

The Badboy Is My Bully (18+) Chapter 2 - 2

♡ LILY'S POV ♡

I looked down at the floor as I walked towards the class, but a rowdy laughter stopped me dead in my tracks.

I knew that laughter, one that always haunted me to this day. I slowly looked up to see Asher, his head was swung back as he laughed at something his friend Luke was saying.

Luke's baby blue eyes spotted me first and his eyes filled with pity as he studied me. Even though he was Asher's best friend he was the only person at this school who ever spoke a single friendly word to me. But he still didn't stop his best friend from taunting and bullying me at every chance he got.

Asher must've seen what had gotten Luke's attention because in a second he's head had snapped towards me.

Fuck pretend you didn't see them and turn around slowly....

"Hey fat ass! "Asher's deep voice yelled. Damn it just my luck. " Fat ass answer me! " Asher kept shouting. My ass isn't even fat, it's flat asshole.

He smirked and began to strut towards me, his shaggy black hair bounced with every step he took, as his icy blue eyes held me in an intense stare.

My posture straightened as I waited for what I knew was already coming. From the corner of my eyes I could see Luke slightly shake his head in disappointment and watch his friend proceed towards me.

2

Asher's shaggy black hair fell on his forehead making it bounce everytime he walked. His enchanting blue eyes were beautiful and left anyone speechless.

His plump red lips were always set in a smirk or a snarl. He had the sharpest of jawlines I've ever seen on a guy.

So to sum it up Asher is the most handsome guy I have ever seen, too bad he is an asshole.

The white long sleeved shirt every guy at this school was obligated to wear fit him snugly and if you really looked you could see the tattoos on his arms peek out.

He was also supposed to be wearing a dark blue tie but he never wore it and never got in trouble for it.

It was Asher Grey after all, the guy could get away with murder because his parents could buy their way out of anything.

He's 6'1 form finally loomed over my 5'1 form and I had to crane my neck to look up at him. His red plump lips split up into a smirk as he looked down at my vulnerable state.

"Ah what do we have here?" His rough deep voice spoke up.

I was completely frozen as he looked at me with those beautiful eyes of his. My fingers pinched the material of my skirt between my fingers as I nervously looked around to avoid his stare.

He must've not liked being ignored because the next thing I knew I was being backed up against a corner. One of his hands was placed beside my head keeping me rooted.

"What cat got your tongue?" He seethed. His head was now dipped, a few inches away from my face.

I gulped at the close proximity, being this close to him always gave me jolts of unwanted shivers.

I diverted my eyes away from him as I shook my head no. That made him laugh and I let my eyes drop to the floors to prevent him from seeing my tear filled eyes. I haven't even had a single class yet and I'm already having a bad day.

"You're so weak." He snorted and backed away a little. I let out the breath I didn't know I was holding and opened my mouth to speak. I hated being called weak and he knew it.