

It was then that I saw him. His glistening eyes were overwhelming as he leaned against that rigid locker screening that oh-so-perfect smile. How I wished he would look at me, boring his beautiful eyes into mine while it was me who was standing at that locker. He played with her fake blonde straw like hair. You could tell it had been dyed numerous times. Urghh, I was so jealous. I loathed her with all my heart. Boys fell down for me; they carried my books and did anything for me to even glance in their direction. However, he wasn't like that. He likes the 'plain' sort of girl. He was a 'plain' boy. Yeah, he was really plain, with those beautiful soulful eyes and shockingly white teeth. His hair was a dark brown colour, short and velvety. The body he stood was dressed casually in some local George jeans and a t-shirt from T-Max. So plain, yet so inviting. He looked over at me, scanning the busy hallway. I flustered and moved my eyes to another area. Of course, that area was where my so-called boyfriend was chatting up a girl in a lower year. Her name was Ashley, Year 11. I knew the in's and out's of this school, and I am definitely not going to be humiliated by a younger tramp trying to get onto my man, no matter how much he cheats on me.

Inside, it hurt like hell. Aaron and I has been going out for about four months now, and within that time I had been cheated on five times. I want to break up with him. My boisterous brother was always down my throat telling me what a fool I am and how I don't deserve a player like him. He didn't understand anything of school life. I have to be on top of everything. I have to be the one with the hot boyfriend. I have to be the one with the good grades and good parents. I'm Anna Richards and I have to stay on top.

Damn, that constant ringing really did my head in. Ring ring ring. Can't this school comprehend that we understand by two simple rings when our next classes are? Ring ring ring. This bell went on for like a good minute and was dangerously loud. The worst thing is that they felt the need to have about three speakers in every corridor.

I made my way towards Art when two muscled arms wrapped around my stomach. God I hated when he did that, he knew how to make me forgive him. Arghh.

"Hey, honey", he said to me lovingly. Yeah right lovingly. I don't think he knew I witnessed his shenanigans with that desperate cow.

"Hi sweetie. Hows your day been?" I responded with a fake affectionate smile. This would be a good time to play around with him. I shifted my hands from my waist to the back of his neck and stepped in for a hug. He smiled and left me with a simple kiss on my rosy lips. "Hmmm, I love when you hold me like that" he murmured into my neck. Any girl in this school would be lucky to have a guy with his muscled arms and broad shoulders hold her like this. But for me, it was nothing. Granted, I like him a lot. But at the same time I couldn't help thinking of him as a friend with benefits.

People thought me as a girl version of a player, but definitely not a slut. I had enough respect from my school mates and no one would dare call me any vulgar word or it will get around and I would easily catch it, and the person who started the rumour. However, Aaron was a player. And he did not care what other thought about that, he just wanted some when he couldn't have it. I wasn't an easy prize and he couldn't always have me when he wanted. So, I guess I can blame myself for our separation and his feelings towards any girls. Whatever.

My thoughts were interrupted when he planted a quick peck on my cheek when he was about to set off for his next class. Just as the corridor was clearing and he was running off with his mates, I kept a hold of him and pulled him closer. Teasing him as I

moved my lips to his ear whispering lowly, “How’s Ashley?” He looked stunned, as I let go and made my way towards Art. I couldn’t hear any footsteps behind me so I knew he wasn’t following to apologize. I was quite disappointed. Suddenly I thought of myself breaking up with him and how it would be. It would be hard and lonely at first but I can easily get another boy, and I knew there was a line waiting.

Whilst I was daydreaming, he came into my mind again. Damn that boy. All I could picture was his amazing face and body which made even George clothes look good. That was saying something. I wore nothing less than DKNY and hardly ever spent less than £120 on a shopping trip. I wondered his name...

Before I knew it, lunch time had arrived and I could smell the delicious aroma coming from the canteen. I walked out from the art studio and already saw the long line of helpless students. It would be very easy for me to cut in, what with my skills to charm the stubborn dinner ladies, and of course any student who wanted to be popular would definitely make way for me.

I carelessly was walking the corridor to my locker when I suddenly bumped into something and landed harshly on the floor. My eyes were closed as I tried to relieve the pain. I heard his voice. He was the one from before. The one in the George clothes. I really need to get his name one time, I wonder how he would find me referring to him as ‘the boy in George clothes’.

Humaira & Siddiq