

Hey! You, pimple-puss!

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I made a story I thought I'd upload here, but was too lazy to translate! D: So a big thanks to varg who translated it for me! :3

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1 - Pimple-puss

It was a Friday morning and the driver opened the limousine door. The girl stepped out. How could someone be as incredibly rich as Clara was and still go to a shooty school like Wellington High? To me that was a mystery.

I was a pimped girl with glasses who had no friends or siblings.

The boys stopped playing football and the girls, formed together in chatty groups, went silent when she came sweeping like a spirit over the schoolyard with her super-straight hair and her perfect body-shape. Of course everyone went silent when they saw me, too, but only to lie on the ground laughing the next second without any good reason. The only reason I could come up with was that a certain wealthy and respected person had chosen me to be her bully victim. That person now stood in front of me with her arms crossed.

"Hello, pimple-puss!"

"Hi." I answered quietly.

"Hi? HI?!" She treat-fully stepped closer and I had to reverse. "Do you know how to pronounce a greeting of an honored queen?" Closer, closer. Closer at every second. I couldn't step back any further, I felt the brick wall creeping to my back.

"We..welcome, Y-your Grace." I mumbled and did my best not to show insecurity and fear of what was next to happen.

She moan-fully shook her head. "You didn't even make it on the first attempt." A mean smile when she spoke the next sentence gave me icy shivers. "Alex! Give my slave the punishment she deserves!" Alex slowly approached me and met Clara's eyes. I was helpless when they dragged me to the bicycle stand.

"Victor, the chain!" she ordered and Victor, who always kept an iron chain with a code lock in his pocket for a damn reason, gave her his most treasured belonging.

And then you can probably guess what happened: I was chained to the cycles and left alone when the school bell rang.

The schoolyard was empty and I looked over to my jacket and schoolbag which lay on a bench on the other side of the

If I only had had the bag, I could have picked up my cell and call mum. And if I only had had the jacket, I would never have frozen to death when the first snow came.