

Alerion

"Cindy! Hey did you do your homework for physics?" I ask, fast walking to my good friend.

"Yeah! Did you?"

"Of course I did," I reply, as we walk into class.

I sit in the front row as always, Cindy sits right next to me. I pull out a CD from my back pack and hand it to Cindy.

"Micheal Bubl ! I love him," Cindy squeals.

"You can borrow it, my mother wants it back by the weekend," I tell her, as I get my sharpened pencil from my notebook.

"Alright class, we will be-" The teacher gets cut o by an unfamiliar voice.

"I was told this class is mine," A deep British voice startles me.

A boy with longish brown and poofy hair walked into the class. He looks.. Interesting to say the least, he has two lip piercings on one side of his lips and he's wearing ripped jeans with a studded belt hanging loose around his waist. He has a cut up shirt with a leather jacket overtop, and lots of necklaces.

Why would his mother allow him to get piercings on his face? Not to mention the long hair, if I were his mother I'd chop all his hair o , make him wear a button up shirt and some nice blue jeans, that aren't ripped. Make him look more put together.

"Uh well it's not your class per say Mr. Bruce, but yes you do have this class, everyone this is Ben Bruce, he is joining our school, please make him feel welcome," The teacher says.

He goes and walks by me heading to the back, he reeks of axe. I cough a little and Ben stops, and backs up to me.

"You don't like my smell?" He asks, smirking.

"Well, no, this is a scent free school," I say, shyly.

"Well sweetheart, I like to break rules," He smirks at me.

"Well that's not a good thing," I don't really know what to say.

"Oh well," He chuckles and walks to the back of the room, with all the other students that look like him.

During the class Ben would be throwing paper planes around the class and would be talking. The teacher eventually sent him down to the o ice, thank gosh.

I hear the bell and I go to my break. I have a free block which I'm going to spend at the library to study.

I head to my locker and grab my books, and go down to the library. I enter and look around for a table, I go and sit down, placing my books on the table and I open them up to the pages that I need to study.

"Shouldn't you be in class?" I hear Ben's voice.

I look up at him, he grabs a chair from a di erent table and turns the back of it to face the table, sitting on it backwards.

"Um, I have a free block," I mumble.

"And you chose to spend it like this?" He looks so surprised.

"Well, yes I need to study to get good grades, I want to be a doctor you see, I have to do good-" I try to explain.

"Yada yada yada, I don't care, how about we head o the school property and have a drink?" Ben smirks.

"No, that's against the rules, and law, I'm not legal drinking age," I nervously tell him.

"So? Fuck the rules," Ben laughs.

"Watch your language! I do not break rules nor do I break the law,"

"Ugh God you're one of those people," Ben hangs his head.

"Do not say the Lord's name in vein," I scold.

"Hun, he's not real,"

"Please don't call me hun," I ask him nicely, ignoring what he just said.

"Why not hun?"

"I'm just not your hun," I say, pushing my glasses up.

"You're such a nerd,"

"Well, you could say that, but you don't know me," I say defensively, "I-I'm sorry I was rude there,"

"What's your name?" He asks, completely ignoring my apology.

"Veronica," I say.

"Well Veronica I'm Ben, Ben Bruce, it is nice to meet you," He says kindly, holding his hand out.

"Nice to meet you too," I take his hand.

I feel a shock on my hand and I pull it back immediately, looking at my hand.

"Ow!"

"Aw it didn't hurt that much," He laughs, holding a shocker in his hand.

"Okay well, I really need to study and I've only got now thirty minutes to study," I indicate for him to leave.

"That's plenty of time,"

"Not really,"

"Alright, well I'll let you study, but let's hang out sometime," He smirks at me.

"Why do you keep smirking at me?" I ask, awkwardly.

"I don't, you just think I do because you like me," He chuckles.

"Um I'm sorry, you're mistaken I don't like you, please leave,"

"Alright, whatever helps you sleep at night," He says, walking away.

"I just met you! I can't possibly like you!" I hu .

He's so full of himself! I don't like the kind of person he is! I hope I do not run into him again!

I open the house door and place my things down to untie my shoes. I place them on the shoe rack and I pick my things back up and walk into the kitchen.

"How was school dear?" My mom kisses my cheek.

"It was okay, there's this new boy, he's a bad boy I'd say. I don't like him at all, so full of himself," I cringe.

"You know I don't want you to hang out with those kind of people,"

"Yes I know,"

"Good, now help me set the table, your father should be home very shortly,"

I help my mother set the table and my father comes home.

"Good evening father," I greet him, as we sit down at the table.

"Evening sweetheart,"

We all hold hands as I say grace. We have a nice meal together, I help clean up and head upstairs to go study some more.

About ten at night I decide I should head to bed. I change into my pyjamas and I put my long hair into a bun. I look at myself in the mirror and take my glasses o . I don't like what I look like with and without glasses. I need them though, so I have to wear them wether or not I like it.

I climb into bed and turn o my night light and fall asleep.

[Continue reading next part](#) □