

No Good Deed

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[WIP] Right & Wrong. We all like to think we know the difference, but when that line is blurred and your world isn't the same as it was yesterday, what beliefs would you forfeit, to protect all you thought you could never have? [Brad & Trixie]

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1 - The Party

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Summary: Right & Wrong. We all like to think we know the difference, but when that line is blurred and your world isn't the same as it was yesterday, what beliefs would you forfeit, to protect all you thought you could never have? A Brad & Trixie story.

Chapter One: The Party

Trixie Carter squeezed her pillow tight as she buried her face further into it. She frowned as she recognized the scent of alcohol and cigarettes. She groaned softly as her head felt like someone had taken a hammer and hit her across the head with it, though she didn't know why, considering she hadn't had anything stronger than a Dr. Pepper last night.

Trixie then opened her eyes, her face reading of confusion as her vision cleared. The sheets around her shoulders didn't look familiar to her and then as she searched around the room, she realized she wasn't in her own bed. She set up slowly, placing her hand on her forehead as she did so, trying to remember how she got here.

It had been Friday, and she had had plans with her best girlfriend Belinda, who had to cancel on her at the last minute. About an hour later, Jake and Spud had called, they had met two cute freshmen college girls, who had invited them to a party and asked if she wanted to tag along. Trixie said she wasn't up to it as she wondered what college girls would see in two immature high school boys. But they had laid on the guilt and thickly, saying she didn't spend enough time with them anymore since she and Belinda had gotten closer and that they had missed her.

Trixie sighed as she gave in to her two best friends and told them she would be ready in half an hour. So half an hour later, they parked in front of her house and waited for to come out. She hopped in the back seat and the three were off. The college girls had given the direction to the party to Spud. . . who ended up getting them lost until Trixie called him an idiot as she took the directions from him and read them out to Jake as he drove.

Once they were on the right path, Jake started telling Trixie about the girls they had met, they were witches, which immediately put a frown on Trixie face as she told them they should be careful. Spud told her that she worried too much and that they were big boys who could take care of themselves. Trixie rolled her eyes as she picked some lint off her skirt before crossing her arms over her chest and shaking her head.

The three soon arrived at the party, where they were eagerly rushed inside with everyone else. They

stood together for about ten minutes before the girls Jake and Spud had been talking about approached them. They introduced them to Trixie, who learned that their names were Lilly and Kristy before one of the party goers bumped into her, spilling some of his beer onto her shirt. Trixie was pissed, she had just bought that shirt. The dude didn't even apologize as he disappeared back into the crowd.

Kristy then pointed to the other side of the house and told her the bathroom was around the corner if she wanted to see to that. Trixie thanked her as she left the four and made her way across the room. She was so caught up over fussing and cursing about her shirt to herself, that she hadn't noticed exactly where she was going, that is not until she bumped into someone herself. She began to apologize, until the guy she ran into turned around. She was surprised to see the co-captain of her high school's football team, Brad Morton.

He looked at her curiously and asked her what she was going there, but not before telling her that she was looking good that night. Trixie scoffed before telling him it was none of his business before sidestepping him and finally making her way to the bathroom, where she wrung out her shirt. She then looked under the sink and felt lucky when she saw a blow dryer. She took off her shirt and laid it on the counter as she proceeded to blow it dry.

Once she was satisfied with her work, she brought it up to face. It still smelt like beer, much to her disappointment, but she figured that couldn't be helped as she put it back on, checked her hair, and then headed back into the folds of the party to find her friends. Her eyes scanned the sea of people, but Jake, Spud, and the girls they were with were no longer in sight. She pulled out her cell, but couldn't get any service inside. She excused herself as she pushed her way through the people towards the front door, but in the process, she had dropped her phone and immediately lost sight of it. She cursed where she stood, before deciding to still go outside.

She took a deep breath as she made it to the porch, the night air felt good against her skin. She figured she would just wait out here, thinking that eventually Jake and Spud had to come this way when they went home. She had been waiting impatiently for who knows how long when someone tapped her on the shoulder. She turned around to see some guy she didn't know smiling at her. He introduced himself as Mike and asked why such a pretty girl was sitting by herself. She told him she wasn't by herself, that she was just waiting for some friends. He then asked if he could wait with her. He looked friendly enough, so Trixie saw no harm in it.

They made small talk for a while, where she learned that Mike was a sophomore in college and that he was studying to be an English teacher. He then asked if she was thirsty. She told him that she didn't drink, he said he didn't either and that there were some sodas in the kitchen. He stood up saying that he was going to grab one and wanted to know if there was anything he could get her. She told him a Dr. Pepper.

He was back within minutes and handed her a drink in a red plastic cup as he sipped his own. Trixie was about half way through her drink, when she told Mike that she wasn't feeling too well. Mike offered to help her find her friends so they could take her home. He took her hand and lead her back inside. Once inside, everything seemed brighter and louder than it did before. Trixie felt a bit weak in the knees and a little light headed.

Mike then told her, that he didn't see her friends and suggested that they go upstairs to look for them. Trixie didn't have the voice to protest as he once again lead her in the direction he wanted to go. The

last thing Trixie remembered about that night were the stairs underneath her feet before she blacked out.

Now completely sitting up in the bed, Trixie saw someone laying on the floor and soon realized it was Brad. He was snoring lightly on his pillow as a thin sheet covered him. Trixie then threw the blanket off of herself and went to get up, but not before making a horrifying discovery. "Brad!" she yelled, practically giving the young boy a heart attack as he jumped up at the sound of his name. "Brad," she said once again to get his attention.

He then turned to her, a yawn on his lips. "Thanks for the wake up call," he didn't sound too please with the way he had been waken. His expression than soften as he saw the look on her face. "What?" he finally asked her.

"Where um," her eyes fell to the floor, now not able to look at him as she spoke. "Where's my underwear?" she asked softly.

To Be Continued. . .

2 - A Cop's Son

Chapter Two: A Cop's Son

Brad Morton, had always been a little older than his fellow students, which was caused by him repeating the third grade a couple of times. Brad wasn't slow, as some people may have thought, it was because he had a lot on his mind during those years, even for a eight year old. He had never lived up to his father's unbelievably high standards, not like his three older sisters.

Being his father's only son, he was expected to do all the things a father would want from his boy, but that just wasn't Brad. In truth, he loved all the things his older sisters were into, which included ballet and dance. He also loved his many instrumental lessons, much to his father's dismay. His father, Hector, was disappointed to learn that Brad had no interest in any type of sport and urged him to play football as he had as a child. Brad stood his ground in what he wanted to do, and though his father didn't like his choice, he loved the fact that his son was strong and fought for what he wanted and loved. Those, he knew, were the qualities of a good man.

Eventually, Brad broke down and gave into his father wishes, but only after his mother's death. Her death hit everyone hard. Even to this day, the first time Brad entered the third grade, was nothing but a blur of sadness.

The second time Brad entered the third grade, he noticed his father's grief over his mother's death and realized he couldn't remember the last time he had seen him laugh or even smile. Hector was lost without his wife. So Brad was determined to make his father happy again, like he used to be, even if that meant doing something he didn't want to do by telling Hector he was finally ready to play football.

That year was spent going back and forth between all the activities he and his sisters were into, which seem to consume their lives. So much so, that Brad could recall every football play, every ballet step, and every note he learned that year, but if you asked him to name one of his classmates from that time, all you would receive would be a blank stare.

The third time Brad entered the third grade, his family had their schedules down to a science. That was the year he met the girl who was currently sitting in his bed and her two best friends. Brad had never seen a group of people, who were so different, so close. Brad didn't have that type of relationship with anyone, and found himself instantly jealous of the three. He had tried to be part of them, but was quickly denied. It had hurt his feelings and so did the only other choice that was available to him, he teased and ridiculed them. He knew he was being sort of a bully with his behavior, but he really didn't care. He would be part of that group, even if it was only by a force from the outside looking in.

Before Brad began his seventh grade year, his father had received a promotion, he made detective, which meant more money, but also more hours at work. He told his children that they would have to cut some of their activities, due to the limit of time. Brad knew it was a choice between football and ballet when it came to him giving up something. He surprised his father with his choice.

Brad would be lying if he told you he didn't miss the stage, in fact he still dreamt about it. Sometimes, he wondered if he had made the right choice. His father had always dug a question deep into the psyche of each of his children's mind, that each always seemed to ask themselves when it came to important choices.

If you know you can't wake up the next morning, without regretting what you did the day before, ask yourself, is it really worth it?

And as Brad watched his father and sisters cheer for him after every touchdown, he realized his choice was worth it, no matter the void he felt in his heart. But that wasn't the issue at hand now. What was, was his classmate who had just asked a question he wasn't all too prepared for. "Where's my underwear?" she asked softly.

Brad cleared his throat as he rose to a sitting position. "How much do you remember?" he asked her in reply.

He watched as her brow slightly scrunched up. "Um, I was at a party last night with Jake and Spud and lost track of them," she began. "I went outside to wait for them and met a guy named Mike."

"Okay," he urged her to go on.

"We talked for a good hour, then I wasn't feeling too well and he offered to help me find Jake and Spud, then uh," she closed her eyes as she concentrated. "I don't know," she confessed. "And now I'm here." She looked around again, her eyes pausing on a shelf with a few trophies that had ballet figurines on them. "Where exactly are we?" she looked at him again.

"This is my home," he informed her. "I brought you here."

Trixie's nodded as flashes of Brad appeared in her head from the night before. "Okay," she stated calmly. "But why am I here?"

"Because I don't know where you live?" he said simply.

"Okay," she accepted his answer knowing it was true. "But you still haven't answered my question. Where are my underwear?" she repeated.

Brad eyes shifted away from her. "I don't know," he told her. "I couldn't find them."

"What do you mean?" He didn't answer her. "Brad!" She had to know what he knew. "Tell me what's going on? Why can't I remember anything?"

Brad looked at her guiltily, she looked on the verge of becoming truly upset. "All I can think is-" he paused. "Did this Mike guy, give you anything?"

Trixie thought a moment, the night was almost a blur. "Yeah, he got me soda," and as she said the words, things started clicking in place within her mind. "Oh, my God," she whispered to herself as her

hand came up to her forehead. She could feel the headache approaching. "Oh, my God," she said again as her hand came down and covered her mouth in disbelief as she realized she had been drugged. She then gasped as she realized what that may have meant. She then looked to Brad, tears forming in her eyes, but refusing to shed. "I was raped," she choked out her conclusion.

"What?" Brad's whole body tensed with the word. "No!" he aggressively shook his head, trying to assure her.

"But you said you couldn't-" was about as far as she got before she lowered her head and tears fell from her eyes.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Brad shook his head. Although he had grown up with three sisters, he still couldn't deal with the sight of a female's tears. "Don't cry. No crying," he practically ordered looking like he was going to freak out if she didn't stop that very instant. "No one hurt you!" he yelled.

"You don't know that?" she yelled back looking at him angrily.

A small moment passed before Brad said softly, "Yeah, I do, because I stopped him before he could really do anything."

Trixie looked at him suspiciously. "I don't understand," she told him.

Brad then slowly sat down on the bed, keeping a comfortable distance between them. He then explained to her how he had been talking with a pretty blonde when he had seen her and some guy come back into the house. At first he thought, that maybe she had been drinking because of the way she was walking, but something seemed off.

He had then turned his head, looking for any sign of Jake and Spud, knowing that if he saw one that the other two weren't too far behind, but strangely they weren't anywhere to be seen. He had shrugged it off as he glimpsed back at Trixie and the guy she had come in with, thinking that maybe he was helping her to the bathroom, as she did look a sick to him.

So he had turned back to the girl he had met, named Maria, surprised when she actually gave him her number to call her. She had then excused herself to head to the bathroom, which was when Brad noticed there was one on the floor they were on. He then looked back over at the stairs, not realizing he had been walking towards them until he was halfway up.

There were only two closed doors when he looked down the hall and so he had approached one. He knocked gently and was told by a female voice, that wasn't Trixie, that there was someone inside. He then went towards the only other closed door in the hall and once again knocked, but this time not so gently.

He received no reply, but could definitely hear someone on the other side of the door. "Trixie?" he had called out his hand finding the door handle. He slightly tried to turn it, discovering that it was locked. Brad then heard a muffled female voice from the other side, but couldn't tell if it was the person he was looking for, but as soon as he heard her say the word 'stop', it didn't matter.

It took no effort at all, for someone with Brad's large build, to push open the hollow wooden door. His brow furrowed in anger as his eyes took in Trixie, sprawled out on a full size bed with crumpled sheets and the guy he had seen walk her upstairs. He was practically on top of her, his hand blocked from Brad's view as it had gone between her legs and underneath her skirt.

Trixie's attacker, Mike, than had the audacity to smile at Brad as he said, "Hey man, if you want a go at her, I'm sorry, but you're going to have to wait your turn." At that point, Brad had marched over to him and yanked him off her with one hand and tossed him to the floor.

Brad then told him to pull up his pants and get out before he ripped his dick off. Mike went to protest, but for the first time really took in Brad's size and decided to back down. He muttered something as he picked up his pants off the floor and left. Brad's eyes didn't leave him until he had walked out the bedroom door and turned the corner.

He then turned back to Trixie, his harden expression, turning into one of concern as he looked at her. He approached her slowly as he softly spoke her name. "I'm just going to. . ." he began as he reached out and gingerly took a hold of her skirt and pulled it down as she had been exposed. He then looked around, wondering were that sick bastard had tossed her panties, but the room was kind of messy and there were clothes everywhere. He then decided not to worry about it as his attention went back to her.

As he went to carefully scoop her up, she began to panic. She pushed at him, but she was so drugged, that there was no way she could have fought him off. "Whoa, Trixie. It's okay. It's me," he spoke.

Trixie visibly calmed at the familiar voice. "Spud?" she asked, her eyes closed. When she heard Brad's answer she took another guess, "Jakey?"

"No, not Jake," he told her once again, he then watched as her forehead creased as she tried to figure out who was carrying her.

Her eyes slightly opened as she saw a blurry image of a blonde. "Brad. . ." she whispered before her world went black again.

Brad, not knowing where Trixie lived and having no way of contacting anyone she knew, did the only other choice that was available to him, he took her home with him. There was no one there when he arrived, but that didn't surprise him much. His dad was away working almost 24/7 on a case for work. His eldest sister, Zahara, had moved out years ago. His other sisters, Kasey and Karen, who were twins, and two years older than him, were in college and so stayed in their dorm.

Brad yawned after securely tucking Trixie into his bed. He was about to walk out his bedroom door and sleep on the couch, but then realized, that she may began to freak out if she woke up in a strange place. So he went and grabbed a sheet from the linen closet before going and grabbing a pillow from the other side of his bed and tossing it on the floor where he settled for the night.

To Be Continued. . .

3 - A Thousand Words

Chapter Three: A Thousand Words

"Thank you," Trixie whispered, not looking at the boy who had been her unexpected savior, after he was finished telling her his side of the story. Brad simply nodded at her words. "Brad, I don't mean to sound ungrateful, but can you take me home?" she asked.

"Yeah, of course" he replied as he slowly lifted himself off the floor. "Just let me take a shower first."

Trixie stood up as well. "I'll wait downstairs," she suggested before walking out the door and figuring out which way to go.

After a quick shower and with his hair still wet, Brad found Trixie sitting on the couch, a large book in her hands. It didn't take him long to figure out that it was a photo album. The last step creaked under his weight, causing Trixie to jump at the sound when she heard him. Brad smiled softly.

"Sorry," Trixie whispered, indicating she had been a bit noisy with the photo album.

"It's alright," he assured her as he stuck both of his hands in their respected pocket and stood behind her.

"So those ballet trophies were yours," she stated as she came upon a picture with Brad and his sisters when they were younger. Brad frowned, bracing himself as he was ready for her to make fun of him. "Do you still dance?" she asked, causing Brad to look at her in surprise.

"No," his reply was sad. "I gave it up to play football," he explained before leaning down and closing the album in her lap. His hand accidentally grazed her thigh as he did so, which caused Trixie to immediately bolted out her seat, the album crashing to the floor with her reaction.

Each stood frozen where they were for a moment. Brad was the first to speak, "I didn't mean-"

"It's alright," Trixie cut him off as she leaned over to quickly pick up the album. "I don't mean to be so jumpy." She then placed the album back on the bookshelf where she found it.

"It's not hard to understand, considering what happened."

Trixie with her back still to him at the bookcase, closed her eyes and sighed. "I just want to forget about it. Like it didn't happen." She then turned to him. "Because nothing did happen, right?" She needed him to confirm it.

Brad did not miss the desperate note behind her tone. "Nothing happened." Trixie nodded her head as she wrapped her arms around herself. Brad then went and found his car keys, which were near the front door. "If you're ready." He jingled the keys in his hands.

“Yeah,” she whispered and followed him out the door.

Trixie couldn't help but look at Brad curiously as she saw him go to the passenger side of his truck and was surprised to find that he had gone to hold the door open for her. “What?” was Brad's only response at her strange expression, sounding a bit annoyed. “The Bradster can be a gentleman.” He then held out his hand to help her into the large vehicle. Trixie was hesitant for a moment before slowly sliding her small hand into Brad's larger one.

They were softer than she expected for someone who had been playing football since middle school; but if she were to take a guess, he probably took care of his hands better than his teammates, because an injury to them meant he wouldn't be able to play his music, because the instruments, which appeared in every room of the house, didn't escape her notice. But then again, Brad was no punk either, she had seen him deck out a guy or two, for no just cause, so she knew he wasn't afraid to get his hands dirty. Trixie shook her head from side to side with the thought, he was a strange one.

Once inside the truck, the two classmates only said what was necessary to get to Trixie's house, the rest of the way, they practically road in silence down the streets of Brooklyn. It took a good twenty minutes before they arrived in Trixie's neighborhood. “Here it is,” she pointed out as they came near her home. Brad pulled into the driveway and turned off the engine.

He then slid out and walked over to Trixie's side where he opened the door. Trixie turned in her seat and realized for the first time how high the truck really sat from the ground. Suddenly, she let out a small squeal as she found both of Brad's hands around her waist, who immediately jumped back, lifting both hands into the air, when he heard her.

“Sorry!” he said quickly, realizing how inappropriate his gesture was. “I have a little cousin, she's the only other girl who has ever been in my truck and when she gets out. . .” he paused. “I'm sorry,” he said again, noting that there had been a lot of apologies that morning. He then took a step back as he went back to holding the door.

Trixie, who was still in skirt and heels, smiled shyly at Brad. “Actually, help would be appreciated,” she asked of him softly.

“Uh-huh.” Brad stepped back in front of her, where she wrapped her arms around his shoulders as he took a hold of her waist again. “Just admit you like being in the Bradster's big, strong, manly arms.” Trixie rolled her eyes, that was the Brad she knew.

Then as she was gently placed on the ground, Trixie finally realized something else was missing. “frack!” she yelled.

“What?” Brad responded thinking it had been directed towards him. “I didn't try to cop a feel or nothing!” he assured her.

“No,” she shook her head, “my purse is gone. I had my keys in there,” she explained. “frack!”

“There's no one home to open the door for you?” Brad asked.

"No," she answered. "My mom's a pilot, she flew out last night and won't be back until next week. My dad's in the Air Force, he's been stationed overseas for two years." She decided not to mention her grandmother, who was now living in some fancy nursing home upstate. "Can I borrow your cell?" she asked.

"Sure." Brad dug in his pocket and tossed her his cell.

He only watched as she flipped it open and dialed who she needed. "Jakey, it's me," were her first words, which for some reason, unknown to Brad, placed a frown on his face.

She then immediately pulled the phone from her ear. "Where the hell have you been!" Jake yelled at her.

"Hey!" Trixie yelled back into the phone. "Don't take the tone with me, Jake Long. You and Spud are the ones who ditched me, remember?" she made clear. "I didn't even want to go." Brad couldn't hear the rest of Jake's side of the conversation. "Of course I didn't answer it. I lost it at that damn party, along with a few other things." She then sighed. "I know you were worried," she said softly. "I'm at home-" she was cut off. "Brad gave me a ride," she smiled over in his direction as she mentioned him, but it soon dropped from her face. "Excuse you?" she said angrily. "I don't see how that's your business," she looked as though she couldn't believe what Jake was saying.

Her eyes then grew wide as she realized why. "Oh my God, are you drunk?" Her fingers went to rub her temple as she felt a headache coming on for the second time that day. "Jesus," she whispered. "Where's Spud?" she finally asked, but looked a little hurt when she heard the answer. "Where- where are you guys?" she asked. "So you're telling me, after ditching me, and not being able to reach me on my cell phone, you stayed with Kristy and what's-her-face?" Her expression was pained. "You were my ride, Jake. How did you expect me to get home, hitchhike?"

She then turned her back to Brad and took a few steps away from him as she was on the verge of tears. "What if something had happened to me?" she murmured. "What if- I don't know, what if I had been drugged and raped and maybe left in a ditch somewhere?" Tears finally fell from her eyes. "I am not being dramatic!" she yelled loudly into the phone.

Suddenly, the cell was yanked out of her hand. She turned quickly to see Brad place it up against his ear. "Yo, Doofus," he began softly. "This conversation is over." Jake sounded as if he wanted to protest, but Brad closed his phone before he had a chance to be heard. Brad's eyes then fell back to Trixie, who looked a little lost where she stood. "Some friends you got there."

"They're not like that all the time," she defended her friends. "But when they do act like asses, they're the biggest ones they can be."

"Come on." Brad turned back to his truck. "I'll take you back to my place," he suggested.

"Or I can climb up the fire escape and get in through my bedroom window," she stated.

Brad gave her a skeptical look as his eyes raked her body. "In heels?" he asked.

“Well, I didn't say it was going to be easy,” she admitted before walking to the side of the house and down the alley.

“You're going to kill yourself,” Brad commented as he followed.

“Just give me a hand,” she demanded when she realized she couldn't quite reach the fire escape. She stepped aside as Brad reached up to pull it down for her. She was about to start climbing up when she rethought the situation. “Why don't you go first?” she insisted.

“Why?” Brad asked. “I wasn't going to peek or anything,” he said, but the small blush that came to his face told Trixie otherwise. Brad a bit embarrassed said nothing more as he began to climb up. He found her window unlock and easily made his way inside where he crashed into the bed underneath.

On his knees he stuck his head back out the window and saw Trixie struggling a bit. He reached out and as soon as she came into range, he grabbed both of her wrists firmly and pulled her inside. It was there that he lost his balance and fell onto the bed as she landed on top of him. Trixie pushed herself up and thanked him softly.

“No problem,” he replied in the same manner, as she seem to linger just a moment longer than she needed to before sitting up and taking her shoes off. Brad watched as she stretched her toes, which for some odd reason put a smile on his face.

She then suddenly turned to him. “Are you hungry?” she asked.

“Yeah, a little,” he told her.

“How about I make you something?” she suggested. “You know, in appreciation of what you've done for me.” Brad didn't turn down her offer. “Alright, just let me jump into the shower.” She then went over to her dresser drawer. On top of it she grabbed the remote. “Heads up.” She tossed it over and Brad caught it with little effort.

Then as Brad was distracted by the poker game that was playing on the sports channel, Trixie grabbed some clothes and headed towards the bathroom. She sighed in relief as the hot water rained down upon her slender form. She then examined one of her wrists, realizing that she was going to have a bruise where Brad had taken a hold of her so tightly when he had pulled her into the window, but she guess it beat falling.

After her shower, Trixie headed back to her room where she found Brad still laying on her bed. He had made himself quite at home as he had piled up her pillows before resting his hands underneath his head. He also had his legs crossed as his foot gently bounced in time with the song that was playing on the commercial he was watching. A small smile crossed Trixie's lips as she realized that the image was quite attractive.

Trixie then cleared her throat as she made her presence known to him. Once she had his attention, she walked over to the television and turned it off. “There's a TV in the kitchen,” she told him before once again heading out her bedroom door with Brad at her heels.

In the kitchen, Brad insisted that he help make breakfast. Trixie wasn't too sure about the idea as she reminded him about the Home Ec class they had together back in middle school.

Brad laughed at the memory before telling her, that once his eldest sister, Zahara, had taken a bite out of one of their homework assignments, that the following summer she drilled him until he learned how to cook a proper meal. "Did I mention that my sister is a culinary chef at a four star restaurant up in Manhattan?" Trixie looked impressed with the knowledge. "So trust me," he began as he cracked two eggs into a bowl with one hand without taking his eyes off of Trixie, "I got skills."

Trixie then sat down on one of the stools on the other side of the counter as she watched Brad prepare breakfast for the two of them, pointing out where things were located in the kitchen as she did. He was amazing to watch as he broke down what he was doing as if he were a chef with his own television show.

Then as he laid his creation in front of her, a satisfied look on his face, Trixie couldn't help but comment. "Wow," she sounded breathless. "I've known you for years, yet never knew what wonderful qualities you hid."

The smile on his face didn't seem as bright. "That's because you only saw what you wanted to see, a dumb jock who played football."

"I never thought you were dumb," Trixie tried to assure him.

"Yeah, right," he replied softly. Brad then found himself looking at his watch. "You know what? It's getting kind of late, I should be heading out," he announced.

"What?" Trixie looked at him confused. "You haven't eaten anything yet."

"I'll grab something at home," he said before heading back upstairs to find his shoes.

"Brad!" Trixie called after him as she headed upstairs after him. "What is your problem? All I did was give you a compliment." She was completely confused about what had just happened. Brad found his way back into Trixie's room where he sat on the bed and put his shoes back on. "Brad?" she wanted an explanation.

After lacing up his Nikes, he looked up at her. "We're not friends," he said suddenly, causing Trixie's head to slightly jolt back. "You were stranded at a party, I gave you a ride, and that's pretty much it. So stop being nice to me, it ain't you." He stood up and walked towards her. "Because come Monday morning, when we're back at school, you and your boys will be right as rain and we'll all go back to playing the parts we've been playing since the third grade." He then walked passed her and out the bedroom door.

Trixie stood in her room, surprised at his words. "Oh and Trixie." She turned around to find Brad at her door again. "Make sure you lock her windows, it's dangerous to leave them open like that." He then cast his eyes downward as if debating something in his head. A moment later, his head rose again, his expression almost apologetic. "And I hope you enjoy your breakfast," were his last words to her before heading downstairs and out the front door.

OoOoO

“Trishale A. Carter,” said a dark haired boy with a smirk as he ran his thumb across the photo of the girl on the the driver license he was holding before safely placing it into his wallet. He then slid it into his back pocket knowing very well that they would meet again.

To Be Continued. . .

4 - Lie To Me

Chapter Four: Lie to Me

It was Monday morning as Brad walked through the halls of his high school with his best friend, Shawn Ruiz, who was a fellow teammate with Brad on the football team. Shawn was Hispanic, with dark wavy brown locks and deep forest green eyes, which Brad would never admit he was jealous of because of the girls that fawned over him just so he would look at them. "So how did you get the black eye?" Brad asked as he noticed the shiner his friend was sporting.

Shawn looked a little hesitant before he answered. "I uh- I was tossing the pigskin around with my little brother, he's looking to try out for the team next year, so I told him I would help him out," he explained. "Things were going well until I got distracted and the damn thing caught me in the eye." Brad began to laugh. "Ha ha ha, laugh it up." Shawn rolled his eyes.

"I'm just playing with you, bro." Brad gave him a pat on the back, which caused Shawn to flinch. The gesture went unnoticed by the blonde. "So is that why you didn't make it Friday?" he asked.

"No, that wasn't it. Something else came up and I couldn't make it. Should have given you the head's up, but you know how things go." Brad nodded indicating that he understood. "So how was it anyway? To college parties live up to the hype?"

Brad shrugged. "In a way, it does," he admitted.

"And the girls?" Shawn had to know.

Brad cocked an eyebrow in his directions. "Now why are you asking about girls?" he asked of him. "Because from what I seen, Jessica has had you whipped for the last year and a half."

"I'm not whipped!" Shawn defended herself. "Jess is a little aggressive, I'll admit that, but there's no chick I can't handle," he made clear. "When it comes to me and Jess, believe me, baby girl knows her place. I wear the pants in our relationship." He demonstrated by pulling up his bagging jeans as they walked. "I'm the Big Kahuna and she knows that once I put my foot down, it's all-"

"Hey, Jessica!" Brad cried out as he waved.

"What? Where?" Shawn jumped as his girlfriend came walking towards them. "Hi- hi, honey!" he said nervously, hoping she hadn't heard his rant.

"Shawn," his name, escaping from her pink lips was short and sharp. "Meet me today, in the courtyard, ten after three. Don't be late. Got it?" she asked and Shawn nodded. "Good." She smiled. "Kissy." She tilted her head up so Shawn could lean down and give her a quick kiss. She then patted him on the chest as she said, "Good boy," before walking pass him towards her class.

“So,” Brad drawled as he didn't even try to hide his smile, “Mr. Kahuna-”

“Shut up!” Shawn cut him off as they once again headed towards their lockers and as they did, Brad noticed a couple of familiar faces in the crowd.

“You told me all you wanted to be was friends and I respected that,” Spud whispered to Trixie as they stood at their own lockers. “So don't get all high and mighty on me because I got with someone else.”

“I just don't want to see you hurt. After your break up with Stacy you've been vulnerable. Come on, Spud, just because you sleep with some college girl doesn't mean she cares about you,” she voiced her concerns.

“Well, I guess you would know a lot about that, huh?” Spud asked and as he watched Trixie gasp, her eyes growing wide, he instantly regretted his words, but he wouldn't take them back, he had a point to make. And as he slammed his locker shut and stormed off to class with Trixie softly calling his name in his wake, he hoped he had made it.

“He's an @\$\$,” Brad found himself saying, what he knew Trixie was thinking, before he could stop himself. Trixie quickly turned in his direction, now just noticing his presence. And as they looked into each other's eyes neither said anything, causing Shawn to look curiously between the two, before he cleared his throat, which brought the two out of their trance.

“You have a part to play, Brad,” she threw his words back at him, “so play it. Now get out of my way.” She advised before walking towards the first class of the day.

Brad sighed as he watched her walk away. “What was that?” Shawn asked, knowing he had missed something.

“Nothing.” Brad shook his head.

“You're lying to me.” He knew.

“She was at the party I went to,” he began as the two finally made it to their lockers. “She was ditched, so I gave her a ride.”

“Really?” Shawn grinned from ear to ear. “So tell me, how was she?”

Brad made an annoyed sound as he looked to his friend and swung the door of his locker open. “Not that kind of ride!”

The green eyed boy shrugged as he opened his locker. “I'm just saying, you know the girl's kind of loose.”

“What?” Brad looked at him in disbelief.

“Come on, Brad, where have you been? After that thing with Wilkins last semester, girl has been busy.”

Ask Jenkins.”

“Jenkins, from the basketball team?” Shawn nodded, Brad then threw his head back and laughed. “Jenkins is a joke. I wouldn't give anything he says a second thought. He's just starting rumors because of the way she turned him down back in sophomore year.” He grabbed the books he needed for his next two classes and closed his locker.

“Fine, whatever,” Shawn gave up as he too closed his locker and adjusted the strap of his backpack. “So what happen when you dropped her off at her place?” he asked, wondering why she had been so cold to him.

“Actually,” he began slowly, already knowing that Shawn was going to take his next statement the wrong way. “We didn't get to her place until the next morning. She kind of spent the night at my place.”

“Your dad still working that case upstate?” he asked not looking at him.

“Yeah,” Brad answered.

“So it was just you and her all night?”

“Yeah.”

“And nothing happened?” He then turned his head towards the other looking for any tale-tale signs that he was lying.

“Not a thing,” Brad admitted.

Shawn then studied him carefully. He then placed a hand on his friend's shoulder as he lowered his head before shaking it side to side. “At this rate, you're never going to get laid.”

Brad shook off Shawn's hand. “Thanks for your vote of confidence.”

“No problem,” Shawn said cheerfully as the bell rung. “shoot, I'm going to be late. I'll catch you at practice, alright?” he said as he began to back up before he turned around and headed quickly to his class.

Brad turned the corner as his first class was the first door on the right. He stepped inside where the other students around him were still settling down as the teacher hadn't arrived yet. Dr. Darlin, or Dr. D as they like to call him, was a bit of a flake in the morning and always arrived several minutes late and always with a cup of coffee in his hand. But once he had gotten about halfway through his cup, which always seem to be about the last twenty minutes of the period, that's when their class really began. And once he was fully awake, he was no pushover. His class was one of the hardest Senior courses and Brad was determined to do his best in it.

Brad sat at his assigned seat, which was located behind Trixie's. Most days they always made a point to annoy the other, other days there was witty banter, but never had there been full out silence as there was today. Something had changed and he wasn't quite sure what it was or if he liked it. “Trixie,” he

finally spoke, leaning on his desk towards her to be heard over the others, but she ignored him. "Look at me!" he demanded in a harsh whisper.

"You've made it very clear, that I'm not good enough to be your friend," she told him with her back to him. "So step off," she asked of him.

"Fine," he agreed before leaning back into his chair, where he crossed his arms over his chest and started angrily at the back of her head.

Then, as predicted, after Dr. D came into the classroom, he began his lesson twenty minutes before the period was over. He cleared his throat and the talking among his students ceased. He put down his coffee and stood up before walking to the other side of his desk and leaned against it. "You," he pointed to one of his students, sitting in the second row to his left. "What is a lie?" he asked. "What is lying?"

The student sat up straight, before clearing his throat. "The absence of truth?" It came out sounding more like a question. "Lying is making someone believe something that isn't real," he said more confidently. "Lying is wrong," he concluded.

Dr. D nodded his head to agree, but then looked back to the same student. "Thank you, Mr. Diknoka." He then looked to the rest of his class. "So tell me, is lying always wrong?" He threw out.

"Yes," Trixie spoke out. "Lying can hurt people."

Dr. D went to reply, but found he was cut off by another one of his students as he went to open his mouth. "But so can the truth," Brad found himself saying.

Trixie exhaled before she responded to the boy behind her without turning around. "If the truth is so devastating, then why postpone it?" she asked. "It's better to lay everything out on the table, to face it head on. To deal with it and then get past it," she reasoned.

"But what if the truth is something you know someone won't be able to get past? Why subject someone to that?" Brad countered. "I mean, what if a lie is made to protect?"

"And who are you to know what someone is capable of handling?" she spoke softly, "How can you, when you don't given them a chance to try?" Trixie looked down as she seem to take great interest in her hands for a moment.

"Then how would you categorize a secret, which is nothing, but a cousin to the lie?" Brad's brow furrowed as he continued to speak. "Haven't you ever told anyone a sec-" he paused his forehead once again relaxing. "No, better yet," he began to correct himself. "Haven't you ever been told a secret and had to keep it safe, in fear of what would happen if that secret ever got out?"

For a span of a heartbeat, Trixie froze, Brad's question immediately bringing imagines of one of her best friends and how she had promised to keep his secret of who he was and the magical world that around them.

Brad, seeing that Trixie wasn't going to reply, gave his conclusion. "See?" he spoke. "Sometimes a lie

is wrong," he leaned over a little bit as Trixie began to turn her head towards him, "and sometimes you lie for the right reasons."

"Very well put, Mr. Morton." Dr. D looked very pleased about the debate that had transpired. Brad slightly jumped as Dr. D's voice seem to boom and as he remembered that he was actually in a classroom. Brad then finally leaned back in his chair and slightly groaned as he heard that he and the rest of the class were going to be assigned a paper to write. But then his ears perked up in interest as he realized there was no word or page minimal and as long as the paper expressed clearly what the writer was trying to get across then it would be accepted for grading. Brad frowned slightly, not really sure if a non-minimal paper was a good thing. It kind of sounded like a trap to him.

Before long, class was over and Brad grabbed his things and stood up. He was going to head towards the door, but found himself pausing at Trixie's desk as she sat there. "How's that for a dumb jock?" he said in a whispered before continuing on.

Offended, Trixie quickly grabbed her book and dashed after Brad. When she caught up with him she took a hold of his shoulder, forcing him to turn around. "Are you still on that?" she asked angrily. "I told you I didn't think that and it was the truth. I wouldn't have said it if it weren't, because I don't like you enough to spare your feelings." Her breathing was slightly heavy.

Brad averted his eyes before they landed on the girl in front of him. He then shrugged. "Maybe," he began. "Just maybe. I over reacted."

"You think?" She looked irritated as she placed her hand on her hip. She then exhaled as she lowered it again. "Look," she looked a bit shy now. "You did something nice for me and I appreciate it. That's all the other day was, okay?"

Brad finally nodded. "Yeah. It's just, you and I have never been close, mostly because, I don't like Jake," he got straight to the point. "And I've never had a reason, not to like you, except for him," he explained, when all of a sudden Trixie began to laugh. Brad looked at her curiously. "Did I miss something?" he asked.

"Oh, it's nothing." She shook her head, her face bright with her smile. "For a second there, it kind of sounded like you were saying you like me."

Brad looked a little thrown off by the comment before he scoffed. "Please," he recovered. "If anyone liked anyone, you would so like me first before I liked you."

"Oh, really?" she challenged.

"Yes, really. I mean, look at me." He flexed his arm and a group of girls walking by giggled cutely as they passed by. Brad turned to them and gave a wink to one. "Hey there sweetie."

"Hi, Brad." She swept her blond hair behind her ear. "So when's the first game? You're still quarterback, right?" she asked.

"Of course. And Co-captain this year too," he let be known and she stepped in a little closer as she

congratulated him. "Thank you," he replied.

"You're welcome. And I'm sure with you at the head of the team, the school will go undefeated this year." Trixie shook her head and rolled her eyes as she went completely ignored.

"No question about it," he confirmed confidently, before one of the girls behind her reminded her that they all had somewhere to be, and so she waved goodbye and disappeared in the crowd as Brad finally turned back to Trixie. "See all the ladies want me. I'm the All American Boy."

"Whatever." Trixie pushed passed him and began walking towards her next class.

"Come on," he quickly caught up with her, putting his arm around her shoulder as he did so. "Let me prove to you, that you want me."

Trixie threw her head back and laughed. "You're so arrogant."

"I try." He returned her smile.

"Trixie." Trixie and Brad turned to find Spud standing behind them. Trixie took Brad's hand and moved it off her shoulder. "About earlier, I didn't mean-" he stopped as if he finally noticed Brad beside one of his best friends. "Can we go talk somewhere?"

"Yeah," she murmured as she walked over to him. She then turned around as continued on with Spud. "Later, okay?"

Brad nodded to her before shaking his head in totally disbelief as he watched the two turn the corner.

To Be Continued. . .