

Ten - Forgetting Her

Zander's POV

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The chatter of students and my friend's goes right over my head as I stare at the knob who thought he could lay his hands on Nell. His face is swollen and bruised, and his eyes are downcast as he picks at his lunch on his own at the table by the bins. The injury on his face doesn't sate my still-burning anger though. My fingers itch to do more damage and my split fists yearn to bury themselves into his worthless face again.

But I promised Nell I wouldn't when she wrapped my bleeding fists Saturday night (or early Sunday morning most likely), meaning I have to deal with only thinking about inflicting damage on him from afar.

Don't get me wrong, I'm never usually violent or vengeful, but he did something unforgivable. Just thinking about what could have happened if I hadn't turned up when I did makes me feel sick to the very core. People like him are animals and don't deserve the miracle of life. Remembering Nell's tear stained face and how scared she looked splinters my heart. Waverly and she haven't come into college today. I know this because she texted me, claiming to be unwell. I know that more then likely isn't the case though. That asshole has hurt her, and she is probably terrified of seeing him.

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By now, the news of what happened has spread around the college so that even some of the teachers are giving Sheub disapproving looks. He has gone from being one of the most popular boys in college to the social reject everyone is murmuring about and pointing at. He deserves so much worse then falling to the bottom of the social pile.

I always thought of Nell like a little sister until puberty hit and I realised how beautiful and womanly she had become. Years of slaving away on the dance floor really did her right, leaving her toned and shapely in all the right places. Unfortunately I wasn't the only one who was entranced with her, as other's who didn't have anything holding them back went a er her like dogs to a bone. I helped her brothers fend them o under the pretence of acting like another older brother, but actually, I was just a jealous male. There is no way I could ever view her as my sister. That would be very disturbing considering I have some pretty unbrotherly thoughts about her. I never had to worry about the other pimply teenagers as Nell always told them no, no matter how persistent they were, until her sixteenth birthday party. Her brothers and I had no idea that she was bringing a date until they entered holding hands. It is the only other time I have wanted to cause another human being serious damage.

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It was at this time that we were texting constantly (the only way I could sort of spend time with her alone), and a few days before her party she went cold which I put down to busyness, but when she walked in looking sinfully gorgeous on Mason Monroe's arm I knew she had moved on from me. Not that we were ever together - her brothers would string me up on the nearest tree. My fists involuntarily clench, just from the thought of Mason. Up until that point, I had kind of managed to fool myself into believing she was still a child and untouchable, but hell, that black silky dress which was way too tight and miles too short still plagues my dreams. I was actually a little glad I was heading o to college in a few weeks time, otherwise I don't know if I would have been able to control myself.

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I don't know if anything ever happened between Nell and Mason as I made a point not to text her once I went to college. It was too painful for me and was just holding her back from her life. At least I can proudly say that we were each other's first kiss when she was ten years old, and she convinced me to be her groom in the game of mummies and daddies. I gave her my last haribo ring to signify our union and everything. To this day Isaac and Owen don't know as they are just so protective over her, and they would probably get funny about it.

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As soon as we arrived in college, I made it my goal to forget Nell and find someone else - there were plenty of them all hovering around for a little taste, but still no one could ever compare to her. She reigns above everyone else, and I could never take her down from her pedestal. She is just too sweet and that smile... As soon as I see it, I know that everything is right in the world. I did think I had gotten over my childish crush at one point, until she burst back into my life, and as soon as she arrived at college, it was like my heart had started beating again.

I can't deny it anymore... I love her and I fear that will never change.

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She is just perfect for me; physically and mentally we are so compatible, and you cannot just forget or change that. But there is no point in even thinking about a future together. Nothing can ever happen between us because her brothers would go mental, and act as if I had betrayed them. Especially Isaac. Even if I went to them, was really open about it, and laid my intentions out with Nell they would be outraged. I can already hear the curses, yells and fights it would cause in my head, like ghostly warnings. But it is more then that though. I don't want to betray my best friend's trust - we have been best friends since nappies, and if something were to happen between Nell and me, our relationship would never be the same. If I did make a move on Nell and it all turned nasty, it could come to Nell being forced to choose between her brothers and me, which I certainly don't want to put her through. They are such a close family considering what happened to their parents, and I know that Nell would have to choose her family over me, meaning I would be completely cut o from the Brook's.

If I made my feelings and intentions clear, I would take Sheub's place - bruised and a social pariah. He stands out as a warning to any interested male out there that Chanel Grace Brook is o limits.

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What makes it harder is I am fairly certain that Nell likes me back. I would have to be blind not to notice the way she dreamily stares at me, gets jealous of other girls (Viv being a key example) and blushes if I show her even the smallest amount of attention. Last week when I was too caught up in the moment, I nearly told her that if her brothers didn't stand in our way I would love her until the end of our lives. Thank goodness Waverly interrupted us; otherwise things would have been made so much harder. I have a feeling that if I kiss her, I will never be able to stop.

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Anyway, maybe I misread the signs. It is probably just wishful thinking that she likes me back. It would certainly be better that way considering I can never allow something to happen between us that will put us in the category of more then friends. I already feel guilty and like I am stabbing Isaac and Owen in the back because of my feelings - imagine if something actually happened! I would not be able to look them in the eye without blurting out the truth ever again.

I have to separate myself from Nell once and for all. No good will come out of our relationship (well, apart from my happiness and being with the love of my life) - it will only ruin our bonds with other people. I have to force myself to get over Nell and sing a message loud and clear that I am not into her. Nevertheless, even though I am planning to get over her, a voice taunts me in my head whispering that that could never happen.

What do you think guys? Did you enjoy Zander's POV? What do you think he is going to do? Please vote, love you all! xxx

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Edited

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