

## Chapter3

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"Can you just go back to being oblivious to my existence, like you have been for the past several years, Harper?"

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I was more than twenty minutes late for my English class. And, of course, my English class was at the other end of the school. Great. The universe hates me!

Don't get me wrong! It wasn't like I was dying to get to class; it's just that I had never been late to class before and the thought somehow disturbed me, even if being late wasn't entirely my fault. Scratch that! It wasn't my fault at all.

I ran all the way, as fast as my legs would carry me and guess what, Ms. Wilson wasn't even there, and here I was where I could catch my breath. Wow. Talk about being responsible.

As I walked in the classroom, the chatter ceased and everyone looked up. When everyone realized that it was just me and not the teacher they redirected their attention to whatever they were doing before.

I scanned the classroom for an empty seat and the only seat available was the one in front of Harper Cain, who was busy sucking some girl's face off.

This guy has some serious hormonal issues, I tell you. His behavior is definitely not normal.

She wasn't even the same girl I saw him in the janitor's closet with. What was her name again, Maria, was it?! I mean, literally. What. The. Hell.

Could he be more of a douchebag?!

He wasn't even kissing her subtly or trying to be discrete about it. He was full on thrusting his tongue in the poor girl's throat. She was sitting on his lap and was moaning his name between kisses. Just by looking, I was pretty sure he was hurting her boob by groping her so hard. Guess what, she didn't even mind. What has the world come to?!

I mean, was it just me or did anyone else think that this kind of behavior was highly inappropriate in public?!

Can he even breathe without some sort of girl hanging from his arm or clinging to his tongue like her life depended on it?!

Disgusting.

If it was up to me, I would just sit in the other corner of the room, far away from this walking STD of a man child. Preferably, I would stay in the other corner of the school from him.

I dropped my books on the desk and sat on the last seat available, in front of Harper. Very reluctantly, I may add.

Being this near, I could hear every sigh, gasp and moan.

Kill me already. It was way past being uncomfortable.

What games is the universe playing with me?!

I took out my phone from my jeans, plugged in my earphones and blared some music, loud enough to shut out the sounds coming from behind me.

After two songs, the door burst open and Ms. Wilson walked in with the material of her cashmere blouse, her buttons undone and her hair sticking in a million different directions. Is there really drool on the side of her face? Was she really sleeping all this time? So fucking professional.

Still a little breathless, she asked us to open our books to page 320 and tried to smooth out the wrinkles in her blouse. Keyword being tried.

I rolled my eyes at the immature behavior.

I took out my ear plugs and shoved my phone back into my jeans.

"Psst."

"Psst." Someone tapped me on the shoulder and I turned around to look at Harper, who was leaning forward in his seat to talk to me.

"What?" I hissed.

"Do you have a pen?"

I sighed and decided that he wasn't worth the effort of arguing. Of course! What more did I expect from him?! I just simply rummaged through my bag and handed him a pen.

After about two minutes, his breath fanned my neck. "Psst."

"What?" I asked, without turning around.

"Hi, I am Harper." I could imagine the infamous smirk on his face, which all bad boys like to sport.

OH MY GOD. Was he fucking serious? He was hitting on me? Right in the middle of class? And just after I saw him sucking someone else's face not too long ago?

"Yeah I know." I gritted my teeth. I just wanted to keep this conversation as short as possible, if you could even call my short, clipped retorts a conversation.

I turned my attention back to the front of the classroom where Ms. Wilson was just droning on about some novel which was in our syllabus.

"Psst."

I ignored him.

"Psst."

Just ignore him.

"Psst." He tapped on my shoulder. I ignored him and copied whatever I thought Ms. Wilson was talking about.

"Psst." Tap. "Psst." Tap. "Psst.". Tap. "Psst."

"What the hell, Harper?" I hissed, careful to keep my voice low enough so I won't attract attention but could easily pass as venomous.

His lips twitched in a smirk and his eyes twinkled mischievously. "Not my fault. You were the one who was ignoring me."

Yes, douchebag. Now get the message. I am ignoring you because I don't want to talk to you. Don't you have a brain?!

"Can you just go back to being oblivious to my existence, like you have been for the past several years, Harper?"

"Aw, come on. You have my attention now. I am making up for lost time."

I could still feel his smirk even though I was facing forwards and wasn't looking back at him. I rolled my eyes and resisted the urge to groan out loud.