

## Bullied By The Badboy By Maramartha Chapter 20

### The Great Gatsby

Maria is still not talking to me.

On Tuesday, I endured it, hoping her mood swing would pass but she didn't say a word to me. Even now, as we are strolling to our lockers, she's quiet. Too quiet and unlike herself. I poke her, she raises a perfectly tweezed brow at me but keeps mute. My shoulders deflate, I clasp my hands and muster my best puppy eyes. In reply, she slams her locker door and sashays out of my sight.

Nice one, Maria, best friend ever.

I don't understand why I'm getting punished for something that's none of my fault. The beef she has with Daniel has nothing to do with me. I didn't know about him talking to Olivia until he mentioned it. Speak of the devil, Daniel blocks my path right as I am about to race off in the direction Maria headed. Resting one hand on my locker, the other shoved inside the pocket of his trouser, he grins at me.

"I need your help," he says when I don't return his smile.

My eyes roam the empty hallway before coming to settle on his face. "Is this about Maria?" He nods, I relent. I take another long look at my wristwatch, a low groan escapes me when I realise I have a few minutes until literature class. I didn't get a copy of the second text—The Great Gatsby. "Fuck. Fuck."

"What?" Daniel asks. He pushes away from the locker to stand in front of me. "Tessa."

“I need to get to the library,” I say and make a U-turn, shuffling down the hallway like Uzain Bolt. If I am fast enough, I will make a photocopy of the chapters we will be reading today. I can get the whole novel later. Ben used a photocopy for *The Old Man And The Sea*, I should be allowed to do the same for this text.

Exiting the front door, I go around the building and burst into the path leading to the library. Footsteps echo behind me, I push my bag up my shoulder and quicken my pace. I throw a look over my shoulder and see Daniel jogging to meet up. The boy doesn't attend classes often, it will be of no surprise if he misses today's lectures. As for me, I can't, I am still trying to make up for the notes I missed on Monday.

“Tessa. Please, wait. I need to talk to you.”

I slow down long enough for him to catch up, he drags me into an empty corridor. “Five minutes,” I say. I should be done with the library in ten minutes, I believe we are reading only chapter two today. Digging a foot into the ground, I growl at Daniel, I didn't come here to be ogled. “Come on, Daniel. Start talking.”

Instead of talking, he pulls out his phone and I roll my eyes so hard I'm shocked they don't fall out of their sockets. My gaze narrows suspiciously when he walks to both ends of the corridor to confirm we are alone. He plugs in his earpiece and puts one bud into my ear. I wait impatiently for his black screen to come alive, he inputs his password and a strangled gasp leaves my lips. What in God's holy name is this?

The male figure in the video is undeniably Daniel, the girl kneeling between his legs, sucking him off like her high school degree depends on it is a bit obscured. I can't tell who she is. Well, I can try but there are so many blondes in our school. Maria will be pissed if she sees this. Is this why she won't talk to him?

I raise disappointed eyes to Daniel, he groans. “Four minutes more, start talking.” I don’t care if all three of us are friends, if he hurts my best friend then I am done with him. “I don’t have all day, Mister.”

“Someone sent this to me,” he mutters. He runs his fingers through his face, shoves them into his hair which he tugs harshly from the roots and groans again. “I don’t know who but I think the girl is Olivia.”

I think so too but I don’t say that. “Is this the same party?” I ask. He raises a brow, I remind him about the party with Noah stripping on a table. He nods. “How could you do this to Maria? Are you insane?”

An angry storm gathers in his eyes, one of his fingers shoots up. “First of all, Maria and I are not an item.” My lips move into the shape of an O, I cross my arms on my chest and tilt my body to one side. He’s so right because their chances of being together after this is zero to none. “I like Maria, I really do but if this video gets out, she will be hurt bad. Real bad. I’ll pick her attitude now over her finding out about this.”

In a weird way, it makes sense. Maria might talk real dirty about hot actors she hopes to smash but everyone knows she only has eyes for Daniel. My chest falls. “Sooo... What do you want me to do?”

“Talk to her, tell her to be nice to me.”

I hiss. “You just said you will pick her attitude over her finding out about this.” I slap him on his shoulder, he jumps back like my hand can cause any real damage. In a bored voice, I say, “Dude, pick a struggle.”

He shakes his head. “I don’t want to.”

Closing my eyes to release the tension rolling off me, I sigh. When my eyes flutter open, I am calmer. “If you like Maria so much, why is your dick in another girl’s mouth?” He coughs, I throw him a look of disgust.

This is the thing with horny teens, they don't think. One more reason why I will never be in a relationship. Great friendship will be ruined over this if the video gets out. "You better fix this, Daniel."

"I am trying to. Someone's blackmailing me."

Oh.

"Oh."

"Yeah. Oh, Tessa." Supporting his weight on the wall, he pulls his hair while I make random shapes on the floor. I stop doodling on the floor when he clears his throat, discarding my pencil, I straighten up.

"What do we do now?"

"I don't know." A snide reply floats through my mind, I offer him a tight smile. He should have thought of the consequences before shoving his dick in someone's mouth. "I don't remember much from that night. I was at the party, drinking, talking to some girls, then I went to take a leak. Can't remember much after that, the whole evening kinda blurs after that. Woke up with a massive headache the next day."

Pacing in front of him, I purse my lips. Four minutes more. I'll have to grab a copy of *The Great Gatsby* to return it later, there is no time to make a photocopy and I don't want to be Ms Eva's plaything today. His words hover over my head like a halo, a light bulb flicks and I nod.

Girls, he was talking to girls.

"What girls?" His face scrunches in what should have been an adorable look of confusion but I just want to slap him. Maria is hurting because of him. I am being ignored because of him. I ground my teeth in frustration

when he doesn't reply. "At the party, you said you were talking to some girls, who are they?"

"Michelle. Charlotte. Nia..." I nod as he spits out familiar names from school. All of them have one thing in common, they are all cheerleaders and they answer to Olivia. "Zoey and Olivia. That's all... I think."

"Olivia?" He nods again. I lick my lips as thoughts cloud my head. Olivia will go the extra mile to hurt me but what does she stand to gain by blackmailing Daniel? I snatch his phone from him and rewatch the video. With a person in mind, the girl's features become more noticeable. The sharp cheekbone, her shiny blond hair, her signature lip chewing. It's her. Anyone with a lick of sense will identify the bitch. But I still don't get it. I slap the phone to his chest. "What did the person say? What do they want?"

"For me to stay away from Maria," Daniel whispers. "Told me to cancel our date."

I release a deep sigh. The missing piece of the puzzle finally fits. The whole thing reeks of Olivia, it has to be her. To hurt me, she will hurt Maria. Fuck the witch but it is working. Ah. Does our beef ever end? To think we used to be best buddies. I close my eyes and push back those memories. It's not my fault.

"What happens if you don't?" Tapping a finger to my pouted lips, I narrow my eyes.

Daniel shrugs. "They will release the video I guess."

"I need to go now, I'll talk to Maria." I grab my bag lying on the floor. It makes a bit of sense, then again, it doesn't. He was with Maria in the clinic yet nothing happened. I dismiss that idea, no one was in the clinic

with us, they couldn't have seen them except they were stalking him.  
"Don't do anything stupid."

Without waiting for his response, I jog the rest of the distance to the library and almost bump into Ben. I watch helplessly as the textbooks in his arm collapse to the tiled floor, I attempt to help him pick them but he holds a hand to stop me and I swallow the lump that always forms whenever he is close to me.

"Sorry," I mutter, watching him for a second before pushing the double glass doors of the library open. I have a class to attend, he is in detention, his punishment can't get any worse than that but mine can.

Hurrying to the literature section, I pick out the first copy of *The Great Gatsby* I find on the rows of shelves with first edition novels. A crumpled note falls out as I am about to tuck it into my bag, I look around to see if anyone is here but there's no one within walking distance. I open the note and frown.

It is a letter. A handwritten letter.

My phone vibrates in my bag, drawing my attention to the time, I shove the letter into another copy of the novel but on second thoughts, I pause. I don't feel comfortable leaving it here. What if the wrong person picks it? I know my school, they will probably upload it to BG and make cruel jokes out of it. Scribbling hurriedly, I apologize to the owner of the letter, explain in a few words why I took it with a promise to keep it safe. I shove the apology note into the novel, return it to the shelf and walk out of the library empty-handed.

All I need now is a reasonable excuse for showing up late to Ms Eva's class without the required novel.

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If you're a fan of erotic romance, please check out my completed novel. The title is Mr Reluctant Billionaire. You can search for it or my username and the book will pop up.