

Bullied By The Badboy By Maramartha Chapter 12

You

I lied. Two can't play the bully. I don't want to be the bully, I just want to be the ignored student.

There's no evidence of yesterday's mishap on the clean floors of BH. I use my hand to shield my eyes from the sunlight seeping in through the long window opposite the stairwell. My phone vibrates in my pocket, I ignore it and push away from the window with a sigh. I have graced the front page of the blog long enough to know this is a notification from my class group chat. They can make as many memes of me as they want, I don't give two shits. On second thoughts, I pull out the Samsung phone and erupt in giggles at the text boldly written on my screen with the multiple exclamation marks for dramatic effects.

Maria is freaking out on what to wear. She freaks out on almost everything.

Under her text is a short video clip, I plug in my earpiece and hit the play button. Using my shoulder to keep my locker open, I ransack my backpack for my lunch ticket. The video comes to live, I giggle at the clothes that fill my screen. Her wardrobe is a mess with only a few dresses left on the hanger and shoes strewn across the room. She sends another text in all caps, I laugh at the desperateness oozing from it.

Me: The date is tomorrow, keep calm. It's just Daniel.

She replies with more crying emojis, I forget about my meal ticket for a moment and type rapidly on my screen, laughing at my cold reply to her message. If a guy asks me out, he best believes I will show up in my signature skinny jeans and T-shirt or sweatshirt. To add spice, I might

wear pink sneakers instead of my usual white or black converse. A guy who likes me wouldn't care so much about my appearance.

Me: Shouldn't you be in school? Studying like the rest of us single ladies.

Laughter bubbles up my throat, my phone starts ringing and her picture appears on my screen. I let it ring, head bobbing in rhythm to the ringtone before ending the call. We both know her parents will be furious if they find out she skipped classes to prepare for a date that's hours away. For them, it's school before boys and I wholly agree with that phrase. Degrees before boys. My phone resumes ringing almost immediately. Maria again. I place it face down inside my locker and get to work on finding my ticket. I left it here.

Did I forget it at home? My stomach knots tightly in hunger, one hand slips under my shirt and I massage my belly. The last thing I ate was an apple. We always have a big bowl of them on our dining table because Daddy believes it keeps the doctor away. His bass voice flows into my subconscious, a smile slips to my lips. If everyone takes their health seriously, doctors will be out of jobs, including Daddy. But I am glad I have an excuse to eat as many apples as I want without Mummy giving me the stink eyes.

I take a step back to assess my blue locker, my hands lower to my waist and I drum my foot on the floor. Pulling my hair from the root, I groan. It should be here, it is always here. I empty my bag inside the locker, shake my books, flip through the pages yet I find nothing. A sigh escapes me on realising my wallet is also missing, I hide my face in my palms and let out a silent scream. Can today get any worse?

Hunger causes my belly to knot violently, I take a deep breath to ease the pain. My eyes flicker to the next locker, a switch flips in my head and I

pick my phone to call Maria. I know the combination of her locker but I need to be sure her ticket is inside. Plugging the phone to my ear, I wait for her to answer. My eyes scan the empty hallway as my fingers rap impatiently against the door. I have less than ten minutes until lunch break is over, I am famished. There is no way I will attend the next class without eating.

The longer she takes to respond, the deeper my teeth sink into my lower lip. I close my eyes and breathe through my mouth. This is not the time to exert revenge. Yes, I was ignoring her but this is important. Something crawls up my arm, everything slows at the sight of the tiny legged creature and a scream tears through my lips. I close my eyes, willing myself to forget the image of the large spider moving up my hand. My legs tremble so bad I have to lean on the door for support.

Someone, please get this bug off me.

I hate spiders and all crawling insects.

Maria knows that.

Olivia does too.

My eyes flutter open when the movements on my arm cease, I remain frozen until the spider crawls out of sight. Unsatisfied after sanitising my arm, I punch the locker and wince. With a determined scowl, I grab the forgotten tube out of my locker and slam the door, storming off in the direction of the cafeteria.

This ends today.

The cafeteria quietens once I step in, the sunlight pouring in through the tall windows casts a soft glow on the floor. Avoiding eye contact with

everyone, I shove people out of my way, eyes set on the Queen B, her minions and the football team at their usual table at the centre. Attention whores. Anger spurs me on, I push forward and slap the tube on the table. Recognition flashes briefly in Olivia's eyes, she twirls a strand of her blond hair and smiles at me, batting her fake eyelashes like she's about to have a seizure.

Ben remains unaffected by my presence, Noah digs into his burger without a glance my way. Her girls sit on each side of the bench with her in the middle like they are protecting their queen and my blood boils as they pick at their salad, mumbling among themselves like I am invisible. No worries, I can fix that.

I narrow my gaze at her, she rolls her eyes and picks a fry from her plate. "Someone thought it would be funny to put a spider inside my locker," I murmur. Olivia shares a look with her crew and five of them burst into laughter. Anger surges through me, I shake my head slightly, laughing along with them as I retrieve the tube from the table and unscrew the cap. "Funny. I also found this in my locker yesterday."

They erupt in full blown laughter, my lips pull into a grim smile. Without thinking, I empty the content of the tube on Olivia's head. Her laughter dies down, my lips quirk. I eye the colourful mess before me, the plates of fries with too much glitter. Without turning, I know the entire school population is gaping at me.

Olivia's shock lasts a while longer than I expected, her mouth opens and closes, her bewildered gaze alternates between me and her crop top covered in glitters. She gets up slowly, I take a step back to create space in the cafeteria so I can beat the shit out of her. Flexing my arms, I pop my knuckles and edge backwards when she climbs onto the table. Ben throws me a warning glare I ignore, the scumbag should be more

concerned about his cheating girlfriend because I am about to beat her to a pulp.

“You,” Olivia screams and charges at me, causing both of us to fall.

A cheer erupts, people surround us as we fight. She claws at me, trying to scratch my face with her acrylic nails and I spend the next minute avoiding her hands. I switch our positions and straddle her, flashing her a smile before I land the first hit, a hot slap to her cheek which instantly burns red. My palm connects to her cheek again, I am about to slap her for the third time when I am pulled away from her.

“Let go of me,” I yell at no one in particular while kicking the air. I will discipline the witch today. The familiar scent of the person tickles my nose, I don’t have time to identify the owner because Olivia gets up and spits blood. I ram my elbows into the sides of my captor but he doesn’t release me. “Let me go.”

“You bitch!” Olivia charges at me for the second time but I am unable to defend myself.

A stinging slap on my cheek silences me, my head jerks to the side and my hair falls over my face like a curtain. Olivia slaps me again, the ringing in my ears grows louder and my vision gets blurry. I notice the crowd cheering her up, the grip on my arms loosen and I slip to the ground, blinking slowly as a figure comes into view. Ben. He was the one holding me. I blink once, twice and finally give into the darkness.