

Chapter 007| Even the devil would be shocked

~ It's painful, loving someone from afar.

Watching them – from the outside.

The once familiar elements of their life reduced to nothing more than occasional mentions in conversations and faces changing in photographs.....

They exist to you now as nothing more than living proof that something can still hurt you ... with no contact at all.

Strong hands wound around my waist, lifting me effortlessly and dropping me at the other side of my rack, so fast it was almost like I imagined it.

But the bucket of cheese and chocolate that rained down from the ceiling of the particular spot I was standing a few minutes ago was certainly not just a figment of my imagination as what had almost happened dawned on me.

The cafeteria was quiet. That was unusual I thought, they always had a "freak accident" to laugh about, all the time. My eyes widened as I realized that I was supposed to be their freak show and that was not the only reason why the whole population of Evans high school was gobsmacked.

I turned to meet Law's face and he seemed angry. No, he didn't just seem angry, he was seething and boiling in pure rage I was terrified especially since his dreamy grey eyes were a shade darker, dangerous.

But I wasn't scared of him, I was scared more of the population of the whole school who just saw their

Prince touch the troll. I was done, finish. Closed. My life was literally over.

My tray of spaghetti which was surprisingly in one piece fell from my hands and clattered to the ground and that was ironic because that's the sound I think my heart made when it realized I was going from being just a bottom feeder to a specially hated one.

I didn't move, I couldn't even muster the courage to drop my gaze on the floor so I watched. Watched my world fall apart, I watch as Law held my hand, his long elegant fingers clasping my arms possessively and stayed there even as he faced the cafeteria which had gone gravelly quiet and I knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to throw me into the cruel arms of visibility.

Yes, he just might become my bane of existence with his very bold yet silent statement he was making at the moment and I'd probably end up as the weirdo or

charity case Law was suddenly shockingly interested in but I'd be seen, acknowledged, and not just be some faceless girl with a hideous hoodie.

He was throwing me into a world I resented, loathed even and for some reason despite the paralyzing fear of it. I was letting him.

Everybody was watching.

It wasn't a figure of speech. Literally, every single person stared.

I spared a glance at Law Tyler. His expression was pissed yet bored, a combination that dared anyone to snicker or comment ruefully about me.

I had a feeling that he wanted to make an example out of someone, but no one took the bait. No one coughed out the word charity case or scum briefcase.

I felt my face so hot with embarrassment, I thought I'd ignite but yet at the same time, it felt so good.

Watching someone standing up for me was a foreign feeling that warmed my chest in an uneasy cheesy way.

"The next time someone pulls such a stunt like this ever again with her, I'll scour the entire school, I'd search you out painstakingly and with such great effort and when I do ____" he didn't finish his sentence. He didn't need to.

His expression said it all. His scowl and smouldering grey eyes expressed every anger that reverberated and enunciated each of his words which was quite a lot and the thought that someone was that angry because of me, pulled such a stunt for me was confusing and crazy but it was more than obvious everyone had gotten the message loud and clear.

Steres burned et me end it felt like I wes the new girl in school end for the first time, I wes being seen. Like now they could see thet my eyes were coffee brown end I wore shoes!

He bent down end picked up the trey I'd thrown on the floor, I geped et him while everyone else stered et him like he were the Messieh, blezing into town on his donkey weering e glittery thong, en ewestruck expression mirroring in eech of their feces.

He hended my trey with the broken sherds cesually to one of the students to dispose of, then he turned end berked, "Next person to gewk gets to be en exemple. Would you like my food?"

I neerly leughed. Neerly.

But I didn't. I elso didn't teke him up on his offer of

teking his food even though my tummy was very much in love with the offer. The old Prudence would have smirked, probably wouldn't have minded the attention and would consider him the Prince charming of sorts. But the new Prudence didn't make friends and sure as hell knew when things were too good to be true and certainly was not going to be breeding with Lew Tyler, the most infamous bed boy in Evens high, just because he was showing the shockingly yet mild interest in her.

The new Prudence couldn't understand why she was still stand

ing as the implication of what had happened slowly dawned on her and soon her legs were breaking into the sprint, her body desperate to hide again under the cloak of invisibility even though she knew it was impossible.

I heard footsteps resounding behind me and I didn't need to turn to know who had followed me and was hot in pursuit of me. It was Lew Tyler and that only pushed me to run more.

He has been my classmate for a while and so you'd understand my surprise that so very suddenly he was now invested in me, now noticing me and that was not going well for me at all.

I wasn't the most athletic person so soon I was breathing hard, unable to move forward, my hands on my knees, as I gasped like I was submerged in water for a while.

"Leave me alone," I screamed angrily as I spotted him annoyingly jogging towards me with confident strides like he could tell that I wouldn't be able to hold out on running for so long.

"I can't."

I scoffed, "Why can't you so suddenly? You've been around for a while and you know how the school system works so why the sudden turn of events? Why do you seem to care about me now?" I was out of breath but I couldn't stop myself from replying to him even though I stumbled upon my words, out of control, confused and angry.

His grey eyes held the same deep soulful sorrow and sadness that I couldn't fathom yet shook me terribly.

"You wouldn't understand me, Il mio fiore di loto."

I glared at him even though I didn't understand what he had called me.

"We are definitely not on nicknaming basis!" I gritted my teeth and stood up straighter.

His expression said it all. His scowl and smouldering grey eyes expressed every anger that reverberated and enunciated each of his words which was quite a lot and the thought that someone was that angry because of me, pulled such a stunt for me was confusing and crazy but it was more than obvious everyone had gotten the message loud and clear.

Stares burned at me and it felt like I was the new girl in school and for the first time, I was being seen. Like now they could see that my eyes were coffee brown and I wore shoes!

He bent down and picked up the tray I'd thrown on the floor, I gaped at him while everyone else stared at him like he were the Messiah, blazing into town on his donkey wearing a glittery thong, an awestruck expression mirroring in each of their faces.

He handed my tray with the broken shards casually to one of the students to dispose of, then he turned and barked, "Next person to gawk gets to be an example. Would you like my food?"

I nearly laughed. Nearly.

But I didn't. I also didn't take him up on his offer of taking his food even though my tummy was very much in love with the offer. The old Prudence would have smirked, probably wouldn't have minded the attention and would consider him a Prince charming of sorts. But the new Prudence didn't make friends and sure as hell knew when things were too good to be true and certainly was not going to be breaking bread with Law Tyler, the most infamous bad boy in Evans high, just because he was showing a shockingly yet mild interest in her.

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His eyes were hard on mine and I looked away unable to hold his gaze, or even hold on to the confusion with lots of questions brewing in me and the

waning of my anger that slowly burned out with the adrenaline.

"If this is some kind of sick bet then this is the part where you just produce your secret cameras and burst into a fit of laughter and it'd completely be understandable. You were bored and wanted to have some fun with little ole me which I should consider an honour. Sweet, precise ____"

His tone was clipped and bare but his eyes showed different shades of intensity that shook at me greatly, "Safe, easy. You'd rather want to believe that someone is just being mean to you than try to figure out why they are not." His right hand reached out to grab one of mine and I licked at my lips nervously darting my eyes behind him believing every second from now to hear laughter, sneers and how good of an actor Law Tyler was and how foolish and gullible I was to even imagine that he had fought the whole

school because of a lowlife like myself.

My voice shook even as he cradled my face, his looking pained, "You know if this is a prank this is when you go from just being a scumbag to just bring plain devilish."

He chuckled, deep and long. A throaty beautiful sound that warmed my heart at how perfect that sounded. Like a piece of sweet music with the right combination of everything, it was like ecstasy. It was warm, and I felt high, almost like I could float in how nice he sounded and how familiar it was?

No, I shook my head internally, deeply convinced that was the first time I was hearing Law Tyler produce laughter and had allowed his eyes shine with mirth rather than the dull sluggish indifference like he was bidding his time for what exactly? Senior year? College?

"It is funny how you all attribute the worst cases to the devil. Even the devil would be shocked that you can even courageously sin so greatly by trying to hide such ethereal beauty, he would be greatly shaken at how breathtaking you look," his hand touched my hair caressingly and that's when I realized that somehow my hoodie had come off maybe in the course of my running.

My breath hitched as he traced my lips almost in reverence yet his hands felt familiar like that of a lover that touches you in the dark and without alarm you curl into his arms, soaking yourself in the blissful warmness of his embrace.

His voice that muttered words into my ear that I was too blown away to listen to, felt like he had done this a thousand times before, his hot breath against my ear prompting me to melt into his touch seems like a

repetition of what had occurred before and his hands that were wound around my waist felt like he knew his way around my body. Like he had studied every dip, every curve, every imperfection and__

My eyes widened, as I wondered what I was allowing, letting him do right in the frickin hallways where anyone could watch.

I took a step backwards and rolled my eyes now at his sorrowful expression, he should try acting most definitely.

"I now know what this is all about and even though I feel honoured knowing that you could go such a mile just to tap a freak's ass. With all due respect, Fuck off." I rightened my hoodie and keeping my gaze fixated on the ground, I promptly walked out.

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