

Chapter 285

Ashley's pov

I settle my bag on the desk and place my elbows on the wooden surface. My palms support my chin as I looked at front. The teacher wasn't here yet and neither was Ryan. As usual he was late.

The door opens and a dark haired girl enters. Her bag is securely in her grasp,her head bowed as she swiftly walks my way. I had never gotten the courage to speak to her since we never sat close or crossed paths after this class.

She was the same girl that Ryan knocked into on her first day here. I am surprised when she sits on the vacant chair beside me. She huffs throwing her bag on the desk not so gently.

"Woah easy there tiger." I teased. Her head snaps to the source of the voice, which was me. Widening my eyes and blushing in embarrassment, I quickly mumble an apology.

" Sorry, this isn't how I wanted to introduce myself." I mumble embarrassed, straightening my spine. I push my hand towards her. "I'm Ashley." I smile tilting my head to the side to examine her.

Up this close I could see her face dotted with tiny freckles. Her cheeks puffy and lashes long enough to have me bent them. Her brown colored eyes look at me with uncertainty, like how a deer would react. With caution.

Finally seeing that I wasn't a threat she takes my hand in her slightly larger hand. But then again many people had bigger hands than I. "I'm Kimberly." Her voice is surprisingly childlike unlike her hard exterior.

We pull away smiling at each other. I then cleared my throat. "I know it's two months too late but I would like to sincerely apologize for my friend knocking into you on your first day." I apologize. "Ryan can be a bit." I search my brain for the word to describe my crazy friend. "Much."

Her eyes suddenly turn to anger as if remembering Ryan. "Oh he's the guy who didn't have manners to help a girl up when he's the cause of her falling." She grumbles nodding.

I smile sheepishly."Right he's the one."

Her eyes narrow." He seems to be a self centered asshole." She humpths.

I know she was angry at him but she had no right to judge him by that little accident. Ryan was a sweetheart, annoying, but always had good intentions.

"He's an amazing guy, he was just in a rush that particular morning. You should get to know him before judging." I defended.

"Those two months I have spent in this school, I got to know your friend Ryan. He's a boy who sleeps around, thinks he's the king of humor oh and is always late." She says sarcastically. "So no thank you to getting to know him, I think I'll pass."

Seems to me that she had been keeping tabs on him.If so then she already knew I was his friend. It would hardly go unnoticed, we were joined at the hip. Not as much as Blake and I but close enough.

As soon as she was done speaking the door opens and in walks in a half tired Ryan. He struts over to me, clearly expecting the seat beside mine to be vacant. He always sits beside me but looks like Kimberly beat him to it.

He stops in his tracks and blinks as if the image of Kimberly sitting beside me would suddenly disappear. Eventually he sees that she was in fact still there. "You're in my seat dory." He states like it was obvious.

I nearly choked on my saliva. What in the God's name? Why would he call her dory? I am about to scold him for referring to her as a fish when Kimberly decides to speak up.Not the slightest friendly I might add.

"As far as I know, the seats do not belong to anyone. It's the school's property. If you have a problem I suggest you go somehow else. Preferably a pig's sty. I saw a poster outside earlier, one of the pigs seemed to be missing. I guess I found him." She retorts and flips her long her over her shoulder.

My mouth slacken and so does Ryan's. We were both shocked at her words. Ryan narrows his eyes and glares. "How dare-"

"Ryan just go sit behind her, there's an empty chair there." I cut him off not wanting them to make a scene.

Knowing Ryan he'd spit out words he'd later regret. And I had no doubt Kimberly would answer him back with one of her sarcastic retorts.

I got to hand it to her, the girl really didn't care that she was arguing with one of the popular boy's at this school. She must really hate his guts.

He looks to be contemplating before he humpths and walks to sit behind her. She looks forward not sparing him a second glance.

The teacher enters and we begin class. A few second later I realized that for the first time, Ryan was a tad bit earlier than the teacher.

The rest of the class goes somewhat smoothly with the occasional remarks from Ryan and the sarcastic retorts from Kimberly. Ryan even went extreme by kicking the back of her chair in a childish manner because one of her retorts for to him. Honestly they both were acting like kids.

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"So did you send in your application yet?" Ryan ask as we walked down the hallway. We were heading to lunch.

I shook my head, biting my lip. "I haven't made up my mind which college I want to head to. " I mumble truthfully.

"My dad wants me to go to Yale." He grumbles. You see even though Ryan was always the late worm in class and a joker. He was very intelligent. I had no doubt that he would get in.

"Mine too. But I was more thinking of Harvard." I shrug. Suddenly I felt the urge to pee. "I'll meet you in the cafeteria, I need to pee." I rushed out turning around to head to the bathroom.

"Okay!" He shouts after me.

My feet is quick as I brush pass students. I'm relieved when I see the bathroom's door. Entering inside I rush to one of the vacant stall. After relieving myself I'm alarmed when I hear a soft cry coming from one of stall. The crying gets more intense an I feel the sudden urge to ask if whoever wasin there if they were okay.

I get out of the stall, opening the door softly. The bathroom is empty except for me and the girl who was busy crying her eyes out. I walk over to the stall that the girl was in.

I chewed on my lip and clutch the strap of my bag. Finally getting the courage enough to speak I ask. "Are you okay?" It comes out soft and I doubted she heard me.

But the crying stop and the voice of the girl who loathed me speaks up. "What do you want?" Stacy hisses opening the door.