

My Bully is A Psycho

Chapter two

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ISABELLA

I haven't seen him since that encounter in the morning, not even during lunch break, I couldn't have been anymore relieved.

I sat beside Olivia during our final class, Algebra wasn't really my thing, no how hard I paid attention during lessons, I could never manage to come up with anything more than a "C"

I zoned out completely as Mr Isaac kept going on and on, my mind continually drifting back towards Him.

Some days I just find myself wishing we could go back to how we used to, but I knew it was a far fetched dream.

Each day his behavior made me think that perhaps I had never really known him even though I thought I did.

I know he never forgave me, He still blames me for everything that happened.

What he didn't know was that I never forgave myself either and most nights I still get nightmares of that terrible day.

He was easily the most influential person In the whole school it could be said that he was the king of Greenville, as the head of the basketball team , practically everyone wanted to be associated with him , not to mention that his parents were filthy wealthy.

But he's always so cold.

Always wore a blank expression and always ignored everyone's presence totally, like the whole world was centered on him and couldn't care less if anyone's feelings got hurt.

I guess I'm the only exception, because he never ignores me...

His usually blank gaze would be filled with loathe, his words always sharp like a knife..

Sometimes I feel like I'm the center of his world..

But all for the wrong reasons.

Everything he has ever done to me sometimes makes me think that those few years of friendship with him was all a mere illusion.

EIGHT YEARS AGO

"Let go of me! " I seethed while struggling against the much bigger boys in my class who were trying to snatch away my drawing book.

Mom gave it to me only yesterday to mark my eight birthday, I couldn't let them take it, not when I had a present inside for him, my best friend Ace. Coincidentally we shared the same birth date.

A harsh shove and I fell on the hard ground on my butt, I told myself not to cry, they would only laugh and call me all sort of mean names.

With renewed strength I straightened to my feet only to be shoved back to the floor, earning more laughter from the kids this time.

Then all of their laughter suddenly seized, I looked up to see Ace dragging the biggest and meanest of the boys by the collar. A relieved smile appeared on my face.

I have the coolest friend in the whole school, it was something to be proud of.

"Apologize to her all of you! " he seethed angrily, when they hesitated his fist connected with Kyle's face, he gave out a loud cry as blood gushed from his nostrils..

I felt a wave of sympathy but I knew he deserved it for shoving me around not just once but twice.

The others quickly apologised while staring at him in terror, probably thinking they would be the next to suffer the brunt of Ace's anger.

"Anyone who touches her will answer to me! " he warned shoving Kyle to the floor , they scurried away fearfully leaving me alone with Ace.

I hurried over to him in hasty steps.

"You are so awesome AJ!" I gushed using the nick name I had given him, unable to keep the excitement out of my voice.

"look I got a gift for you , those bad boys tried to take it away "

He gave me one of those smile of his that showcased his perfect dimples, it never failed to melt my heart each time.

"I'll never allow anyone hurt you. Ever, that's a promise Isabel "

He was the only one who call me Isabel, others just call me Ella or my full name Isabella, i couldn't help but feel special each time he calls me that.

I returned his smile and waited in anticipation as he accepted the drawing book from me and flipped it open.

A scowl settled on his face and my excitement died a little, I wanted him to like my gift.

"But hey this doesn't in anyway look like me! I think I look way more handsome than this...did you make me this ugly purposely?" he spoke and I huffed aloud. I tried to snatch it from him but he held it above his head, far above my reach, he had always been tall for his age and he never failed to use it to his advantage each time..

"You gave it to me , are you seriously going to take it back... No matter how ugly it is, it's still mine "

He dipped his hand into his shirt pocket slowly.

"I also have a gift for you, but you're being such a bad friend.. " he clicked his tongue as he spoke..

I couldn't hold off my curiosity, I fought him for it until I finally was able to get hold of the small red box.

I stared at it in awe, I stared up only to be met with his retreating back

"I'll definitely improve on my drawing , then I'll give you the bestest picture in the world AJ!!" I called out

He waved indicating he heard but didn't turn around to face me.

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The sound of the bell snapped me back to the present, I didn't even realized that I had been crying, thankfully no one in class had noticed , not even Olivia ,it would have been so embarrassing wiped my eyes with the corners of my sleeves.

He had promised not to allow anyone hurt me, but none has ever hurt me deeper than him.

He was no longer that little boy who would beat up everyone that even so much as to speak a mean word to me.

Now I think the only thing that gave him pleasure was seeing me in pain.

Seeing me cry and regret the fact that I didn't die that day in place of HER .
