

## Chapter 009|I was an eyewitness

~ This is my confession.

As dark as I am,

I'll always find enough light

To adore you to pieces,

With all of my pieces.

I glared at him, completely angered which was out of character for me. I never raise my voice to the gods who attended Evans high school but there was something about the black-haired demon in front of me, staring me down with a smirk like my anger and discomfort was a sport that was made to amuse him

that rubbed off on me badly and pushed all my buttons.

"Who do you think you are, you privileged, trust fund dependent wuss?!" His eyes narrowed as he took a step towards me, forcing me to take one backward as my brain warned me of being cornered to the table if he kept taking steps towards me, while I in turn took steps backwards like this was some cliché chick flick where the bad unbelievably hot guy falls for a Demi Lovato who is supposed to pass as some bland-looking nerd but this was my reality.

And in this reality, I was no Demi Lovato oblivious to how beautiful I looked, didn't have any group of friends desperate to give me some lousy makeover which would make me shine and make every hot-blooded male in the vicinity widen their eyes in pure disbelief at how frickin hot I turned overnight and in my reality, Law didn't take any other step forward but

brought out his latest iPhone model waving it at me like he was a godmother here to grant my secret wish which was ironic because at that moment I wished he tripped and hit his head, so hard he had a memory loss over me.

He played a recording of me badmouthing him and blood drained from my face knowing I had played right into that trap, and just thinking of how dreadful the remaining days of senior year would be if that clip got out made my insides quiver and I would be throwing up everything I had in my fictional huge breakfast if not that, it didn't happen. It was a big lie. Surprise. Who was fooled? Not the stupid yet insanely attractive boy looking at me with a cheeky grin aware he had the upper hand.

"What do you want from me?" I heard myself saying aloud which was quite comical because what would a guy like Law want from scum like me but he only

stretched the food tray towards me.

"Eat."

I sat down making sure to stay far away from him even as he released a grin which now he had gotten comfortable showing, I could tell why it was a long time coming. His smile showed off pearly white teeth and dimples that deepened completely making him look so young, so boyish, so damn beautiful... I dare say and it was obvious Law Tyler wouldn't want such features to be made visible since that would ruin the brooding hot mess appearances he had going on well for him.

Why he was not so hesitant to show this side of himself to me, was what I couldn't wrap my head around and honestly, now I thought of it, I didn't want to figure it out.

I swallowed down the last spoon of the spaghetti, staring down embarrassingly at how I had polished the plate forgetting in between mouthfuls that I had a cheeky teenager in front of me, who had his parents on their toes if he needed as much as a limited edition of sneakers and had retailers searching for his favourite leather jacket like it was a means to sustain world peace.

If he noticed the clean ceramics with no leftovers in them, he didn't show.

I climbed down from the table, honestly surprised that would be all end even more, if I was being honest I owed it to him for making me eat which was impossible as a result of my foolish stubborn pride.

I opened the door and before welcoming past it, I decided to take one last peek at Lew Tyler. He was staring right at me like he had expected me to turn.

And in his eyes which were like the ocean before a storm; Grey-green slate was the same familiar sadness etched in them as he looked at me like he wanted to say something.

Seconds passed. It could be longer or shorter because time seemed to pause at our lingering gaze and then reality intruded, the minute I heard the bell ring.

I blinked and then exited the room hastily. I ran not because I might be late if I didn't, but I ran for my dear life and my heart which ached just seeing him looking like he was in pain.

Lew Tyler was the kind of boy who was easy to fall in love with. Troubled, full of issues, devilishly intriguing and with a face that beguiles and enthralls. I'd lots of problems in my life, I never thought I had the luxury to entertain boy problems and the last thing I needed as

the start was the pitiable unrequited love interest formed with the person revered as much as the god in the school that thrives on terrorizing my existence.

That would make a good chick flick plot.

It'd be a page-turner too in the book and make some teenagers sob as they read through heart-breaking scenes and spell-binding characters.

My life was no book and certainly not a movie with Hollywood A-list actresses acting out their scripts and though there was plenty of sniffing and crying, that would be all there is.

A silent hush fell in my English class which I had tried to lie to myself to be imagining as I walked towards my seat which was always vacant and next to Glorie who looked up, her eyeballs bulging like she couldn't believe I was right here, showing up despite

everything that had happened.

Yes, I knew. I had quite the nerves.

But what good would it do me to run away? Ruin my perfect attendance record which was a helluva shock owing to how badly the school's reception was. I couldn't just sink into my bed in pure despair and bounce out now weering someone else's life. I needed to face this, dodge whatever curve ball this was right now and today. So hell no! To hiding in some corner fidgeting.

If I ever once fidgeted then I would have long dropped out of school and have my mother who sees me as a crescent of moonlight illuminating her face once again, shattered. Have people in my neighbourhood who look up to me and admire me, shake their heads in pure despair thinking I was an ingrate who had debbled with me once in a lifetime opportunity to leave



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A ball of paper was thrown at me. Gloria's eyes widen

from my peripheral vision and I didn't dare look up as my eyes glisten with tears but not of anger but relief.

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Silence was golden as a concept but in Evans high school, silence means a stretched out period of time where strategies are mapped out against you and pranks discussed.

The second ball landed on my cheeks and then another. I looked up tears blurring my vision and was taken aback seeing Law Tyler at the doorway whose existence was unnoticed by Mr Immaculate who was having a one-sided conversation, mumbling to himself. I bet yet again about how greedy his ex-wife was getting with her increasing demand for more money needed for his only child's financial support.

I ignored him completely noticing that Gloria had picked three of the notes and had stretched out the crumpled pieces of paper placing them on my desk.

He narrowed his eyes at the paper, obviously wanting me to read them.

I opened the first one, my curiosity getting the best of me: "You owe me,"

Confusion marred my face as I read through the second one, stopping to appreciate his elegant, beautiful cursive calligraphy which I had no objections to being used as a font: "Remember I still have the recording."

I sat up, swallowing hard even though my mouth felt like someone had rolled a big ball of cotton inside of it.

I grabbed the third paper now desperate to see what the scumbag had to say yet again as I wondered why on Earth I'd been naive enough to think he would let me off the hook if I ate.

"My second request is a date. Go out once with me Prudence."

Hell no I thought to myself even as I glared hard at him while he conveniently strutted inside the class, apparently he had been waiting for me to read his stupid notes before he did that or just wanted the female population attention which he had now as he made his way towards me.

No. No. No. I closed my eyes half expecting him to come in front of me and whisper aloud asking me what I thought of his notes and if I was interested in going out with him but that never came and I found myself sighing in relief grateful that he knew that the

one-time at the cafeteria was just some huge luck because of the incredible unbelievable large portion of the Evans high population he had bought with his cold-ass behaviour and icy demeanour but expressing his interest in me would be plain stupid and a social death but what he did next made me realize I'd concluded so soon.

The chair next to me scrape backwards which was a surprising sound and did I mention that I hate surprises?

The chair next to me never moves.

Doesn't make a damn sound because it is always empty.

Social death is communicable in Evans high school and with the bored look on Law Tyler's face as he settled down on the seat ignoring the curious pair of



eyes now on him including that of Mr Immaculate which showed that the middle-aged man who was always caught up in his world which he considered brutally unfair and everyone wanted to take advantage of him, was aware of his bold sign up to becoming a social outcast.

I was an eyewitness.

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