

My Bully is A Psycho

Chapter five

My Bully is Psycho

Chapter five

Isabella

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

What a psychotic thing to say...

I looked into his gaze for any trace of remorse, if I could perhaps see a glimpse of my childhood best friend, the one person I missed so much. It wasn't there. This was a totally different person, and all I could manage to find in those gray eyes were hate and disgust.

"Let me go! " I hissed out in pain, if anything his grip tightened around my shoulders even more, his nails digging painfully.

I stared into his hate-filled gaze now.

"It's been eight years, hurting me w..won't bring her bac.." my words trailed off, his jaw ticked murderously, I could feel the tension radiating off him.

"I've told you not to mention her! " he grounded out to my face.

"Tricia was my friend too, it was an accident , I never meant for it to happen, I swear " The sob escaped my throat. The old guilt began to churn up my insides, welling my gaze with tears.

"I said not to mention her!! " He growled louder this time, slamming my back against the wall.

A long angry vein popped on his forehead ticked dangerously. His breath was harsh against my face.

I swallowed hard pushing back a wave of fear, mixed with panic. This time I managed to anger him.

He made a harsh grip on my chin, it hurt. No doubt it would surely leave an imprint of his hands.

"How do you feel knowing she died because of you? "

The question taunted my insides, his eyes flashed with pain. For a moment , I caught a glimpse of the ten year old boy who had once treasured me.

"So how could you live so happily after that? you deserve all the hate you get! " His loathsome gaze dripped with cold menace as his grip on my jaw tightened even more...

My lips trembled under his harsh glare. I could barely manage to hold his gaze with my blurry teary ones .

"I..I'm sorry A..Ace, I'm really sorry! " it was all I could manage out on a whimper.

He was right. I deserve all the hate he has for me, maybe I was the one who misunderstood him, perhaps I was the one who moved on too quickly after everything.

"You are always sorry, I'll make you even more pathetic, I'm going to hurt you more until you are nothing more than dust beneath my feet "

He inched closer gradually , not knowing what to expect i shut my eyes tightly close ..

The moment his breath fanned against my cheeks, I stopped breathing .

A moment ticked past..

Another followed by slowly. Still nothing happened.

When I managed the courage to peer my gaze open, he was gone.

My shaky knees gave way and I collapsed against the classroom floor. I clasped a hand over my mouth to hold back my sobs.

Maybe it was a minute later....or two, when the bell rang, signifying the end of break.

I staggered to my feet, I have to get to the next class. I swiped my face with the back of my sleeves and made my way out.

I walked slowly, my heart throbbing with sadness and regrets.

A familiar face made her way over to me.

"Hey, I searched all over for you.... Waoh did you cry? " Olivia averted, peering intently at my face.

"What happened to you? " she asked again, her voice laced with concern and panic.

I wiped my palms against my jeans , still deciding on what to tell her when we were interrupted.

It was Miranda and her best friend Hailey, and two other popular cheer leaders from class.

Just exactly what I needed. I wondered what their intentions were, what ever it was, it couldn't be good.

Olivia's brow arched perfectly when they blocked our path.

"What do you want? " she asked in a bored tone.

Miranda ignored her question, her gaze was fixed me with a demeaning look.

"I saw you and Ace." she said pointedly.

I shrugged lightly, wondering what she was getting at.

" So? "

Her expression transformed into a sneer.

"So? " she repeated in a high pitched tone and her cronies behind her laughed.

I gave her a dumb look .

"Both of you were in the same classroom, did you spend all break together? I mean why would he be spending anytime with someone like you ?" Her gaze sized me up in disregard.

I would have rolled my eyes, but I wasn't in the mood for anything, least of all having a meaningless argument with her.

"Then don't you think you should ask him instead of me? " I replied in a cool tone.

" Don't give me that, trash like you shouldn't be seen with him, it isn't good for his reputation " she sneered . Once again her cronies laughed.

Seriously what was funny?

Okay. I don't have time for this. Before I could come up with a suitable reply, Olivia beat me to it.

"And I suppose you are good for his reputation. But that isn't what the rumours says... Uh let me remember " she drawled, pretending to actually be thinking about it.

Her gaze lighted up excitedly.

" I remember! I think he kicked you out saying he doesn't do hoes....poor guy, I don't blame him, I mean he couldn't risk getting infected with some diseases or something " She added with a fake pouty expression, very similar to the one Miranda wore.

I stifled back a laughter , it seemed to annoy Miranda to no ends. She face flushed an angry shade of red.

"Watch out the both of you ! This isn't over"

She hurried off ,her heels clicking aloud as she disappeared from the hallway , her cronies right behind her .

"You should watch out for yourself, you might just fall in those slutty heels !" Olivia yelled right back .

"Such a bitch " she huffed , her attention reverting back to me.

I couldn't hold back a chuckle despite myself.

I have always been Miranda's enemy so she could do her very worse. Right now, she was the least of my concerns.

My thoughts reverted back to a certain gray eyed boy. Regret and sadness and guilt built up in me once again.

He loathes me, it hurts to realize the fact that I was the one who made him this way.

*

