

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 .

***** Chapter Three

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ISABELLA

The bell rang signifying the end of the last class of the day, I packed my books and other writing materials and walked out of the class. I kept them inside my locker and went in search of Olivia.

The hall way was fully crowded, students chattering endlessly , it would be so hard to locate her, it would be best if I waited for her outside.

I made a turn around the hall way and bumped into a hard body, I lost my balance from the sudden contact, falling butt down on the hard concrete floor.

A low sound of pain escaped my mouth at the impact.

"Are you fucking blind! Why don't you watch where you're going! "

The hairs on my body froze on their ends at the familiar icy tone and voice .

My gaze slowly traveled through combat boots, to a pair of jeans and a black leather jacket. Then I met with his cold angry stare of the one person I have been avoiding, the one person I shouldn't have bumped into.

Ace.

I scrambled to my feet, it was embarrassing to have him stare down at me, like I was a speck of dust he would do like to trample upon.

It's been almost two months since I last saw him. He looked just slightly different in appearance, he has always been tall, my head was in direct level with his chest, but then again maybe I was just short .

He seem bigger, his muscles more pronounced, filling up his shirt. His facial features even more harder than I remembered, his grey eyes were stone cold and intimidating as usual.

"I..I'm sorry " I mumbled out the apology and tried to step past him.

I wasn't so lucky.

A gasp escaped my mouth when he made a grip on my shoulders, pinning me against the locker.

"I've been looking for you and here you are" the corners of his lips were quirked in a smirk.

He must have been looking for me to inflict his usual pain on me, that was of no doubt.

Maybe if I just kept quiet and ignore him, he would become bored and let go of me. The chances were slight, but a girl could only hope.

The hallway was empty, not that I would have been able to scream for help anyway...

This was Ace Jacob King.

No one in Greenville High dared to ever defy him.

"My eyes are up here, so why don't you look at me ..Isabel " A shiver swept through me at his direct use of my name, the grip on my shoulders went painfully tight, I bit my lips to avoid crying out at the pain.

I didn't want him to see the fear in my eyes, didn't want him to see how much he hurt me.

"I said look at me! Do you want me to hurt you? " The warning menace lacing his tone commanded my gaze to snap to his, it wasn't just a threat, I knew he would do it.

I met his icy glare and I couldn't stop a tear from rolling down my cheeks, which added to my embarrassment.

Why was I such a cry baby when it came to him?

I wanted to yell at him, to tell him to go fuck himself and leave me alone, but like always the words wouldn't form, it was in there, all clogged up in my throat.

His lips curved into a sneer as he regarded me with disdain.

"Such a cry baby and i haven't even started with you yet , believe me you'll have enough reasons to when I finally get started! "

He abruptly let's go of his grip on my shoulders, so roughly that I almost lost my balance once again.

"When will you stop Ace! " I managed out wiping the frustrating tears with the back of my sleeves.

His gaze narrowed into hard slits, his glare got even more intense at my use of his name .

"You are still alive aren't you? Maybe when you're dead " He spoke without any hint of remorse.

Each word he spoke felt like a continuous slash to my heart, I would never get used to his hurtful words.

He stormed off after giving me a last meaningful glare.

I stared after him until I felt a hand tug my shoulders.

I turned around to face Olivia, concern written over her features, she followed my gaze to Ace's retreating back.

"Did he hurt you? It's a new semester, when will he stop being such a dick head! I'll go after him and give him a damn p.... "

"it's fine Olivia, I'm okay " Her narrowed gaze snapped towards me.

"What are you saying! He can't continue to push you around like this... No matter the reason! " she gritted, emphasizing towards the last sentence.

I agreed silently, but first of all I have to stop her from going after him.

Judging by how angry she looked I knew she wouldn't hesitate to stick up for me.

But would it change anything ?

No.

Also, I didn't want her to get in any bad situation because of me.

"Let's just go home okay? Please.... " I added when she looked like she was about to argue further

Her glare disappeared into a look of concern.

"Are you sure you're okay?"

I managed a weak smile and nodded.

We walked outside to her car, my gaze didn't miss the sight of the four of them standing outside their car, they seemed to be lost in whatever they were discussing about .

By the four if them I meant the four popular and most influential boys in our school. Grey , Carter and Jordan and of course there was Ace, who happened to be their leader

A cigarette dangled between his lips, his gaze met mine and held temporarily , I couldn't have walked anymore faster.

Oh god!

Those eyes of his were unnerving.

"Did you see those eyes? " Olivia exclaimed as we hopped into her car.

I stared at her in surprise, how did she know what I was thinking about?

"I'm talking about Grey , he's so freaking hot!" she exclaimed , I could almost see the steam puffing out of her cheeks.

Seriously? Where were her loyalties, I thought she was just sticking up for me against " Ace's " friend only about five minutes ago?

I guess HE was more important than me.

"He's dangerous Olivia, not your type , you should stay away from him " I spoke, sounding serious about it. Anyone related with Ace potentially screamed dangerous.

She rolled her eyes dramatically .

"How do you know what I want, You wouldn't even know what a type is Ella, you don't even have a boyfriend , except from those in your books of course " she added with a snicker.

I wondered what was wrong with that, all my book boyfriends were always romantic, kind, warm and loving towards their female lead, i've always secretly hoped that I'll find a boyfriend with such characters one day. It would be so amazing.

My thoughts wandered to Ace for a moment, definitely not someone like him.

"That's so boring! No fun at all "

Did I just said that aloud? I guess so.

"It's not boring! Definitely safe! " I argued , why would anyone want to date bad boys like Ace and the likes? Sometimes I found myself wondering at the way most of the girls in school swoon over them.

"Boring "

"Safe.. " I quipped

"Boring.. " she yelled again, sticking her tongue out at me.

I rolled my eyes, she could behave like a two year old sometimes.

I allowed her on her endless chattering as she drove me to my house. .

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