

My Visions His Reality 1

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Chapter 1

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

Oh. S**t!

My senior year at Ridgeback High couldn't have started on a better note. Not. Everything was going absolutely fine. 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 outfit was now soaked with my orange juice. I don't even know how the whole d**n carton of juice flew out of 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 b**h was glaring at me. She snarled at me. "You f**g *h!" 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 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 did he see in her was beyond me. He was also my best friend Natalie's brother.

Drew and I had known each other forever because 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 either side of his cheeks. but he wasn't my type.

Melanie had always been a s*ng 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 f**k am I supposed to calm down when this b**h purposely drenched me?" She snarled while pointing her manicured finger at me.

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

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"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 this 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 stiffened 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 beside 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 scoffed. And on cue, murmurs broke around the cafeteria.

You b**h.... 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 f**ng 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 you 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 could do that. There was just a little orange juice which I could easily mop, Better 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 on the floor. "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 a**, just as the bell rang signifying the end of the lunch period.

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

I was not a pushover but the cafeteria was already empty and I don't think going to Mr. Powers and whining like a child would do me any good.

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I sighed and rubbed my temples. I am going to kill Natalie and Samantha for leaving me alone and getting detention for coming in late.

Everyone must already be on their way to their lockers to attend their classes and here, I would be cleaning the mess I "supposedly created. I could just leave whatever mess

Melanie and her followers created but I didn't want to give them another reason to get on their bad side and get detention.

I sighed and walked out of the cafeteria. Instead of walking towards any next class, like I wanted to, I walked in the direction of the janitor's closet.

The famous janitor's closet where half of the s**ts in our school and lost their virginities. I could actually hear grunts and moans from inside the closet.

Just my luck!

No shocker there. They should sterilize each and every surface in that closet. Poor Mr. Janitor who has to touch the supplies on a daily basis.

I was in a hurry to get to my class, well whatever was left of it, anyway and I really didn't care whose baby-making I interrupted.

After taking a deep breath, I turned the **b and opened the door and inside, I found Harper Cain h**ng up with his girl of the week. Or day. Or hour.

Harper Cain, the obnoxiously good-looking p**oy of the school. With green eyes, soft brown hair, and a height of 6'3", was every girl's dream. The only problem was that he knew how d**n hot he was and he took full advantage of it. Almost 80% of the girls here lost their virginities to him.

What an absolute cliché, a bad boy who never settles down with one girl, broke the hearts of all his ho**ps and girls still pined for him.

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And the rate with which he was going. I was sure he would run out of girls to have sex with. But yeah, there was another high school not too far from here, so I don't think he was worried much about that. Ew.

Oh, and I hate him. Shocker! If only he could respect girls more and not treat them like shit. He slept with my sister two years ago when she was a senior and we were sophomores. He didn't even have the decency to stay the morning after they had sex. I mean, how did he even get to score with a senior? Apparently, nothing is impossible for the high and mighty Cain,

Harper didn't even have the decency to lock the door and they didn't even notice me. I mean, hello, people don't want to open a door and walk in to see a live session of porn.

The victim of the week was Maria Wilson, who was supposed to be a goody two-shoes nerd. Again, I'm not judging anyone, I'm just saying what I see it. Is there no end of Harper's charm?! Apparently not.

His body was a work of art if only his ego wasn't too big. His body was lean and muscular as if all he did was play with weights. And I could see a six-pack too. Is he on steroids? I mean, can seventeen years old boys even have such chiseled bodies? so hard that I was sure her a** would have his hand His d***k was still inside her and he was rocking his hips none too gently. Maria cried and moaned in pleasure at every thrust. Her back was arched and her eyes were closed. He was gripping her imprints. His other hand supported her by gripping her lower back. His abdomen muscles flexed at each and every thrust. I had a full view of Maria's backside and it was a sight I will never be able to forget. I am literally, scarred for life.

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For a second, I forgot why I was here and wondered what it would be like to hold Harper's arms when they flexed when he was inside me and I moaned in pleasure.

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Chapter I

Wait, what?

I shook my head to clear my head of these thoughts. I needed to control these traitorous whore-mones.

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He sucked her breast as if they were just going to ooze out the drink of the gods. He bit her already pink nipple which made her moan so loud. I was afraid it would bring everyone out of their classes to check out the source of the sound.

Awkward much.

I cleared my throat but I got no response. They were still going at it like rabbits.

Disgusting.

I cleared my throat with more force. Harper opened one of his eyes and looked at me.

He still didn't let go of her nipple.

He raised an eyebrow but didn't stop thrusting.

Oh God!

"I, um, was j- just 1- looking for some cleaning supplies."

He didn't stop, instead just grabbed Maria and wrapped her legs around his waist.

Okay?!

Maria was still in her own bliss. I don't think she even knew that lunch period was over and she had to get to class.

Leaving her nipple, he grunted and looked at me. "What the f**k are you waiting for? Grab whatever you need." And went -back to sucking on her other boob.

Great! Just **ng great!

I gingerly entered the already crammed closet and grabbed whatever I needed to clean the cafeteria floors. They didn't stop even once and I bumped into them so many times. I wondered if I had contracted a venereal disease by just being in the same room as Harper Cain.

I gathered all the supplies, maintaining as much distance I could from the h**y couple. "Get out, already. And close the d**n door." Harper growled.

Wow, Harper could not have been more of an idiot.

If I wasn't so out of my wits, I would have given him a witty retort.

Instead, I just grabbed the cleaning supplies and closed the d**n door.

If it was possible, Maria's moans got even louder. How in the world had no one heard her yet?

If Maria's moans were anything to draw my conclusion from, I was sure I now knew the reason why girls pined for him even after he left them hanging.

I cringed at my thought.

A guy who looked like a Greek god and f**d like one too.

Ah, cafeteria, here I come.

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My life is so much better than Harper Cain, anyway. Not.