

Love me, as simple as that...

Love me, as simple as that...

By : **BlackOrchid**

I'm really not good for summaries... But I really hope you read the story...



Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/BlackOrchid

Copyright © BlackOrchid, 2013
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Love me, as simple as that...

Table of Contents

Love me, as simple as that... Chapter 1

Love me, as simple as that... Chapter 2

Love me, as simple as that... Chapter 3

Love me, as simple as that... Chapter 4

Love me, as simple as that... Chapter 5

Love me, as simple as that...

Chapter 1

Chapter 1

This morning, I woke up happy. I had the feeling that something was gonna happen but I couldn't tell what exactly. I stopped the alarm on my cell phone blasting "Queen of Winter" by Cain's offering at top volume and got out of bed. Leslie was already in the kitchen by the time I got dressed and grabbed my book bag, already sipping coffee and eating a bowl of cereal.

"Good morning, sunshine" I greeted with a smile on my face as I entered.

"Good morning, dear, you look happy today" She exclaimed.

"Yeah, I don't know, I have the feeling something's gonna happen today...and I'm really looking forward to what it might be..." I answered, already with a bowl of cereal in my hand.

"Ok, you better go find out then! Haha!" She said as she finished her breakfast. Have an awesome day today, Alice! You'll rock this joint, I'm sure of that" She exclaimed as she finished washing the dishes and went to her room ready for class.

Leslie was starting first year of Medicine today. She has already done a whole year of Pharmacy so today it's not her actual first day of college. Me, on the other hand, I was starting my first year of English teacher and was completely psyched about it.

I finished eating and washing everything, went to the bathroom to brush my teeth and everything and found Leslie at the door. We were attending the same college, even though our careers were completely different, and we lived a few blocks away from campus so we were walking there.

"Shall we?" I asked beaming a smile at her.

"Let's go" She answered with a wink of her eye.

When we reached campus, we said goodbye and went our separate ways as our buildings were pretty far from one another. As I turned to head to the English building I stopped on my tracks. I had never seen someone like that before. It was like a Greek god had come down to earth to delight us mere humans with his beauty. He was near the entrance to my building and had a small group of people around him, mostly girls.

I opened my bag to get my schedule while still looking at him when, all of a sudden, he looks up at me. I turned my gaze immediately down to the paper in my hand. But I still felt the burning sensation of his eyes on me. I just couldn't stand how those chocolate brown eyes had made my insides feel all tingly. I tried miserably to focus on my timetable.

"Ok, let's see...Grammar I first and second period in room 209" Stealing a glance at Mr. Hotty over there while reaching for my phone to look at the time.

"Oh, my...I have 5 minutes to get to class or I'll be late" I thought as I looked at the hour. I put everything away while heading for the front door.

As I looked up, I saw Mr. Hotty again looking at me. I dropped my gaze as I went in. As I passed him on my way in, I couldn't help but notice that he was wearing a contact on his left eye which puzzled me quite a lot. I got to class still thinking about that as the last bell went off. I was just on time. The teacher gave me mean eyes as I took one of the last two remaining seats at the last row of the class, while the teacher called the row. You'll never guess who came in not more than two minutes later...

"I'm glad to see you decided to join us, Mr. Gage" The teacher said so I looked up and saw him. Mr. Hotty was in the same class as I was which I couldn't believe. And I was breathless when I recalled where the last empty seat was. I know it sounds totally cliché but why did he have to sit next to me?

Class passed in a total blur as I tried to focus on the teacher and failed completely and my mind drifted to a certain someone sitting on my right. When the bell finally rang, I jumped out of my seat and got out of that suffocating room as fast as I could, earning a couple of confused stares from my classmates but I couldn't help it, I needed to get out of there as fast as I wanted to be able to breathe normally ever again.

Did I forget to mention that I caught him staring at me quite a few times during class? I know it sounds kind of stalkerish that I turned to him so much but I couldn't help it. It was like he had a magnetic pull on me, which I couldn't resist.

But still, I couldn't help but wonder why he only wore a single contact lens...

Chapter 2

Chapter 2

As I got out of the building, I started searching for Leslie. We had agreed to meet by one of the benches amongst the tallest trees to chat so I could tell her how everything was going. I spotted her immediately and almost screamed in happiness when I reached her. I was so excited already.

"You'll never believe me when I tell you this, Mixi!" I exclaimed with a huge smile on my face, using her favourite nickname.

"Tell me, tell me, what happened?" She asked giggling desperately as I sat facing her. As I was about to start the recounts of what had happened so far, I felt a light touch on my right shoulder. I turn around and you'll never believe who was standing behind me with something that looked remarkably like my notebook in his hand. I immediately stand up and turn to face...

Yes, Mr. Hotty a.k.a Mr. Gage, my mysterious classmate and one of the only boys in class.

"Yes?" I ask, trying to focus on what he is about to say and not on his delectably full lips.

"I'm sorry to bother you but I think this belongs to you" He says with a small smile and a thick british accent, showing me my notebook. I'm so caught up in the soft sound of his voice that I freeze until I feel a poke in my butt (courtesy of Leslie) and I come back down to Earth.

"Oh, yes, thank you very much. I hadn't noticed I had left it there" I exclaim with an apologetical look.

"No problem. See you in class, Alice" He says with a wave as he turns to leave. I wave silently and turn to find Leslie with a shocked expression on her face and her mouth falling open.

"Don't do that or your face will stay like that!" I laugh.

"Oh my Jacob! Who was that?" She asks happily with a mischeavous look on her face. "And how does he know your name?" She wonders a little worried but stops when I show her my name written on the inside of the cover of my notebook.

"Ahhh!" She exclaims, undertanding on her face.

"That's what I wanted to tell you about! He kept staring at me during class. That guy is really mysterious!" I state annoyed.

"And hot!" She adds joyfully.

"Yeah, that's quite obvious! But didn't you notice that he's only wearing one contact lens? I'm guessing it's a colour contact but still..." The last part to myself.

I didn't see, I was more focused on looking at that body of his...and might I add..." She says, staring at his retreating figure "that he's as good from up front that from behind!" She completes, smiling with dreamy eyes. With that I smack her cheerfully on the head so she comes down of her cloud. She glares at me as I get up to leave.

"See you later, Mixi!" and start walking towards the building.

"Have a good class, Ali!" She yells from behind me. I wave to her over my shoulder as I enter the building.

I arrive to the classroom and get in, find a sit to settle in the last row and prepare my things for class. When I open my notebook in the first page to look at the schedule I glued there, a green post-it (which I hadn't put there) caughts my attention. It's located exactly under my personal data. And it read something like this:

"I hope you don't think I'm being nosy 'cause I opened your notebook but I wanted to see if it had your name on so I could give it back if I couldn't find you today. My name is Scott and my number is 555-3745"

Then I remembered that along with my full name, I had put my number for if I ever lost the book the one that found it could give it back.

I was popped out of my daze by my phone, which vibrated at that exact moment, I had a text from an unknown number which read like this:

"So, how is your first day going so far? x. Scott"

Whit that I look up to find him staring at me with a smile on his face.

I start typing the reply under my desk so the teacher won't see.

"Fine, thanks. Except for a nosy little brit who keeps distracting meâ :P x. Alice"

Love me, as simple as that...

He keeps texting me but I've already tucked the phone away because I want to focus on the teacher. Which is kind of difficult as my gaze keeps deviating to him.

As class finishes I grab my phone and look at the last message I received. It was from none other than Scott.

"Let me make it up to you, How about I buy you a coffee after class' pretty please? x. Scott"

"Ok, meet me at the bench. x. A" - I simply texted with a smile playing on my face. I immediately texted Leslie to let her know I wasn't going straight home after class.

"Already got a hot date with Mr. Hotty? Break a leg! x. L" she texted right after.

Chapter 3

Chapter 3

When classes finished, I made my way straight to the bench. I had seriously considered skipping the last class and going home to change but decided that what I was wearing was fit for a coffee. It was a little cold outside so I was wearing a nice fitting pair of jeans, a black tee with a rock band logo on it and a hoodie to keep warm. My shoulder length chocolate-brown hair was untied and flowing with the autumn wind and some low heel boots completed my look.

As I reached the bench I saw him, he was moving his head to the rhythm of the music he was listening to on his iPod. You gotta love a man who likes music, I thought to myself.

When I was near him, I tapped his shoulder so he would acknowledge me. When his (different shade of brown) eyes reached mine, a Cheshire cat grin appeared on his face, he removed his earplugs and got up. He was wearing a hoodie with a blue tee underneath which hugged his body quite smugly and a pair of camo pants and black converse. He was taller than me which I liked considering I'm 5'7". I hadn't noticed that when we first talked.

"Shall we go?" - He said, his medium length smooth chocolate brown hair blowing in the wind. He had a long Mohawk which he had styled to one side. We walked in silence to the coffee shop but it wasn't that type of uncomfortable silence like sometimes happen with my family, it was a comfortable silence, like we had known each other since forever. His hair had me mesmerized, I wanted to run my finger through it so badly. He even opened the door for me and signalled for me to go first. Not a word was spoken till we were at a small booth at the end of the shop.

I had my hands wrapped around my cup and was avoiding his eyes at all cost. I knew I wouldn't be able to stop staring if I looked up. We took a few sips of our mugs and he broke the ice.

"Soâ how would you feel about playing 20 questions?" - With that I looked up and was meet with a cute smile on his face.

"I mean, I know is silly but I would like to get to know you" - He said looking down

"I think it's a good idea" - I answered shyly.

"Evidently, you are not from here, where do you really come from?" - I thought I would start slowly and get him to warm up before asking something more personal.

"I was born in London, but I have lived in France and Argentina because of my father's job, He's in a multinational company which keeps sending him all over the worldâ ok, my turn, what is the only thing you can't leave your house without?" - He asked grinning, starting to loosen up a bit.

"I can't leave my house without my ipod, my music is very important to meâ !" - I answered blushing slightly. We continued like that for 3 more cups of coffee, and by that time I had learnt that he was an only son, that he's favourite music is hard rock, that he's favourite place in the whole world is London, that on his bedside table he has a picture of his parents and him on one of his birthdays and a lot more things but I didn't have the courage to ask him about his eyes.

By the time we decided to leave, the sky had already gone dark, as I stepped outside wondering how I was gonna go home when he gave me an answer.

"Would you like me to walk you home?" - He asked staring at the floor.

"Thank you" - I answered simply with a small smile on my face.

I wasn't far from the coffee shop but my parents had always told me to never go alone after dark and I still respected that. At first, I found it quite annoying but when I finished school I understood that it was for my own good.

We walked closely together, our arms touching slightly sometimes and sending shivers down my body.

We reached my house quickly, but I didn't want this night to end. As I walked to the door I saw the curtain moving and I'm absolutely sure it was Leslie trying to get a glimpse of him.

"This is me" - I said in a sad tone.

"Okâ !.I guess I'll see you tomorrow" - He told me as he turned to leave.

Love me, as simple as that...

"Thanks for everything" - I smiled, staring in those eyes for a little while, then I got in the house, smiling like a fool and I didn't even realize it.

Chapter 4

Author's note: Ok, I know it is horrible and too short, and mostly dialogue but it is a necessary chapter. Sorry for the terribly long wait! And thanks for reading!

-L-

Chapter 4

"Who was THAT?" - Was the first thing I heard when I closed the door. Two of my best friends had come visit and they didn't even say Hi to me.

"Hello to you too" - I answered sarcastically.

There were Leslie, Camille & Francesca, my three best friends, sitting comfortably on my couch drinking coffee.

"What are you doing here , girls? - I asked in a kind of surprised tone.

"Snooping around, obviously!" - They answered together with huge grins on their faces. Leslie had "guilty" written all over her.

"What are you all up to?" - I asked them, straight away, taking off my coat and smiling.

"Nothing, we just came to visit Le..." Cam trailed off when Fran cut her off.

"Les called us about you and "him"... - Francesca explained, pointing at the door. I went to the kitchen to get me a cup of coffee and went back, because I knew they wanted to keep chatting.

"So..." - Les started.

"What happened? Who is he? Where did you meet him? Tell us everything." - Cami asked, in one breath. (She is the most romantic one of the group)

"Breath, Cam, or you'll faint!" - I simply answered.

"Please, tell us, Ali" - Fran pleaded.

"Nothing happened. We just had coffee and talked..." I said.

"If nothing happened, why are you smiling so big?" - Leslie intervened.

"Alice, you did something and you're not telling us!!" - Cam accused me, and exactly at that moment my phone rang. I had a new message.

The message read: "Thank you for a really great time. I was having a bad day and you were like a breath of fresh air! xxx Scott" - I read it and got my phone snatched from my hand by a nosey Leslie.

"Hey! I was reading that! - I exclaimed annoyed, but they were too busy reading all the messages I had gotten from him.

"OMG! Alice, he's got it bad for you!" - Leslie happily screamed.

"Le, it's not possible, we've only just met!" - Me, always the pessimist, answered.

"Alice, no guy would ever send a girl those messages unless he liked her!" - Fran exclaimed.

"I agree...but what are you gonna answer? - Cami started thinking.

"Give me that!" - Leslie started typing away on my phone.

I was fidgeting uncontrollably while she typed.

"Trust Leslie, she knows what she's doing." - Fran told me, smiling happily.

"All done!" - Leslie says while clapping a little.

"I got you a date on Friday, now you can tell me how much you love me!" - She exclaimed with a smug look on her face.

"Oh, Leslie, you're my hero! I wouldn't have known what to write!" - I said while hugging her.

"Now for the real problem.....what are you gonna wear?! - Fran asked while thinking out loud. (She was the fashionista of the group)

"First, tell us what happened!" - Cam asked eagerly.

"Well, we went to..."

After I told them about my afternoon with Scott, and then they started talking about possible outfits for my date on Friday. I just stayed silent, thinking about him.

Chapter 5

A.N.: I swear the next one is longer! :P

Thanks for reading!

~BlackOrchid~

Chapter 5

The next couple of days passed in a blur. I believe the universe wanted Friday to arrive faster than usual. I had seen Scott at Uni these past few days and we had texted random things back and forth like crazy. I'd wake up every morning to a text message from him saying:

Good morning, beautiful! xxx Scott

And every night I would go to bed with a text saying:

Sweet dreams, beautiful! Sleep tight! xxx Scott

The girls kept telling me that this meant that he was really into me, but the problem was that, with my prior experience being nonexistent, I had to trust their word. I mean, -i have had guys who liked me but they never had the guts to act on those feelings. I have learned some things by listening to my friends, but their stories are subject for another book.

Cam and Fran had been at my place every afternoon trying to teach me, along with Leslie, the dos and don'ts of a of a first date (since this would be my first date ever) but they rarely came to an agreement so, by Friday morning I was a complete nervous wreck.

On top of all my anxiety, that very morning the text had a slight difference. It read something like this:

Morning, beautiful! Can't wait for tonight! xx S. This message, along with the advices from my friends and my absolute lack of experience made me want me to cancel the whole deal right then and there.

I mean, I barely know the guy. And, to make everything worse, this really hot guy who could have any girl he ever wanted in the whole world, had had the misfortune of meeting a 20-year-old average girl with no experience in relating with the opposite gender beyond friendship.

The date was at 8 o'clock and by 5o'clock I was walking up the walls with the nerves coursing through my body. The girls had obviously come help me get ready for my date but I just kept biting my nails or running my hand through my hair while they were working on it.

At one point, Leslie pulled me aside into her room and sat me on her bed.

"Alice, you have to calm down! Why are you so nervous about?" - She asked and I couldn't find an answer.

"You're a beautiful, intelligent woman whom any guy would be lucky to even meet. You have absolutely nothing to be worried about." - At that point I tried to speak but she wouldn't let me.

Plus, you have already been on a date with him, even if it was "just coffee" - She continued making quote marks with her fingers.

"And he didn't run away, did he?" - She finished calmly.

"No" - I answer shyly. "but I've never been on a date before! What if he realizes that I'm not what he thinks..or this is all a prank or something....I just treated him as a friend on Monday" - I continue babbling but she wouldn't give in.

"Better yet! You acted like yourself and he evidently liked it! So, why would that change today?" - She finished off with a warm smile on her face, knowing that I couldn't argue anymore.

"I see your point. Thanks, Les! You're always there when I need some words of encouragement" - I said while hugging her.

"And remember, if he hurts you, he will have to answer to the "kick-ass squad"! She laughed and made me laugh too as we went back to my room to finish getting ready.

"Hey, I want to lend you something..." - Leslie told me which brought a puzzled look to my face.

"My favourite necklace. It will give you courage. It will be as if I were there with you" - She explained while she removed the chain from her neck and fastened it around mine. It was a delicate silver rose in bloom.

"Thank you very much, Leslie" - I knew how much that rose ment to her.

Finally, 8 o'clock arrived and the doorbell rang. I was ready and wanted to answer myself but Camille explained that there should always be someone to answer so I can make a "Grand entrance". I just laughed as

Love me, as simple as that...

they went to get the door.

I grabbed my purse and jacket, hugged Leslie, and went to the living-room where the girls had been like detectives trying to find out everything about him.

"Hi, Alice" - Scott told me rather nervously when he saw me.

"Hi, Scott" - I answered with a confident smile on my face.

"This is for you." He handed me a single red rose. I could feel the blood run to my cheeks. Why was I blushing? Am I crazy? He just gave me a flower, he didnt propose! Ok, enough mental chat. Back to reality.

"Thank you, it's very beautiful" - I could feel the stares of the girls observing how we acted with one another and, to be honest, it was making me uncomfortable and I could see Scott felt it as well.

"I'll put it in water, you kids get going" - Fran said as she grabed my flower and signalled for the door.

"Have fun!" We heard the girls say as he closed the door.

Love me, as simple as that...

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2013-06-19 02:02:57