

“A coffee shop?” I said, surprised. I love the smell of coffee, but I don’t drink it. First, because I have enough trouble shutting my mind off and falling asleep at night as it is. Second, because I tried it once and it tasted like a cup of melted pennies.

“I guess Abigail was right,” Darcy said. “He is meeting someone else.”

Dread formed in the pit of my stomach, but I tried to remain hopeful. After all, Trey *had* come in a car. Maybe it was a family tradition or something. Coffee Fridays! Okay, even I wasn’t believing that.

I sighed, then looked at my friends. “Let’s go get the evidence.” All we needed was for Darcy to snap a picture with her cell phone and e-mail it to Abigail, and the case would be over.

And Abigail’s heart would be broken.

I thought about my crush, Zane Munro, and how I would feel if he was meeting a girl every Friday at the Java Lamp. A girl who wasn’t me. At the mere thought of it, my heart cinched.

I wished it didn’t have to end this way for Abigail. Man, being a private investigator was tough.

Darcy shoved open the door with one shoulder, and Fiona and I followed her in. The place was packed. A

big red lava lamp bubbled over the cash register. Little round tables were full of people holding steaming coffee mugs, chatting, reading books, or pretending to work on their laptops while eavesdropping on the table of women next to them. (Okay, that last one might have been just one guy.)

Trey, however, was nowhere to be seen.

“Maybe he’s in the bathroom,” I said.

Darcy made a beeline for a glass case that held baked goods. “You guys!” she called, waving us over. “They have giant cookies! They’re the size of my face!”

Fiona ignored her. She was too busy checking out a table of cute boys. Was I the only one who remembered what we were here for?

Just then, an employee wearing a Java Lamp apron went up on the empty stage in the corner and turned on the microphone. Feedback screeched through the room, and people clapped their hands over their ears.

“Testing one, two, three. Sorry about that, folks,” he said. “We’re happy to have one of our favorites return this afternoon to do a few songs for us.”

An afternoon with flavored coffee, giant cookies, and live music . . . how romantic for Trey and his girl.