

My Bully is A Psycho

Chapter four

My Bully Is Psycho

Chapter four

Isabella

I made my way inside the house to meet Liz having lunch.

Mom wasn't back from work yet, it wasn't something new. She works as a nurse and would often at times return home late.

Sometimes I think she was trying too hard for us, it was mainly one of the reasons I didn't want to disappoint her. After dad left four years ago, she would often work overtime just to make ends meet.

She thought school was the most important thing in the world. She'd refused my pleas of searching for a part time job so many times because, she just wants me and Liz to study hard and get into a good college.

I wasn't a bright student, far from it, I think the only area I could boast of being good is with my paintings, I draw beautifully wellbut according to her, that wouldn't secure me a bright future, I don't blame her, almost everybody thinks the same, they must be probably right.

A sigh escaped my mouth, life could be so hard at times.

My thoughts were distracted when I realized Liz had been saying something, while I had been spaced out.

"Sorry what ?"

She rolled her eyes dramatically.

"Well I'm going to Alicia's house later for a sleepover just so you know "

"Does mom know about it "

She gave me a slight shrug.

"nope, but she would have allowed me if she were here "

"No, you definitely need to inform her, besides you can't be hanging out with friends every time, don't you have homework "

"Done with them! " she chirped

"Then you can make yourself useful by..... " my words trailed off, I couldn't think of anything, my kid sis could be a little miss perfect most of the time, it was really hard to pin out a fault.

"Like what?..... seems like someone is jealous of not having friends you could spend the night over at their place "

I narrowed my gaze down at her.

"I have friends! "

"Sure if you say so " she replied and resumed her meal.

Ugh.. Jealous? It wasn't that.

I just didn't want to stay home alone until mom returned late evening.

I could be such a fearful cat, but I'll never admit that.

Not even when I'm dead.

*

*

I chewed on the bottom of my fancy pen, I could mentally hear mom scolding the bad habit, too bad she wasn't present, and good for me.

Mrs Oscar went on and on about the French revolution , she seemed passionate about it, I wonder how she would feel if she knew more than half of the class wasn't really paying attention? And I was sadly included.

I was really trying my best to, but her classes were always so boring, and it wasn't just me.

It hasn't even been up to five minutes but I could already feel my eyes drooping close with the need to sleep .

I jolted in alert when the door suddenly pushed open. And he walked in. All traces of sleep vanished from my eyes.

Mrs Oscar stared at him in blatant disapproval, her lips were clipped tightly, he returned her stare with a glare. I could swear I saw her run a little pale. I guess I wasn't the only one he had that effect on, hers was for a different reason anyway, his parents practically owned the school and it would be so easy to lose her job.

His presence commanded attention like fleas.

All the girls wanted him. The guys were jealous of him.

From the corner of my gaze I saw Miranda who shot him a seductive smirks, adjusting her poise, to make her boobs seem fuller than it already is .

I almost rolled my eyes, their actions would make anyone want to puke my guts out.

She could be regarded as the barbie of Greenville high, with her natural wavy blond hair and pair of the bluest eyes. Too bad, especially for me that her apparent beauty didn't match with her heart.

She could be a real evil bitch sometimes, well most of the times actually.

Rumours were that she and Ace had once dated, I wondered if that was true.

They would fit each other perfectly , the head cheer leader and the school's most popular playboy..... my formerly childhood best friend and present bully.

I snapped out of my thoughts, my whole nerves stood in alarm as he began to make his way over.

His gaze searched around like he was looking for something.

His piercing metallic grey eyes fell on me. I couldn't breathe, each in drawn breath was stuck in my throat.

Oh god!

A slow sinister smirk plastered on his face sending an icy shiver through my bones. I tried to shrink myself into my seat , wanting to make myself smaller, so he couldn't see me.

I was swept in absolute relief when he walked past me, to take the seat behind me.

All through out the class, I could feel his gaze burning hole into the back of my head, I didn't dare look back, but I knew he had his gaze on me.

Something hit my shoulders, and fell on the floor.

It was a folded piece of paper, it engulfed my insides with dread.

Another hits my shoulders, I couldn't avoid looking backwards, not surprised to find his deadly stare piercing right back at me.

"Get ready " he mouthed.

My stomach rolled and churned, I think I was going to be sick.

I just wanted this class to be over as soon as possible

*

*

I pushed past through the sea of bodies , I had practically raced out of the class immediately the bell sounded.

My spine was laced with dread, why couldn't he just leave me alone?

Olivia would probably be waiting for me at the cafeteria, I couldn't risk it.

Ace wouldn't mind embarrassing me in front of the whole school, in so many different ways. I would just have to find a hiding place, at least until lunch break gets over.

Why couldn't I be like the other kids? Why do I have to hide?

I entered into an empty classroom, my phone binged with a text, it was from Olivia.

The door pushed open before I could even began to reply her.

I spun around so suddenly to find HIM.

My knees faltered, my lips trembled involuntarily, the cellphone almost slipped off my hands.

His intimidating gaze held mine as he slowly make his way over to me.

With every approach, I took a step backwards, that was until there was nowhere else to move. I was trapped between him and the wall.

"A..Ace..." I stuttered, unable to keep the trembling out of my voice.

I was trapped here alone with him. My whole body pummeled with fear. And he knows it.

He stared down at me, one of his fingers reached to force me to look up at him. My betraying eyes began to brim with tears, why was I so weak?

His gaze hardened, his grip on my chin turned painful.

"L..let go!" I hissed out in pain when his other hand shoved me against the wall.

I panted breathlessly, struggling to break free, how did he found me? Did he follow me right from class?

Nowhere was safe for me when it comes to me. He would always hunt me down.

"I missed hurting you Isabel " his taunting voice dripped with menace.

What a psychotic thing to say...