



Included in this special download are the answers to some of your questions some inside peeks into my dossier files and an exclusive excerpt.

Warning – spoilers ahead!

Past sheets are available on my website: <http://www.clstonebooks.com/the-academy-books/>

Mr. Blackbourne hates when I give up secrets, so don't tell him!



C. L.

General Series Questions

1. *Who does Corey like?*

A. This is a spoiler, because Corey hasn't even told me yet. I've got a feeling it's Raven but we could still be surprised and discover it might be Marc. He obviously likes Kayli, but he is a little divided. I won't know who the other one is until he tells me, and I don't want to say it's one and he surprises me and says it's the other.

2. *I was just wondering if Doyle and Blake have something to do with Volto?*

A. Volto
is %\$#@—————MEssAGEinTERCePTEDbyVolTO*
&#&@*.

In other words, I'm not allowed to talk about anything involving Volto. ☺
Sorry. Blake's state is part of what will be happening in the next book.
SPOILER: I'm thinking the next book will be Blake's.



3. *What's wrong with Victor's and Kota's families, it hasn't really been explained*
 - A. Victor's father is verbally abusive toward Victor, as shown in Drop of Doubt. Victor's always had a hard time with his father, but it was hard for him to complain when he had friends like Nathan, who was being abused physically.

Kota's father was abusive as well; his story hasn't been told yet, but we're getting there. Kota's father is no longer in the picture thanks to the Academy.
4. *I still had a question about Volto, though. You said that he was only interested with Sang's group, but why wouldn't he be interested in Kayli's group as well? She's also newly associated with The Academy, so wouldn't he be warning her, too? Is it something personal with Sang, or does he just not know about Kayli yet?*
 - A. Volto's interests are still mysterious and unknown. Why Sang and her group at all? Why not a group with greater access to more 'Academy classified' information? This is part of what makes Volto really odd, especially for Mr. Blackbourne, who continues with the investigation.
5. *I was reading your chest sheets and saw that you mentioned that you were unsure about Wil. I was wondering that if Wil joined the academy would he be on Mr. Blackborne's team or Axel's. And if he was on Blackborne's, would he also be romantically involved with Sang?*
 - A. Assuming Wil could join the Academy, he wouldn't be on either team. This is a stretch, because there's no plans for Wil to join the Academy at the moment. He's a smart kid, and Corey sees in his school records there's potential for him that will lead him to a great career, and he'll be looked out after by the Academy, but not everyone can or has the desire to join the Academy (like Jessica or Derrick), and it's not exactly an open invitation to everyone either.
☺ Only a special type of person could get in, and Wil might not qualify.
6. *Will Avery be returning in the future books? Do you know which book Raven and Kayli's first date will be in? Beings you said that the next book may be Blake's, does that mean that she'll go with him like she agreed to?*
 - A. Avery is a possible returning character, a bit like Karen or Derrick. Maybe not in every book but he might be around. I don't know about Raven's date. Raven does what he wants in my books. He doesn't often listen to me, or hasn't yet really. And Kayli doesn't give in lightly to Blake for anything. But Blake has never given up on anything he truly wants yet.
7. *Okay so the Germans/Ed were lying about the owner of the core being dead or did that thread get dropped? The leasing agent is just a friend of Ethan's. Ethan seems to be the soul creator of the core.*
 - A. Alice and the German team lied a lot to each other, but keep an eye on that old man. Where there were rumors, there's fire.



8. Will Avery and Ethan become permanent fixtures in the books? I think we all fell for Avery!

A. Avery and Ethan will be around. Ethan's father was a problem. He'll need to... be corrected.

The Dossier Files

I haven't shared these for a while, but I keep a continual running dossier file for the series. Each boy has their own section, each book has its own section, and I develop, map and plot as I go.

Here are a couple of exclusive peeks at the files: the first is for Gabriel's character and the other is for House of Korba.

Gabriel

CONFIDENCE

15
Crystal blue almond shaped eyes
Friendly smile
Ear studs in both lobes, three rings in right ear

Dark hair
Long, below his ears
Two locks on either side are dyed blond
Lighter than the others
Freddier

Gabriel was about Victor's height though a little slimmer in the hips. His hair hung long around his chin but brushed back away from his face. Two locks of hair, one tucked behind each ear, were colored a lighter shade of blond. The rest of his hair was a rich brown. His eyes were crystal-like, bright blue, excited and wild. He had a couple of rings on each of his hands and stud earrings in each ear, his right ear had three more rings going up along the top. He wore jeans and a neon green tank shirt which showed off lean, but defined biceps.

"Q?" Gabriel said, his voice surprising me as it was deeper than Victor's. "So you're the troublemaker."

His face was so bright and happy. He had an angular chin, a slight nose and shaped eyebrows. His crystal blue eyes were dazzling like sunlight in pool water.

Book Six

Gabriel's gym T-shirt looked a little snug against his long, taut body and his angular collarbone stood out against his tapered shoulders. The three black rings that aligned along the right ear along the crest contrasted with the red crystals in each lobe. Gabriel's angled face turned to me, catching me staring at him. He waved and then ran his fingers through the front blond locks in his hair, mixing it with the russet brown in the back all in trying to make sure his hair was in place. He didn't need to fix anything. The punk style seemed perfect for him.

Light fruity musk?
Changes all the time!

<http://beauty.about.com/od/hairenc1/a/different-types-of-perfume.htm>

She is his muse.
He is her fresh air.

Your hair is soft. I was right about the color, too. It's chameleon. Changes color depending on the light.
Don't be embarrassed. You can't be embarrassed by the truth. Look at that cute nose you have.
You know what? It doesn't even matter when you blush. That's just nature's makeup. Heavy makeup looks like shit on a girl. You don't need it.
I've been flirting with you this whole time, and you haven't once told me to shut the fuck up or do that stupid thing girls do when they want another compliment.
Sang, heart on your sleeve. You watch out, I'm going to steal your heart.

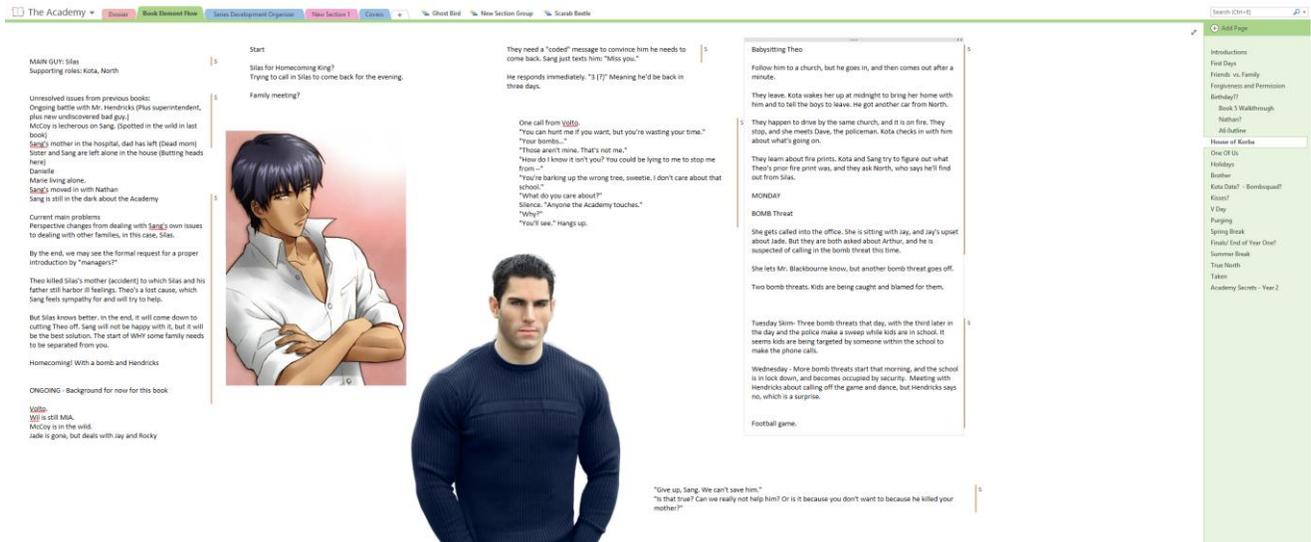
Gabriel
She is his muse.
He is her fresh air.

Gabriel's Bio
[Bio Link: Screen Quotes \(back to top\)](#)
Full Name: Gabriel Coleman
Birthday: November 17th
Age: 15 year-old in Introductions (Book 1)
Favorite color - [brown](#) [orange](#) [purple](#) [yellow](#)
Secret: Can serve well on a score for himself. Makes perfumes for the others (he is the chemist of the group)
Voice: deeper than Victor's, also sometimes gruff, like he uses his voice a lot
Speaks: French
Physical Description:
Height: Half a head taller than Sang
Hair: Rich & brown long around his chin, but brushed back away from face with one lock of hair on each side colored a lighter shade and tucked behind his ears
Eyes: Crystal-like, bright blue, excited and wild
Angular chin, slight nose, shaped eyebrows
Lean but with defined muscles
Studs in the lobe than Victor.
A couple of rings on each hand and stud earrings in each ear, right ear. Has three black rings along the top (for each member of his family that he has lost)

Gushing about Gabriel
[Bio Link: Screen Quotes \(back to top\)](#)
Gabriel:
"Q? Trouble?"
Plays the guitar
Sings and writes music
Wants to learn to play bass
Trouble-Maker
Attains his style fast
Clothes consultant... sometimes eyes for other teams
Furry
Enthusiast
Tender-hearted
Insecure
Not a morning person
Can't bear it when Sang pouts
An artist
Casting is a part of his every-day vocab
Bossy...with Sang

Favorite Scenes
[Bio Link: Screen Quotes \(back to top\)](#)
Flamethrower
Grooming Sang
Sleepover Date Suggestions
Painting Nails
Revealing Sang in the Closet
Asking for detention
Dancing at the Sleepover
Fighting with Sang in the hallway
Walking up to Sang in the hospital

Favorite Quotes
[Bio Link: Screen Quotes \(back to top\)](#)
"Sang, Sang, Trouble, Sweetheart, Sang, Don't, Don't, take away." He muffed. I felt a double moment in



The Other Side of Envy (unedited excerpt – may contain typos and errors)

The House of Coleman

Mr. Blackbourne drove for almost twenty minutes along the interstate, heading out of Charleston. Traffic was heavy. Mr. Blackbourne remained quiet the entire trip.

I breathed in the stronger scent of spring soap within the BMW. Try as I might, I wanted to be able to relax around him and have a light conversation, but I couldn't find the nerve.

Part of me wondered where we were going. Would he drive me all the way back to Summerville?

To my surprise, he took an exit and the signs all read North Charleston. The streets were in dire need to be repaved, with potholes and faded white and yellow lines. We crossed over two train tracks, past dilapidated homes with sunken in front porches and broken fences. He turned into a trailer park, driving slow through the neighborhood.

The trailer park rested alongside another train track running counter against the main road. I wondered if it was still active. Could people live so close to trains like that?

We pulled into a gravel parking space next to a trailer near the back of the park. The trailer was painted a faint yellow, with white trim. There was a dull gray shed built next to it. The yard was clean, compared to the neighbors to the left. Theirs was littered with broken tricycles, a dingy swing set and fast food containers. The trailer we were at wasn't the newest in the neighborhood, but it appeared to be the cleanest and most well maintained.

Mr. Blackbourne got out of the car, moving around quickly to open my door. I stepped out, getting that nervous tremor through me as I gazed at the neighborhood. "Where are we?" I asked.



“This is Mr. Coleman’s house.”

Mr. Coleman. Gabriel lived here? It wasn’t quite what I was expecting. I remembered Victor’s house in downtown Charleston and how big it was, and I almost expected Gabriel to have a similar house.

Mr. Blackbourne went to his trunk, and pulled out my own small book bag. “I picked this up from Silas’s car before I picked you up,” he said.

He knew I wasn’t going to return with Silas before our conversation. I started to reach out for the book bag, but he carried it and ushered me forward.

Now I was really nervous. I glanced around the neighborhood, feeling eyes on the two of us. I couldn’t see anyone for sure, but in a neighborhood this small, and with walls so thin, I thought they all could see and hear anything we said.

Mr. Blackbourne led the way up to a wood deck, opened up a screen door, and knocked on the yellow wood one behind it. As we waited, I stepped close to Mr. Blackbourne, my arm brushing his as I pushed my lip to my lower teeth. New territory. I needed someone familiar.

When no one answered after a couple of minutes, Mr. Blackbourne knocked again. While it didn’t appear he was knocking that hard, it was strong enough that I felt the shaking of the deck at our feet.

“Coming!” Gabriel’s voice rang out to us. A second later, there was the sound of several locks being undone. Gabriel materialized in the doorway. He wore a blue ribbed tank shirt and a pair of faded gray boxer shorts, no studs in his ears, just the three black rings. His hair was mussed and sticking up on one side. He blinked out at us, registering Mr. Blackbourne first without much surprise, but when his eyes fell on me behind him, his mouth fell open. “Fuck, what the hell, dude?” He backed off, disappearing into the house.

My mouth fell open. He openly cursed in front of Mr. Blackbourne, which was something he usually curbed around him. Would he get into trouble now?

Mr. Blackbourne pushed the door open. I followed behind him, not wanting to be alone on the porch.

The living room had thin beige carpet. A worn couch in a busy, multi colored pattern was jammed up against the far wall. There was an entertainment center pressed up against bare windows on the opposite side, and it was cluttered with video games, DVDs and a few game stations.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were coming over with her?” Gabriel sorted through a laundry basket that sat on a coffee table. He pulled out a pair of jeans, slipping them on quickly. He stuffed the edge of his tank shirt into it as he buttoned up. He snatched up a wrinkled, short sleeve button up shirt from the same basket. He shoved his arms through the shirt before he turned around, spotting me peeking behind Mr. Blackbourne’s shoulder. “What are you doing here? What’s wrong? Why didn’t you call?”

“Sorry to wake you on your day off,” Mr. Blackbourne said. “I needed to get to Summerville and you were on the way.”

“So you brought her here? What’s wrong with you?”

Mr. Blackbourne turned to me, putting a hand on my shoulder. “Stay with Mr. Coleman. Do what he says. Call me if there are any problems.”



I pinched my lip to my teeth, nodding, solemn. I wasn't sure what he wanted me to do. It didn't seem like Gabriel wanted me here. I'd been nervous in a new place but prior, I'd had some warning as to where I was going. This time, I hadn't realized and I wasn't ready for it. Worse, Gabriel looked like he was having a fit simply because I was there.

Mr. Blackbourne walked around me, heading toward the door. I turned to watch him walk out onto the porch. He looked back at me once. The gaze he shared with me was difficult to read. The steel was back in place, but there was something else. It was almost a pained expression, sad, really.

Had I said something wrong? Had I ruined things for good somehow? My nervous heart wouldn't settle down to allow me to say or do anything in an attempt to fix it.

Slowly, Mr. Blackbourne shut the door. I was alone with Gabriel. When the car started and the sound of it faded, I turned to him, and waited.

His parted lips closed tight as he raked fingers through his hair. "Well shit."

"Sorry," I said quietly.

Gabriel rolled his eyes. "Fuck it," he said. He crossed the living room, moving around me and headed into a small kitchen area. "You hungry?"

I parted my lips to answer him but couldn't find my voice. I scanned the space. White and blue vinyl flooring from the kitchen met the carpet of the living room, cutting the open area in half. There was a short hallway beyond the kitchen and one on the other side of the house on the other side beyond the living room. It was smaller than Silas's apartment, it looked like there were only two bedrooms.

Gabriel opened up the fridge, and bent down a little to check the contents. The fridge door had a dent, and the handle was loose. He clanked it against the door as he stared inside. "Hm," Gabriel said. He stood up with the fridge door still open, looking at a collection of boxes on top. "Do you like Lucky Charms?" he asked. He turned his head to me. "You do eat cereal, right?"

I nodded. I wasn't sure I felt like eating, but I would do it to make him happy. Why couldn't I talk to him? When they were outside of school or away from my house, it just felt like they were completely different people. Maybe it was just the new places making me feel shy. It was outside my element. I didn't know how to behave. Didn't he have a stepmom? Where was she?

I wondered when they went home with me, if they felt the same way. Now that I was staying with Nathan, more of them spent the night there, but Silas often had me go to his house. Did he not feel comfortable there? Or he preferred his own house?

Gabriel smirked, taking down the cereal box and grabbing a carton of milk. He pulled two bowls and two spoons drying in a rack in the sink and then nudged me toward the living room.

I backed away and Gabriel dropped the contents in his arms onto the coffee table. He picked up the basket of clothes and shoved it onto the couch. He sat on the floor, patting the space next to him. "Come on," he said.

I put my book bag on the couch, too, kneeling next to him where he wanted me and sitting back on my heels. He placed a bowl in front of me, pouring cereal into it and dropped the spoon in. He handed me the milk while he poured his own cereal.



“So what happened?” Gabriel said as we were eating. He shoved his cereal pieces into the milk with his spoon, staring into his bowl as he took bites. “You were over at Silas’s yesterday, right? Have fun?”

“Yes,” I admitted, grateful he was starting a conversation I could handle. “His dad was busy working and got in late, so I didn’t get a chance to see him. It was just Silas there.”

“What’d you do? Watch baseball all day?”

“Some football. We went over hot tub again.”

Gabriel coughed, pushing a hand to his chest as he choked down his cereal. “He what? And what do you mean again?”

It was something Silas and I did every once in a while when I visited now. I brought my bathing suit at one point and now it was staying at Silas’s house. “They’ve got a hot tub at the apartment complex. The one in the, um, the fitness center thing.”

“That bastard,” Gabriel smirked. “How was it?”

“It feels like a big bath tub. With water jets.”

Gabriel laughed. “Shit. Well I don’t have a hot tub. We’ll have to figure out something else to do today.”

“What were you going to do?”

He shrugged, poking at his cereal. He combed at his hair as he did. Some of the blond locks were falling over his face, the rest of his russet hair was sticking out in ways I hadn’t seen before. He must have slept hard last night. “Hadn’t decided yet. Supposedly have the day off. Of course I thought I had the day off yesterday, too.”

“If I’d known I was coming, I’d have brought a loaded water gun,” I said, grinning.

He laughed again, shoving his fingers through his hair again. “Maybe we’ll find one.”

That felt more like Gabriel. Now that I wasn’t so nervous. I inhaled the air around me, taking in my surroundings. It smelled of dust and old carpet and a layer of cigarette smoke. Unlike Silas’s house where it was faint, the smoke smell here was thicker, as if someone regularly smoked and all over the place. There was also the blend of other scents, chemical and acrid and heady with rose and other fragrances as if masking the smoke.

When I finished the cereal, Gabriel took the bowl from me, heading toward the kitchen. “What do you want to do?” he asked as he put the bowls into the sink and rinsed them.

I had no idea. “What do you like to do?” It was what I really wanted to know. What did Gabriel do at home?

Gabriel came back into the living room. He shoved the coffee table over until it was almost in the kitchen. When the coffee table was out of the way, he collapsed onto the floor, sprawled out on his back. He looked up at me from the floor, grinning and his crystal blue eyes playful. “We could play that Truth or Dare.”

I had to smile at this, and the memory of the last time we’d played it together. I rolled my eyes, holding my smirk. “Why not call it what it really is? Dare-Sang-to-brush-her-teeth-and-bite-people.”

“Fine. Let’s play that,” he said, propping himself up on his elbows. “For starters, I dare you to get rid of that damn clip.”



I laughed, reaching up to release the clip, knowing very well if I didn't, he'd have either stolen it or found another way to get me to get rid of it. There was no way to escape him in his own house. "Why didn't you just say you wanted it?"

When I had the clip in my hand, he sat up more to snatch it from me and shoved it into his pocket. "Well if we're going to skip the pretense, who the hell dressed you this morning? Those jeans don't go with that top. Didn't I teach you anything?"

"We kind of left in a hurry this morning. And yesterday when Silas said to go, I just grabbed what was nearby and shoved it all into my bag." I pointed to the book bag that I used for both school and for overnight trips to Silas's house.

Gabriel grunted, getting up on his knees and crossing to the couch where my book bag was. He opened it, pursuing the contents, yanking out the clothes I'd worn yesterday. "Shit. Okay, whoever comes to get you, I'll go back with you and sort some of your stuff. You're mixing the wrong things." A pair of panties fell out onto the floor. I blushed, but Gabriel scooped them up. It was a black pair with a pink heart on the butt. He grinned, wriggling his eyebrows. "I like these."

I rolled my eyes, hiding my face behind my hands. "Gabriel."

"Trouble."

"Meanie."

"And what the hell did you wear last night to sleep in?"

I blushed. "Silas gave me a shirt to wear."

"Oh." He stuffed everything into the bag. "What you really need is a real overnight bag. You know, something with plenty of spare clothes and duplicates of everything so you can just grab it and go."

"Do I need one? Am I going to have to get up and go like this a lot?"

Gabriel laughed, digging out my hairbrush and dropping the bag on the couch again. He crawled over to sit cross legged near me. "Shit, you're here now, aren't you? I know this wasn't planned."

He was right. Ever since they'd invaded my life, I felt like I'd done nothing but be on the move. It would be helpful to simply carry my keys and everything in a bag. Maybe a purse? It felt like an overnight bag would be better, something I could carry clothes and a few toiletries in.

Gabriel snapped his fingers at me, twirling them in front of his body and waving the hairbrush. That was my cue. I scooted until I was on my butt on the floor in front of him. He grabbed me by the hips until I was close in front of his folded legs and he started brushing out my hair, combing out the tangles and moving up through it. "I don't like this brush. You need a new one."

"You can't keep buying me new things," I said, trying to keep my head still as his fingers smoothed through my hair after every brush stroke. "What's wrong with it?"

"I don't like it." He finished combing out tangles and tossed the brush away toward the kitchen. It slid against the tile and toward the waste basket near the fridge.

I leaned sideways to look back at him over my shoulder. "Hey, you could have broken it."

"I was throwing it away."

"Gabriel..."



“Pipe the fuck down. I’ll get you another one. I’ll get you two.” He leaned his back against the couch. “What do you want from me, Trouble? I say I’m going to get you something, I’ll get it. I’m not talking out my ass.”

I sighed. It really wasn’t a matter of believing he’d get another one. I still wasn’t used to them spending money on me, and Gabriel was the worst out of all of them at commanding what I owned and what I didn’t. “Okay, fine.”

He grinned, and pushed a lock of my hair around my ear. It fell back across my face. “Let’s play some video games. I’ll show you how you can beat Kota.” He shot up, knee walked across the room to the entertainment center and scanned the shelves for a couple of Xbox controllers.

I sat back against the couch, pulling my knees up to my chest and wrapping my arms around my legs. I was supposed to find out if he’d let me join the Academy, or at least how he felt about it. I also needed to spend time with them all. I imagined Mr. Blackbourne brought me here right away to get started. Since Gabriel had the day off, it was the perfect opportunity. I couldn’t think of a way to bring up the Academy, though. It was early still, though. If I had the day to spend with him, I had time to work it into the conversation somehow.

When he turned back, he stopped, tilting his head at me. “What?”

I blinked at him. “Hm?”

“Why are you sitting like that?”

My eyes widened. What was he talking about? “It’s comfortable?”

“Is it? The only time I see you do it is when you’re nervous. Stop being nervous.”

“I’m not nervous,” I protested, but switched to sitting cross-legged. “Better?”

“Almost,” he said, scooting over to sit next to me. “I should make you sit on the other side of the room so you don’t cheat.”

“It’s too hard to cheat at video games. I still lose.”

“Because they end up sitting on you and tossing the controller away.”

I grinned, remembering when Kota did that. I held my hand out, and Gabriel gave me a controller.

We started out with one of the fighting games. At first we fought against each other like we’d done before, but later he figured out how to get us on the same team. That made things a lot easier as he’d explain which buttons did what attacks. He wouldn’t tell me before when we were fighting against each other.

When we got tired of that, we switch to a car racing game. The first few games he beat me easily because I couldn’t figure out how he was getting so many speed bonuses.

“Want to bet on the next game?” he asked as he dropped the controller and pulled off the button up shirt he was wearing, tossing it onto the couch behind us. The sun was beating in through the window, so the room was getting warm.

“No.” Was he crazy? I never win the bets.

“Come on,” he said. “You’re getting better.” He leaned into me, tilting his head and boring his crystal blue eyes into my face. “Please?”

I sensed there was something he wanted. “What’s the bet?”

He flashed a grin. “Find out after the race.”

I made a face at him. “No fair.”



“Yeah, fair,” he said and he started the next game.

Inside the race, I tried my best just to win fairly, but Gabriel was keen on crashing his car into mine and making side sweeps in front of me to get my car spinning out of control. Then he started nudging my elbow.

“Meanie,” I whined to him as his pushing caused my car to crash into a tree.

“What?” he laughed, focused on the game.

If I owed him a favor, it could be anything, and with Gabriel, he was too unpredictable. Cheating was going to be the only way to win.

I started with nudging his arm with my elbow. He nudged back but kept ahead of me in the game. I moved from nudging to poking him in the ribs.

He laughed, letting go of the controller for a second to swat at my hands. When I kept poking, he caught my hand in his, causing both our cars to stop.

He held on to me, grinning. “What the fuck ever. Who do you think I am? Victor? That little shit doesn’t work on me.”

He was challenging me to cheat better! I narrowed my eyes at him and pulled my hand back to start my car again, racing around his stalled car.

He caught up with me, too, but kept glancing over at me. I had a feeling he was waiting for my next move.

Using my hands wasn’t working. Letting go of the controller meant I had to stop racing. I wasn’t going to win that way. I tried to pretend I was focusing on the race, but at the same time, I slipped my sandals off of my feet as if I didn’t want them.

When he managed to side swipe my car to send it into a spin, I kicked at his controller until it was knocked out of his hands and to the floor.

“Fuck,” he said, and pushed at me hard enough that I landed on my side on the carpet as he scrambled for his controller.

I laughed, leaning over propped up on my elbows and toe nudged him in the side and at his arm. When I was sprawled out on the floor, he couldn’t simply nudge me back in the arms to make me stop.

At first he tried resisting, but my nudging at him and being able to play at the same time meant I could get ahead of him. Soon I was zooming down the road well out of his reach.

“Shit,” he grumbled, pushing my foot away. “Stop.”

“Nu uh,” I said. I poked him in the side with the toe as I aimed my car to collect speed bonuses before he could get there.

He lifted a hand up, bringing it down on my thigh with a slap. Even through the material of the jeans, it stung. “Trouble,” he called to me. “Watch it.”

“Now who’s cheating,” I said, and stopped poking because I was already ahead.

“That’s not cheating,” he said.

“Oh?”

He laughed and reached at hand out, snatching at my ankle and trapping me. I stretched out my controller away as far as I could so he couldn’t get to it as he held on to me. He crawled over me, positioning himself over me to sit on my hips and poked at me in the stomach.

I squealed, slapping at his hands and wriggling under him. “No! I almost won.”



“Not yet you haven’t,” he said, and he let go of his controller. He hooked his fingers at the hem of my shirt, and pulled it up just enough so he could trace his fingertips over my bare sides.

It was too much for me. I dropped the controller and then grabbed at his hands, hanging on. “No tickling!”

Gabriel’s crystal eyes lit up. He snatched up both of my wrists, hovered over me to pin them to the floor above my head. With his free hand, he traced my side. “What? Big, brave Sang Sorenson can’t stand her own tricks?”

I laughed until tears teased my eyelids. I wriggled hard against him. Neither of our cars were moving now. If he wasn’t going to win, neither of us was. “Stop,” I cried out. “I can’t breathe.”

He beamed, stopped tickling me but placed a palm against my bare side. When my laughing subsided, his face hovered inches from mine. His eyes traced over my face. My heart tripped over itself, and I struggled to breathe evenly.

“Gabriel,” I said softly. My mind was mush from laughing so hard and overwhelmed with him on top of me.

His smile warmed. “Sang.”

Was this too close now? I’d previously told Silas I’d be his girlfriend. Mr. Blackbourne said to get close to the others. How close would upset Silas? Did that mean I had to tell Gabriel to back off? I wished Silas had said something to the others to make it clear what should be done. My tongue felt glued to the top of my mouth. I was worried that telling Gabriel about Silas would hurt his feelings. I really liked Gabriel, too.

Gabriel leaned his head down, his lips found my ear. “You can’t look at me like that,” he said softly.

“Like what?” This had to be too close. He was kissing my ear. Silas wouldn’t like it. But then, Nathan kissed me, too, and I’d kissed North as well. Gabriel had once kissed my neck, but since then, he’d only kissed my cheek and now I was Silas’s girlfriend. Didn’t that make a difference? The conflicts inside me surfaced any time any of them got close or kissed me. I tried to let them guide the way, but it was hard not to consider their feelings.

“Looking all beautiful and terrified at the same time,” he whispered. His hands tightened around my wrists as he kept me pinned. His lips touched my lobe. “It’s those eyes. They drive me crazy.”

“Gabriel, I...”

“Trouble,” he whispered, his lips meeting my ear again. “Tell me to stop.”

♥♥♥What’s next? Find out in *The Other Side of Envy!* ♥♥♥



If you're new to The Academy and would like more spoilers and to meet some other people who also enjoy them, there is a special Forum for fans. I am active in this group and answer questions there, but beware—parts of the forum are full of spoilers.

<http://theacademy.invisionzone.com/>

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