

Chapter 011|Please don't kiss me

~ I know, I've heard that to let your feelings go is the only way to make friendships grow

~ But I'm too afraid now.

Unstoppable - Sia

"Il Mio Fiore di loto..."

I turned startled and then narrowed my eyes, holding on to my backpack and turning away.

I heard his hurried footstep behind me but didn't walk faster. It was no use exerting myself in such futile exercise, he always catches up to me. Always.

He held my shoulder and I turned to look at him,
"Leave me alone."

I didn't recognize the icy tremor of my own voice.

"Ask of me something I can grant you. Something that is a possibility."

"Come to a party with me." His fingers stilled on my backpack which he had casually been stroking.

I didn't know how that escaped my lips, how I mustered the courage to demand anything of him but if I needed to school here in peace without lots of bruises then not honouring Titiana's and Julie's invitation is not an option but I'll be eaten alive if I did that alone so handing over why they seemed so fixated on my existence was my only chance of stepping out of whatever this was becoming.

"Has anyone been bothering you?" I shivered at the tone of his voice, trying to mask the scare in my eyes at how angry he sounded while I turned to face him.

"No. Do you still want to be my friend? Then you need to hang out with me first."

His eyes were fixated on mine but what he did next, I didn't anticipate as his fingers remained on my shoulder one minute and the next my hair was flying in the air.

My eyes snapped to his face with murderous intent but his gaze pierced into mine like he was reaching out to my soul, while his finger held on to the band I'd used in tying my hair and I didn't need an expert sightseer to tell me my hood was down.

"No friend of mine walks in the school hallway looking like she is trying to seduce death with an unhurried

pace and an I'd rather be anywhere but alive expression on their face." His minty breath and a mix of vodka were so close to my face as he leaned into me while I stopped myself from standing on tiptoe to be as close to him as possible.

"You don't have friends."

"Exactly my point. So I don't want my first to look so gloomy. Like who would want to hang with me and become my friend if they think I'm just a bringer of melancholy?"

I heaved, acting unaffected by our proximity was becoming so hard. I harshly exhaled "You won't have any troubles making friends. You are the Law Tyler."

He gave me a little grin but it was enough for me to peek at his pearly whites, "I want to be your Law Tyler."

"You're delusional."

"I've been called worst." His hot callused breath responsible for my heart palpitation made me dizzy even as he studied the length of my hair, "You're breathtaking."

His other hand were wrapped around my waist, the second I tried to take a step back frightened, tugging me to him and I closed my eyes the minute, his grey eyes landed on my lips.

My heertbeet wes so frightening end for e second, I feered it might just jump out of my body end nobody would cere but would only reprimend my deed body for ruining the Pristine hellweys with my bloody heert.

We were in the hellweys.

Anyone could see us.

Lew Tyler was going to kiss me!

"Please don't kiss me," I muttered, the second I felt his forehead against mine.

"Why?" I heard the amusement in his voice and would have rolled my eyes if not that my senses were dulled and I was only aware of him, how wonderful his arms on my waist felt and how I wanted it to go downward, grip my ass or worse find its way in-between my legs.

Why? He had asked. Because if he continues like this, he might hurt me and he doesn't even need to raise his hand, unlike the others.

I opened my eyes, horrified that I'd closed them in the first place, "Because friends don't kiss each other."

"One dete." His husky breeth elicited en eudible sigh from me end my body shivered even though I sew his lips curved into e cocky smirk. Of course, the besterd wes ewere of the ettrection I felt for him. Attrection helf of the school's populetion hed on him. Wes ewere that he sterred in so meny girl's wet dreems end perheps knew thet lest night in the shower, I touched myself while thinking of him. Something I heve never done before end though I hed left the bethroom horrified et my own ections efter e few strokes the point wes thet Lew Tyler wes e problem, e distrection.

I couldn't efford e distrection even though it comes in form of e teeneger with grey eyes who could give en orgesm just whispering into your eers with his demn British eccent.

"I cen't dete you."

"You sound so sure." His hend on my weist tug me,

even more, closer to him and I gasped the moment I felt his huge bulge against my lower abdomen more out of surprise that I could provoke such a reaction from him. That his sick self really wanted me and considered me effective enough.

"God," I exhaled, my mouth slicking.

"Just me." He winked at me and then released me from his grasp which made me take two steps backward intent on putting distance between us even though I felt boneless and it was ridiculous because seconds ago I was melting against him.

He shook his head, then smiling at me, he turned, walking away.

I blinked, remembering why we had even started discussing, more like why I'd initiated the conversation with him.

"Would you go to the party with me?"

"Il Mio Fiore di loto," he didn't turn to look at me, I didn't mind because his grey eyes might just make me do something even more stupid than I have already done.

"I'd go to heaven with you, even though I know we aren't welcomed there and Rudolph has not given up on his longing for you."

I snorted, "Would have convinced me if you had called hell instead. You know that's where people don't want to go!" I hollered because of our distance although ignoring the other strange things he had said that made my opinion of him being mentally unstable seem valid.

My heartbeat was so frightening and for a second, I

feared it might just jump out of my body and nobody would care but would only reprimand my dead body for ruining the Pristine hallways with my bloody heart.

We were in the hallways.

Anyone could see us.

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"Please don't kiss me," I muttered, the second I felt his forehead against mine.

"Why?" I heard the amusement in his voice and would have rolled my eyes if not that my senses were dulled and I was only aware of him, how wonderful his arms on my waist felt and how I wanted it to go downward, grip my ass or worst find its way in-between my laps.

Why? He had asked. Because if he continues like

this, he might hurt me and he doesn't even need to raise his hand, unlike the others.

I opened my eyes, horrified that I'd closed them in the first place, "Because friends don't kiss each other."

"One date." His husky breath elicited an audible sigh from me and my body shivered even though I saw his lips curved into a cocky smirk. Of course, the bastard was aware of the attraction I felt for him. Attraction half of the school's population had on him. Was aware that he starred in so many girl's wet dreams and perhaps knew that last night in the shower, I touched myself while thinking of him. Something I have never done before and though I had left the bathroom horrified at my own actions after a few strokes the point was that Law Tyler was a problem, a distraction.

I couldn't afford a distraction even though it comes in form of a teenager with grey eyes who could give an

orgasm just whispering into your ears with his damn British accent.

"I can't date you."

"You sound so sure." His hand on my waist tug me, even more, closer to him and I gasped the moment I felt his huge bulge against my lower abdomen more out of surprise that I could provoke such a reaction from him. That his sick self really wanted me and considered me attractive enough.

"God," I exhaled, my mouth slacking.

"Just me." He winked at me and then released me from his grasp which made me take two steps backward intent on putting distance between us even though I felt boneless and it was ridiculous because seconds ago I was melting against him.

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He chuckled lowly and turned to look at me, mirth in his eyes and I wonder what was so funny.

The bell rang just at that time and I knew soon the hallways would be flooded with students but that didn't deter me from holding his gaze, even as his boyish dimples sucked my breath away from me.

"I own that place."

He was long gone the minute students were scattered on the hallways and it took me minutes to walk away from the spot I stood telling myself I misconstrued Law's smug comment besides, there was no need to take him seriously when he said strange words all the time.

He owned hell? How ridiculous. The devil would surely have a field day digging into his eyes with his claws if he heard his audacious claims.

"What is going on, Prudence?"

I rolled my eyes. Look who came seeking me out to make sure I was still alive when the coast was clear I thought even as I tried to walk away from Gloria aware that I wasn't in the least angry with her. If anything, I was glad she knew better than to associate with me when it seems I was heading for a whirlwind.

"Stay away from him." She warned and I hastened my pace, like I didn't know that.

"Are you angry with me?"

"No. But just avoid me."

She gulped audibly and I could tell that tears must be pooling in her eyes, "I only know you."

"Avoiding me would put an end to that and you know it."

"What is going to happen now, Prudence," she grabbed my arm and I stopped.

I turned to meet her eyes, a bit irritated that just as I suspected she was on the verge of bursting into tears. She was too petty, too weak.

They'd break her into pieces so easily and she would be one of the large numbers of students who didn't belong in Evans high school pushing through a transfer letter soonest.

"You'd forget about me and try to live your life. Make few friends and laugh at people like myself so loud and tell whoever cares to listen that you regret associating yourself with a scum like me for so long."

"That bad?" She sniffed.

I didn't reply.

"You're my best friend!"

"I'm the worst mistake you made and it was selfish for me to hold on to you even though I knew that would blur and darken your own life here." A little smile tugs

my lips, "I won't do that anymore. I've seen the way you look at them with a wistful sigh whenever they discuss parties you'll never be invited to because of me. You deserve to go to those parties, lie about imaginary properties, drink liquor till your lips quiver and one day with a lot of luck and lies sit at the popular's table."

I turned to leave.

"I don't want to sit at any table if you won't be there."

"Too bad I already made that decision for you since you are too stupid to do that." I hastened my steps.

"What does Law Tyler wants from you?" She stammered.

I paused, "I plan to find out."

One date, it was.

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