

Chapter 012|Ain't PG-13 contents

~ In deep dark nights

When you feel broken inside

I'll sing you a song when everything feels like poison

When killing your own self looks like solution

Come to me...

I'll sing you a song.

My first tear betraying how weak I really was had slid down my cheeks in the evening.

After coming back home and having my eyes almost

gleaming in disbelief at the leftover pizza in the fridge. The pin it note on the refrigerator has been changed. It was pink now and I didn't bother going through it.

She would be taking the night shift at a local pub in the neighbourhood and probably would be returning home until I'm long asleep like a log. I didn't want to think of how dangerous it was for her to be returning so late or express my concern to her because I knew we had bills to pay regardless of my disapproval. Ranting on and on in my head about how unfair the world was to us too wasn't an option. Been there, done that. Doesn't change a thing.

So instead I had chosen to do something about my hunger because I could so I'd eaten the pizza, realising what toppings they were after I was done.

I had done a few of my assignments and even group projects alone and for once not feeling bad that my

partners were so comfortable tossing it to me, made no effort to help out and were so cross with me that anything less than an A+ means I was screwed.

But if there was anything I was confident about, it was my brain. She was the only thing I had left anyways. The body was just forced to survive: Emotions has long been suppressed, the heart was void, and hormones were dead.

I had performed a horrible version of perfect by Ed Sheeran in the bathroom and had shouted till I was sure, my neighbours would have been covering their ears with their pillows if they had one.

And in the dead of the night, when the wind forced open the window and I sat back not able to do anything since the bolt was bad, all of my suppressed thoughts came rushing back. It hurts that even though my life was going bad already and at a point I thought

it couldn't get worst, It was and I couldn't do anything about it just like the window.

I didn't realize I was crying until I noticed my damp cheek and how shaken I was as the hurricane of emotions I had long hidden under the mask of invincibility came rushing out without restraint.

The door was locked, I was the only one at home, and my cover was still not blown. I could cry my heart out and still wear my mask tomorrow. Still tie my hair and cover it with a hoodie and it won't matter that I'd like the way Law Tyler had stared at me when he had removed the hood from my hair.

He didn't look at me like most guys did. The familiar quick glance and appraisal, then I could see the scoff, the disapproval, the disgust. It had never mattered until his eyes had stared at every inch of my body like I was something more. His eyes held more than just

lust, more than that there was a terrifying hint of more than desire, something borderline crazy but seemed like worship.

Adoration. Like he could go down on his knees and...

More tears slide down my cheeks as I realized how crazy I sounded. I was screwed beyond doubt and I don't even have the right to cry. Law Tyler was doing something to me, yet I the victim was in the full glare of vicious antagonizing and all I had to do was be strong.

My phone screen came on and I was startled.

Nobody called me. Nobody in this context means someone who wasn't in jail, another who might be considering taking the advice I gave her and cutting all ties with me and the women waiting tables right now too busy to remember she has a daughter but can

only think of the growing bills that demanded her attention.

It wasn't the phone call. It was the message as confusing and scary as the thought that it was from an unknown number.

Unknown

You know I won't mind if you asked me for tissues to clean your tears.

I looked around startled even as I violently cleaned my tears with the back of my palm and hurriedly my fingers were flying on the keypad.

"Who is this and how do you know that I'm crying?"

I waited for the reply, biting my finger nervously as a chill ran down my spine at the thought that I just might

be the victim of the serial killer who has been watching me for a while now. Why he wants to kill me or how? We're lost on me, but did those mentally screwed people ever need a reason to kill?

I could almost see the headlines: Evans high school loser murdered in cold blood. I paused, maybe I was being melodramatic to think my death announcement would be that concise. Of course, they must talk about the fact that I'm the charity case, so scholarship student in Evans high school is more plausible.

Nobody would come for my burial ceremony except Mom that is if she could afford the black gown, nobody knew me so there would be no tribute or anything ceremonial. My eyes bulge, as I slipped my hand over my mouth to stifle my horrified gasp. I might not even be buried! My mangled dead body might be left to decay on the road.

Unknown

A guess but seems it was the lucky one. Today was pretty rough, saw your best friend crying at the corner so figured you'll be doing the same now.

I set up, gingerly a bit relieved that I just might not be dying.. tonight ended though it was the spot-on observation, it just might be all it was, the lucky guess.

"One last chance to prove that you aren't the stalker, the serial killer, the rapist, vampire or the frickin devil! Who is this?"

I rolled my eyes, the minute my phone lit up with a message and I felt my body relaxing. Of course, it just had to be him who would bother.

Unknown

"Lew Tyler. The boy you were so scared was going to

kiss you today."

I rolled my eyes, right. I might be off the dating floor or all kinds of floors with the opposite gender but such proximity calls for worry even though I'm the least desirable and that was a huge understatement.

"Then be careful not to get so close to me or disregard personal space like you did today else, it'll be unavoidable to have a misconception."

There was a long pause and I twiddle my fingers, waiting for his reply.

Unknown

"Who said it was a misconception? Don't mistake my patience with *Mio Fiore di Loto*, for hesitance. I very much desire to have you naked, underneath me and do stuffs to you that isn't PG13 contents."

My heart beat accelerated and even though I snorted, knowing better than to hang on to the teenage boy's harmless flirting sponsored by hormones and though it didn't add up to me, while he was texting me of all people, the warm feeling at the side of my chest at his nickname which was beginning to grow on me was foolish.

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"Do I even want to know how you got my number?"

Unknown

"Perhaps. Have a lot to do with going through the

principal's database report on Senior year students."

"Do you just have a death wish or as I suspect, you are a magnet for trouble?"

I saved his number. My back was propped against the wall as I made myself comfortable, not believing how nice it felt talking to someone.

Mr. Insufferable

"Is that concern I hear in your voice for me, Ms Prudence?"

"Just so you know, I read that with your impossibly sexy as hell accent."

My mouth was hanging open in disbelief as I stared at what I'd just sent and glaring at my hand accusingly, I covered myself with the covers as the minute ticked

by with no reply from Law. Of course, I just had to scare away the first person that had messaged me in years with, such inappropriate input. What was I even thinking? Typing something like that out of the blue.

I heard the soft ping from my drawer where I had kept my phone out of mortification and before I could talk myself out of it, I was sitting up and peeking at the lit screen.

"I'd have said that I love how flush you look when I'm so close to you, or how unbelievably weak your legs become when my hands are on you and although you torture me more than you can ever imagine because I can't concentrate on anything more than wanting to be in between your thighs giving you pleasure, because your taste is all I can think about, I'd rather ask you never to cry again and if you must, then you are free to lean on me. (You can totally hear this with the British accent)"

I didn't reply. His erotic message mixed with concern rubbed me off in a way that reminded me of who I was and why it was stupid to continue with this back-and-forth texting. I needed to keep my distance for crying out loud! Because although I'm finding it hard to believe and even I find his taste in women questionable, no offence intended to my self-esteem by the way, but even if he wants me now, somehow desired me, What happens when this strange want is extinguished? When he finally peels off the layers and finds out there is nothing special in there like he hoped? What if he sees that my soul is as faded as my Jean Chucks? Then what becomes of me?

Some things don't just break, Rob would say, because atimes when things break if the pieces are large enough they can be assembled... But when they shatter into tiny little shards? There is no fixing, no big comeback, no healing from that kind of break. Good

boys might turn out to be assholes and break your heart without intending to but the bad ones, avoid them, Prudence, they shatter it and still asks you what you think of his current girlfriend.

Law Tyler was a bad boy, the type that won't even bother asking you silly questions and would just go back into pretending like you never existed. I needed to stay the hell away from him.

That was the last thing I thought of before I succumbed to the dominant right-handed grip of nature.

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