



The following afternoon Daniella's fingers hovered over her phone. She had spent years daydreaming about Todd, trying to imagine what it would be like to have his attention. Before, she never would have dared to send him anything bold. But now, her hesitation was gone. She typed the words carefully, each one deliberate.

Meet me outside the library at 3. Don't be late. From your secret admirer x

She did not add her name, and she did not explain. The message, short and sharp, was enough.

Todd's reply came back within minutes: Alright. Who is this? She didn't answer.

By three o'clock, Todd was already waiting outside the library. True to his punctual nature, he stood by the steps, phone in hand, scanning the few passing faces. His expression was half curious, half annoyed, the kind of look he always gave when he thought something was beneath his time. He shifted his weight from one foot to the other, running a hand through his hair, his eyes darting up every time anyone passed by.

Seconds stretched. The plaza was strangely quiet. Whoever had messaged him clearly thought this was some kind of game, and his patience was thinning.

Then he heard it. The slow, steady rhythm of heeled footsteps behind him, too heavy to ignore. A presence gathered at his back, a pressure that made the hairs on his neck rise.

He noticed the large shadow on the wall before he saw who it was. Todd turned, his casual frown breaking apart as his eyes lifted, and lifted again.

The figure closing in was Daniella. Only she was not the quiet, overlooked girl he remembered. Every step she took radiated a confidence and power that stopped him cold. For the first time, Todd found himself unable to look away.

"Like my new look" she says.













Passed Over

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