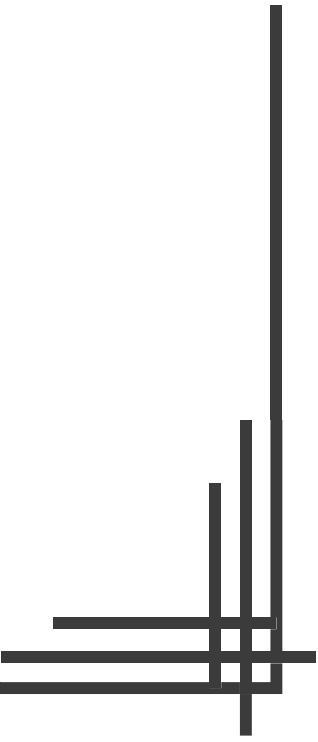
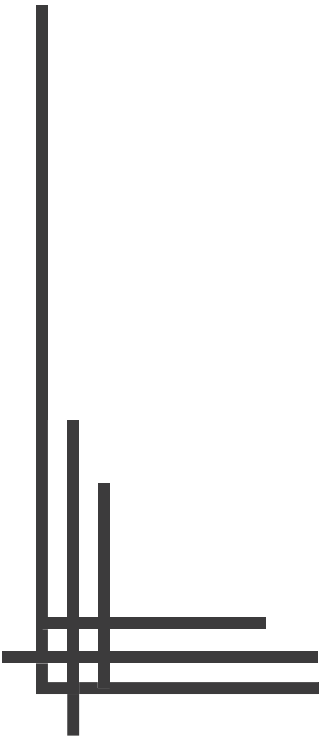




# Chapter 3

A Clash Of Wills



## CHAPTER 3 :

The interval was still in full swing, with students laughing and chatting in the corridors.

Thanmay, Ziyen, Joel, and Thamim were still engrossed in their conversation when Miss Roger Mortis appeared beside them, her eyes narrowing as she took in the group.

"Ah, I couldn't help but notice you all seemed quite engrossed in your discussion," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "Care to share what's so fascinating?"

Thanmay, never one to back down, flashed a cool smile. "None of your business, old red-African lady."

Miss Roger Mortis's expression turned glacial. "I see. Well, Abhinand, it seems you're already familiar with my...displeasure. Come with me, please. We need to discuss your...indiscretion."

Abhinand's eyes widened as he realized what was happening. "Uh, what have I done?, Miss?"

"You broke the Rule of Touch, Abhinand," Miss Roger Mortis replied, her voice cold. "No high-fives, no handshakes, no touching of any kind. You know the rules."

As Abhinand reluctantly followed Miss Roger Mortis, Thanmay felt a cool guy feeling in him. He had never seen a teacher so... invested in enforcing a rule.

Miss Roger Mortis turned back to the group, her eyes locking onto Thanmay. "And as for you, young Boy!... soon. Oh, yes. Soon, I shall take great pleasure in...educating you."

With that, she turned on her heel and disappeared down the corridor, Abhinand in tow. The group was left staring at each other in unease.

"What just happened?" Joel whispered.

Thamim shook his head. "I think we just declared war on Miss Roger Mortis. Is she is Two Piece?"

Thanmay's smile returned, this time with a hint of defiance. "Bring it on." (The End)