

The Infamous Frankie Lorde 3: No Admissions
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Excerpt for Rockstar Book Tours

Entry One

Of all our plans, this was by far the craziest.

And it's my own fault. I never should've agreed in the first place. But Ollie had guilted me into it, insisting that I never let him take the lead in our schemes.

Which was true.

But there was a good reason why. . . . I was simply better at it than he was.

This wasn't an ego thing. It was irrefutable fact.

Fact: I was the daughter of the most notorious international thief the past decade had seen.

Fact: I had been the only real partner-in-crime my dad had had since my mom.

Fact: Dad had taught me everything he'd known.

Fact: Now that Dad was in prison for our past heists, I was the only one left to carry on his legacy—minus the whole getting caught part.

True, it was also fact that since coming to live in Greenwich, Connecticut, months ago, I'd taken my now best friend, Ollie, under my wing and begun to teach him the art of thievery.

And while it was also true that we'd already planned and carried out two big jobs together—successfully, I might add—Ollie was nowhere near my level of expertise yet.

But that was ultimately why I'd agreed to his plan in the end. It was low-stakes stuff. Sure, we could get in trouble if we were caught, but we wouldn't end up in prison or anything.

Well, it was unlikely that we would, anyway.

Still, I felt the need to say something before we got in too deep.

"This isn't going to work," I whispered to Ollie through the dark.

"Shhhh!" Ollie hissed back. "You're going to jinx it, Frankie."

I rolled my eyes even though he couldn't see me do it. Ollie was the kind of guy who believed wholeheartedly in jinxes. And bad omens. And lucky charms. And everything else that I thought was complete hooey.

Yet, he was my best friend.

"Fine," I said between gritted teeth. "I won't . . . jinx it. But can I ask just one thing?"

"What?" he asked.

"Why are we doing this again?" I asked.

Ollie stopped what he was doing and looked at me, exasperated. "Seriously?" he asked me like the answer was obvious. "Go big or go home, Frankie."

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