

## My Dreams, His Reality Trilogy

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### Chapter1

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BOOK 1- MY DREAMS, HIS REALITY-

'People don't want to open a door and walk in to see a live session of porn.'

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Oh. Shit!

My senior year at Ridgeback High couldn't have started on a better note. Not.

Everything was going absolutely perfect, even. I was being less clumsy. I mean, I didn't even trip on air once and that is a considerable feat for me.

Well, until now.

I stared in horror at Melanie whose ~~whole~~ ~~body~~ ~~was~~ ~~now~~ soaked with my orange juice. I don't even know how the whole damn carton ~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~hand~~ and landed on her head, drenching her from head to toe.

The whole cafeteria was silent and everyone was staring at us in anticipation of the coming drama. These people seriously needed to get a life.

Melanie, a power hungry queen bitch was glaring at me. She snarled at me. "You fucking bitch!" She cried and her shrill voice resonated in the walls of the cafeteria.

In a way, I was thankful that it was Melanie and not Amanda who fate decided had to have a bath in my juice. Amanda, the self proclaimed queen bee of the Ridgeback High School is crazier than anyone I have known.

Before Melanie could lunge at me, two hands grabbed her by the waist and pulled her away from me.

Drew was trying his best to keep Melanie from clawing at me, and for that I was grateful. With nails as long as hers, she would definitely be able to scrape my skin off. Drew was Melanie's boyfriend, though what he saw in her was beyond me. He was also my best friend Natalie's brother.

Drew and I had known each other since forever but we weren't really close or anything. We just shared a couple of classes with each other.

And no, I didn't have a crush on him. Sure, he was cute with hazel eyes, black hair and dimples on both sides of his cheeks, but he wasn't my type.

Melanie had always been a slut and no, I was not being judgmental here. She had slept with almost every guy here. But everything changed after her eighteenth birthday, exactly when she got together with Drew. That was seven months ago, and she somehow changed her ways. It was as if one day she decided that she had done enough of sleeping around and wanted to settle down, and who better than Drew, the quiet and attractive guy. What changed, I am still not sure.

Melanie had been mean to both me and my best friends for as long as I could remember.

Just don't call us the three musketeers. Anything but that!

"What's happening here?" Ah! Principal Powers. This man has always had impeccable timing. It's like he has a radar for ongoing teenage drama.

"Hey, Melanie, baby. Calm down." Drew cooed in Melanie's ear.

"Calm down?! How the fuck am I supposed to calm down when this bitch purposely drenched me?" She snarled while pointing her finger at me.

"Language, Ms. Simpson." Principal Powers glared at Melanie.

"Now, Melanie. I am pretty sure that she didn't do it on purpose." Drew tried to diffuse the situation.

Melanie struggled to get out of Drew's grasp. "I am going to kill you" she cried. "Let me go, Drew."

Everyone had their cell phones out and were recording the scene and I was sure that it would be posted on all social networking sites before the lunch period was over.

Did I mention I hate attention?!

And where are your best friends when you need them?!

Drew tightened his hold on Melanie and whispered something in her ear. She stiened with a blush coating her cheeks. She went limp in his arms and leaned back in him. I didn't know Drew had such power over Melanie. What did he even say?

"Ms. Melanie Simpson, care to explain what happened here?" Mr. Powers had moved from his position at the entrance of the cafeteria to besides us.

"Mr. Powers, Zara here deliberately drenched me in her orange juice."

I have had it with her accusations. "You know, Melanie, if I had drenched you on purpose, it wouldn't have been with my orange juice. There is more disgusting stuff in the cafeteria." I scooped. And on cue, murmurs broke around the cafeteria.

"You bitch....." Melanie growled and tried to lunge at me again.

"It would do you good to control your mouth, Ms. Simpson. You're still in school!" Principal Powers said.

"Are you on your fucking period? It wasn't even a good comeback." I snickered. I never talked back like this, what had gotten into me, and in front of the principal too. And judging from other student's expressions they were wondering the same thing. Even Melanie was surprised.

"Girls, enough!" Mr. Powers sighed, "Mr. Drew Jenson, I suggest you take your girlfriend away from here and get her changed into some dry clothes. And as for you, Ms. Zara Hemming, you will clean the mess you created."

Clean the mess I created? I suppose I could do that. There was just a little orange juice which I could easily mop. Better than to concede than argue with the principal and get detention in the process.

"Ok, Principal Powers." I begrudgingly accepted.

"Good." Principal Powers gave us both pointed looks and walked out of the cafeteria.

Melanie smirked at me, picked up her tray and let it fall. "Oh, I guess you will have to clean my mess too", she mocked me in a sickly sweet voice.

Her whole posse stood up from the table and one by one, all of them dropped their plates and laughed. Wow, talk about unity.

Drew looked apologetically at me and dragged Melanie away, who I was sure had much more to say to me.

Her posse of fellow cheerleaders walked out of the cafeteria, swaying their hips, their skirts barely covering their asses, just as the bell rang signifying the end of lunch period.

My hands balled into fists. I just couldn't believe that they did this.