

“Want me to help?” He suggested, the brainiac.

“Don’t you have to study or write or whatever?” My words muffled by the chips in my mouth. “Besides, what would you know of French history?” I was really starting to doubt my reasoning when I decided to take French history as an elective. I barely could communicate in French, only because I was lazy and my family had grown tired of trying to teach me, but history had seemed more interesting. It was not. Or at least not the way the professor taught.

“Moi, mademoiselle?” Logan made me laugh loudly with his horrific accent and attempt at speaking French. “There,” I heard him say, watching me smile. I quickly turned sideways, ignoring the blush trying to appear on my cheeks.

“You suck at it,” I protested.

“It’s not in *French*, Adi. Also, I can read a guide and help.” He boasted. *Nerd*. I knew that very well, he hated maths and sucked at it but it didn’t stop him from figuring out how to solve the problems once he read the formulas and followed them diligently. Only to forget it all two days later.

“Fine, you can help.” I agreed mostly because I was tired and had forgotten about the stupid questionnaire until Logan brought it up.

We diverted to other topics for a bit, easily chatting until someone leaned on the table.

“What’s up, girl?” Polly, a girl I had met at year’s end, stood there. “Who’s the hottie?” She blurted, staring at Logan like he was a piece of meat.

“Logan, this is Polly. Polly, Logan.” I introduced them quickly.

“That’s also a hot name,” I almost snorted at that, but missed the frown on my friend.

“Here, my DM.” She scribbled on the napkin. “Only messages, I don’t do calls.” Polly declared, then walked off without much more and ignoring me altogether.

“Are you taking it?” *Who asked that?* I thought, horrified at my outburst, as I saw Logan looking at the napkin. He lifted his light-brown eyes to me and waited. *Oh fuck*. “If you want. I don’t really know her, so I can’t give you an opinion.” I blurted the words and then shut the faucet on my verbal discharge.

"If you don't mind," had I heard that right? Why would I care? We were friends, and he never asked that before, I nodded slowly and saw him pocketing the napkin.

Our food arrived after that, and I stole from his plate as usual, which Logan placed in the middle of the table, knowing that I would want some. He knew me, and that was nice, I didn't even give it much thought anymore, but as we ate and talked, I felt strange. There was something incredibly comforting about the situation, and it scared me somehow, why?

"What is it?" Logan said, stopping his tale.

"Hmm?" I pretended nothing was amiss as hard as I could.

"You were staring rather intently."

"It's called paying attention," I retorted.

"Really? What was I saying?" He attacked at once. I fumbled, trying to think back to the past three minutes. My mind went blank. "I knew it." Logan shook his head amusedly.

"Sorry," I murmured.

"It's okay, Adi." He dismissed me, drinking the last of his coke. "You seem distracted lately." He commented.

"I do?"

"Yes," his simple answer resonated with me. I could say the same about him.

"You too," I finally said. "Oh, you know?" I asked, seeing him nodding.

"I am very aware." He told me humourlessly. "It's not important, don't worry." Logan rushed to explain.

"But," I tried but he ignored me, asking for the check.

"Let's go have brownies and ice cream," my friend suggested. "I won't even mention it if you want extra whipped cream." He joked, successfully derailing my thoughts for the moment.