

## Chapter 002|A Law Tyler kind of bad

~ My whole life has been pledged to this meeting with you.

Whenever I got too excited about a job that had a little over the average bucks I made in waiting tables at Morning Bli (My boss isn't creative and for full discretion we are always working, morning, afternoon, and night. Used to be morning bliss but the two s had fallen from the sign even before I started working at the diner, so that's how the infamous second name that reeked of poverty and tossed whatever ingredients worked into the pot was found) per hour, mum would always remind me never to count my chicks until they were hatched but it did sound really stupid, because who had time to count chicks when we were busy counting debts. I was one of the most

practical people I know, I didn't dwell on thoughts, sayings or pieces of advice if it doesn't relate to real-life happenings and I hated theories. Rob said it was a survival instinct, I didn't really care what it was but now, as I stared at the smoothie seeping into my grey hoodie, slowly and surely like gas, it trickled in unsuspectingly and I blinked back hot tears noting from my peripheral vision that people were staring, I was forced to realize that I had counted my chicks way too early. This was bad, this was a Law Tyler kind of bad, this was a my life is over bad.

Before all the bads had gone off in my life, the bell rang just in time as I slipped my Calculus textbook from my locker into my backpack. Hurriedly closing it while with my head still down I quickened my steps to the C railway where my Calculus class took place every Friday and Thursday. Gloria, nicknamed it 45 minutes of fuckastic hell where everybody spoke English yet it sounded like Greek and codes.

I mumbled a hi at her, even as I noticed she was already making a mindless doodle on her notebook. She sat at the desk next to me so I could steal a peek, and we were both the only occupant of the whole row which seemed almost empty but it wasn't our fault that nobody wanted to sit next to us because they thought poverty was contagious.

Gloria's family was okay, though religious like mom's but though they were not Evans high standard of rich and Gloria was on half scholarship, I think they were Tyler Perry's rich to me. That dude makes tons of money, from his movies that make me snore. Just saying.

Gloria's neighbourhood was a patch of picket fence and flurry dogs, with the perfect families, definitely not a single parent and if in rare cases a single parent, an educated one with children who complained about the

smallest of things. Like not getting the latest edition of the coolest video game all the kids in his school owned already.

Gloria's mom was a teacher in the community middle school and her dad was a struggling journalist. I hated how much she had but yet wasn't aware of and how much I envied her home yet she sighed discontentedly at every little inadequacy when we first became friends but now I was understanding that insatiability was Man's curse and burden.

Her mousy brown hair was in an elastic band, she wore a floral patterned gown and had bruises on her hand. She still hasn't gotten used to the wagon of being invisible and this is not in any way the teacher's fault, because I'd tried my best but the girl is damn slow. She wore Chapsticks and a pair of pretty watercoloured sandals. She was making an effort. She was pretty. I was an Antichrist to the first, which

helped me stay out of trouble and the next, I never considered myself attractive or pretty, not because I thought I was hideous.

No, I was too busy going through life and sneaking on whatever handed me down. Rob had to spare to have time for the huge job called consideration that didn't offer a dime.

Grey hoodie, one of Rob's beggy joggers, a black Chucks that Glorie had gifted me on my last birthday, which looked worn out now because literally it was worn out-side every day, my black hair was in a messy ponytail and my appearance I bet reeked of the antonym of Glorie's.

I leaned against the desk even as Mr. Clarkson, a man in his late fifties who had this accusing glance in his eyes like he could sniff that something bad was cooking all the time and he was right, because if our

wennebe bimbos with their feke extensions took es much time end creetivity they did plotting socielly displeced students like me end Glorie's downfell in their books meybe they could get e D.

He lezily esked us to open e pege in our textbook end thet wes when I zoned out wishing thet I wesn't so bright then I could listen es herd es Glorie did, her brow knitted, her eyes herdened end I know soon her grey pools would be clouded with frustretion but no, somehow my intelligence wes elso e curse beceuse it geve me e free wide berth since I could solve ell the problems of thet perticuler subject while discussing Chenel begs I'll only be eble t

o dreem of, to think of how unfair the world wes end how it wes okey, to be e bitch, dumb, e slut, e bully yet being poor, e crime you didn't commit yourself into, wes e sin. Treeson.

The bell rang and I found myself exhaling in relief amongst other students though my own relief wasn't borne out of frustration and freedom from the irritable knowledge of knowing you had no idea what our middle-aged tutor with peppery hair and kind eyes was talking about. It didn't help that he also had a thick Russian accent. But I understood fully all he talked about so much that I had to avert my eyes away from the board to stop myself from correcting one of his examples.

It wasn't like it was incorrect but he must have forgotten to round it up and it had been torturous keeping my ideas to myself hence the relief when the class came to an end.

The last thing I needed was pointing out his errors which would result in getting yet another teacher to hate my "sass" and my classmates' snarky comments and reactions that would earn me the one thing that I

absolutely went to avoid with my being ~ Attention.

Glorie was calling my name and instead of reminding her yet again that I didn't like my name audible on her lips since it would only make a few people crane their necks to see who answered such a peculiar name like mine. Mind you the peculiar in this context doesn't in any way tilt towards special but just pure strange and was one of the things amongst others I hated about myself, I kept on walking.

Not wanting more people to shorten my name Prudence into their cliché bore of mockery that reeked of how creatively incapacitated they were, I adjusted my hood over my head and with my eyes down, I quickly walked out of sight.

No, I was too busy going through life and snagging on whatever hand me downs Rob had to spare to have time for the huge job called consideration that didn't



offer a dime.

Grey hoodie, one of Rob's baggy joggers, a black Chucks that Gloria had gifted me on my last birthday, which looked worn out now because literally it was worn out-side every day, my black hair was in a messy ponytail and my appearance I bet reeked of the antonym of Gloria's.

I leaned against the desk even as Mr Clarkson, a man in his late fifties who had this accusing glance in his eyes like he could sniff that something bad was cooking all the time and he was right, because if our wannabe bimbos with their fake extensions took as much time and creativity they did plotting socially displaced students like me and Gloria's downfall in their books maybe they could get a D.

He lazily asked us to open a page in our textbook and that was when I zoned out wishing that I wasn't so

bright then I could listen as hard as Gloria did, her brow knitted, her eyes hardened and I know soon her grey pools would be clouded with frustration but no, somehow my intelligence was also a curse because it gave me a free wide berth since I could solve all the problems of that particular subject while discussing Chanel bags I'll only be able t

o dream of, to think of how unfair the world was and how it was okay, to be a bitch, dumb, a slut, a bully yet being poor, a crime you didn't commit yourself into, was a sin. Treason.

The bell rang and I found myself exhaling in relief amongst other students though my own relief wasn't borne out of frustration and freedom from the irritable knowledge of knowing you had no idea what our middle-aged tutor with peppery hair and kind eyes was talking about. It didn't help that he also had a thick Russian accent. But I understood fully all he

talked about so much that I had to dart my eyes away from the board to stop myself from correcting one of his examples.

It wasn't like it was incorrect but he must have forgotten to round it up and it had been torturous keeping my ideas to myself hence the relief when the class came to an end.

The last thing I needed was pointing out his errors which would result in getting yet another teacher to hate my "sass" and my classmates' snarky comments and reactions that would earn me the one thing that I absolutely want to avoid with my being ~ Attention.

Gloria was calling my name and instead of reminding her yet again that I didn't like my name audible on her lips since it would only make a few people crane their necks to see who answered such a peculiar name like mine. Mind you the peculiar in this context doesn't in

any way tilt towards special but just pure strange and was one of the things amongst others I hated about myself, I kept on walking.

Not wanting more people to shorten my name  
Prudence into their cliché bore of mockery that reeked of how creatively incapacitated they were, I adjusted my hood over my head and with my eyes down, I quickly walked out of sight.

I had been so quick, that I had almost missed one of the most popular girl in school, Jessica Trent, with her lips curled in disdain like the world was under her Gucci sandals, which was against the school dressing code and her shoulders squared like she owned the school... Wait she did.

Her father was the CEO of "Tech hub" an automobile company which in other words translated that Jessica have never met face to face with the word called

unavailability in any of her wants and also a vice-president of the school board members.

Her pixie haircut, pastel-coloured nails and her short gown which stopped mid thigh weren't at all the reason why my breath had hitched and my eyes had widened, but it was the gleam of evil in her eyes and the evil tilt at both sides of her lips.

I didn't register the smoothie that she had dumped on my head until the plastic disposable cup hit the ground and I heard the laughter from her minions behind her.

With my head down I was supposed to swiftly walk past them and swallow at their jeer and taunt, then I'll hate myself as tears would burn against my eyes threatening to be revealed which would eventually lead me to the washroom.

But I didn't because something unusual happened.  
Something that shouldn't have occurred.

"Why are you troubling her, Stacey?"

Jessica's blue eyes narrowed into slits and I could tell she was more insulted that anyone didn't know her name and worst had gotten it wrong, than the obnoxious cocky question. We turned simultaneously and that's when all the bads in my life were ticked off.

The smoothie that found its way from my head, dripped down my cheeks, melted at my shoulders and seeped into my clothes, yet didn't even register in my mind because there stood the most popular yet mysterious, good-looking though the also strangely quiet boy in school, hands tucked in his pocket like he didn't understand why our eyes were wide open in shock and why students who were loitered idly on our hallways were now videoing the drama in front of

them excitedly. His grey irises were blank with no emotion and didn't revel in the attention and effect he drew like the other boys, if anything he looked bored.

Bottomless grey pools that draw, allure and lure you and promise to entrap you, Grecian nose, sharp jaw and red lips that tempt, at that point Law Tyler, was figuratively a devil to me.

Luring check

Tempts double check

A body and face that I wouldn't be shocked if he made a deal with the devil in exchange for triple check.

"Prudence, what is happening here and why were you about to let Stacey get away with what she did to you?"



I almost choked on my spit. How in God's name was he even aware of my existence not to even mention that he somehow knew my name. He sees me. This was bad. Because what could go wrong if the most desired male in a school who doesn't indulge in conversations, dropped infamous oneliners when it was essential and kept to himself, happened to get your name right and not the Queen bee's? I know the answer. It was a Law Tyler kind of bad now that's exactly the spot I was in almost hyperventilating, tongue-tied and hopelessly scared.

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.