

## CHAPTER 8: SCHOOL OF NIGHTMARES

### SERAPHINA'S POV

After what feels like hours of horrified embarrassment, baring my almost naked body to the entirety of the school, he finally leaves.

I thought he was going to stay longer, exhaust every little bit of this moment until there isn't anything left of it, but he leaves, ending it with that god-awful remark.

The school bell rings and just when I'm able to get myself together and leave back to my dorm room, I'm called to the Administrator's office.

Again.

Wrapped in my towel, covering what's left of my dignity with tear stained eyes, I sit in his office in silence with just him on the other side, not saying a single word.

I have more than a few things I planned to say about that fucking asshole to get back at him for doing what he did.

What bastard strips a girl right in front of the whole school? How can anyone be so cruel? Of course, none other than fucking Artemis.

Slowly, I'm starting to see what Olivia meant when she talked about him and his sick jokes that drove students to leave. If this is just one of the small ones, I wonder what the more serious ones look like.

The Administrator clears his throat now and I'm pulled from my thoughts, staring at him again, sniffing and sitting upright, ready to drop my own complaints and give him what he deserves.



"Miss Hawthorne..."

"Yes, sir. I'm ready to report what happened in the hallway earlier." I enter before he can ask for it, to control the narrative of this fiasco.

"You don't need to do that, I've already been briefed on the issue before you were summoned." He explains.

"What?" I raise a brow.

Suddenly, another bad feeling about this entire situation runs up my spine again. Something about the look in his eyes directed at me.

He doesn't look as though he's addressing a victim of serious bullying and discrimination, instead it's as though he's looking at a trouble maker and deciding what to do.

I fall back against the chair.

"And what exactly did you hear, and from who?"

"Look now, young lady, this isn't the time to play these games. You know what you've done already and I will inform you if you didn't already know. Despite your personal beliefs, walking nude in the hallway to cause some sort of uproar in this school is not allowed."

"What? That's not what happened!" I raise my voice against my control, too confused and dumbfounded by what's happening.

"Enough!" His voice thunders in the room, shutting me up before I can even get the chance to explain myself or the situation to him.

I remain silent, biting on my lip.



From the beginning of this meeting, I never had the chance.

He already decided that I was guilty before I got here. There's no winning any of this, no challenging any of these bullies when it comes to him.

"It's Artemis, isn't it...? He ratted it out to you first and since he's your precious star student, you'd believe anything he says." I point out, putting all the clues together piece by piece.

He had even planed this part, so there would be no way he'd get into trouble, to maintain his perfect record.

He sighs now, neither confirming nor deny the accusation

"Miss Hawthorne, it seems you're going to be unapologetic to the end. You leave me no choice now."

I recline back into my chair, feeling defeated and exhausted.

"You're a new student and I don't want you falling down a dark path, so it's my duty as your principal to pull you to the right side." He starts with the boring explanation.

"You're going to be in charge of cleaning the gym hall for the next week. It's a small but crucial punishment before you go down this path."

"It's not like I have a choice in the matter." I mumble under my breath.

I can't win, can I?

I don't even have a fighting chance when the whole school is rigged against me. Even the teachers don't care because they look down on my own kind.



He hands me the note and I stand up from the chair, leaving before he can ask me to, a very small but obvious way to show that I am indeed pissed with his choice.

I push the door open, wanting to storm out and slam it behind me as well and just right after doing that, I bump my head against some hard wall that's in my way.

Wincing and stumbling back, I rub at the already sore portion of my forehead, pissed and fuming, ready to tear whatever the fuck it is down.

I open my eyes, only see to the main perpetrator - Artemis.

Like a curse following me around, we meet again and in the worse situation again.

Guess even the perfect student can't stop skipping class.

"You!" I half yell, pointing at him.

The memory of what transpired with the whole school and the administrator runs through my mind and all that hate and anger resurfaces.

I wish I could just sink my fingers in his eye socket, but what's the point?

"What do you want?" I say bitterly, looking up at him while he easily towers over me.

The cocky height difference annoys me.

"It's my hallway, I'm free to be wherever I want to be." He says coldly, almost as though he's ticked off with me as well.



Clearly, he's in a shitty mood from something.

It only annoys me further, thinking about how he wasn't the one that should be reveling in anger right now, and being so helpless.

"Fine, then be in the hallway far, far away from me - you and this entire school of nightmares." I say, holding my tears back in and walking away before he can see them.

"Well, I'd understand why you wouldn't want to subject anyone to the pungent stench of your weakness." He says coldly and loud enough for me to hear.

I want to ignore it and save myself from more shame and just leave for my dorm room, but I'm already bruised and beaten, my dignity non-existent. What more can I lose?

I turn back at him, glaring bloody murder. He had been so mean and yet he's acting so nonchalant, as though my self-respect isn't worth shit.

More tears sting my eyes, hot molten tears even dare fall.

I walk back with strong stomping steps, standing right in front of him daringly, and even while his dead-empty blue eyes stare at me so intensely, I ignore their heavy effect.

"What do you want from me, huh? Are you not satisfied with humiliating me in front of the whole school? Not enough to satisfy you, was it?" I yell at the top of my voice, throwing all caution to the wind.

I'm so mad right now that more tears spill from my eyes. All I can do is just cry and yell at this heartless bastard, and he won't even flinch.

The annoyance in his face morphs into amusement now, a slight





taunting smile forming on his lips.

"What are you talking about? I didn't do anything to you." He says, feigning ignorance.

He doesn't even have the decency to own up to it even more.

I snort in his face. "You jerk."

He shrugs, unbothered by my situation, loving it even and not wasting his breath on anything more.

"You're not even going to say anything about it. You don't even feel a shred of guilt?"

He shrugs again, that annoying smile remaining on his lips. Instead, his eyes drop down to a lower point, just below my chin.

"Nice tits." He says plainly, eyes blatantly staring below my eyes

I don't understand what he's driving at until my eyes drop down to what has his attention, and they grow wider than saucers.

The towel had ridden down, probably minutes ago when I'd stormed back over here to rant out my heart – whenever it did, he's been having a good view of it all this time.

My cheeks flush instantly in humiliation as I grab the ends of my towel to cover myself up again. Too mortified to say anything more.

"There's no point hiding it from me, I already know what they look like." He draws closer while I hide my face away from him, stopping right in front of me.



"I know what size they are and where your nipples might be, even when you cover them up." His voice turns low and deep, sensually alluring like a siren song.

Even in my shame, I'm curious to what face he'd be making now while sounding like that, and my eyes meet his deep blue depths that have a different tempting gaze within them.

Like a poisonous flower.

He picks my chin up, forcing me to look at him and nothing else while his eyes rake over every bit of my face, like he's searching for something more, something that held him at intrigue.

Stuck in my own trance, I don't move an inch or fight him off, remaining docile. He moves closer, taking in a deep breath of me, inhaling softly as though my scent is the most tempting thing he has ever discovered. 1

"Pretending not to notice the rolling towel as a clever way to catch my attention? I must admit, it's a unique approach, although a bit desperate." He smiles wickedly, sliding his hands down my neck painfully slow.


Just like that, his words break the trance, and I'm immediately repulsed by his vile ways.

I slap his hands away from me before he can touch anything else, cursing at myself for falling for his games once again. Letting myself to be a victim of his charms.

I refuse to be pulled in by an asshole like him.

He seems surprised by my actions again, like he can't fathom someone not wanting him to fuck them.



"You're disgusting." I hiss bitterly, turning away to leave before he can say or do anything else. 



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