

## Bullied By The Badboy By Maramartha Chapter 13

I don' t understand anything

I am wearing makeup again because the witch scratched my face.

The reminder has my jaw clenching but the image of her glitter covered hair, the shock etched on her flawless face brings a small smile to my lips. I swipe at my cheek, frowning at my fingertips coated in foundation and my body thrums with anger. I cannot forgive him, I will never forgive him even if he was the one who carried me to the nurse after I blacked out. He should have never interfered, I would have dealt with her properly. I pound my fists against my thighs, determined to ignore the boy appearing in my peripheral view. Mr Sam scribbles some more on the board, following it with a lengthy explanation.

They say you understand the lyrics of a song when you are sad but in truth, you understand Calculus better when you are sad. Mr Sam throws a question to the class, I surprise myself by raising my hand. His hesitation to call on me stings a little but I understand it. Abigail snickers as I stalk to the front of the class, she twirls her hair around her pencil and offers me a fake smile. If she wasn't such a bitch, I would have swapped places with her so she can get a chance with her crush. I don't enjoy sitting beside him.

“What's the answer?” Mr Sam asks, I force my eyes away from the asshole and the girl crushing on him.

I am the type of student who barely speaks in class, so I start solving the problem on the board without a word. I don't know how long passes but the place is quiet when I finish. Mr Sam collects the chalk with a hint of a smile, his eyes sweep over the board twice, he nods knowingly and my chest puffs with pride.

“That’s correct,” he says. Crossing one arm on his chest, he tucks the hand holding the chalk under his jaw, eyes still glued to the board. He circles the final answer, wipes the subtraction sign and replaces it with addition. My cheeks flush but I don’t let it dampen my mood, it didn’t affect my result because a zero followed the sign. The hairs on my neck stand, I tilt my head slightly and catch a smile on Abigail’s face. I wink, her face reddens with anger. “Care to explain how you arrived at your answer?”

“Yes, Sir.” My explanation lasts another five minutes, Mr Sam nods so much in approval, I fear his head will fall off. Shoving his hand into the pocket of his black pants, he nods one last time when I finish.

“Thank you, Theresa.” I wince at the mention of my name. Mr Sam and other teachers insist on calling me by my full name, I am not fine with it but I have no choice. And it doesn’t sound like an insult coming from him. My head dips a little, he motions to the row with my desk and Ben’s. “You can have your seat.”

The journey to my seat is cut short when someone says, “I don’t understand.”

Our heads snap to the source of the voice. Ben flips his messy hair, placing the pencil I am certain he was doodling with between his jotter. He straightens up, I avoid his gaze like I’ve been doing since he walked into the class. Asshole. How will he understand when he spends more time drawing than listening?

“What part do you not understand?” Mr Sam asks. I ball my hands into fists, my nails dig into my palms and I choose to focus on the pain instead of the blue-eyed demon bent on making my last year of high school miserable. “Theresa?” Mr Sam nudges me forward, I lick my dry lips. “Tell her, she will explain.”

“Everything,” the demon says with a staid expression, eyes on Mr Sam.  
“I don’t understand everything.”

Pride gleams in his eyes when my lips twitch. I wipe my hand on my leg. If it was up to me, I would have choked him with his plaid shirt for lying. Ben is smart, too smart for him to have missed my explanation so I know he is fucking with me. Mr Sam hands me a chalk, I section the board into two, slowly rewriting and explaining what I have on the other side. The class is eerily quiet when I am done, a few take down notes, the rest stare at my fancy handwriting and nod. My eyes locate Ben, he scowls, I drop the chalk.

Slouching in his chair, Ben picks his pencil, rolling it between his fingers.  
“I still don’t understand.”

Now, I am certain he’s fucking with me. A kid would have understood what I wrote. My eyes narrow at the idiot, my hands tremble slightly in anger when Mr Sam looks to me to provide another explanation.

“You don’t understand it?” I ask through gritted teeth, jabbing the board with my index finger. He nods, the smile returns to his lips and I scoff.  
“Maybe you should ask Olivia for an explanation then.” Someone gasps, I don’t care to find out who it is. I am tired of this guy being a deliberate asshole to me. “She might succeed in getting this into your thick skull.” I press a finger to my lips, cock my head to the side. “Oh, that’s right. She’s dumb too.” Glaring daggers at Ben, I scream, “What’s so hard to understand?”

“Theresa.”

“What?” I snap at Mr Sam and immediately apologise.

Another person cackles, I notice Abigail capturing this moment. My blood runs cold, I storm off to her, snatch the phone and delete the video. Gosh. Why do I have to be in the same class with these devils?

The adrenaline wears off, I drop her phone face down on her desk while she gawks at me in disbelief. I stagger to the front of the class to Mr Sam who is stunned at my outburst. I am usually in control of my temper. Unable to meet Mr Sam's disappointed gaze, I start counting the tiles. I should have kept shut.

"Theresa." My eyes flicker to Mr Sam, he points to a dazed Ben. Heck, I am shocked too. I am the calm student. "Apologise to him." A low whistle leaves someone's lip, Mr Sam turns to the lanky guy with an afro sitting in the front row. "One more word from you and you will be sitting nicely in the principal's office."

Majority of the class laughs but their laughter dies down at the glare Mr Sam fixes them. A smile appears on Ben's lips, he angles his head and a brow raises when my mouth opens and closes without a word to him. I don't want to apologise to him or anyone else in this class. They owe me an apology, starting from him. Abigail glares at me, a sly smile on her lips and I shudder. I will die if I have to apologise to her.

"Theresa Mower." My stiff body turns in his direction, his nostrils flare in anger. "Apologise to him right now or you will have to explain to the principal why you think it okay to call your fellow student names."

Mr Sam burst into a rant about how he never talks down to students no matter how many times we fail to understand his teaching and he won't take that from us. I stare at his figure gesticulating at the class which quietens. Excuse me, Sir, it is your job to explain to us, not mine. I am a student and he is an ass.

"Sorry," I whisper.

Ben curves a hand around his ear, his smile grows. "I didn't get that." My pendant peeks from the sleeve of his shirt, a blinding wave of anger threatens to drown me and I swallow my apology. He is using my necklace as a bracelet. My brother gifted that to me. My chest heaves. What is wrong with this dude? He notices me staring at his hand, his eyes fleet to the pendant and he smirks. "What did you say?"

Mr Sam taps my shoulder, I say, "Sorry." Rushing to my seat before he says another word, I bury my face in my notebook. I don't care anymore. He can send me to the principal's office, I will gladly go there.

Maybe not. I hate the principal. Everyone does. He and Ms Eva will make a great couple since they are both bitter and unmarried. I wait for him to call me out, he doesn't and I release an audible sigh of relief.

"Benjamin, what was your confusion?"

Ben looks away from me and my eyes sting with tears at the pendant dangling from his wrist. Vibrating with anger, I close my eyes and take deep, measured breaths like Coach would have instructed. Sadly, I am a part of the small population who sometimes tear up in anger. Why can't I punch things and people instead? The scratching beside me brings me back to the present, I push back the tears and close my textbook. I have had enough Calculus for today. In fact, I have had enough Broadway Heights for today.

"Benjamin?"

I feel his eyes on me but I don't look up. "It's fine. I get it now, Sir."

Of course he does. I shove my textbook into my bag, once the bell rings, I am the first to leave.