Ugly Crushes

Chapter 10

Bella

Ace joined his team, he exchanged low ves with everyone, signaling the start of practice. In court, Ariella, Nancy, and Meera shot me death glares before commencing their routines. Fiona, rising from her seat, took the spot next to me.

"You should have taken their warning more seriously, Arabella," Fiona remarked, her gaze xed on the players in action.

I watched as Ace effortlessly dominated the court, his agility outshining even Marcus, our

school's former star player. It was watching Marcus excel that had initially stirred feelings within me, but now, compared to Ace, he seemed merely average. The tension between Ace and Marcus had been palpable over the past few days, with Ace noticeably less friendly towards Marcus. This friction between them was one reason I was ne with engaging with Ace. Another was to provoke Ariella. In both regards, Ace proved to be a supportive ally.

"You don't understand—"

"No, you need to understand. Your friend is in the wrong, and instead of addressing it, you and her other minions are enabling her," I interjected sharply, my attention momentarily

him was met with my silent disdain.

diverted as Ace ashed me a bright smile and waved.

Ariella and her team witnessed the interaction, and Nancy, in shock, tumbled from her position. I waved back and attempted a smile in Ace's direction, but Marcus

misinterpreted the gesture as intended for him. He waved back, his smile sending a surge

of frustration through me, tempting me to hurl a rock at him.

Disregarding Marcus, I turned my attention to Fiona. Despite my past admiration for Ariella, I never condoned her wrongdoing. In my eyes, she was always kind and awless, until reality revealed her as the most deceitful person I'd ever known.

Sympathy tugged at my heartstrings as I regarded her. She was deeply ensnared in Ariella's manipulation.

"You don't need to apologize," I assured her, just as Marcus scored. Another smile from

"I'm sorry on their behalf," Fiona offered, ngers curling around her cross necklace.

thoughts.

Marcus, on the other hand, ran his hand through his hair, his eyes lingering in our direction.

I rolled my eyes in response, only to catch Fiona's dreamy stare xed on him.

how attractive he looked. Quickly averting my gaze, I pushed aside any unnecessary

Ace conversed with his teammates, wiping sweat from his brow. I couldn't help but notice

Oh no!

Don't tell me...

Fiona's eyes were xed on him as he drank water, wiped his sweat, and returned to the

court. She was looking at him with the same intensity I once looked at Marcus.

"Do you like him?" I asked her bluntly, and she stared at me like a deer caught in headlights.

She scoffed, "I don't! I don't!"

"You like Marcus," I stated plainly.

"What?" Her tone grew pitchy.

She liked Marcus, the asshole!

"It's written all over your face," I countered, observing her face turning red, making her crush on him even more obvious.

She grabbed my hand, "You can't tell anyone. Only Ari knows about this, and she's been helping me."

Oh God! What a cruel joke!

"She's been helping you? How?" I inquired, intrigued by the revelation.

Fiona beamed. "I told you she's not all bad. She orchestrates our interactions. I've been able to talk to him because of her—they've known each other for a while. Ari guides me and supports me. She even thinks Marcus might like me too, so I'm hopeful."

My attention ickered back to the cheerleading practice. True to Ace's word, Sally led the

team. Clad in blue and yellow uniforms with "Westwood" emblazoned on their bags and a

Ariella and her squad cheered, chanted, and danced in perfect synchronization. Nancy

lion logo, they moved with precision and grace.

me.

With a wink, he rose and left.

I shook my head. "No," I replied.

Marcus was my problem, not his.

withdrew my hand.

glares.

Fiona's confession conrmed my worst fears: she was Ariella's next victim.

and experience.

Finally, practice came to a close. Fiona headed off to join her so-called friends, leaving me to observe Ace and Sally deep in conversation—likely discussing my request.

appeared to be the yer, while Meera served as one of the bases. They exuded condence

He began to drink from his water bottle. "It was ne," I said, about to leave, when he grabbed my hand and rooted me to my place.

My brows furrowed, and I pulled my hand away from his grip, causing him to release it.

"You look like you were enjoying the view. Were you, Arabella?" he asked, leaning closer to

Then, Marcus's voice shattered my thoughts. "How did you like the game?" he asked,

wiping his neck with a towel as he settled beside me, his proximity making me uneasy.

"Any problem here?" Ace interjected, and I breathed a sigh of relief, though I noticed Marcus briey clenching his jaw.

"No, Arabella and I were just having a little chat," Marcus said with a smile, directing his

gaze at me. "You should come by more to watch the game. All support is appreciated."

"Dumb piece of s**t!" I muttered under my breath.

"Was he bothering you?" Ace asked.

team. Are you still interested in cheerleading?"

As Ariella shot us a glare, I rose, subtly provoking her by patting Ace's bicep. "Yeah, I'll go

morning Pilates routine, I felt condent about my chances.

damp hair indicating he had just bathed, back in casual attire.

"Ace, hi," Ariella greeted, appearing out of nowhere.

"I'll be back in 15 minutes. Don't go anywhere this time, wait for me here," Ace instructed, handing me his water bottle before departing.

Sally and I discussed my potential involvement. She scheduled an interview for the

following day to assess my balance, exibility, and skills. Thanks to my gym workouts and

However, I anticipated trouble from Ariella once she learned of my interest in joining the

Turning, I spotted Sally conversing with Ariella. Sally noticed me and waved.

"I talked to Sally," Ace began, changing the subject. "They need a new member for the

talk to Sally. Why don't you freshen up?" I suggested, feeling a pang of awkwardness as I

cheerleading team.

After Sally departed, Meera approached me aggressively. "You don't f****g understand, do you?!" she spat.

"What the f**k is going on here?" Ace's voice cut through the tension as he approached, his

causing Meera to stumble.

"Don't misunderstand. Meera was just offering Arabella some guidance about

cheerleading. Just a few tips. She got a little carried away, that's all. Everything's cool,"

Ace looked at me for conrmation, and I returned their gaze. "Thanks for the tips, guys. I'll

keep them in mind. Let's go, Ace," I said, prompting Ariella and Nancy to shoot me death

Ariella lied, and I sensed Meera's embarrassment as she averted her eyes.

Ace stood by my side and addressed Meera, "What did you say to her?" He inquired,

As we left, I noticed Marcus walking, with Fiona trailing behind him like a lost puppy.

"Why do you think so?" I inquired as we passed by the library path where I rst met Ace on my rst day.

commented, making a crazy gesture with his nger, eliciting a smile from me.

"They do seem to have that kind of nature. Something's seriously off with them," he

After the tour, I checked the time—it was already ve in the evening. Damn, I was late, tired,

"Thanks for showing me around," I expressed gratitude as we walked toward the exit, the

"No problem. About the presentation, we only have the weekend to nish it, so we need to

The school was indeed a labyrinth, with numerous twists and turns among the mini-

"Who? Meera and her gang?" I asked as we strolled past the auditorium.

As Ace showed me around, he asked, "Do they bother you?"

buildings. No wonder this school had such a big hype.

and hungry. Thank goodness tomorrow is the weekend.

work tomorrow and the day after too," Ace reminded me.

school nearly deserted as we stepped out.

"Yeah, I was thinking the same. So, same place?" I inquired.

"Well, I was thinking it would take a long time, and we should work in a comfortable

Sensing my hesitation, he added, "Or I could come to your place. And if you're not

environment. How about you come to my house?" he suggested, putting me on high alert.

Mom will be at home tomorrow. "Come over to my place tomorrow. I'll text you the time and location," I agreed, and he ashed a grin.

comfortable, that's ne too; we can work at the café. Whatever suits you."

I was growing irritated by his niceness. "I'm good. Goodbye, Ace. See you tomorrow," I replied, preparing to walk away.

About to leave, he offered, "Bella, I have my car with me. I can drop you off if you want."

"The bus already left an hour ago. How will you get back?" he questioned, furrowing my brows.

"How did you know I take the school bus?" I retorted.

"I saw you yesterday, Bella. I understand if you still see me as a stranger, but I'd be worried

if you went alone. Can you send your location to your parents, and I can drop you home?"

he proposed.

I didn't know what to say. No one was that nice, and I didn't trust him.

He shrugged nonchalantly. "There's no harm in being kind."

pleasant scent. After setting up my location, he drove us away.

"You've done a lot for someone who still considers you a stranger," I remarked.

I hoped that's all he was trying to be—kind, and nothing else.

"Thank you," I said, accepting his offer. He went to fetch his car, which looked outrageously expensive, tting his wealthy status. I opened the door, got in, and was greeted by a