

Chapter7

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"Party. At my house. Today. Come."Harper

"Why is Harper Cain staring at you?"

whispered the girl sitting to the left of me, for what felt like the hundredth time.

I groaned inwardly. "If it had not been for you, I wouldn't have known he was staring at me. And for the last time. I. Don't. Know." I gritted my teeth.

The redhead gave me a death glare and went back to texting on her phone in the middle of the class.

I took a deep breath and prepared myself to check if she was right, like I have already done the past twenty times. I knew that he was looking at me, because I could somehow feel his intense stare at the back of my head.

Nonetheless, I gathered my courage and turned my head around. And there he was, in the last row, in the corner of the room still staring at me with a stony expression. I don't think he had looked at any other person in the class because every time I turned my head around to look at him, he had his eyes right on me.

I met his intimidatinggaze for a few seconds,raisedmy left eyebrowand telepathically questioned him as to why he was being a creepy stalker and had been staring at me since the class started.

He just kept looking at me with the same stony expression, his lips twitched upwards to reveal his trademark smirk which I absolutely hated.

I rolled my eyes and looked forward towards the teacher, who was going on and on about some quantum theory and looked as eager as the students to get out of the school.

And I swear, if one more person asks me why the hell is Harper Cain staring at me, I am going to go berserk. How the hell would I know why this idiot keeps staring at me?

Samantha and Natalie had a play during lunch when Harper kept staring and staring and staring at our table, well specically at me. I even had to change my goddamn seat so I wouldn't have to directly look at him.

I mean, what even happened to him? Did he wake up this morning on a single mission to stare me to death?! If that was his plan, then it was certainly working.

He doesn't even blink. It's like he wants a staring contest all the damn time.

We shared three classes with each other and I could feel his stare at the back of my head every damn second. Doesn't the teacher even notice that he was not paying attention or do they have a personal vendetta against me, because every time I turned to look at him, the teacher always pointed it out.

And as a result,I am prettysure,halftheschoolmustthinkthatI havebeen eyeballing him.

"Hey Zara?" a male voice spoke from behind.

"Yeah" I leaned back to hear a little more clearly.

"Why does Harper keep staring at you?"

I sighed and plopped my head on the desk.

I packed my bags as soon as the class ended, eager to get home.

"Miss Hemming, stay after the class."

Mr. Roberts said.

Great.

I sat back down on my seat with a hu and waited for the class to empty, wishing could get out early too.

When everyone got out, I stood up from my desk in the middle of the room and headed towards the teacher's desk where Mr. Roberts's desk was. Mr. Robert had a small smile on his face.

Okay, so that was good. At least, I was not in any trouble.

"Zara, I may not have taught you before but I have heard from all the teachers that you are a grade A student." He smiled in a really creepy way.

"Um, yeah." What the hell am I even supposed to say to that?

"Great, because this year I will be monitoring a group of twenty students who will join our school's tutoring program . And I want you to be one of them."

I was not one of those super nerdy students who got an A all round the year. I got decent grades, I often touched the B grade and I was pretty sure there were many student\$ustlikeme. Thismanbeforeme, whoI had neverevenspokentwo sentences to before, thought I would be a good tutor? I had never been in the tutoring program before; how did he even come up with my name?

"Yeah, ok. I will think about it."

He smiled again and handed me an application form from the top drawer of his desk. "Justll this application and get back to me, ok?"

I took thge from him and nodded.

As soon as I got out of the classroom, I yowrappedtheflow it away in the nearest dust bin.

I had absolutely no interest in investing my limited free time in tutoring someone who wasn't even going to care about their grades. My job at Monique's Bakery already demanded so much of my time, I don't think I would be able to entertain anyone.

The hallways were deserted because school hadit twenty minutes ago. How time passes! Everyone pretty much runs away from school as soon as the bell rings. Yeah, that's how much every one despised this hell hole.

I headed in the direction of my locker when, out of nowhere, a hand latched around my wrist and I was roughly pulled into an empty classroom.

I stumbled a little at being manhandled and closed my eyes because I was pretty sure I was going to fall, because what can I say, I was clumsy that way. When I was about to topple on thoor in a mess, two arms wrapped around my waist and helped me regain my balance.

I opened my eyes and all I could see was a vast expanse of someone's chest. De nitely a male. This person was standing very close to me. Inside my personal bubble. I could even smell his cologne which was so very delicious. I had to resist the urge to grab his t-shirt andkissni

That wouldn't have been awkward at all.