

## Chapter 256

Ashley's pov

"I want everyone to read the yellow wallpaper by Charlotte Perkins. Then in a brief passage explain what you've learnt. I want this by tomorrow." Miss Fernandez states in a stern voice then dismisses the class right after the bell rings.

I made a mental note to head to the school's library before going home. Sighing, I place the books inside my bag, zipping it up while looking at the clock.

"What a loser." A girl whispered to her friend while they giggled at me. I lowered my head and slung the bag straps over my shoulder.

Even though dad had come early to speak to the principal today, some of the students still thought it was funny to call me names. Though the principal warned them about getting suspended some thought it was a pointless threat.

I move towards the door, not caring that I brushed pass others to get out first. I hear their protest and nasty remarks but I was determined to not let them get to me anymore.

I got out of the classroom and headed over to my locker. I spot my brother waiting beside it, hands in his pockets as he leaned his head on the cold blue metal with eyes closed.

I rolled my eyes and purposely knocked the locker loud enough to have him jolt. "What's wrong sleeping beauty?" I teased. This was the first joke I managed to make today.

I was not exactly in the best mood, not when Blake was still avoiding me like the plague. That surely didn't go unnoticed by everyone. This made the rumors worse especially when everyone saw Stacy cozying up with Blake at lunch.

The sight had revolted me so much that I went to have lunch outside. It made me realize that Blake had probably lied to me yesterday about breaking up with her.

Sure they weren't kissing but they didn't look like they weren't a couple either. I felt a hot boiling rage of jealousy just by thinking about them together.

I should've hated him for that, I should've never want him to touch me again. But all I can think about is his lips, the way he kissed me like I was his drug. The way he looked like he was in ecstasy as he ate me up like a starved man.

"Earth to Ashley." Arden says snapping his fingers in my face. I shake my head and snap back to reality. Seeing my brother's annoyed blue eyes has me mentally smirking from irritating him.

"Jeez what the hell were you thinking about?" Arden questions.

"How I'd love to not have to see your face everyday." I joked slamming the locker.

"Ha ha very funny." He says boredly.

"I have something to research for class tomorrow, I'll meet you home." I said putting the last book in my bag. I had a ton of homework tonight and I really didn't want to slack off.

"Wait you're not coming? But how will you be able to get home?" Arden asks in confusion. I look up to see his brows furrowed and lips pulled down in a frown.

I shake my head zipping the bag. "No I'm not, tell Ryan to not wait up for me. I'll take the bus. I won't be long I promise. And tell dad I'll be home soon and yes I know I'm still grounded but it's for school."

"Try explaining that to our old man yourself. Dad will not be pleased Ashley and I don't want to leave you here alone." He says in concern. I sighed.

"Arden I'm just going to look through a book, I won't be long. Nothing's going to happen. By the way, it's my job to be protective brother not the other way around." I said softly.

He looked like he was contemplating before nodding. "Okay fine but make sure you're home by four." He says sternly.

"Okay dad." I rolled my eyes. The scent of fresh roses wafted through my nose until the presence of someone stops beside me.

"Do you guys have room for two more? Dad can't pick us up today and mom is in a teacher's conference." Rosalie says beside me.

"We'll we have space for Liam but I don't think Ryan likes witches that much. They stink up the car." Arden groans then smirks when he sees a blonde trailing behind her.

"Asshole." Rosalie mumbles lowly.

I turn to face Liam and sent him a smile. "I'm surprised that uncle Luke didn't make you trim on your hair yet." I teased ruffling his lengthy blonde hair that almost covered his eyes.

"You're not the only one surprised." He laughs and slaps my hand away. He was such a soft spoken kid, makes you wonder shy he was bestfriends with Arden who's known for his troublesome and reckless ways. I believed that Arden forces him to, but the again the quiet ones are always the most mischievous ones.

"I'm not joining you guys today." I uttered and turned around to leave. "Tell Ryan to drive safely!" I shout over my shoulder.

"Don't think I forgot about getting the details out of you missy!" I hear Rosalie shout followed by a bicker from Arden. I rolled my eyes, pulling the straps of the bags higher on my shoulder. Those two always bicker.

I enter the library and sent a smile the librarian on my way. "I won't take long." I informed her.

Unsurprisingly I'm the only one here and that's exactly how I loved it. I walked to the table to the far corner. It was isolated and could hardly be noticeable.

I set my bag on the wooden table and strided over to one of the shelves. After searching for the book for a good ten minutes I had finally spotted it. I walked back over to the desk with the book in hand and sat down on the wooden bench.

It felt like an eternity as I flip through pages. The library so quiet that I wouldn't be surprised if the librarian had gone home. I was sure that I was the only one in the school right now and the security.

I looked down at my watch, widening my eyes when I read three fifty five. Dad must be really mad now. I had taken longer than expected and I now regretted staying back. I sighed and pushed the book I had written notes on inside the bag.

I got up and grasp the book and placed it back on the shelf. Thankfully I had written all the main notes so I wouldn't have to bring it along with me. Sighing I walked out the library, noting that I was indeed correct that the librarian had gone home.

The halls were empty far from how it was an hour ago with hormonal teenagers roaming about. It felt oddly nice. I hadn't spotted the security as yet and wondered where he must've been. I nibble on my lip as I continued to walk.

A prickling feeling has the little hairs on my arm to stand up to attention. My heart starts to thud uncontrollably as the feeling of being watched creeps up my spine. My slow steps has now turned to a jog as I prayed that I was just hallucinating.

My mouth opens to scream but gets muffled by a huge hand that covers half of my face. My hands reach up to scratch at the hand but to no avail. Tears blurred my vision when my bag falls as the body of a male pulls me into an empty classroom.

My fingers dig into his flesh wishing to cause him pain as I thrash around to get free. He hisses pressing his palm harshly on my mouth until it feels numb. "You're a hard girl to get alone." An unfamiliar boy whispers beside my ear, biting the earlobe.