

Bullied By The Badboy By Maramartha Chapter 2

Sorry

“Oops,” Olivia says with a fake smile glued to her lips, straightening her frilly jacket with so many feathers on the collar I can’t help but wonder how she breathes in it. Mum used to like her, they share similar tastes. I push that memory out of my mind, me and Liv are done. “Sorry. I didn’t see you there.”

Giggles come from behind her, I cock my head to the side and I see the girls. Her friends, minions, name it, that’s them. Four of them. Charlotte. Riley. Chloe and Zoey, the only twins at our school. They follow Liv around like their lives depend on it. They are not like the usual minions, they genuinely care about their master. Massaging my stiff shoulders, I turn to my locker, reminding myself to ignore her. She hates being ignored more than anything else in the world but Maria does not take kindly to my silence.

“Of course you didn’t see her, you blind bat.”

I stifle a laugh as I retrieve my notes, shoving them into my backpack. These girls better beware, Maria is good with her mouth, I am good with my fists. As much as I don’t want to start the new session with a suspension or detention, I will not hesitate to throw a good right hook if the situation demands. I adjust the bag sliding off my shoulder and tap Maria, breaking her stare-off with the witch and her minions.

She throws me an annoyed look, I motion to the empty hallway. Sometimes, my calmness irritates her. But the bell will go off soon, we can’t afford to be late because of them, they are not worth our time.

Olivia blocks our path, her minions stand on each side of her to form a barrier to keep us in. I place a hand on my waist and drum my foot into the tiles, it's too early for this nonsense. A sly smile takes over Olivia's lips, she can tell I'm getting agitated, she wants me to lose it. Witch. Her gaze darts between me and Maria and I release another sigh. Sighing seems to be all I've been doing since they walked in here.

"Mother Theresa," she says while batting her fake lashes, "aren't you mowing for us today?" I roll my eyes, maybe I can start by plucking out her lashes. She pouts. "No?" Dumbass. The joke stopped being funny long ago. Yes, my last name is Mower but her joke is lame and that's why only her minions laugh.

A second passes, my jaw ticks but I keep still and she arches a perfect blonde brow. Drama queen, not today. I have a fight to prepare for, I can pretend my opponent is Olivia while beating the shit out of him. With that in mind, I push past her, yelping when someone pulls me back by my hair. My hair isn't as long or thick as Maria's or Olivia's but I take good care of it and it hurts like hell when someone drags it without care and I make that point known with a dirty slap across the cheek of the blonde culprit.

Olivia gasps, Maria freezes, a hush falls on the corridor and I facepalm. This morning was supposed to go smooth but Olivia had to be herself. I wince at the glare she levels me, with her platform heels, she towers over everyone. Her hand slowly goes to touch her cheek which is fast turning red, Maria snaps out of her trance to stand beside me as if to say: If you try anything funny we will do it again, this time, we will double the slaps. But I won't let that happen. Maria loves being a part of the cheerleading squad and Olivia is the captain, she has much to lose and well, I don't. I don't partake in any sports outside PE.

An apology hangs on the tip of my lips but I swallow it. She deserved that slap. Not only her, all five of them but I'll keep my hands to myself for the rest of today. Her minions are still dazed, their identical blonde hairstyles and outfits makes it harder to tell them apart but they keep blinking like they can't believe I slapped their leader. Charlotte glares as I bend to pick my bag, I wink. That will teach them not to mess with me again. Tugging on the sleeve of a shocked Maria, I start for my first class of the day.

"I can't believe you did that," Maria mutters. Shock colours her voice, I giggle as we take a turn by the right and see a row of doors. Her class is before mine. "You slapped Olivia. You slapped the Queen B."

Maria's hand slightly trembles as she says the last part, I reply in an accent I must have picked from a movie, "Who made her the queen? She's no queen of mine." She snorts, we stop in front of her class. The door is locked so she doesn't go in yet. We hug. "You coming for lunch?" Her mum packs the most delicious lunch for her and she doesn't have to eat cafeteria food like the rest of us. She nods. "See ya."

As soon as Maria disappears, I tighten my hold on my bag and look around. I might have been within my rights to slap the Queen of Broadway Heights but Maria called her the Queen for a reason, she will try to get revenge. I'm screwed. No, I'm not. I will be prepared. I have to, this fighter isn't going down easy.

I slap my forehead with a sigh, how prepared can I possibly be in a school where everyone listens to her? Ah, fuck. I know things never go according to plan but it's falling to pieces right at the beginning. The plan was simple: Be the best friend I've always been to Maria, try to make sure she forgets about our dumb bucket list and live out the rest of the school year without any drama but look at me now.

The whole place is silent as I resume walking, my heart beats so fast I have to take deep breaths. I make the short journey to my class with my hand balled into a fist, ready to strike should there be another attack. Thankfully, there is none, I arrive in front of my class, safe and sound. The voice of the Calculus teacher is audible from outside, I work up a quick lie in case I need one and push the door open.

Mr Sam doesn't notice me, he's so focused on the algebraic equation on the board and I tiptoe to my seat. Only now, there's one problem. Someone is on my seat. And that someone is Benjamin.

Benjamin Carter.

Blue eyes, black hair casually falling over his forehead and sexy body. The hottest boy in my school is on my seat. I mentally fan myself. Mr Sam clears his throat, I force a smile on my lips and slide into the seat beside Ben. He doesn't acknowledge me. Of course he won't, I am not in his league. He acknowledges girls like Maria, Olivia and her minions, not a girl who's so tall and skinny, she will easily pass for a boy.

Once for Halloween, I wore a cropped wig and everyone was convinced I was Hayden, my hot sexy elder brother but they had one question though. When did Hayden lose so much weight? Good times.

I shouldn't be bothered Ben is ignoring me, I don't need the attention, but I am. Why? Because he's on my seat, the desk pressed against the wall by the window. Our classroom is sectioned into rows, with a reasonable gap between each desk. I always take my place there so I can have a distraction when the class gets boring and it is bound to. Mr Sam is a good teacher but I'm an easily distracted student. I catch Ben doodling on his jotter. What's he even doing in my class? Since when do jocks attend advanced classes?

Mr Sam drones on and on, the boredom sets in and I snap. “You are on my seat,” I say through gritted teeth. Ben barely spares me a look. He pulls out his phone, curiosity takes over me and I strain my neck to get a glimpse of the video playing on his screen but he twists his body so I see nothing. “Benjamin.”

Twisting his head in my direction, his eyes fall on my hand which I hide under my desk. He smirks. “Hey.”