

Chapter 13 : Bullied

Ivanna

"It's Ivanna Roz— Scott. Ivanna Scott", I smile at Olivia, a girl almost in her late twenties, blonde hair, wearing a warm smile. I have met her just a while ago and she's awesome.

We walk together towards the classroom. The campus looks lively and good, bigger than the campus I went to in Texas, still the vibes here can never match my campus in Texas. Gosh! I still miss that city.

"I don't why you look familiar to me. As if I have seen you somewhere recently", she frets, narrowing her blonde eyebrows.

I hope she hasn't recognised me as Christian's wife though I'm sure she has seen some pictures of the reception. I remember the reporters taking pictures of me from a distance. After that, Christian asked them to go. That's why Olivia can't recognise me properly.

"Maybe, we have bumped somewhere", I giggle.

"Can be"

We reach the classroom and it's a bit awkward for me to see people twice my age, only a few people are my age.

"I bet you're the youngest girl of this class", Olivia giggles. "I

haven't found many fellows who wanted to do a PhD immediately after graduating. They usually get into a job or something"

I smile. "I love studies and I have always dreamt of becoming a doctorate"

"That's really ambitious of you"

"Hey, can I sit here?" I hear a boy speaking from behind and tilt my face.

He wears a warm smile, looks young and decent among all the other students around me.

"Sure", I drag myself towards Olivia and give him some room.

"Ah! Here's another young fellow", Olivia beams.

"It's Jayden", he beams.

"Olivia"

"Ivanna", I smile.

"Are you single?" He is too quick to ask such a question. My jaw drops and Olivia laughs.

Jayden gives a normal reaction as if it's a usual question to ask a girl just after meeting. I don't know what to reply to.

"Relax", he chuckles. "I'm too quick to fall. So, I make sure I know the relationship status of each girl before I'm into

them. Not taking a risk, huh?"

I laugh.

But here comes the complication. I don't want to tell them I'm married, nor do I want anyone to know who my husband is. I will hate it if these people don't treat me like myself, but as Christian Scott's wife. After that reception and such tight security, I know what it means to be his wife.

"Committed", I tell him, not lying completely.

"Great. Now I'll be careful"

"You're funny"

Three of us laugh together.

*

I had a good experience on the first day of my classes.

"I can't believe you came here from Texas", Jayden exclaimed as we come out of the classroom.

"I wanted to stay with my family", I say with a half-smile.

My wish remains unfulfilled.

"Contentment matters", Olivia smiles. 1

Jayden leaves before reaching the gate since he's staying at dorms on the campus. I and Olivia walk across the meadow while gossiping when we get interrupted by someone.

"Hey, wait"

We look behind confusingly, finding three boys idly sitting on the slabs. They have wry smiles on their faces which don't give me good vibes at all.

"Come here", the boy in the middle points to us with his index finger. I look at Olivia.

"Don't go", Olivia whispers.

"Hey, du!" The guy beside him grabs his shoulder. "I think they are from senior class"

"So what? She looks junior in age", the guy points at me as my heart starts beating faster. "New?"

I shake my head.

"Let's go, Ivanna", Olivia grabs my hand.

"Excuse me, Miss", the guy shoots a glare at Olivia. "You better stay out of it since you're much senior. Let her handle herself. You— come here"

I don't know what to do. During my entire student life, I have never been bullied or ragged.

"You better listen to us, a new girl", the guy from the left side speaks. "Or else, you don't know us"

Nervous, I walk towards them with shaken legs, tilting my head to Olivia. She looks nervous too.

"Name", the middle guy speaks.

"Iv— Ivanna"

"Full name"

"Ivanna Scott"

"Huh! You carry the same name of a public figure's wife?"

The right guy laughs.

"But you can't be, huh?" The middle guy scans me from head to toe. "Look like a poor clumsy nerd, as always"

I squirm and grab the straps of my backpack tightly as he walks up to me.

"How many talents do you have?" He asks.

"Huh?"

"Are you deaf? What are your talents?"

"I'm a gold medalist in Chemistry", I mumble. A roll of laughter occurs in their creepy voice. Three of them laugh aloud. I don't know if my achievement is funny to them. I don't even care. All I just want is to stay away from all kinds of mess.

I fear if I offend them, they'll make my life hell on campus.

"Gold medalist?" The middle guy controls his laughter. "Singing or dancing? Anything else apart from studies?"

I shake my head.

"I like painting", I mutter.

"Oh", they frown at each other. "Do one thing. Show us some painting"

"Here?" I look around, discovering a lot of eyes on me, making me uncomfortable as hell.

"Yeah. We have papers and unfortunately black ink. Not colourful", he grins. I nod. 2

The right guy brings out a paper and hands it to me and I don't know how to do it here without any proper thing. Then he hands me a bottle of ink. I look down at it, pursing my lips.

The ink splashes on my face like a roll of air, before I can understand anything. The guy has pushed my hand towards my face, making me inked by myself. My entire face is wet, covered by the ink and I'm in shock.

The sound of laughter increases and it seems like a lot of people are laughing at me. When I turn my head around, I can see the students around me laughing at my face, almost everyone.

Whoever isn't laughing openly has pressed their lips to control it.

"Miss gold medalist", the boy cracks up, filming me on his phone as I glare at him.

Tears prick my eyes and I lower my head. I feel humiliated, so much that I stand like a statue over there, sobbing continuously. None ever did something like this to me. I have always been good to people only to get good in return and I wonder what mistake I have done to face such humiliation.

"Ivanna", Olivia holds my shoulder but I jerk it off and rush out of the campus, keeping my face down.

Though I try my best to hide my face with my hair, I can still sense people trying to watch me. The guys are laughing behind which makes me angry and hurt.

I rush out of the gate and get inside the car immediately keeping my face down so the butler can't see me. 1

"Madam, are you alright?" He asks in a tense tone.

"Get me a bottle of water and tissue papers, please", I try not to sob.

He immediately gives me the stuff from the front and I ask him to stay outside for a while. I open the next door and put my face out, wiping and washing the ink as much as I can. But I know it's not easy to wash away. The stains will still be there.

After that, I ask the butler to drive towards the villa.

Christian

I reach the villa as usual for the dinner. Today Ivanna isn't at the table. Usually, she starts eating before I come. Mrs Fisher comes to serve.

"Where's Ivanna?" I ask.

"I was about to talk to you about her", she looks tense.

"What happened?" I frown.

"Ivanna! I don't know what happened to her. She hasn't eaten anything from the afternoon. She hasn't even come out of her room, nor did she talk to any of us. Whenever I went to check her, she said she was tired but it's been the entire day"

I get tensed with her statement. It was the first day of her University and she was really happy and excited about it. What happened to her suddenly?

"Does the butler know something? He went to pick her?"

"I asked him. He said she was sobbing", Mrs Fisher says, leaving me in a shock.

Sobbing?

She was crying?

What the hell is that? Which fucker made her cry?

I shove the chair beneath me and get up and surge towards the room. The door isn't locked so I get in, rolling my eyes

around. She's not on the bed but—

My eyes go straight near the bed. She's sitting on the ground, her back facing me, her knees are folded against her chest and she has lowered her head against her arms, covering her face completely.

My heart sinks.

In the last two weeks, I haven't noticed anything like this.

"Iv", I call her softly, kneeling in front of her. She's not moving, not responding. It tenses me even more.

I try to hold her but— I have to hold her. To the heck of her rules when I know she's not okay.

"Iv, what happened?" I hold her arms tightly. "Look at me"

I see her tightening her fists as if she was trying to control. Her body stiffens.

"Ivanna", I groan now, sliding my palms under her head and grabbing her face tightly. "What's wrong?"

Her face feels hot and swollen and it's freaking me out now. I lift her face harshly only to discover something I never expected. Her swollen face is covered with black stains as if someone slammed a whole bottle of ink.

Anger runs through my veins.

"Who did this?" I groan, controlling my wrath and cupping her face softly. "I asked which fucker did this to you", my

howl booms against the walls now and I sense my veins bursting out in anger.

Her eyes don't meet mine when her nose flares up. She starts sobbing again like a baby and I can feel something has terribly affected her.

"Ivanna, tell me"

Instead of uttering something, she scoops herself in my arms and I immediately take her in a tight embrace. I need to focus on her now before focusing on the damn reason. She whimpers her heart out and aches inside me.

I spoon her in my arms and pull her on my lap completely. Then I get up, taking her towards the bed as her head is rested on my chest.

She quivers as I put her on the bed and sit in front of her. I clean her tears as she keeps sobbing.

"What happened? Tell me", I lovingly tuck her hair behind her ear.

She gulps down and looks at me with her innocent swollen eyes. How can someone even try to hurt this girl? She looks so pure and innocent that only a heartless person can think of making her cry.

"You can tell me", I scoop her hands, giving her an assuring squeeze.

"There— in the campus", she sniffs.

★ +15 BONUS

"Yeah, there—"


"Thos— those boys—" she halts, squeezing tears out of her eyes. And that's the limit of my patience.

I grit my teeth while clenching my jaw.

"Which boys? What did those assholes do?" I shout as she shakes, gawking at me.

I try not to be loud and let her narrate the entire thing, knowing that it'll be the worst mistake of them because now I'm gonna make their lives worse than hell.

 Comments

 Vote (6.5K)

