

\*\*

Mandy tosses on the bed.

She watches her friend getting ready while she plays with her phone.

"Where to?" Mandy questions.

"To class," Lucinda replies, grabbing a jean jacket and throwing it over her shoulder.

She grabs her bag, stuffing it with books.

Mandy raises a questionable eyebrow.

"It's a Friday, Luci. Mmmm, someone's got a date, isn't it?" she teases.

Rolling her eyes, Lucinda unplugs the charger from her phone.

Making sure that it's fully charged, she puts it into the pocket of her jean skirt.

Date? She thinks miserably.

That bastard, Tyler, chased her first-ever potential boyfriend, Caleb, away after his stupid display of her having a threesome with him.

She hasn't set her eyes on him since that unfortunate incident orchestrated by her sworn enemy.

She scowls at the thought.

He isn't just her enemy, but a c\*ckblocker too.

Damn him.

"I wish, Mandy. I have art class," she finally answers.

"I see. Well, that's unfortunate because I was just about to order some pizza,"

"Save me some. You better not finish it before I return, Mandy!" she warns, pointing fingers at her friend.

"I'm not promising you anything. Just get back on time,"

"Yeah, yeah," Lucinda grumbles, taking a bag of chips from the fridge before exiting the bedroom.

A minute later, she was leaving the apartment in haste.

Luckily, their apartment is less than a ten-minute walk to campus.

It's indeed a blessing that she managed to find a place after transferring in the middle of the semester.

All the rooms on campus were full, so she thought finding a place closer to campus would be hard.

And honestly, there were no available hostels either.

Renting an apartment by herself was out of the question.

Because she knew how expensive rents were in the suburbs.

But just when she was losing hope, she found Mandy, who, at the time, was searching for a roommate with whom she could split the rent.

And so she accepted the offer, and here they are.

Lucinda arrives on campus and realises the students are yet to show up.

Whew! She breathes a sigh of relief.

Finding a spot at the left corner of the hall, she makes herself comfortable.

That's how she wants it.

She likes to be invisible, so she makes it a point to arrive for her lectures when the class is empty.

While a few students begin to file in, she takes out her books to revise.

Ten minutes later, a middle-aged, dark man strolls

into the lecture hall, greeting them warmly. The class quieted down as lectures began.

Lucinda checks her time.

It's fifteen minutes until the lecture is over.

She sighs, thinking of ways to get the bag of chips out.

She's starving.

Soon, the classroom explodes into chaos as the students begin to mumble among themselves.

Curious, Lucinda strains her neck, biting back an unbelievable scream as the tall figure strolls into the room as if he owned it, ignoring the eyes following him.

God, no!

Can't she go a day without encountering this spawn of satan?

She glares.

Tyler glances around the classroom until his eyes settle on a familiar someone. Beside her was an empty desk.

Smirking, he approaches her and occupies the vacant seat.

"How nice of you to grace us with your presence last minute, Mr Brown," the lecturer says sarcastically.

Tyler shrugs.

"Thank you, sir,"

Rolling his eyes, the lecturer returns to teaching.

Lucinda can't help but glare at Tyler.

"What the f\*ck are you doing here?!"

Tyler turns to her, still smirking, and oh, how she wished she could slap that dirty smirk off his face.

"Fancy seeing you here, Lucinda,"

She scowls, turning away from him.

"Alright, class!" The lecturer exclaims suddenly, dropping the marker he held.

"Now for your project work..."

He doesn't get to finish as the hall gets filled with



grumbling students.

Mr Kelsey, the lecturer, claps loudly, silencing them.

He continues.

"I won't be instructing you on what to do this time. This time, I want to see what you can come up with by yourselves. So there's no limit to what you'll be creating. Create something that is out of the ordinary. Something unique. Show me how creative you can be."

He reaches for his bag,

"And this project should be in groups of two or three. No more, no less..." He pauses, watching the students scramble to find partners.

"Today marks the end of the first week of this month.

Therefore, you have till the end of this month to complete your project. Good luck, guys, and have a great weekend. See you next week,"

Packing the rest of his belongings, he exits the class.

Lucinda sits in the corner, watching the students choose partners. She's a new student and barely knows anyone in her art class, so it's normal that no one will approach her.

Suddenly, she feels a strong grip on her wrists, causing her to turn sharply.

Tyler was smirking down at her.

She glares hotly.

"Let me go!"

"Look around, baby doll. Almost everyone has found their partners. Besides, I'd rather work with you than them,"

"And I'd rather die than work with you!" she seethes, struggling to get his hands off her.

Tyler chuckles, unfazed.

"Take a look around. We're the only ones left."

Lucinda does, and true enough, everyone has found their partners.

Some are in groups of three, while the rest are in twos.

They must have thought she was partnering with Tyler since none of them had moved from their seats and was holding hands.

She scowls at him.

"I want to rip your damn heart out, Tyler. You infuriate me!"

Tyler chuckles, leaning in, their foreheads almost touching.

"It's all yours, baby doll," he winks.

Most students have left since the lecture is over, save for a handful.

They stare at Tyler and Lucinda, who seem to be in close proximity.

Lucinda blushes under their gazes.

"Make that mistake, and I'll gladly roast your heart

and serve it to you with some orange juice,"

Tyler laughs,

"You've got a smart mouth. I love that,"

He leans in further.

Lucinda could smell his cologne.

It was strong yet intoxicating.

Tyler stares at her, fighting the urge to run his fingers over her slightly parted lips.

Painstakingly low, he whispers into her ear,

"You're stuck with me now, baby doll. Deal with it,"

Before Lucinda could react, he was out of his seat

and walking out of the hall.

She glares daggers at his back.

F\*ck my life, she thought.

If you find any errors ( broken links, non-standard content, etc.. ), Please let us know < report chapter > so we can fix it as soon as possible.