

NEYR

RYEN

Alyssa and Taylor have been annoying me for almost thirty minutes now , since we left the house to go to the grocery store. "You're not seriously considering not coming right?" I hear Taylor say. "Oh I'm not considering anything. I just can't come with you guys. I have a meeting with..a group from the college , for a project!" I lie. "Sure you do , in the middle of June. You just try to avoid going out with Michael and Ian because Logan will be there too." Alyssa says upset. "Does he still exist? Shocking!"

I mumble with irony. "Alyssa , stop it. This conversation won't lead to anything. If she doesn't want to come , then don't come , Ryen. Just know that you're not gonna be invited to our wedding." "Sure , whatever you say Tay." I scoff. "God , you're so stubborn." Lyssa groans. "You love me."

"Wish I could say otherwise." I fake gasp at her words as Taylor giggles and unlocks the front door of our house.

A couple of hours later , "Just know that if you changed your mind , you still have time to get ready." Alyssa says while coming down the stairs. "Yeah no , I think I'm good." I say while putting the dishes in the sink. "How do I look?" Taylor runs down the stairs and does a spin. "Breathtaking." Both Lyssa and I answer at the same time. "Michael's gonna think I look pretty?" "Yes!" Again at the same time. "You sure?" "Yes Taylor baby , he's gonna beg for you to marry him. 'Please Taylor babe , have my kids'." I fall to my knees in front of her , while laughing with Lyssa. "Oh my God Michael. What an honor. I accept your offer." Taylor jokes and falls on top of me , pretending to kiss me. "Taylor , come on. The bride's already late." "Yep. Coming." "What time will you return home?" I ask as I watch them getting ready to leave. "I don't know. If you want to learn so bad , you could possibly come with us." Taylor answers. "Tell Michael and Ian I said hi." "Okay. And we're gonna tell Logan you send him your love." Lyssa jokes sarcastically. "Mhm. Give him a punch for me." "Alright , we have to go. Bye bye." Both of them smile and kiss me on the cheek , before leaving , slamming the door behind them.

Oh God. What did I do to deserve this? Taylor's been dating Michael Whitlock for about a month now. One random meet up and my whole life feels like shit again. Taylor saw Michael after almost two years since we finished high-school

and she instantly fell in love with him all over again. And now they're finally having their chance to date after everything that happened in high-school. But now they're forcing us to hang out all together. At least me. And him. Whose name disgusts me only to think of.

I don't have a problem with Ian Ledger and Michael. I just know that if I hang out with them , I'm gonna end up in a fight.

CHRISTIAN

"Come on , dude. You're being annoying. You can't just stay here. Michael , do something.Christian stop!" Ian shouts at me. "Watch me." I answer. "No , hey. You're coming!" Michael says. "No. No. And no. And even if I wanted to , I

can't. I have-- to go to the gym." "Mhm. Sure , you do." "Come on , man. You can't just screw me up. You've been my mate since we were in middle school. You and Ian were the first people that knew how much I liked Taylor. And I-I couldn't date her back then , but I can now. Come on , do me this favor , Christian. Do it for Ian! For his birthday!" Michael pleads. "His birthday is in ten days!"

I taunt. "That's the problem now? What difference does it make if it's June 11th or June 21st?" Mic shouts. "Michael , man. You're my best friend. You both are. And by that I do know how much you have always liked Taylor , but that means that you also know how much I hate Evans." I say. "Is your hatred more important than my happiness?"

"No , Mic. And for that , I don't want to come with you guys and ruin your whole day because I'll just see her face!" "Why are you confessing to each other? And without me?" Ian asks, confused. "Okay. Enough. You two guys go have fun and say to everyone there except her I said hello and I'm terribly sorry I couldn't make it!" I push both of them to the front door. "Hey. Don't push!" "Have fun." I smile sarcastically and slam the door.

I can't believe this is happening. Not again. We are going to be in the second year of college , high-school's over. But this is what's happening , if Michael decided to date Taylor now. We freaking have to be friends with them. With who?! Taylor , Alyssa and their little bitch! But no , why am I mad at them? Alyssa and Taylor didn't do anything to me. She did.

"Do you think they regretted it and they won't come?!" Michael asks nervously. "Calm down. They'll be here any minute. They may not be able to find a place to park their car." "Right. Right. Do I look okay? And by that I mean do I look hot , indifferent or like a total loser?!" "Mic! You look great , okay? Why are you even nervous? Haven't you guys been dating for a while now? I'm sure she's not only with you because you are good-looking." "We are. But I want to look good for her and- " "Sh! They're here!" Ian whispers as Alyssa and Taylor walk in the bar. "Guys! Hey." Taylor walks up on them and Michael puts his hand around her waist. "Hey! Someone's missing." Ian complains. "Yeah. Ryen. She couldn't make it. She had a-- a meeting with some dudes from college and she had to go. She says hi though." Alyssa explains awkwardly. "Someone's missing from your group too." "Something really important came up to Christian and he had to go to his dad's. He's terribly sorry he couldn't come.." Michael lies. "Mhm." Taylor mumbles , before everyone bursts into laughter after understanding why we both didn't show up.

R Y E N

"Ryen! We're back!" Alyssa shouts when they enter the house. "Finally." I mumble. "How did it go? Taylor? Should we go look for a wedding dress?" "Mm , yep." "You should've come. Christian wasn't there." "Too bad. He's probably somewhere getting drunk with a girl in his arms.." I grit my teeth. "You can't avoid it forever , Ryen. We're going to go out with them again!" Lyssa explains. "Whatever.." I whisper. "They said they're looking to move out. Rent or buy a new house." Taylor

talks. "Congratulations." I say ironically. "Don't be like that , Ryen.. Michael and Ian haven't done anything to you. You guys were friends in high-school."
"I know..I'm sorry." I whisper as Alyssa hugs my head.

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