

Chapter 20

--*-*-*Sam*-*-*-*-*

I grabbed my food and stood looking around, not knowing what to do.

I was confused as to where I should go.

Outside to my usual place or sit with her?

"Hey come sit with us." Meredith came over, an open smile on her face.

I smiled and followed her as we sat in a table by the far window.

Chelsea was there with a few of her friends, and a couple of football and Soccer players including John.

Meredith held a chair out to me and I sat down, looking down at my plate.

"Sam, I believe you know Chelsea and John. This is Michael my Ma...boyfriend, and his brother Dustin and his girlfriend Ally. " I smiled at Meredith's boyfriend.

He was built, with blonde hair and brown eyes, wearing a football Jersey. His brother looked alike and his girlfriend was a red head with bright green eyes.

"Hey " they said.

John gave me a nod and Chelsea ignored me.

"And these are Brittany,Haley,and Holt. "

I'm sure I wouldn't memorized all the names but I still smiled

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at them.

"Are you in any sports?" Ally asked out no where .

She smiled and I didn't detect any resentmentoff of her.

"No." I smiled sheepishly.

"Well Cheerleading tryouts are soon, Why don't you try?"

I blinked at her surprised.

Me? Cheerleading?No way!

"Ha, that'll be a funny sight." Chelsea snickered.

"Stop being a bitch, Chels. " Meredith scowled.

I was surprised she was defending me.

"Are you scared she could take your place as Captain? " Ally added.

What was happening? They were taking my side against Chelsea.

Chelsea gave them a dirty look before flipping her hair and turning backto her friends.

Meredith looked up suddenly and smiled.

"Hey Don, Chris , sit down."

My back stiffened, as I felt His presence behind me.

"Hi everyone, Sam." Donnoded sitting next to me.

"Hey Don." I smiled then looked down at my tray.

I heard another chair scrape back then Chris sat down across from me.

Why wasn't he sitting next to his girlfriend? I wondered then mentally shook my head.

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Not my problem.

"But forreal Sam try out it'll look great on your transcripts. "
Meredith continued.

I picked at my fruit with my fork, and shrugged.

What can I say? I'm not a really athletic person.

"Try out for what?" Don asked, nudging his shoulder against mine.

"Cheerleading. " I shrugged.

"You? Acheerleader?" Don laughed "That would be a sight. "

I glanced away and down at my plate.

I was being made fun of again.

"Not in a bad way Sam..." Don cursed.

"What he means is go for it, and if you make the team that would be awesome. Right Don?" Meredith intervened.

"That's exactly what I meant." He nodded a little too eagerly.

I scoffed but shrugged it off.

"I'm not good at cheerleading, or any sports for that matter."

"Nonsense " Ally frowned perplexed "Everyone is good at a sport."

"Well I'm not."

Why were they bugging me about sports?

Didn't they get that I didn't want to be in one?

"Ally, Meredith cut it out!" Chris snapped from out of nowhere. I looked up and our eyes met. Sad blue eyes met mine, and I wanted to go comfort him. To lay my hand on his cheek,

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putmy lips on his lips...

I looked away quickly, my face going red. What was I thinking??

"If she doesn't want to join, then don't force her to." Chris continued.

I bristled at that, I didn't need a guy to defend me!

"I'll do it!" I blurted out.

Eyes stared at me, but his blue ones looked confused.

"I'll just need a little help." I added.

"Omg!Of course we'll help , everyday after school!"

Meredithsquealed, hugging me.

I smiled at her but it soon disappeared with Chelsea's next comment.

"That's pathetic, it's like she's your charity project. She'll just embarrass her self out there."

My jaw clenched tightly as I refrained from telling her off.

I didn't need the drama.

But that didn't stop the others.

"Your such a bitch Chelsea. " Ally snapped.

"Quit being a jealous bitch!" Meredith added, her face scrunched up in anger.

"You're just jealous because Chris dumped your ass, and likes someone better than you!" This from Don.

I looked up at Don's words.

Was he implying what I think he was implying?

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"That's enough!" Chris scowled blackly, slamming his fist on the table.

"Sorry",

"Sorry",

"Sorry" They each mumbled.

Finally he glared at Chelsea.

"If you think I'm going to apologize...."

"Apologize." He said a little too calm.

She looked at him for a while then turned with a sigh.

"I'm Sorry," she gritted out.

Then she was gone, the brunette following behind.

The table was awkwardly silent.

"Maybe I should go...?" I got up.

"No's" came from everyone in the table, but only one seemed to matter.

His warm hand was on mine.

"Please, Sam, sit down."

I got lost in his blue eyes, the ones that stared at me pleading.

Finally I nodded and sat back down.

The rest of lunch went by fast, we laughed and talked.

Even John and the other people joined in.

Everytime I would look up, I would catch him staring.

I'd quickly glance down.

I didn't know what to think.

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I was confused.

Don was saying he liked me, but yet he was kissing his girlfriend, or ex girlfriend? I didn't know.

The bell rang before I could confuse myself even more.

We threw our tray away and headed to sixth period.

"Sam? Can I talk to you?" Chris asked coming up.

The girls gave us curious looks but their boyfriends quickly nudged them into the hall. They gave me a Sorry smile then they were gone.

"I'll leave you two alone." Don began to walk away.

I grabbed his hand to stop him.

He gave me a confused look.

The thought of being alone with Chris, in an empty cafeteria did not suit well with me.

Especially since I had thought about kissing him earlier.

"I can't afford another detention." I explained.

Don looked between us and gave Chris a look, that I couldn't quite understand.

"Alright, I'll see you two later." Chris said curtly, before storming off.

I knew he was mad, but what could I do?

I didn't trust him enough to be alone with him. I also didn't trust my feelings.

I didn't want to fall for him even more when I knew he wanted Chelsea, or some other girl who could give him what he wanted.

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I was confused and I didn't know what to make of Don's statement.

I just didn't want to get hurt.

I forced myself not to look at him walk away, it would just make me feel guilty.

"So..." Don said slowly "I'll walk you to class?"

