

## Chapter 010|Fangs and Claws

~ The hardest things to let go of are the things you never really had.

"What are you doing?" I whisper yelled after Mr Immaculate turned back to the board with great effort but not before I glimpsed at his beet-red embarrassed face, that his curiosity has got the best of him and he had spared us a glance.

Law smirked, his dimples deepening as he brought his pen in front of my line of view and then with a smug grin, penned down English on his hardcover note.

"Learning, smart pants," he gave me a cheeky smile, "And I thought you were the brainy one."

"Don't you dare act coy with me," I warned between gritted teeth?

"Or else what?" he muttered, loud enough for the first two rows to hear us and from the few heads that turn they did.

I ignored the amused look on his face like I was some kind of sport and sighed in exasperation while wondering why I cared about the douchebag who was damn stubborn and was trying to prove a point no one gave a fuck about.

I stared hard at my book, I bet burning a hole through it as I tried hard to push fucking Law Tyler out of the back of my head but it was frickin impossible when the damn object of my falling apart world was good at being conspicuous. He drummed his fingers against the side of his desk, hit his sneakers rhythmically,

stole my pen and wrote our names together in his notebook passing it to me more than once even though I glared hard at him and threw the book back at him.

But more than his tantrums and antics to get on my nerves, there were also the little things that were more responsible for my palpitation and jitters.

I sniffed him again without meaning to and it was that damn cinnamon scent and the scent of something hot and different. Not a bad, scrunching the nose kind of difference but a delicious unapologetically manly musky scent that made me slightly dizzy and it didn't help that he had his legs stretched and our legs were knocking against each other now and then.

"This is social death," I made one attempt to warn him for the last time maybe he could stand up and perhaps the more than eager students of my class

ready to spread the news that their Prince had kissed a frog and so openly this time, might reconsider their quest to destroy him.

"When you mean social death, do you mean total avoidance by the whole members of this school?"

I nod my head but way too eagerly than intended.

"Fine. I never wanted the attention anyway and truly, it would be a 100 percent win for me if I could get these whiny creatures off my back." He frowned and for a second I wanted to believe, that what he was saying was genuine, wanted to close my eyes to glaring realities that have taught me that nothing in this life was real and even the most things we consider great weren't. "I'm just here for you anyway and the clingy energy isn't helping."

I focused on my notebook, not paying heed to what

the teacher was saying, because who was? Everyone was doing a horrible job of placing their head inside their textbooks while just trying to take a sneak peek of us when they think we aren't looking.

The row in front of us was without a doubt listening in on our discussion. One of the girls' books was turned upside down and she didn't realize it and her partner who was pretty in a busty seniorite way lingered on a page of her book throughout the lecture.

It was strange having all that attention on me, noting people were going out of their way just to take a sneak peek at me and I could tell it was him. He was the limelight illuminating me so I could be seen and honestly, I didn't like the glowering idea of being noticed, realized, discovered.

The bell rang and I sprang to my feet like I'd been sitting on hot coals for the longest of time, grabbed my

beckpeck end ignored Glorie who still haven't recovered from the shock of heving the golden boy sitting in our fricking row end even next to me, I hestened my pece just exheusted.

Wey too much hed heppened.

Wey too much hed been chenged.

Chenges meent surprises.

And remember who doesn't like surprises? Yup! Me.

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It's been four deys end I've leernt just e thing. I didn't know enything ebout Evens's high school sociel ledder. Nothing et ell!

Beceuse guess who got even more populer? Who got

more sherpie-written numbers on his desk? Who got invited to the best parties in the coolest cribs? Yes, demn fucking Lew who should be benned from even using whatever mouthwesh, the cool kids use.

Beceuse, not only hes he been ecting es bored es usuel, he wes going out of his wey to meke sure he wes being seen with me es often es possible end I wetch horrifyingly sure this wes some sick setup es the populers tried to ect civil with me et the very leest.

It felt weird expecting the familier jeks but not getting eny, weiting for the underhended comments end suggestive insensitive jokes but none wes forthcoming end even more heving the fleshy girls in the school spering time to shower on me feke love.

Feke love wes between two ex-heed cheerleeders who hed to form en ellience. Like e sort of en errenged merriege for e short time to teke cere of the

impediment threet which was the shiny, beeautiful  
proud ruling leeder.

No, I wesn't the one in eny ellience, I wes the one  
considered threet enough for such en ellience.

I tugged Glorie's hend feeling bed for her since she  
seems to be totelly lost in whet wes going on with us,  
with me. Why suddenly we were invited to the  
populer's teble twice which I'd politely turned down by  
running out of the cefeterie sure that there wes en  
underlying prenk hiding underneeth the most wented  
to be set on teble. She wes still elso, trying to figure  
out how Lew elso ended up in eny spece I heppened  
to be in, pestering me ebout the dete he thinks I owe  
him like he wes lost to the ruckus his ettention hed  
creeted end wes still creeting.

"Hey Prudeee," I cringed et the shrill femilier voice  
before I tried to put on e big enough wince thet I wes

hoping to look like e smile.

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It was strange having all that attention on me, noting people were going out of their way just to take a sneak peek at me and I could tell it was him. He was the limelight illuminating me so I could be seen and honestly, I didn't like the glowering idea of being noticed, realized, discovered.

The bell rang and I sprang to my feet like I'd been sitting on hot coal for the longest of time, grabbed my backpack and ignored Gloria who still haven't recovered from the shock of having the golden boy sitting in our fricking row and even next to me, I

hastened my pace just exhausted.

Way too much had happened.

Way too much had been changed.

Changes meant surprises.

And remember who doesn't like surprises? Yup! Me.

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It's been four days and I've learnt just a thing. I didn't know anything about Evans's high school social ladder. Nothing at all!

Because guess who got even more popular? Who got more sharpie-written numbers on his desk? Who got invited to the best parties in the coolest cribs? Yes, damn fucking Law who should be banned from even

using whatever mouthwash, the cool kids use.

Because, not only has he been acting as bored as usual, he was going out of his way to make sure he was being seen with me as often as possible and I watch horrifyingly sure this was some sick setup as the populars tried to act civil with me at the very least.

It felt weird expecting the familiar jabs but not getting any, waiting for the underhanded comments and suggestive insensitive jokes but none was forthcoming and even more having the flashy girls in the school sparing time to shower on me fake love.

Fake love was between two ex-head cheerleaders who had to form an alliance. Like a sort of an arranged marriage for a short time to take care of the impediment threat which was the shiny, beautiful proud ruling leader.

No, I wasn't the one in any alliance, I was the one considered threat enough for such an alliance.

I tugged Gloria's hand feeling bad for her since she seems to be totally lost in what was going on with us, with me. Why suddenly we were invited to the popular's table twice which I'd politely turned down by running out of the cafeteria sure that there was an underlying prank hiding underneath the most wanted to be sat on table. She was still also, trying to figure out how Law also ended up in any space I happened to be in, pestering me about the date he thinks I owe him like he was lost to the ruckus his attention had created and was still creating.

"Hey Prudeee," I cringed at the shrill familiar voice before I tried to put on a big enough wince that I was hoping to look like a smile.

The row in Infront of us was without a doubt listening

in on our discussion. One of the girls' books was turned upside down and she didn't realize it and her partner who was pretty in a busty seniorita way lingered on a page of her book throughout the lecture.

If Julie Berger and Titiana Richmond, the most popular contenders for Law Tyler from the very first day he had stepped his foot into Evans high school had noticed my lack of enthusiasm to engage in a conversation with them or how I had widened my eyes at the appalling pink and sparkle spree going on with their dressing, they didn't show. But seriously dark pink leggings paired with sparkling flare skirts and what was it with the matching ribbons?

They were what Gloria called a stereotyped ticked box. Blonde hair that came from bottles and extensions, Julie Berger's C cup-sized boobs were her 14th-year birthday gift from her parents and Titiana's behind was as fake as Julie's rack. Both

prom queens in different years. Both social bees. Both sworn enemies since they had always seemed to want the same thing and the both of them right now were flanked beside me like we were besties discussing stiletto heels while successfully making an already petrified Gloria mumble incoherent words that were supposed to pass as excuses for her betrayal before scurrying away. So much so, for besties huh?

I could tell just one thing. An alliance has been made by the two butterflies to damage the bug and this bug has no interest to be squashed by bright pink heels.

"So we were wondering now that we're getting to know each other," Julie gave me one of her award-winning sugary smiles that made my tummy flop but not in a good way as I wondered when we entered the get to know you stage in whatever was going on here.

"We would be organizing a little get-together in my

crib next week and we were hoping you'd be willing to come and just hang." Titiana continued even as she stared at the spot where Gloria had disappeared from with a little flicker of disdain before adding with an unwilling smile that got me bothered as I was curious to know if her cheeks didn't hurt, "You can bring your friend with if you wish."

Now, flipping through the Evans high school Jocks and bimbo's dictionary, a little get-together means inviting literally everyone who had a minimum of fifteen properties in their name already, and if I was being honest that was a lot and by crib, they simply mean a place bigger than the white house and with security tighter than that of a bank's safe. Which meant one thing, a recipe for disaster if I should as much as step a foot into that building stupidly as a lamb led to slaughter.

"So you'll be there?" Julie ditched her goody-two-

shoes act as her newly shiny pedicure dug slightly into my neck making my eyes water and with a malicious smirk tugging her lips she repeated, "So you'll be there?"

I nodded enthusiastically and she beamed releasing me with a wink and both of them strutted out almost as quickly as they had come making me wonder if all that had happened a few minutes ago was a result of my overactive imagination but the stinging pain where she had dug her claws into me literally, was evident enough that this was no joke.

The students of Evans high school had fangs and they weren't scared of using them.

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