

Dating 138

Chapter 138

The following day. I'd gotten up early to get ready for my first class. I was feeling a lot less worried than when Liam and I first arrived yesterday. I think getting to know Bonnie and properly settling in was exactly what I needed.

When I finally grabbed my bag, the two of us headed toward the Language Art building. As soon as I left the dormitory, I was met with a series of strange stares and prolonged glances.

With the obvious looks, of course, came the muttered chatter and whispers. I didn't let much of it bother me.

No, what really pressed on my mind was that damn social media page about Liam, Arthur, and I. How many people had seen it? How many people followed it? Who the hell was this random person, going around and snapping photos of us?

The more I thought about it, the more unsettling the whole matter made me feel. *www.Nóve/worm.cOM*

Someone was still following us around and taking photos...Could that have been the figure I saw those previous times? *Ww.w.nóve/worm.(c)oM*

Unfortunately, something in the back of my mind told me that was its own issue entirely.

Bonnie must have noticed the uneasy expression I was wearing and gently nudged my shoulder.

"Hey, don't worry about it," Bonnie told me.

She'd knocked me out of my train of thought. "Huh?"

"All the quiet chatter from everyone," she pointed out. "They're not very subtle are they?"

I gave a light laugh and shook my head. "Honestly, they never usually are.

My chess ached as I thought back to my old school. Hell, people would flat-out bully me in public. "People have always had a problem with me being human."

"I think they're actually more interested in you than they are weirded out here. I might even go as far as to say envious." I snorted quietly, "Really?"

"Trust me, they're more intrigued over how you've managed to capture the attention of two alphas as opposed to your individual species."

The two of us parted ways as I headed off to my first class which was English. I felt somewhat prepared, having read into a lot of the current texts beforehand. Currently, the class was studying a Shakespeare piece that I had already read and was fairly familiar with

"Oh crap," I muttered.

The moment I sat down, I noticed a familiar figure sitting at the head of the room. It was that one female teacher who had singled me out for being human yesterday during our small introduction to the school.

She's the English teacher?! Wonderful. I hope that her prejudices don't exceed the icy welcome I received earlier.

I glanced down at the plaque on her desk to see her name 'Mrs. Shields.

As if things couldn't get any more irritating, I noticed the entire class turning their heads toward the door. My heart slammed violently in my chest when I saw Arthur entering the room.

No No NO!"

How could I have overlooked the possibility that Arthur would also be here? Good God, it felt like the Golden Fawn all over again

One of the girls that was sitting toward the front of the room spoke out. "Arthur, I saved you a seat," she explained brightly. Arthur hardly even acknowledged the girl as he surveyed the rest of the room. The second his eyes landed on me, I knew things were going to head downhill from there.

"No thanks, Clarissa. I think I'm going to sit over here today," Arthur said pointedly.

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He headed straight for the vacant seat next to mine and sat down. There was no mistaking the smile that curved the corner of

his mouth.

"Ella."

"Arthur." I muttered. I refused to look at him.

"Not even here one full day and already you've caused such a stir," he remarked cheekily.

From across the room, I noticed the sharp, bitter look Clarissa was shooting at me. Great. Just what I needed- a whole new enemy to deal with all because Arthur was being his annoying self.

I was actually glad that class had officially started. Mrs. Shields pulled up the current lesson plan for the week. Aside from a short test on the main reading material later on, there was nothing more than note-taking

I reached into my bag and took out my notebook and pen. I got busy with taking down whatever was on the slides and was actively trying to ignore Arthur who didn't even look like he cared about being there.

Whoa. He kind of reminds me of Liam in that regard.

A half an hour flew by like it was nothing. We were more than halfway through the slides and still, he hadn't taken a single note down. Instead, he was looking directly at him

"Stop staring at me," I told him.

Arthur smirked. "I'm not staring. I'm admiring the view." *Www.noVE1WcR©(c)ôM*

I rolled my eyes. "Well, admire the view over there," I hissed.

Our minor chatting must have been loud enough to capture the attention of Mrs. Shields because she snapped her head in our direction and curled her brow with intrigue. Oh, boy.

Her voice was laced with venomous arrogance. "Well, Miss Belmont. You must be far ahead of everyone else in the class if you have all this time to chit-chat

I shook my head. "I-"

"Tell me, what year was Othello written?"

"Around 1603, I answered swiftly.

She blanched, clearly not expecting me to answer, let alone get the question right.

Mrs. Shields recovered from her state of shock and planted her hands on her hips. "Right. Well, exactly where does the play take place?" she questioned,

"Predominately in Venice and Cyprus."

Within seconds, the entire room had become enraptured in our one-on-one conversation. With every question she threw at me, I came back with the correct answer. Mrs. Shields was getting more and more upset. By the end of our verbal sparring, she was practically fuming red with anger.

"What's the original work that this play is based on?"

A single beat passed where I said nothing. She smirked in triumph, believing that she had finally won this delusional battle of wits Right before she turned back toward the board, I spoke out.

"It's based on a novella titled 'Un Captiano Moro' by Giovanni Battista Giraldi Cinthio. It was written in 1565," I answered clearly.

Everyone sitting around me was nothing short of stunned. Mrs. Shields' jaw nearly hit the floor. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Arthur's expression. Pride.

"My, my. It seems that you are far ahead of everyone else," Arthur chuckled.

I closed my eyes and inwardly groaned. Good God, what the hell? Was this really going to be my new reality-picking fights. with teachers?

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For the remainder of the class, I kept my head down and stayed silent. I didn't dare raise my hand to speak.

The moment the bell rang. I grabbed my stuff and left the room.

"Ella!"

I was certain I heard Arthur calling after me, but there was no way I was going to stop. I had no desire to speak to him nor did I want to give this mystery blogger more material for that idiotic media

page.

This day had to get better... It just had to.

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