

Don't Leave Me, Mate

Chapter 2[1,224 words]

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He looked at me with a frown, but then he nodded his head

"Whatever," he muttered in a deep voice as he walked past me.

When he walked away from me, I closed my eyes, remembering his attractive cologne. I realized it was the first time we had spoken.

"Hey, Nerdy. Why are you alone? Did you think any of us would count you as a beautiful lonely girl?" A boy paused and said to me.

I did not argue with him; in fact, I never argued with anyone because I was afraid that if I did, they would bully me or lie about me to the dean, causing problems for my mother. Except for my three well-wishers, I tried to avoid interacting with others.

"Robin, stop it and come on. We don't have time for your nonsense," Ian spoke up from a little distance from me.

I turned my head toward him. He was looking at the boy who was standing beside me.

That boy named Robin walked to him and said,

"You should not have stopped me. I was making fun of that nerd."

"Still no time for your nonsense," Ian said as he walked ahead, running his fingers through his wet locks.

"Why did Ian save this girl?" I heard whispers from the girls around me.

I stared at Ian's back until he went another way and disappeared from my sight.

"AVA"

I turned around and saw Luke waving at me, so I went over to him.

He was a top student in his third year, the same year as Ian.

"I was waiting for you," Luke said, holding a sports bag over his shoulder.

Luke was the basketball captain of Ian's opposing team, 'Red Flamor'. Ian was the captain of the team 'Black Diamonds'.

"I ran into someone and ended up being late," I replied.

"You mentioned that you needed my help with statistics."

"Oh yeah."

"Let's go to the library."

"Good idea. I'm telling Abigail to get there."

"Okay."

Together, we made our way to the library. That was how we met a few months ago.

He was a top student, and I was trying to solve math problems. He assisted me and offered to help me study. Following that, he met my friends, and we

all grew close. But he also had other friends.

We went to the library and started our study.

Later on, Abigail joined us. Besides her, there was Debra, my other friend.

She was a very sweet girl. She was

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fashionable and trendy.

"I am throwing a good party tonight," Luke spoke out.

"Where?" Debra asked.

"In my guest house."

"Okay, that's good news."

Luke turned to me and said,

"You have to come tonight."

I was stunned. "What? But you know I can't come to any parties."

"Why not? I will talk to Aunt Angela."

"No, no. She will not allow me. By the way, I don't want to go there either."

Abigail interrupted our conversation and assured, "Luke, I will bring her there."

Later they persuaded me to go to the party.

In the evening,

Abigail came to my house.

My black t-shirt and my baggy blue jeans were flexible enough to cover up my body type.

"Please wear something nice, Babe. I mean, these are not bad, but you should wear some party dresses," Abigail said, starting to check my closet.

She turned her head with disappointment. "Not a single dress to wear at parties," she said.

"I told you all. Parties are not my thing. I should not go there."

"Wait, no! I didn't mean it. You are my best friend. I was just saying this because I wanted to give you a hot look. Forget about my words. You look good."

I chuckled at her panic reaction. I pulled all of my hair toward the back of my head in a low ponytail.

I pulled out two thick hair stands to cover my face. I reached for my glasses and put them on.

"Do you know how beautiful you are? Why are you hiding yourself like this?" Abigail asked.

I turned around and smiled at her. "This is not called hiding myself. This is me."

Abigail removed her long black coat and offered it to me.

"Wear it."

"No, there is no need for it," I said, admiring her hot purple dress, which fit her body perfectly.

She wrapped her coat around me. "This is just a coat. You have to wear it. You will get a cold."

After putting on the coat, I looked at myself in the mirror.

"What about you?" I asked her.

"I don't need it anyway." She winked.

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After leaving my house, we got into her car. She was rich enough to have her own car. Her father was a successful businessman, so buying an expensive car for his daughter was nothing to him.

However, Abigail never treated me arrogantly.

As I leaned against the seat, I looked outside the window.

After about an hour, we arrived at Luke's guesthouse, I hotel a large number of cars parked outside.

As soon as I entered the house, I was greeted by thick smoke and loud music from the moment.

As Abigail and I made our way through the crowd of people I grasped her hand tightly.

The entire house was transformed into a nightclub. Here and there, people were drinking beer in red cups; some

of them were even holding bottles. Some boys and girls were talking and moving their legs to music.

"Ava, Abigail."

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Debra rushed over to us when she noticed us. She looked pretty and gorgeous, as always.

She hugged Abigail, then me. "I am so glad you have come. must say that Abigail works some real magic. How did she handle your mother?"

"My mom wasn't at home," I said.

"Shit! You shouldn't have said it. They might think I am a genius," Abigail uttered.

We laughed together.

"Let's go to Luke. He must be at the poolside," Abigail said to me.

We made our way to the poolside, with Abigail leading the way because she had been here three times before.

"There he is!" Abigail said this when she found Luke when we arrived at the poolside.

Luke was talking with a group of boys. Abigail walked up to him. I was trailing her behind. But something caught my eye, and my steps came to a halt.

I noticed that some boys and girls were cheering for something.

When I turned around, I saw a boy wearing a black blindfold.

It was Ian Dawson!

He was in black jeans and a sleeveless black jacket, revealing his tattoos.

His jacket's half-chain was unzipped. He was not wearing a t-shirt inside, which gave him an extremely hot appearance.

The girls were giggling as he moved around, walking closer to them so he could catch them at any time.

It looked like he was playing blind man's buff with the girls. His friends were drinking while having fun with the game as if it were a dare for him to catch a specific girl.

My eyes widened when I saw he was coming in my direction. I took a few steps back. However, he kept coming toward me.

I turned around when he was almost there. But before I could move to the other side, a hand grabbed my wrist and drew me to a firm chest.

Everyone became silent around us.

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I was shocked by the closeness. His touch made my whole body freeze.

He chuckled and bit his lower lip as if he could hear my rapid heartbeat.

His lips caught my attention. He had a mole in the center of his lower lip. It struck me as the world's most beautiful sight. 1

He slowly lifted his hands and took off his blindfold.

But the moment the black cloth was removed from his eyes his smile faded.

"You!"