

Chapter 2 - Owned By Her Triplet Bullies

Emma's POV

I hit the floor with a thud, and the students burst into a round of laughter. Some took their phones and filmed everything, while pointing their fingers at me and laughing hysterically.

I looked up, he glared at me and walked away.

“Just look at how pathetic she looks. What was she thinking? That hottie Alexander would really save her?”

The students started talking among themselves, loud enough for me to hear.

“She's such a fool. Just look at how ugly she is.”

“I'm sure she was picked from the orphanage home and brought here. She looks so dirty and smelly.”

“Typical example of a pig, if I'm not mistaken.”

Their words cut through my heart like a sword. There was no way I'd continue to sit here and watch them humiliate me like this. I have to get out of here. Suddenly, the bell rang, signifying that it was time for the fourth period. I tried to get up when something cold landed on my body.

I gasped and looked up. My eyes met with that of a girl, who had a cup of ice cream in her hands. She smirked and looked away.

I sighed and tried to stand up again, but a tomato was thrown at me.

“What the hell?” I exclaimed and looked up, but that was my mistake.

The students stood with their food in their hands.

“Let's have some fun, rag doll!” They exclaimed and started throwing their food at me. I covered my head and eyes to prevent pepper from entering into my eyes. I cried as all manner of things were being thrown at me.

“Pathetic witch!”

“Pig!”

“Rag doll!”

“So ugly!”

They called me different names as they threw their food at me. Some threw their juices, water, and smoothies while others threw tomato sauce, spaghetti, and other solid food at me. When they were done, they spat at me and started walking out.

I sat on the floor there, drenched from head to toes, when I saw a hand being stretched out to me. It was John. I took his hand and he pulled me up.

“I apologize for what they did, Emma,” He apologized with his head lowered. “I’m such a bad person. I couldn’t even stand up to them for you.” He lamented and I forced a smile.

It wasn’t his fault. I don’t feel entitled to anyone standing up for me, since I can’t stand up for myself.

“It’s fine, John. I’m not angry.” I answered.

He still looked conflicted, and I gave his shoulder a pat.

“Let’s go get you cleaned up,” He suggested.

We made our way to the restroom, where he helped me clean up. After we were down, I looked down at myself. The stains were still on my body, and being around the students would lead to another round of mockery and bullying.

“Let’s skip school for today. You look…” John trailed off, making a weird expression with his face.

I chuckled. “Yes. I could use some fresh air.” I sighed.

We left the school premises and walked around for a while. John made us stop at an ice cream shop where we bought our favorite flavors, gossiped and laughed. After that, we headed to a park, where we played on the merry-go-round and other things. For some moments there, I forgot all about my problems and felt what it would be like to finally be free from the clutches of the Triplets. John made sure I had fun. Time went by so fast, and soon the sun went down as night drew near.

We laughed as we got on top of a tree we always sat on after school. It was a tree with thick, long branches and large leaves.

“Emma, what are your plans for prom?” John asked the moment we settled down on the tree.

“Prom?” I asked and he nodded. “I have no plans for prom because I’m not going.” I answered with a sigh.

John's eyes widened. "Why not?"

"I'm not interested in going to prom, John. I'll just stay at home that day." I answered, fiddling with my fingers.

"Come on, Emma. You have to try to go to prom. It's a once-in-a-lifetime thing. You might never get the opportunity again." John sighed.

I turned to look at him, still playing with my fingers. "Will you go to prom with me then?" I asked.

He went quiet for a while before shaking his head. "Sorry, Emma, but I already have a date for prom. It's a girl I'm interested in, and I want to avoid blowing off my chances with her." He explained apologetically and I nodded.

"I understand," I sighed, looking up at the sky. "That means I won't be going to prom then. Who the hell would be interested in asking a loser like me to be his date?"

"Don't talk like that, Emma. You must not miss prom. You can come with me and the girl as a third wheeler," He said.

I shook my head. "Thanks for caring, John, but no. Don't worry about me, I'll be fine." I smiled and he sighed.

We stayed there for a while, gazing at the night sky illuminated with stars. I wish I were a star, then I wouldn't be going through all this. My job would just be to come out at night to aid the moon in giving light. But fate is cruel.

After some time, we got down from the tree and headed home. John escorted me to half of the road before leaving for his place. I sighed and held my bag tight.

When I got home, I opened the door and the welcome greeting I received was a slap from Hailey.

"What in the world?" I exclaimed and looked up to meet her angry eyes.

"Where the hell have you been?" She asked.

I placed my hand on my cheeks that still stung from the slap and kept quiet.

"I'm talking to you, bitch! Answer me!" She snapped.

"I..." I trailed off.

“So, you've suddenly gone dumb, right? You have the guts to return home by this time, when school ended hours ago? And who the hell did you leave your chores?” She asked.

“I'm sorry,” I apologized, hoping that would end her yelling because I was already tired, but it only added fuel to the fire.

She grabbed my hair and made me go on my knees. “Next time when you want to apologize to me, bitch, you go on your fucking knees. Understood?” She asked, pulling my hair tighter. It felt like my hair was about to fall out. The pain was excruciating.

“Yes.” I whispered, and she let go of me.

“Stand up,” She ordered.

I quickly scrambled to my feet and hung my head low. When she didn't say anything, I looked up and saw her deep in thought.

Great! Just great! First she bullied me and then she is lost in thought. What mayhem is she plotting this time?

When she was done, a smirk appeared on her face as she looked at me.

“Pig, are you going to the prom?” She asked.

I found her question weird and suspicious. Thank goodness I'm not going. Goodness knows what she has in mind already.

“No.” I answered and she smiled.

“Perfect.” She clapped her hands and walked away, rushing up the stairs.

I stared at her retreating figure in shock.

What is she planning?