

## Chapter 003|Wants and needs

~ Don't you ever say, I just walked away, I will always want you.

### Miley Cyrus - Wrecking ball

To say I was shocked when Jessica smiled cheerily instead of clawing at a smug-looking Law Tyler who seemed so oblivious to how delicious and good-looking he looked at the moment, would be the biggest understatement of the year. I was bummed and beyond surprised.

Jessica was a royal entitled bitch who would fuck anyone up, popular quarterback or handsome Ceo's heir but I had to be honest with myself and agree that there was something more about Law. Something that

appealed greatly than his good looks, it was far more than the forbidden desire that curled one's toes when he pinned you with those grey eyes of his, or how hyper-alert you couldn't help but be when he was in the next room with you, it was more than the thrilling chills that ran down my spine... There was something more about Law Tyler that commanded your attention, respect and your admiration.

It wasn't a damn request, it was a frickin order to acknowledge his presence, to gulp at his unbelievable good looks, avert your gaze and find yourself sneaking a peek again.

Jessica had moved closer to him, putting on her best flirtatious smile and I wouldn't even be shocked if they walked out of the hallway, hand in hand, forgetting about me and realizing just how picture-perfect they looked, standing by each other.

"Prudence, why do you let them get away with screwing you over and bullying you?" I blinked in utter shock that he still hasn't come off whatever drug he was high on and was still talking to me, worst with how relaxed he sounded, he was completely clueless about the thousands of cameras now on his face; either that or he didn't care.

I did. I could tell this was some sick prank that Jessica herself must have come up with. Totally refreshing and badass, I'd have been impressed if I wasn't the damn target and the disbelief and shock of rejection plastered on her face were relatively the only thing that looked real on her Botox body, which I knew was sadly fake after all, was really good.

She should try acting if school didn't work out for her. What am I saying? I knew the only things in-between her brain was a handbook on how to use money extravagantly and another guide that taught her to

spread her legs to get what her money couldn't buy her which was rare if I must add.

I pinned my stare to the floor, believing that if I didn't entertain the both of them, if I didn't talk to them they would get bored eventually and let me go with a few taunts and snarky comments.

"Nothing to see here," Law spelt out to the crowd that was now loitering in the school hallway, which made me raise my brow, didn't he need an audience to make my embarrassment more profound?

His voice was clipped, his tone gravelly low yet I didn't need to look up to know that everyone slowly walked back to their classes as I could hear the sound of their footwear echoing on the expensive marble and hardwood flooring of the hallways.

My geze stubbornly lingered on the floor, wetching the

two pairs of shoes that remained. A Gucci pair of sandals and an expensive-looking, maybe a limited edition pair of sneakers.

"You too, Ashley," his tone was taunting and yet when I sneaked a peek at him, his face remained blank. So blank, it was scary.

"It is Jessica," she mumbled through gritted teeth and I could tell my life was over as of that minute. I could feel her glare burning through my skull, I also didn't have to look up to know this.

"Whatever you say," his words were curt and he sounded as disinterested as his sluggish stance. I remained in my humble position hoping that Jessica would go easy on me especially if she remembered that I didn't once foolishly enjoy her humiliation although I knew too well that to the students of Evens high school, mercy was a myth.

"Why didn't you attend the last party I hosted, Lew? I was expecting you." Her voice was raised, a squeaky poor attempt to flirtatiously gain back her bearing in the unexpected turn of events.

"I had told you I won't be coming. I have a phobia for dumb bimbos," I couldn't hide my shock anymore and curiosity on how he was effortlessly able to insult Jessica without thinking of repercussions. Slowly, I lifted my gaze and looked at them and I wished I didn't, because the almost frightful hurting pain in

the eyes of Jessica who I could swear some hours ago was made of ice, would forever be burned in my memory.

"Now, leave." She slowly walked out and my mouth dropped, as I stared at Jessica's retreating figure in utter shock and awe. Something didn't feel right, the

wey people impulsively obeyed him without e word of objection felt off.

"Heve anyone told you thet hencing your mouth open is en unettrective feetur in e ledy?" I turned to meet his geze snepping beck into reelity, consequently.

I held my beckpeck end mede to resume my welk down the hell like nothing hed heppened even though I could tell thet nothing would ever be the seme. Lew Tyler hed destroyed my temporery invisibility with his unneeded ettention.

I didn't know why he suddenly cere or now sew me, maybe this wes some cherity essignment he wes cerrying out; Whet do I know? rich kids heve disturbing weird hobbies so I didn't bother to reply to him es I fixed my geze on the floor end resumed welking slowly ewey from him. I gritted my teeth, es I sew his shedow following efter me.

His looming towering figure behind me distracted me and I hated it. I hated him.

"Look you have been doing well, climbing up the social ladder over the years though not by any ounce of effort from you, I can tell," I stopped, looking straight ahead, "Don't ruin it for some piece of ass," I wanted to yell at him, ask him to go and apologize to Jessica, walk away from me and tell the school it was just a joke he was experimenting then ruin his high school experience because of me.

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"Have anyone told you that hanging your mouth open is an unattractive feature in a lady?" I turned to meet his gaze snapping back into reality, consequently.

I held my backpack and made to resume my walk down the hall like nothing had happened even though I could tell that nothing would ever be the same. Law Tyler had destroyed my temporary invisibility with his unneeded attention.

I didn't know why he suddenly care or now saw me, maybe this was some charity assignment he was carrying out; What do I know? rich kids have disturbing weird hobbies so I didn't bother to reply to him as I fixed my gaze on the floor and resumed walking slowly away from him. I gritted my teeth, as I saw his shadow following after me.

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"Are you always like this to your Prince charming?"

I snorted. Okay, I was indeed right. This was just about tapping my ass, maybe he had weird fantasies of screwing the school's outcast and now for interrupting a routine that had done more harm to me than good, he wanted something in return. I felt

flattered honestly that he had gone through all that trouble just for some girl when he had all the popular rich girls of Evans high wrapped around his elegant, trimmed pinkie which was more reason to doubt his mental stability.

"I didn't ask for a saviour and how am I in your context?" I snapped, then resumed walking though faster as I wondered what he wanted from me because his strides doubled to match mine.

"Rude, frightened, annoyed, exasperated. Weird but an intriguing combination. Who would have thought plain Prudent had it in her to talk back?" I could hear the mocking snarl in his voice and was glad he was finally showing his true colours. Familiarity I could handle. "And for being a saviour? that is a direct irony to what I represent."

"I still don't know why you are still talking to me when

it is evident that it is forbidden," I swivelled to look at him, now done with his games.

"What do you want?"

"You beneath me, writhing, sweaty, painfully in need of me." I scoffed. I stared at his eyes for split seconds and although they were normal, I couldn't rule out the possibility that he was on something, I hope it was pot and not meth because that would just fuck him over royally and it would be a pity if he turned out to be a crack addict especially since there have been rumours going around that he was in fact brainy.

"But my want would come right after my need."

I smirked, wishing I could record this moment and show him the dangers of drugs later on when he was off the high. That would surely keep him off popping pills or whatever he took for a while. I fascinated

about the horror in his eyes when he see that he had been hitting on a plain ole Jane like me and to sweeten the deal I spelt my you as 'you and not 'u' and had never been given a million dollars to spend on shopping shoes but I knew that would never happen. Once he was back to his senses just my mere presence could make him throw up as the thought of him having his hands around me would assault his senses.

"Now, I need you to be enamoured with me completely. Just like every other millennium when we meet," he hugged me from behind and my eyes widen almost bugging out in sheer confusion as I wondered what he was rambling about and most importantly if anyone was seeing us right now, " I need you to fall in love with me, Amelia."

Okay, I've been frickin wrong. He wasn't into anything, he needed help. Like mental help as soon as



possible. An asylum, put under some fancy mental institute because he was out of it completely.

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