her chest.

She wasn't wrong, but it's her fault that my image has even been tainted. "Really, you want to test that theory?" I asked as I pulled out my phone. I texted multiple people before I finally got a few names for managers. I immediately noticed one name in particular, Sarah.

I dialed Sarah's number and waited patiently for her to answer. Sarah was one of the younger agents these days, being only twenty-three, but rumor has it that she's one of the best you could get.

"Huh? Did I read it right? Clover Thompson is calling me? *The Lucky*? It's so nice for you to call," Sarah said as I put the phone on speaker for everyone to hear.

"Yeah, I actually have a question for you, Sarah," I said, smirking at Mary's face, which looked bored to anyone who didn't know her. Her face secretly screamed jealously.

"Continue," Sarah said suspiciously.

"Well, I'm actually looking for a new manager as of today, and I've heard nothing but good things about you. Which is why I was wondering if you'd be interest in the job?" I asked.

"Being the manager for Lucky? That's not even a question. I'd love to. And now that your secret is out, we can change this negativity and these dark questions into making you something even greater. And uh, before you disagree, there is always something greater that you can do and I'm going to be here to help you," Sarah said and I felt my heart jump in my chest at her confidence.

I smiled widely. "Thanks, Sarah. We'll get dinner soon. I can't wait to see what you will do for me as my manager." We said our goodbyes and I hung up.

"Now, you were saying, Katy? Mary?" I raised an eyebrow, sending them a challenging look. "I would say I had a wonderful time while you were being my manager but that would be a lie. Oh, and, Katy, about the whole going to jail thing? I'll make sure Sarah takes care of it." I smirked as I headed toward the door, Tori by my side.

"I'm sorry I didn't say anything. I felt like it was something you needed to handle yourself," Tori said honestly.

"I understand completely, and I appreciate it," I said, stopping in front of the car. "And, Tori? If you ever feel like I am stepping on your toes or I am getting in the way of your fame, just tell me. We can talk it out, and I will take a step out and skip fashion shows if I have to. I want to see you do nothing but succeed. I want to be here for you like you are always there for me, Tori."

She wrapped her arms around me. "I don't need you to put your fame aside for me. You're my best friend and we'll get through this together. We're models, dammit. We've got this business locked up."

"You're seriously the best friend I can ask for," I said, stepping away.

"Really? Because I'm pretty sure my name should be lucky because I've got the greatest friend that people could wish for," she said, and we looked at each other before bursting out laughing.

"That was so lame," I said, shaking my head.

"Yeah, but I meant it," she said, walking to the opposite side of the car.

I looked up at the house that we'd just stood in moments before. Katy and Mary had betrayed me; they'd turned against me, yet here I sat, in my car, staring up at the house that held the closest thing to a parent I've ever had. I wasn't sad, though. I was confident, I felt happy, I wasn't just Lucky anymore; I felt like Clover Thompson.

"Tori?" I mumbled after starting the car.

"Yeah, Clo?" she asked, buckling her seatbelt.

"I think we just won that battle," I said, feeling my heart skip a beat.

Tori smiled. "I think we did, too."

Chapter Thirty

It's been weeks. I haven't received anything from "unknown," which proved both Katy and Mary were done messing with me. The only surprising thing that happened was that Katy stopped coming to school. I wasn't sure if she dropped out or if she switched schools, but I couldn't bring myself to care anymore. The only thing I knew for sure was that her plan to become a VS model didn't exactly work out as planned. Her career didn't even get a chance to begin before it fell.

But other than all that, my life has been going great. The paparazzi calmed down after I did an interview and were back to normal, which meant only half of my yard was covered. Plus, they weren't following me to school.

As for Andrew and me, things were going surprisingly perfect. Last week, we went on another date and he gave me a necklace, one I haven't taken off, that had a clover on it. The best part? That same night we spent at some fancy restaurant, he also ended up asking me to prom. So far, everything was looking up for me. I could almost thank Mary and Katy. Almost.

"Another three kids? Damn, someone's been busy," Tori said, winking at Jasmin who only rolled her eyes.

We were currently playing the game of Life, and before anyone has those dirty thoughts, I was playing the actual board game called Life. Surprisingly, we were having a great time. I never thought I'd spend a day playing a board game with Andrew and his little gang of friends, Jake, Jack, Zach, and Michael, but this shows to never judge a book by its cover. Guys with some interesting type of substance in their system were a little more open to new things. The other three, Chris, Tori, and Jasmin, weren't really surprising, but I had to say, they're extremely into this game. I kinda loved it. I never expected our lunch group to work out so well outside of school, but we were actually having a fun time, even with the whole being outnumbered by boys. Times like this, I wished Katy was here, yet here I was still hurt by the situation.

I was snapped out of my thoughts as a pillow hit me in the face. "Um, Ow, what the hell was that for?"

"Please, you know that didn't even hurt. Now, go, It's your turn," Michael said, smirking. Another fun fact, Andrew's best friend got released from jail, which was absolutely amazing. Please, note my sarcasm. I have come to strongly dislike Michael. All the other guys are cool, but he just annoys the hell out of me.

I rolled the dice and had to move four spaces.

"Spin for a baby, Clover," Michael said, wiggling his eyebrows.

"Andrew, let's see how many kids you're gonna have," Tori said, rubbing her hands together.

"Wow, Clover and Andrew have been busy, too! I mean five kids? That's more than Jas. You just couldn't help yourself, Clover, now could you." Michael smirked, causing him to earn a whack on the arm from Jasmin.

"Thanks, Jas," I said.

"No problem, you sometimes have to put idiots like him in their place," Jasmin said, rolling her eyes.

"Yes, look, Clover, put Andrew in his place. I mean look at him. He is a big softy now," Michael said, causing everyone to earn a glare from Andrew as we all burst out laughing.

"Don't worry, soft or not, you're still hot," I said, pecking him on the lips.

"Well, since I'm a big softy, I guess no one gets the drinks I bought. What a shame. I got the good stuff, too," Andrew said with a fake sigh while shaking his head.

"Forget this. Let's just play Never Have I Ever," Zach suggested and we all agreed.

"Why didn't we play this in the first place?" Tori asked as we put the shot glasses in front of us. I guess if this got out, it couldn't really make anything much worse.

"I have no idea," Jake chuckled.

"I do. You all wanted to play that girly shit first," Jack said with a shudder.

"Oh, shut up! You know you liked the game! But you want to get dirty, fine, last one to get drunk wins," Jasmin said to Jack. Just for future reference, Jake and Jack are twins. It was hard to tell the difference if you didn't look closely, but the color of their eyes and the sound of their voices gave everything away.

"I have a feeling Clover is going to be out first." Michael smirked.

"The only reason I got drunk so quickly before was because it was my first time drinking," I said, glaring at Michael.

"Yeah, you sure are a crazy drunk. I mean, when you're drunk, can we have a hot make out session, too?" Michael asked, earning himself a punch on the arm from Andrew.

"That's my girlfriend you're talking about," Andrew said, throwing him another glare.

He held up his hands in defense.

"Okay, Andrew. Start the circle, you're first," Jasmin said, interrupting their argument.

"Okay, never have I ever been a model," Andrew said, causing me and Tori to roll our eyes. We quickly finished the shot glass that was filled with vodka. It burned my throat a little at first, but I knew it would be fine after another shot.

It was my turn next so I said, "Never have I ever dated a girl."

All the guys took a shot.

"Seems we have a challenger," Michael smirked.

"Seems we do," I smirked back.

"Okay, my turn. Never have I ever kissed someone in the past twenty-four hours," Tori said, causing Michael, Chris, Andrew, Zach and I to drink our shots.

Andrew smirked as he gave me another quick peck on the lips.

"Okay, save it for the bedroom. Never have I ever been to New York," Jack said, causing Tori, Chris, Jasmin, Andrew and I to take our shots.

"Are you guys purposely trying to get me drunk?" I asked. That was my third shot in less than five minutes.

"Are you drunk yet?" Michael asked.

I smiled, showing my teeth. "Nope."

"Then obviously our plan isn't working too well," Michael said.

"Okay, ignore him. Never have I ever went skinny dipping," Zach said, causing everyone to take their shot except me.

"Okay, I expect to hear those stories later."

"Jasmin, you went skinny dipping?" Chris asked, looking at her disappointedly.

"Yeah." Jasmin shrugged and I cringed. She was gonna hear about it for weeks from him.

"Never have I ever played football on our high school team," Michael said, causing Chris and Andrew to take a shot.

"Never have I ever dated two girls at once," Jack said and Michael and Andrew took a shot.

"See, Clover, your boyfriend is cheating on you," Michael said, causing him to be hit with a pillow.

"I already know his past with girls," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Okay, Chris, it's your turn," Tori said.

"Never have I ever been in jail for longer than twenty-four hours," Chris said, causing all the guys to take a shot.

"What's the longest time you've been in jail?" I asked them.

"All of freshman year," Andrew said and my eyes widened. So, it wasn't a rumor then?

"Thirteen months," Michael said.

"Four weeks," Zach said.

"Six months," Jack answered.

"Two and a half months," Jake said.

"Why have they all been in jail for months or years and you have only went to jail for four weeks?" I asked Zach.

"I never get caught." He smirked charmingly.

"What exactly do you never get caught doing?" Tori asked.

"Now that, you girls don't need to know," Jack said and we continued our game.

"Never have I ever been on TV," Andrew said, causing Tori and I to take our shots. By now, I was on my way to getting drunk.

"Never have I ever made out with someone in a closet," I said, slurring slightly.

"Looks like our little Lucky is getting drunk," Michael said, grinning.

"No, I'm fine, now take your shots!" I said, throwing my hands up excitedly. Everyone took a shot and that's what we played till twelve in the morning.

I lost. I was the first one out. Surprisingly, Chris and Jasmin ended up tying and being the last ones standing.

"Hey, Clo, there isn't any paparazzi outside," Tori said, closing the curtain. "You know what I'm thinking?"

"Party!" we all yelled and whipped out all our phones, sending messages to as many people as possible. Trust me, right now the alcohol is talking,

About an hour later, more than half of the school was in my house. The girls and I ended up changing. I was wearing a pair of black skinny jeans and a black strapless shirt, which was finished

off with a leather jacket and black heels. My hair was curled perfectly. Tori chose a skin-tight black dress, and Jasmin was wearing a pair of black leather leggings and a red tube top.

"Shot! Shot! Shot! Shot! Shot! Shot!" a group of guys yelled as they were standing around the pool table. I looked over to see Michael and Andrew trying to see who could down a shot faster. I rolled my eyes. Boys.

"Clover!" Stacey said, walking over to me.

"Yes, Stacey?" I asked, taking a sip of my water. So far, I have been drinking nothing but water so I can sober up.

"We should totally like hang out soon," Stacey said.

"Stacey, just because I let the world know I'm Lucky doesn't mean we are going to be best friends," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Whatever. Don't forget who took you under her wing," she said before going to flirt with a group of guys.

Apparently, it wasn't a good idea to start drinking water. I found out Michael thought it was a good idea to add straight vodka in the water bottles. If I wasn't completely drunk before, I definitely was now.

The next morning, I woke up with a pounding headache. When I opened my eyes, I winced as the bright sun shined in through the window. I slowly got up to see two little tablets and a glass of water and a note from Andrew saying to come down when I'm ready. I took the two tablets and went straight to the bathroom to take a shower.

When I got out, I grabbed a pair of white sweatpants and I slipped on a black tank top before I finally headed downstairs.

"The walking dead has arrived!" Michael exclaimed as I walked in.

"I am never drinking again. My head feels like a thousand bricks are in it," I groaned, sitting on the stool.

"Sarah stopped by earlier," Tori said, causing me to gasp. Although Sarah and I were closer, I'd rather her not start thinking the worst about me.

"Oh, gosh, the house must have been a mess. Does she know about the party?" I asked, panicked.

"Yeah, she knows, that's why she sent a cleaning company in this morning," Tori said with a smile.

"I seriously love Sarah. Best manager a girl can have," I said as a plate of food was set in front of me.

"Thanks," I said to Andrew.

"Jasmin made it before her and Chris left. They said something about having to go visit someone." Andrew shrugged.

"Oh, remind me to thank her later. Now, why are you still here?" I asked Michael.

"Awe, Clover, I'm hurt you don't want me here," Michael said, putting his hand on his heart. I only raised an eyebrow not fazed. He rolled his eyes in response.

"Jeez, you ruin all the fun. I'm leaving soon anyway. I'm meeting up with a few people," he said, not bothering to look up as he texted on his phone.

"So, Tori, I think today should be a lazy day and we should start planning our road trip," I suggested and she nodded.

"Wait, you guys are planning a road trip? And I didn't hear about this?" Andrew asked.

"Yup," Tori said, grabbing my now empty plate.

"Well, when are we leaving?" Michael asked.

"You are not coming with us," I said, snorting

"We'll see about that." Michael winked.

It only took two hours of arguing for us to plan the perfect road map and for Andrew to convince me to let a certain friend come. I looked down at the map with sticky notes on it and smiled. We were definitely going to do this.

Chapter Thirty-One

Next week was Prom and everyone was freaking out. Girls were booking nail salons and hair salons to the max. For anyone not going, it would seem a bit extreme, but to me it was exciting. The atmosphere was great, people smiling and still getting asked. There wasn't anything besides happiness with the whole situation. I couldn't help but adore it. The most surprising promposal was Michael asking Tori in the middle of the hallway. Something even more surprising was her saying yes.

"So, where are we going shopping?" Jasmin asked as she took a bite of her fry. Most people were spending this time eating extremely light or not eating at all due to the chance at fitting in their dresses. Well, we didn't follow that typical pattern as we sat with a huge container of fries with chili and cheese.

"Well, I asked Sarah and she was able to get us in for a fitting at some designer place about an hour away. Interested in trying it?" I suggested and they both nodded eagerly.

"We're gonna be the hottest ones there," Tori said smiling and I agreed.

"Yeah, that sounds like a good idea. If you're ready, we can go," Tori said and we threw out our food and headed to the store.

After hours at Lenny's, the store that held nothing but designer dresses, we finally decided to head back to my place for a girl's night.

"I can't believe you got a Vera," I gushed, and Tori smiled excitedly.

"I can't believe I did either." she said, glancing in her bag to make sure it was still there.

"We're totally going to walk in that place like queens," I added with a smile.

Jasmin nodded in agreement. "I still have to grab my stuff, and I have a bag of junk food at my place, too. Mind dropping me off? I'll just drive over when I'm done showering and stuff."

Tori seconded the statement, wanting to go home and shower. I easily agreed, rambling something about how I'd get the place all ready.

When I arrived home, I felt my body freeze. A familiar white car was parked in the driveway. That familiar car belonged to only one person and that didn't mean anything good.

I parked next to the car before sliding out of my own. My bags were held tightly in my hand as I entered the house as quietly as possible.

"Clover, it's so nice of you to join me," my mother said with no emotion in her voice.

"Hello, Mom," I said, sitting down across from her in the living room. "What are you doing home?" I asked nervously. I knew what was coming.

"I just wanted to see my daughter," she said, staring at me with no emotion.

"Really?" I asked dryly.

"No, I'm here to talk about your *boyfriend*," she said, putting air quotes with her fingers as she said boyfriend.

"Oh, about Andrew..." I said, trailing off nervously

"This is the same boy who put your career at risk and this is the same boy who put you in a cell that you did not deserve to be in," my mother said, disgust obvious in her voice.

"Listen Mo—"

"Does he make you happy?" she asked, cutting me off as I prepared to stand up for him.

"What?" I asked, surprised.

"Does this Andrew boy make you happy?" she asked, and I felt slightly confused about the question. She didn't care, right?

I looked at her closely before I nodded. "Yes, he makes me very happy," I said honestly with a small smile.

"Good. I would like to meet this boy in person tomorrow," my mother said.

"Really?" I asked, unsure.

She nodded. "Yes, I want to be more involved in your personal life. I want to be your mom again."

I felt my heart clench at the thought of having a mother figure in my life again who wasn't just on my payroll.

"Clover?" my mom said, moving over to sit next to me as she put her hand on my lap.

"Yes?" I asked, immediately noticing her serious look.

"You do know I have missed you and I do not and never will blame you for Aria's death. Your father may, but I never will. I talked to a therapist and I have come to realize over the past few weeks that even though I lost Aria, I still have another beautiful daughter who has an amazing

career and is going somewhere far in life." She gave me a sincere look. "You're already grown up now, but you still have a long life ahead of you that I'm ready to be a part of."

"Thank you," I whispered, giving her a hug. She was surprised when I first wrapped my arms around her, but after her minute of shock, she hugged me tightly back.

"How long are you gonna be here for?" I asked her, releasing her from the hug.

"Till you graduate school," my mother said with a smile.

"What about your businesses?" I asked, unable to grasp the idea.

"Who cares about my business right now?" she said with a shrug. "All I care about is seeing my baby girl graduate. I have assistants and workers for that. I need to try and be a better mother for you." She stood up. "What are you doing tonight?"

"Well, I was gonna have Tori and my other friend, Jasmin, sleepover to have a girls' night, but I can cancel it," I said.

"No, no, and no. Don't let your old mother ruin your night," she said, shaking her head.

"We will have a day to ourselves soon then," I said.

"For sure." She smiled and walked over to the kitchen.

Just as she left the room, the front door burst open. "Now, the party don't start till I walk in!" Tori yelled. She was wearing a pair of sunglasses that said 2013 and a black Michael Jackson-like hat. She was holding a speaker in her hand that was playing Kesha.

"No, don't stop the partayyyyy!" Jasmin yelled walking in as Tori changed the song. We blasted the music so loud that I'm positive the neighbors could hear it. I smiled at my crazy friends and joined in to their dancing. That's exactly how we started our girls' night, the cliché dancing around in our pjs and singing with brushes.

Around nine o'clock, a knock on the door paused our party for a minute. "I'll get it," my mom said, walking into the room and causing the girls to freeze.

"Mrs, Thompson," Tori said, standing straighter.

"Oh, please, you have known me since you were in elementary school, call me Valerie," my mother said and Tori nodded.

"Your mom's home and you're on good terms again?" Tori asked, surprised, and I nodded with a smile.

"I'm so happy for you, Clo." She hugged me and I mumbled a thanks.

We looked around the corner to see who was at the door and in front of my mom was a police officer.

"Clover, the officer and the neighbor would like to know if you girls can quiet down a little," my mother said.

"Sorry for partying rockin'," Jasmin and Tori said in sync, bursting out laughing.

My mom snorted in laughter, but quickly covered it with a cough.

"It's fine. Have a nice night," the officer said and the neighbor gave a tight smile before walking back into her house.

"I always knew that neighbor had something against us," my mom said, shaking her head. "I ordered pizza, it should be here soon." She went back into the other room.

"Well, now that she killed our vibe. Movie time?" Jasmin asked and we nodded, preparing for a *Twilight* marathon.

"Oh, my gosh, Edward, why must you be so hot, but so cruel? How can you leave her?" Jasmin yelled at the TV.

"No, good riddance. Look at Jacob. Holy body," Tori said, fanning herself.

"Hey, Tori, you have a little drool," I said and she wiped her chin and glared at the fact that nothing was there.

"No, Bella, you're an Idiot. Why would you choose Edward?" Tori complained, throwing popcorn at the flat screen.

"Because Edward is a hot vampire!" I said with a duh tone.

"Thank you!" Jasmin said, holding up her hand and giving me a high five.

"Jacob, baby, don't worry, I'll totally marry you," Tori said, sighing dreamily.

"What about Michael?" Jasmin asked, wiggling her eyebrows.

"Oh, yeah. He'll live by himself," Tori said, waving her hand in a uncaring matter.

"Yeah, if Robert ever came up to me asking me to marry him, I would take the offer in heart beat and drop Zach like he's hot," Jasmin said, snapping her fingers.

"I wouldn't drop Andrew," I said, popping a piece of popcorn in my mouth.

Tori and Jasmin gave me a look.

"Okay, I totally would. I mean Robert is sexy, but so is Taylor. I just can't choose." I shook my head with a sigh.

"I knew you weren't that innocent. Andrew, Michael, and Zach may be hot, but they can't even be compared to Robert and Taylor," Jasmin said.

Tori and I nodded in agreement. I smiled at my two friends, who continued to talk about the matter and knew this was the right choice. A girls' night is the best type of night.

Chapter Thirty-Two

"So, Andrew, do you have any STDs?" my mother asked as soon as Andrew sat down at the cafe table, causing me to choke on my water.

"Mom!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, shush, Clover. Please, let the boy talk," my mother scolded.

"No, I do not, ma'am," Andrew said nervously. He had been panicking ever since I told him he had to meet my mother and I understood immediately why.

She's my mother.

"Are you dating any other girls?" my mom asked bluntly.

"No," he answered without any hesitation.

"How many girls have you dated?"

"Clover is my first girlfriend," he answered, not bothering to mention his lengthy past.

I nodded; good answer.

"Are you ever bringing my daughter to jail again?" she questioned.

"No," he responded respectfully, and I wanted to groan.

Really? She couldn't just have a typical first meeting that asked about his family or how he was doing in school? Nope. she had to dig deep, of course.

"Well, then, I have one more question for you," she said, pausing, thinking over it carefully.

"When can I expect grandkids?"

I turned as red as a cherry.

"After we get married," Andrew answered smoothly, flashing me a smirk.

"Good, I want at least two," she answered.

"Mother!" I exclaimed for the second time today.

She looked at me with a frown. "What, Clover? I won't live forever. I am already fifty-one, I want to have little grandkids to babysit before you send me off to one of those nursing homes and before you take over my business," my mother said matter-of-factly. "I was actually hoping you two would get the factory moving soon."

"Oh, my gosh," I said, burying my face in my hands.

"I hope so, too, Mrs. Thompson," Andrew said, winking at me.

"Andrew, welcome to the family. Feel free to call me Valerie," my mom said, smiling brightly and he sent her a full smile.

"Thanks for allowing me to be in it," he said before they fell into the school conversation.

I looked in the mirror, my eyes scanning my dress one last time. The blue dress looked gorgeous and fit my body perfectly. I couldn't help but turn a few times, enjoying the slit in the dress and the lace back. It was all so pretty that I wasn't sure if I would ever take it off. My makeup was perfectly in place and my hair was up in an elegant bun. No matter how many different brands I've modeled and despite all the pictures and the makeup I've seen of and on me, none of it compared to right now. Nothing compared to my prom night.

Ding.

My eyes widened as I realized the sound of my door bell ringing signaled Andrew was here. I lifted my dress a little as I walked downstairs, avoiding the length of it getting caught on my black heels.

I opened the door and caught sight of the smiling boy with a black suit and a navy tie to match my dress. "Oh, my gosh, are you *the* Andrew Carter? The one dating *the* Clover Thompson?" I asked, mocking the girls at school.

Andrew let out a chuckle, but still kept his smile. "Huh, I believe I am." He winked as he walked closer, putting his hands around my waist. "You look beautiful."

"You look pretty hot yourself." I smiled. And he really did. He looked different without his usual leather jacket and jeans. His hair was messier than usual, but it looked nice. He was the player, yet here he was, smile and all, looking like he just won the world.

After taking plenty of pictures, it was finally time to go. "Have fun, you two!" my mother exclaimed as Andrew took my arm. We said our goodbyes and waved on our way out.

"You two make sure not to make too much noise tonight." My mom winked, standing in the doorway.

"Goodbye, Mother," I said, shutting the door with an eyeroll.

"Don't hide your face. You look cute when you resemble a strawberry," Andrew said as I put my face on his shoulder. I smacked his arm and he rubbed it with a frown.

"Still abusive as ever," Andrew said as we slid into the limo.

"Yes, but you like me for it," I said arrogantly.

"My arrogance is rubbing off on you, I see." Andrew smirked.

"Oh, shush," I said, rolling my eyes.

When we pulled up outside the fancy building the school rented, we were greeted by part of our senior class walking into the building with their dates. We went in the doors, getting our pictures taken, and then we walked into the gym, where the speakers were blasting "Here's To Never Growing Up" by Avril Lavigne.

"Clover, Andrew, over here!" Jasmin yelled, waving us over to their table.

"Hello," I said, sitting in the chair next to Andrew.

"Why are we just sitting here? Let's go dance!" Jordan yelled, fist pumping and getting up, grabbing his date.

"Hello. It's nice to meet you, I'm Mandy," his date said quickly with a wave as Jordan dragged her off to the dance floor.

"That poor girl," I said, shaking my head.

"I know, right. How did Jordan end up with a date as sweet as her? We'll never know," Jasmin said.

"Well, let's go join them," Zach suggested, and we all got up and went to the dance floor.

"I can't wait to get out of this hell hole in a few days," Andrew said as a slow song started to play.

"Yeah, but somewhere deep inside that warm heart of yours, you will miss it here. Especially your daily visits to Mr. Frank's office," I said with a smile.

"Ehh, doubt it," he said, shrugging as we swayed side to side.

"You'll see him in ten years for our class reunion," I reminded him and he just rolled his eyes.

"Who says I'm coming?" he asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Me," I said with a smile.

"For you? Never," he said jokingly.

"Andrew, you know I'm actually going to miss it here. The drama, the fights, the crazy lunches, meeting new people," I said, feeling a little sad at the thought of going into the world of the unknown. I didn't have plans to go to college since I already had a good career going and it was that thought alone that left me scared of the outside world.

"I think I'll miss Mr. Reagan's science class and his project," Andrew said suddenly, referencing the project that brought us closer. "You know, maybe one day I can go thank him."

He was a small warm puppy inside of that hot body of his.

"Yeah, maybe one day." I smiled. My eyes followed the other couples, and I immediately noticed Chris was dancing with Stacey Heart. I felt my eyebrows furrow at the strange choice of a date, but I didn't comment on the fact. She looked genuinely happy. It seemed like ever since her popularity faded, she'd stopped trying so hard. She no longer had that person she picked on weekly.

My eyes fell on Tori as she and Michael danced together. Michael stepped on Tori's foot, causing her to yell at him. He just rolled his eyes as they continued to dance. I let out a chuckle and Andrew looked down at me. I pointed over to Tori and Michael.

I looked up at the boy I was currently dancing with, straight into his happy eyes. Maybe, just maybe, I'll live that happily ever after.

Chapter Thirty-Three

"Time to welcome your class valedictorian, Clover Thompson," I was introduced as I walked up on the stage. I was a bit surprised to find that I was the top of the class, but I was more than happy with it. I guess it was all those years of studying and being the class nerd that got me here.

"Class of 2013. To most, that year means so little, but to our class, it means so much. We've held our world at our fingertips. All these years of being here have held so many memories. Heck, so many fights, so many friendships, so many different romances. We've faced stress and times of happiness. We've been completely and utterly depressed and completely and utterly happy. We've faced life. School has been all we've ever known, so when our grandparents, aunts, uncles or even our parents ask us the same question over and over again— What are you gonna do with your life?—we always face that pause of hesitation. We answer rather bluntly, I don't know.

"Today... Today is different. We stand here as graduates of 2013. Some can now say, 'I know what I'm gonna do.' Some may still not know, but guess what, Class? You have your whole life to figure it out and do what you want. In the next few years, we will see some of our classmates in the Super Bowl, some on the news and some even on *Judge Judy*, but that's okay because even then we'll know we made it somewhere," I said, pausing slightly as I made eye contact with as many students as possible. "Congratulations, class of 2013. Today, we can say we made it," I said, causing people to clap and cheer. I thanked everyone before an administrator took the stand and started talking as I made my way back to my seat.

School was a life event that I'd never forget, but I couldn't be happier as I stood in London a few weeks later, with nothing but my best friends beside me. My mother was the one to thank for this trip; she had a private plane and she let us use it, which made the whole trip ten times cheaper.

"We should go visit Big Ben first!" Tori exclaimed, looking at a tourist booklet as we all relaxed and took the time to unravel a bit in the hotel room.

"A clock sounds great and all, but I'd rather eat first," Zach said, causing us to roll our eyes.

"You should appreciate beauty," Tori said, shaking her head with a frown.

"I'm gonna second that. Airplane food is absolutely disgusting." Andrew shuddered and I smiled at my boyfriend.

"How about we go to Nandos? Their Peri Peri chicken is amazing," Jasmin suggested and we all looked at her curiously.

"Have you been here before?" I asked, surprised she knew where to eat around here.

Her face paled slightly before she nodded, waving it off. "Yeah, I have some family friends up here that we visit from time to time." Chris nodded, agreeing with her.

"What the hell is Nandos and what is per per chicken?" Michael asked, not caring much about his friend's past visitations.

"It's a place you eat at and trust me when I say you'll love it! And it's called Peri Peri chicken," I said, rolling my eyes.

"Thank you, Captain Obvious," he said sarcastically

"No problem, Sergeant Sarcasm," I said, smirking as he glared at me.

Nandos was surprisingly close to our hotel, so it ended up being our choice for food. After some moving of the tables, we all grabbed a seat.

"Hi, what can I get you?" the waitress asked, smiling at us. After ordering our drinks, we decided to go with the easier route of ordering two of the jumbo platters and one full platter, as it worked best with so many of us here. When we originally planned this trip, I never expected every single person from our group to come, but with all of us here, it made the cost of rooms and food cheaper as we all pitched in.

"You should've gotten the garlic bread over the Peri chips and the mashed potatoes," Chris complained and Michael nodded in agreement.

"Boo hoo, majority rules," Tori said, looking down at her freshly painted nails she did on the way here. I smiled at my friend as Chris just sat there pouting.

"Go add it on if you want it so bad," Jasmin said to her brother and he stood up.

"You know what, I most definitely will," he said, sticking his tongue out before walking away.

"This is about to be expensive," Andrew commented when all the food did actually arrive. I nodded in agreement.

"Well, I mean, when there's you, Clover, Tori, Jack, Jake, Zach, Jordan, Chris, Michael and on top of me eating, then, yeah, I'd say so," Jasmin said honestly.

"I blame it on all the pig-like boys," I said, looking at Michael, who was already shoving mashed potatoes down his throat.

"You're not a princess yourself," Andrew said defensively.

I raised an eyebrow. "Yeah, but I'm not shoving food down my throat before anyone even got a chance to see what's actually on the table," I said, crossing my arms over my chest. Andrew grabbed a spoonful of mashed potatoes and pushed it right onto my nose.

I gasped and closed my eyes, hoping that when I opened them that there wouldn't be food on my face. My boyfriend isn't that stupid, right?

"Oh my gosh," Tori said as the rest of the table burst out laughing.

"You're dead, Carter," I hissed and he smiled cheekily.

"Yeah, yeah, you're my favorite person, too," he said while chewing on his food.

"You're a pig," Tori commented.

"Oh, for the love of food. Stay out of it," Michael told Tori, causing her to stare at him with wide eyes.

I could already hear his funeral music playing now.

We spent a week in London, exploring all different things. I think we tried more restaurants than anything, but I loved the experience. Even with Zach and Michael not being able to understand the beauty while Jack and Jake constantly asking questions, it was a place I would visit again in a heartbeat.

Our next destination ended up being Paris, France and if you thought London was beautiful then you would almost die from the sight of this place.

"So, there is a four-star hotel about a block away from here. We can all split up and meet up there tonight. The whole top floor is ours," Andrew said, holding up a set of room keys. We decided on the plane ride that it would be easier if we did some things as a group and other things in pairs. There were too many of us to be traveling and eating all at the same time, three times a day.

"What? Since when did you book the whole top floor?" I asked curiously, knowing we only had two rooms booked.

"Well, when your mom owns hotels and is friends with other owners, you have connections," Andrew smirked and handed everyone their keys.

"Well, then, *au revoir, mon ami*," I said and Andrew quirked an eyebrow.

"You took French?" he asked and I nodded.

"*Oui. Je Parle français*," I said, my lips quirking upward as he leaned closer and kissed me.

"That's kinda hot," he said, and I bit my lip to hold back the smile spreading across my lips.

"Show off," Zach scoffed, interrupting and I laughed.

"That's the most basic thing you learn in French," I said, shaking my head.

"Well, see you guys later." Tori waved as her and Michael surprisingly went off. Everyone followed their lead, splitting off in groups.

"We are gonna go meet some hot babes. See ya, lover boy," Jordan said, saluting Andrew as he, Jack, and Jake walked off together.

It was pretty late, so there wasn't much to do. At least, that's what I thought until I found out Andrew also managed to get us a date on the top of the Eiffel Tower.

"This is incredible," I told him, looking at the view.

"You taking all of your friends around the world is incredible. Your personality is incredible. Your constant happiness, your forgiveness, everything about you is incredible, Clover Thompson," he said, holding my hand.

I smiled. "When I compare you to when I first met you, you're so happy now. I honestly love it."

"That's because you reminded me of what I didn't need to fear. I never really told you about my childhood, but my father consumed my life when I was younger. He was a drunk fool. He constantly abused my mother, and my sister and I were too young to really comprehend it all. He'd keep hitting her until she was bruised, bleeding, or passed out," Andrew told me, his body shaking lightly from the memories.

I didn't say anything as I let him continue talking while I squeezed his hand tightly to remind him that he wasn't alone.

"It wasn't until she was laying on the floor with a bleeding head injury that I realized the extent of it all. That day, I called the cops. My mom always told me that I saved her life, yet I can't help but think about the what ifs with everything," he said, looking at the view.

"You're probably always going to think about those. Everyone does in traumatic situations, but you know what? You can't ever blame yourself for not understanding or for fears," I said softly.

He nodded, knowing I was right. "He went to jail for a couple of years. We didn't have contact during that time, but when he got out, he managed to use his connections to get partial custody. My mom was terrified he was going to hurt us, so she sent my sister away. She tried to do the same with me, but it didn't work out as planned, since by that point I had already started getting into trouble and creating a nice record. I never told anyone this, but his alcohol addiction turned into a drug abuse addiction. He only became a worse drunk. "

I stared at his look of sadness and frowned. "Did he ever hurt you?" I asked carefully.

Andrew nodded slightly. "I let him. I could easily fight him, but when you grow up seeing a father who's the best parent that slowly got sick and turn into an alcoholic, it's sickening. You can only see yourself pushing him away from you. You feel terrible just stopping his punch from going through because that only leads to him stumbling and falling over. You can't hold his hair back when he's throwing up his stomach, but there's been times where you just put your hand out and let him release his contents right there. It's disgusting, but he's your father, which is why it all hurts so much. I could only hope that the place he's in now will help him get better."

I pulled him into a hug. I had no idea what to say to all of that, but I knew just hugging him would get my feelings across.

"I'm telling you this because I want you to know I don't hide anything from you. You've told me your secret and you told me your history. I want you to know that I trust you, too. Which is why I have something to tell you," Andrew said

"I'm hoping this is something good and you're not breaking up with me?" I said with a slight frown.

"What? No. Of course not," he said, mirroring my expression.

"Then what is it?" I asked and he let out a deep breath.

"I love you," he said and my lips went upward and I couldn't hide my bright smile. "I never thought I'd say those words to anyone, and I didn't expect to even have a girlfriend, but something about you pulls me in and I want to stay with you and find out what exactly that is.

"Andrew Carter," I whispered in his ear. "I love you." And I meant it. Our lips connected and I knew in that moment that I could spend my life with Andrew Carter. For someone so cliché, he was mysterious and interesting and I wanted to know everything about him. I'm not sure how we got here, but I know it all started in detention and that was something I would relive any day if I got to eventually come back to this epitome of happiness. Andrew Carter wasn't a bad boy, and he no longer was the player.

He was Andrew Carter, my forever.

We pulled away and I smiled widely at him before turning and looking at the beautiful view once again. We had a positive future waiting for us. We were happy, I was happy. It's funny, I was this content with my life because there wasn't anything to hide anymore. I, Clover Thompson got caught as one of the world's biggest models undercover in high school and I have to say,

I couldn't be happier with that fact.

And, I definitely couldn't be happier with my future.