

## Chapter 005|What is Love?

~Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies."

Remember how I smugly commented on how I hardly feel hunger at all? Maybe there was a tiny teeny bit of lie in my theory because as my tummy rumbled and the worms in my stomach loudly protest I could tell just how annoyed they had been by my audacious statement as they rebelled at my Literature class so brazenly.

"Prudence Bennett, you seem to be in a world of your own which is totally unacceptable, especially during such a wonderful conversation we are having here." I blinked in confusion, surprised Ms Anne was referring to me.

Ms Anne was the youngest teacher in Evans high school, hence almost everyone's favourite. For the guys, it was because she was hot and probably starred in one too many of their wet dreams and for the girls, she was not a bad sight to behold since she was always on par with the latest fashion of the season, unlike the other female teachers which was no surprise since Evans high school was her Alma matter.

At first, I thought she would be a grown-up version bitch just like the little devils I had to go to school with, but she had proven to be different which made me come to only two conclusions, it was either adulthood had dealt her a great deal and she had let go of her devilishness or few of the rich ones still have a bit of goodness in them.

Either way, it was hard not to fall in love with her,

especially with those kind brown eyes of hers and wait, no definitely not in that way, even though I'm not so sure about dinner when I get back from school. I'm sure I was as straight as my straight A's. My sexuality was one of the few things I was certain about that won't change. Many things weren't guaranteed and it was fine. I've gotten used to saying goodbye.

Ms Anne was a sweetheart but today she was on my list of people to murder with my glare as I stood on my feet ignoring the mumbling and taunts going on behind me.

I hated her enthusiastic smile at the moment, knowing it had everything to do with our new text we'd just begun reading: Romeo and Juliet.

Like has the world lost it for their obsession with that particular Shakespeare classic where two people had died for something as trivial as love, not to stop a

world war or put an end to hunger. But Love. What was that?

"So what is your opinion, Ms Bennett?" Ms Anne expectantly asked.

"Huh?" My brows were furrowed in absolute confusion since the last thing I remembered hearing was an instruction for us to bring out the Romeo and Juliet textbook.

She gave me a concerned stare briefly, "Love. Many people over time have had diversifying opinions about this concept for centuries and I thought it would be nice to hear a few of yours."

I snickered inwardly, tell me about love when you have given me food, but knowing I couldn't say that aloud, especially since it would only increase the laughter and taunts behind me, I settled for a popular

quote I've once read in a book.

"I think," I paused, noticing with irritation how light grew more on Ms Anne's face and I couldn't help but anticipate for whoever had put that light in there to come put it off.

Love was what had made my sperm donor of a father, knock my mom up the first time, ghosted everyone and went to only God knows where until Rob was 5, then he had returned with sugary promises and foolish explanations.

Mom had welcomed him again with open arms, a decision that had made me want to hate her so hard because it'd brought me into this world. And yet that Rob had no difficulty having for her nevertheless. He would tell me that he remembered when he had left the second time and mom had weiled and cried.

He was e women beeter. Would beet mom for the slightest of errors.

He was e womenizer. Rob couldn't forget ell the time he hed welked in on him with e women thet wesn't mom repeetedly.

He was jobless end e drunk yet mom hed weiled when he hed left.

But I couldn't feult her the wey Rob hed, beceuse although Once Rob hed mede me promise that I won't be like Mom who hed begged for e not good enough men's love end I hed but I knew whe

t it feels like to be lonely, to went to be held end desired. To be lusted efter end for someone to know thet you ein't home end worry for you.

It wes stupid. A foolish need but we ein't expected to

be perfect right es humens? Or were mistekes like  
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I knew the enswer to thet question.

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I reised my brow et the seme time Ms Anne nerrowed  
her geze et someone behind me. "Lewson Tyler, whet  
seems so funny to you?"

Something else stopped me from sitting down end it

was the same foolish something that had made me take a peek at the owner of the grey eyes I'd dreamed about twice last night.

I always had nightmares, well every one of my dreams I have regarded as one though because even the few good ones where I finally go to college and secure a good job always end the moment I open my eyes and realize that it was just a dream and I was still a high school student living out a torment sentence every weekday exempting holidays. But, I didn't know what category to fit in Lew Tyler's grey eyes. It was certainly not a nightmare because they were not the gory image of Rob being shot and watching the crimson blood spread on his favourite grey shirt and having to look at how limp he becomes when he falls to the dust. It was the opposite actually, it was a beautiful pair of eyes.

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He was a woman beater. Would beat mom for the slightest of errors.

He was a womanizer. Rob couldn't forget all the time he had walked in on him with a woman that wasn't mom repeatedly.

He was jobless and a drunk yet mom had wailed when he had left.

But I couldn't fault her the way Rob had, because although Once Rob had made me promise that I won't be like Mom who had begged for a not good enough man's love and I had but I knew wha

t it feels like to be lonely, to want to be held and desired. To be lusted after and for someone to know that you ain't home and worry for you.

It was stupid. A foolish need but we ain't expected to be perfect right as humans? Or were mistakes like that without consequences exclusively meant for the rich?

I knew the answer to that question.

My eyes hardened and I held onto anger because it made me numb to other feelings like the stabbing pain in my stomach and how glaringly unfair the world was.

"Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies," I made to sit down glad that I was done but I heard a long audacious throaty laughter.

I raised my brow at the same time Ms Anne narrowed her gaze at someone behind me. "Lawson Tyler, what seems so funny to you?"

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And it wasn't a nice dream. I didn't even know what those were like. They were just a pair of eyes for crying out loud so why in God's name couldn't I stop thinking of them?

"You can sit down Ms Benett" Ms Anne gave me one of her infamous kind smiles but it didn't invoke the normal reaction that it does as I couldn't help but feel a dizzying throb of my heart even as I sat right back.

I heard Law Tyler's audible snort knowing that he must be standing now, "It is funny because it seems like she had just spewed the word from her lips even though it is obvious she doesn't even believe it

herself."

Ms Anne pursed her lips thoughtfully for a while even as my tummy did flip-flops at his British accent not even minding that he had called me out on my lie as I wondered why I was not able to recognize his accent the other day in the lobby. Oh maybe because I was too enthusiastic about leaving him before anyone spotted him with me although I still waited for my punishment from Jessica for being so greatly insulted just because the golden boy of the school seems to be mentally unstable and had picked interest in me to go right down with him.

I wasn't the only one in the room who had their eyes on Law, well I didn't technically have my eyes on him since I didn't have the guts to crane my neck and gawk at him like the others. I feel like I didn't have the right to that privilege so I just sat on alert while straining my ears making sure I could hear his every

syllable till the last pause.

"That seems really rich and insightful," Ms Anne mumbled and I could tell she was trying to be sarcastic but from the little sigh of lust from the corner of the room, I knew the females in the room were too caught up in their fantasy with him to recognize sarcasm even though it hits them on the face.

"So can you tell us your own opinion that I hope you believe in?"

I could imagine a cocky cheeky smile on his face even though I knew if I turn, there would only be that damn boring look like everybody was a bore that he had to put up with.

"No." I couldn't restrain myself from looking at him wondering what audacity was this and who lends him his boldness? "But I could spare some minutes to



further explain the theory of love, Aristotle had described that Prudence had only mumbled without meaning."

I quickly turned not able to hide how arrogant I think he was being.

I narrowed my eyes at him, scoffing and he held my eyes, his lips curving oh so slightly.

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