

The Truth Under The Rose

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I suck at descriptions, but It's an awesome story from off the top of my head.

Davey Havok & Asya

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/Afifreak4life/35905/The-Truth-Under-The-Rose>

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1 - Chapter One

Davey sat in the coffee shop, gently sipping the hot liquid. *Davey*. He thought he heard his name being called. He looked around, hoping to see someone, but no one was there. *Davey*. "First, I see shadows, now I'm hearing voices, I *must* be going crazy," he said to himself. *You're already crazy*. "David Marchand! Snap out of it!!!" Davey nearly jumped out of his skin. Then he realized who was talking to him. It was Jade. Jade laughed as he sat down across from Davey. "Gosh, you know not to scare me like that!" "Sorry..... You were thinking about her, weren't you?" Davey shook his head as he pushed the long part of his hair out of his face. He let out a sigh as he took another sip of coffee. Their eyes shot at the door when the sound of the entrance bell rang in their ears. It was quite noticeable since the coffee shop was nearly empty. A girl entered and Davey's heart fluttered. Her long, choppy, black and blonde hair was pulled back in a pony tail. As she walked past Jade and Davey, she made eye contact with Davey, and smiled. Her irises were so pale, she looked blind. (But she obviously wasn't.) Jade looked at Davey and smirked. "What?" Davey asked, "You like her." "I do not!" "Do too." "I don't like her, so go frack yourself!" Jade looked at the girl, who was looking at Davey. "You might not like her, but she obviously likes you." Davey's eyes lit up. "Ha! I know you liked her!" "It doesn't matter anyway. Relationships don't last with me." "You have to let go of Tiffany. It wasn't your fault she cut herself. Besides, this girl looks like she wants to meet you." "What do you mean?" But it was too late. Jade was already walking toward the girl.

2 - Chapter Two

Asya watched as Jade approached her.

"Hi," he said.

"Hi."

"Can I sit down?" Jade asked somewhat nervously.

"Sure. I'm Asya."

"I'm Jade," he replied with a nervous laugh, "So.... I saw you watching my friend. Do you like him?"

Asya was quiet for a second then said, "I guess so. Why?"

"Well, he likes you. Do you want to talk to him?" Asya shrugged her shoulders and shook her head no. "Aww, why not, he really likes you."

"Welllll, okay," she said with a small smile.

As they began to walk over to Davey, he began to get butterflies in his stomach. *What if she doesn't like me. Ohh, hopefully I don't screw this up!* Davey thought to himself. As they neared him, Davey got more and more nervous. He obviously wasn't good at meeting girls.

Jade and Asya approached Davey with smiles on their faces, but for different reasons.

"Hi, I'm Davey," his voice a bit rhaspy from nervousnes. They shook hands as she said her name, and giggled.

Behind Asya, but still in visible sight, was Jade, smirking at Davey. Davey gave him a "frack you look", and Jade just smiled.

"Umm... You want to walk outside with me?" asked Davey. He then felt stupid and embarrassed. But Asya said yes.

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The air was cold outside and the sky was grey, but it didn't matter.

"I haven't seen you around here before," Davey said.

"I moved her from Georgia last week. New York isn't where I wanted to move to, but I had to for work."

" Oh, what do you do?"

" I'm a fashion designer," she said, trying not to let herself brag. A cool wind blew, and Asya began to shiver. Davey, being the gentleman that he was, wrapped his arms around her. A little shocked, Asya looked up at him. Davey just smiled, as did Asya.

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Asya walked up to her fancy apartment complex. Davey stood on the side walk with her number written on his hand.

3 - Chapter Three

Davey opened the door to his flat, and three eager faces greeted him. He immediately looked at Jade. "Y, know, Jade, you can be so nice and helpful, and then other times you are such a **LOUDMOUTH!**" he said. And at that, he pounced on him and pinned him down.

"What! I didn't say anything!" Jade choked. Dave looked at Adam. Adam shrugged his shoulders and said,

"All he said was that you talked to some chick at the coffee shop."

Sorry Guys, I'll finish later. Sorry.