

Riiing!

The class stood up and chattered as they exited. I parted through them and walked out the door. The hallways were piling with people. I walked past them and went to a darker, emptier hallway. I had to get to my next class.

“That was you, wasn’t it?”

I looked over my right shoulder and saw an outline of a tense figure. Its fists were clenched. The voice it had was dark. Darker than the hallway. Oh great.

“Last night.” The outline stepped forward and light off the floor hit its face. Pericly came into view. Oh great.

“Don’t act like you don’t know what I’m talking about, he said, walking quickly and closing the distance between him and I. Oh—

His hand lurched forward and wrapped around the front of my hair. My scalp burned in response. He pulled me forward, yanking my head with my body staggering after. Centimeters kept him and I apart. He stared down, looming over me, his presence engulfing the area. It wrapped around me like his fingers wrapped around my hair.

“That Surge last night.” He breathed through clenched teeth. His fingers tightened and yanked again. My head and body followed. A burning sensation cascaded down my head to my neck. My blood pumped with heat.

“What are you talking about?” I grunted.

“I knew you could talk,” he smirked with anger still flowing off him. “That Surge. You got it in you, don’t you?” He stopped smirking immediately as his fingers gripped tighter around my hair.

“Have what?” I tried pulling my head back. My foot stepped backwards to try and get leverage.

“What!?” He yanked me sideways and slammed my right into a wall. Blood was popping off inside. He put his face closer to mine. “You know what! Come on! Show me!”

Pericly stumbled forward a bit, his grip on my hair slightly loosened. There’s now space. Use it. I pulled some of my hair away. A hand clamped down on Pericly’s wrist and pulled backwards to

get him to release his grip.

“No need to do this dude.” Asher stared at Pericy. He was trying to pry open Pericy’s fingers but to no avail.

I met Asher’s eyes. “Asher, what are you doing here?”

“Walking late to class, heard the noise.” He pulled Pericy’s hand harder, clearly to the hand owner’s annoyance.

“You’ll get in trouble if you get caught.” I struggled against Pericy’s grip.

“Aye don’t worry. Let’s just go—”

“You’re gonna keep touching me?!” The air seemed to swirl with energy. Pericy stood hunched over in anger. “You know you have it in you too. I can tell from your Aura.” He looked at me when he said the last sentence. “Neither of you are going anywhere.”

Pericy lurched forward and let my hair go. He quickly rotated, grabbing a ball of Asher’s stained white shirt at the chest. Pericy picked him up by that ball and slammed him onto the floor— hard. Asher didn’t look hurt. Still, the situation was bad and getting worse.