

## Three - First Day

Oh God, how did I manage to wake up late on my first day of class? Hurrying through the courtyard, I do that embarrassing half-run-half-jog thing in an effort to get to class on time. One episode of Teen Wolf last night turned into two... turned into four... until suddenly we were half way through the first series. I really like Roxanne who showed Waverly and I her five tattoos last night, and is so laid back and effortlessly cool. Unfortunately she might not prove to be a very good influence though, because we fell asleep on the couch and forgot to set our alarms.

I thought somebody had broken in and was murdering Waverly when I woke up to her screaming the house down about being late. We hurriedly got ready, and luckily had packed our bags before Roxanne arrived last night, so we just had to shove on our chosen outfit before scurrying to school, taking a brunch bar to eat on the way. I managed to put a little mascara and lip-gloss on and run a brush through my hair before we left, so I don't feel like too much of a wreck. Waverly and I promised to find each other at lunch in the canteen before we raced to our classes.

The early September weather is pleasant and the leaves are showing the first signs of changing colours and shedding their summer skin, but I don't have time to stop and soak up the glorious rays, as I need to get to room 4b right now. Dashing in between the clumps of students idly walking along the wide corridors, my trainers squeak embarrassingly as I try to make sense of the complicated map. By the time I find my way to class, I am seven and a half minutes late and incredibly flustered, but I put on a brave face, knock on the door, and make my way in when instructed with a wince. Of course all eyes fly to me causing a fiery blush to swarm onto my cheeks. The professor looks at me disapprovingly over the slope of his round glasses, but beckons me in with a sigh.

"Late on the first day? That's not a great start to the year miss...?" He asks whilst gesturing in the air with his right hand.

"Erm Brook. Nell Brook." I reply awkwardly, fiddling with the strap of my handbag whilst the other forty-odd students chuckle quietly. "I'm so sorry it won't happen again sir." I promise.

"Ok Nell, in future please make sure you are here on time. I'm Professor Harrison, please sit down."

"Of course, sorry sir." I reply as I rush with my head down to the closest seat, located on the third row next to a handsome guy with flawless dark skin.

Hurriedly I pull my laptop out of my bag and settle in on the cream wooden desk. My heart is thumping in my chest and my hands feel clammy because of that embarrassing encounter, but hopefully I can redeem myself with hard work. I hope that my lateness won't brand me as a delinquent and negligent student - I haven't made many friends yet and I don't want to attract the wrong crowd. Goodness getting an education is so stressful and political! The professor then starts talking; introducing himself again and the course, and I take a moment to give an appreciative sweep of his appearance. He seems young - in his mid thirties, with good dress sense in a casual suit. Well at least he's something to look forward to in each lesson.

The guy sat next to me is definitely a serious piece of eye candy. He is hot and the confident smirk lining his lips says he knows it, and with well-defined features - a sharp jaw and angular cheekbones, he is certainly entitled to confidence. His eyes are as dark as his cropped hair, and watching me lazily as he leans back in his plastic chair and chews on his pen. I flash him a smile before turning to face the front and focusing on my first lecture. I still feel his eyes on me but decide to ignore it with a knowing smile.

I don't think I'm model pretty, but I have some good looks, and my body is pretty ok considering I've been dancing my entire life. My hair is naturally dark blonde but I highlight it lighter, and I have pale icy blue eyes, which I think are quite intricate. My nose has a small bump in it which I've always been self-conscious about, but I could never have plastic surgery considering I am terrified of all things needles and operations. My lips are naturally plump which is a bonus, and my skin is usually clear apart from the odd annoying pimple. As for my body, my legs and bum are definitely my best feature as they are toned and shapely because of all the dancing. My boobs are a simple B cup but they're perky, and I'm sure that having big boobs isn't the best all round, and they would just get in the way when I dance. I receive flirty looks and catcalls when I walk down the street some times, so at least I'm not ugly. Although I don't think anyone is ugly - beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

"Hey..." The hot guy next to me taps me with his pen.

"Yeah?" I ask whilst busily scribbling down notes, trying not to look at his defined stomach and strong arms emphasised by his tight white T-shirt, which also makes his coffee-colour skin glow darker.

I may be in love with Zander but it doesn't mean I can't look.

"I'm Rylan - what's your name desk buddy?" He asks with a charming smile.

"Nell, it's nice to meet you Rylan but can we talk later? I'm trying to listen." I whisper back, feeling bad as our surrounding desk neighbours give us annoyed looks.

"Of course sweetheart." He winks making me chuckle and roll my eyes.

Someone's a little flirty!

When we are asked to discuss what our future goals are and how we plan to achieve them, I learn that Rylan wants to become a stock market analyst, and actually seems like quite a nice guy. He is respectful and funny which I like in a man, and his laid-back manner and the easy conversation flowing between us makes me feel as though I have known him forever. However I know my feelings for him are purely platonic - only Zander can capture my heart. When the lecture is finally finished I pack up my stuff and surprisingly Rylan waits for me.

"So Nell, are you available for that talk now?" Rylan asks making me giggle.

"Sure... so where are you from?" I ask as we make our way out the room and to the dining hall, thanking the professor along the way.

"Well I'm originally from DC, but I moved here with my sister because of family issues."

"Wait, your sister doesn't happen to be Roxanne does it?" I ask as we squeeze through the busy corridors alive with noise.

"Yeah... how do you know her?" Rylan asks looking surprised.

"She is my neighbour! We met last night and just kind of clicked. She's actually the reason why I was late this morning." I chuckle.

"Wow it's a small world! I guess that means we will be seeing each other a lot if you guys are friends then." He comments as he holds the canteen door open for me.

"Yeah I guess so!" I exclaim with a grateful smile, impressed with his charming attitude.

"Nell!" I hear Waverly exclaim behind me, and I turn to see her dashing towards us with a broad smile and Roxanne sauntering behind her.

"Hey! How was your class?" I squeal as she engulfs me in a hug.

"It was good! I think I'm going to be all right but I will need to revise a lot! It's a really nice college isn't it; I love the snazzy layout in here!"

I guess the canteen is quite nice for a college, with rows of polished wooden tables, each one with students crowded around eating food or typing away on their laptops. Old-fashioned dome-shaped bulbs hang from the high arched ceiling casting a yellow glow on the room, and the right wall is completely made out of large blocks of glass allowing sunlight to stream in. On the left are the busy dinner ladies dressed in red, serving the ever-growing queue and making sure that all the food is restocked.

"Hey Ry, I see you've met Nell. This is her friend Waverly." Roxanne introduces us as a rather large individual barges through our little group, causing me to stumble back, but Rylan grabs and balances me.

"Watch where you're going, jackass." Roxanne calls out to her him.

"Some people are pricks I tell you." She tuts.

"Hey Waverly it's good to meet you love." Rylan introduces himself and holds his hand out for her to shake, causing her to blush as she always does when talking to a member of the opposite sex.

"N-nice to meet you too." She replies with a bashful smile upon her pretty face.

"Hey! Rylan!" A group of guys call out from a table to the right of us, beckoning him over.

"Well that's my cue to leave, but it was lovely to meet you all. Have a nice lunch ladies, and I will see you soon Nell." He ends with a wink before sauntering towards his friends with the same confident swagger his sister possesses.

His height and handsomeness attracts looks from all across the dining hall, causing Roxanne to mock gag, before a crazy smile blooms on her face.

"Hey, I don't mind if you sleep with him, if you don't mind if I sleep with Isaac Nell." Roxanne shrugs causing me to go bright red.

"What?" I squeal. "I'm not looking to have a... a casual relationship right now, but whatever happens between my brother and you is your business. I don't care as long as you know he isn't the relationship type. I got used to his whorish ways a long time ago. But I thought you said you weren't going to sleep with him?"

"Well not right now but in the future... He has to earn it first. But he is sexy as sin and hot as a god, and I am only woman. I'm just saying it will happen eventually, but just wanted to make sure you won't hate me a er."

"Nah I won't hate you as long as you don't make my ears bleed by talking about it." I grimace.

As I have always been in love with Zander I have never had a proper boyfriend before, so for the most part I am quite innocent, and as Waverly is as well we don't really talk about sex much, so hopefully Roxanne can point us in the right direction, but definitely not from her experiences with my brother! I want to throw up the four gulps of my brunch bar I had this morning just thinking about it. However, a er prom when I had a little too much of the spiked punch and was trying to fill the Zander shaped hole in my heart with Danny Maguire, I did give him a sneaky blow job in the back of his Mustang. I can't really remember it so I'm not sure if I did well or not, but I certainly remember getting caught by my brother Kai and being grounded for months.

"Trust me; Nell is used to hearing girls gushing about her brothers, and some fake ones who use her to get close to them." Waverly adds in as we move to join the lunch queue.

"Oh never mind actually - it looks like that hoe has already got her claws in him." Roxanne suddenly pouts.

Waverly and I turn to look where she is looking, and notice a rowdy table at the back of the canteen where Isaac, Owen, their friends and a couple of desperate-looking girls are sat, continuously vying for male attention. How disturbing!

"Oh, that's a shame." I mutter quietly as the lunch queue moves on, and I pick up a carton of orange juice and a tuna and sweet corn sandwich.

"Roxie? Hey girl!" An excited woman exclaims before pulling her into a hug.

"Holea? Wow! I haven't seen you since high school, I forgot you came here!" Roxanne exclaims.

"We have so much to catch up on!" "Holea" exclaims.

"Definitely! You have to sit with us girls! These are my new friends Waverly and Nell." Roxanne introduces us to the hot Asian with toned legs that run on for miles.

"Hey." I give her a quick wave as she sweeps her long silky raven-coloured hair with a fuchsia pink highlights behind her shoulders.

"Hello." Waverly smiles sweetly as she moves to pay for her pasta and shortbread.

"It's great to meet you both; you're both like really pretty." She gushes with a friendly smile on her small rosy lips.

"It's lovely to meet you too!" I exclaim, insanely jealousy of her perfectly radiant skin that doesn't have any make-up on it. Only her swallowtail dark eyes have a ring of smoky shadow around them, making them appear sharper like cat's eyes. Her skin is the shade of snow but she pulls it off perfectly, whereas I look ill when I don't have a tan.

We all make the necessary introductions as we go through the lunch queue, waiting for each other at the end. Holea seems very lively and sweet, and I feel as though I already know her whole backstory in ten minutes! She is certainly a very open person.

"So where should we sit?" Waverly asks as we scan the lunch hall for available seats.

It is pretty busy and the noise is terrible - we have to raise our voices just to be heard! At least it smells nice in here though - of sweet cakes and freshly baked bread.

"Hey Nell! Waverly!" We both turn along with the majority of the lunch hall as we hear our names called, noticing my brother Isaac waving us over to his group.

"Wait... is Isaac Brook calling you girls over?" Holea gasps, her mouth gaping wide open.

"Erm yeah, he's my brother." I explain.

"Oh my god oh my god oh my god!" She squeals excitedly, bouncing on her toes. "Please say we're going to sit with them! Please! I have had the biggest crush on Owen since the day I first saw him, and if he knows I am friends with his sister maybe I will finally have a chance with him!"

I don't miss the way Waverly subtly tenses at her words and looks away with worry in her eyes. If only she would admit that she likes him!

"Erm... sure I guess." I shrug; bewildered by the way she is treating my brothers like Royalty.

"Oh my goodness, this is the happiest day of my life! I feel like I might faint!" Holea squeals dramatically, and I notice Waverly roll her eyes behind her back, which causes my eyebrows to shoot up - Waverly is never rude or mean to anyone! I think someone has a little case of the green-eyed monster...

"Ok let's go then." Roxanne motions for us to leave, and I can tell that she is excited to sit with them even though she is trying to play it cool.

Goodness, is every single one of my friends harbouring a crush on one of my brothers?

**Hey guys! What do you think of the book so far? xx**

**Edited**

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