

Fragile

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Victoria Isabella. She is hard to figure out. One word is Neglect. She longs for love, trust, & friendship. Ideas on this 'book' from Twilight's Stephenie Meyer and Speaks Laurie Anderson. If you have not read them I recommend.

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Chapter 1 - Despair

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1 - Despair

NOTICE: I HAVE NOT COMPLETED THIS CHAPTER ABOUT THREE OR MORE PAGES SHOULD DO IT, I WILL UPDATE WHEN FINISHED!

1.Despair

Finally. Finally? It was time. The day had arrived. The morning sun hit me in the face, it blistered me. It was 7:03 am. I closed my eyes, trying to fix the pain of getting up, dressed, and staring at the same boring faces I do in my house every morning.

The alarm went off 7:10 am. It's like that seven minutes rushes away so fast, Because it's the morning. It's that feeling you get, when you think it's okay to maybe lay around a bit, but time fly's by in the morning.

"Ah, Man." I spoke my voice groaning, like I had a sore throat. Oh, how good that would have been. To stay out from school. Glorious.

It was 7:45am! What in the world. Had a dozed back off? It was strange! I immediately hopped out of bed. I almost tripped over nothing. Clumsy. I grabbed my pants as my trembling of lateness overcame me. I didn't want to go to school, but I didn't want to be the girl that walked in the class room late with millions of beady eyes staring down at me. As they whispered something about me to their friends. I know one day it would come. But, not this day.

I grabbed my sweater as I had to grasp it over my slender body. I wrapped an old scarf over my neck, the first thing I saw on my table. I grabbed my pair of pink converse sneakers. I slipped them on. I opened my door slowly. Relief over flowed through me. My parents didn't get up early for a change. Amazing.

I ran through the kitchen able to grab a cold pop tart and some milk quickly. I drank the milk out of the carton. I ran across the sidewalk, knowing I better be careful, besides It was slick, It was ice!

I'd known the school bus had already left, how was I suppose to get to school!? I had no license. I'm only 15, I had my learners, but. I ran quickly back inside, slowly reaching for my fathers keys. Yes!, I grabbed them and ran out the door, shutting it loudly behind me.

I opened the car door as I sat in a moment of silence in the vehicle. Eventually my father and mother would wake up and see that he could not be able to make it to work. A rush of despair passed through me, this was normal though. I took a deep breath as I turned the keys in the car, and backed out slowly. The roaring of such a small car was unbearable, it always gave me a head ache. Passing through the road, hopping that none of the cops would pull me over for some inspection day or anything.

I rowed the window down, catching some fresh, cold air so I could breath. My long chestnut hair flapped in my face. I had to row the window back up, the sting of the air on my face was enough.

Finally in the parking lot of my school, It was crowded, so I knew I wasn't late. I wanted to park in the back away from many of the faces as possible. I hate it when they stare. I know they are thinking something about me. But, just as my luck for running a little late, all the back parking lots were completely and utterly full.

I felt pathetic for a second. Not wanting to be stared at. I'm going to get stared at, at least once this whole day by some uncanny face. I took a very deep breath as I pulled into the first parking lot in front of

the school, people their standing and talking in their little groups. Boyfriends and girlfriends holding hands and hugging. I'd never had a boyfriend. Not in a serious relationship, maybe a week with this one boy named Brady in the 6th grade. Come to figure out he was cheating on me with one of my best friends, or ex-best friends. Chelsea Varner. She was the queen of the she devils. She treats boys like slaves or something. Ignorant.

I finally found an empty parking space. The tires on my car, I mean my fathers car rotated in the most oddest way, I hated it. I stopped the engine in my car. Pulled the keys out. I shoved them into the pocket of my jeans. I feared opening the car door. Faces staring. Oh well. I can't stay out here all day.

"Victoria Isabelle."

I knew it. Someone was whispering my name. Oh, how I loathed my name. My nickname to jerks was Vicky. And I hated that more than Victoria, and that's the reason they used that name. Just to upset me. I usually let people call me Isabelle. My last name. Much more attractive.

My first period was Biology. I'm partners with this guy that has an 80's afro and giant glasses. My luck. I usually do not base people off their looks, but as soon as the guy spoke to me. You couldn't understand. It was like a dieing cat sound. If possible. There was no definition to him. But different. "Hi!" He yelled out in the most annoying voice ever. My head rang. I gave a half smile and looked away from him. For now, I hated him.

But that's not even the beginning to this guy, His name is Larry Vancoff. He spread a rumor around that him and I were a couple. I punched him during gym.

The principles office was one of the last places I thought I would ever find myself. The principle was half bald. Tall and fat. Very fat. He was my new enemy. At least that's what he told me. I didn't get detention, but he told me the next time I would get a week. Whatever. Gym should be illegal anyway.

The cafeteria was huge. It was like entering a buffet line in one of those restaurants. Not the fancy ones though. Some girls invited me to sit with them at a table. It was the high point of my day. They talked about how awesome It was that I punched Larry Vancoff. I smiled. Did, I just...smile?

The most painful look crept up on my face.

"Hay Isabelle, are you alright?" Angela's face was in shock. Angela was a very quiet girl. She was nice.

"Yes." my voice croaked. I actually smiled. And I meant it.

"You sure your okay?" Angela made sure my blood sugar didn't drop or anything, because I didn't eat.

"I promise." I cleared my throat. The painful look vanished from my face. I smiled again. It felt nice.

Some male came up from behind me and flicked my hair up. I glanced over my shoulder, making sure it wasn't Larry.

It was a boy named Cory. He had short, spiked light blond hair. It was only spiked in the front. He was slim but didn't have any muscle. He wore a striped red and gray long sleeved with kaki pants. His shoes were vans black with skulls.

He was one of the popular boys, and apparently taken a horrible liking to me. Disgusting. I didn't like that 'I can get every girl I want' charm. I wasn't attracted to him in any way. But all the girls except for Angela was attracted to him at our table. Especially a girl named Kristen. You could tell she had that, blush, the stare, and those flirty glances to him.

"Why don't you ask him to the dance?" I broke the minute long silence.

"Who?" She was pretending that I didn't know she liked him.

"Cory." My voiced sounded crooked. Like I didn't want to say his name.

"Oh, I don't know that dance is like in 3 weeks.." Her face turned a bright red. She picked at her pizza.

Taking a bite of one of the pepperonis. "And besides it's the guy that's suppose to ask the girl.." She murmured. "Okay." I didn't want to continue the conversation, she was just doing that not over embarrassment but over being the center of attention over Cory.

"Well, I could ask him..." She spoke soft. I knew she would say something momentarily, she probably

figured out I dropped the conversation when I didn't say anything back.

"I think you should..." Angela encouraged with her sweet kind words. "I'll pass him a note during Chemistry." Kristen always talks to herself.

History class was dull as always. Nothing new to do. It was too easy. Mr. Long opened the window because some suck up complained how hot it was the entire class long.

It was too cold outside. I usually remember the blistering heat. But I don't know where I remember it from. Detroit is suppose to be cold all summer & winter round'. And I've always lived here my whole life, haven't I? I was too overly confused and stressed enough today. I didn't know where I was born. But I know I was born here. I just know it.

The confusion got to me for the rest of the day and tangled me up in a bunch of lies...or truths. Either way, It annoyed me. I know I was born somewhere. What if the parents I have aren't really my parents? Is that why they treat my horribly? And my brother so special. Oh, how I hated...No! Despised him. He, unlike many people in Detroit was special. I can't even say it in my head or my parents will figure it out somehow and curse me out.

I wanted to find out why I was so neglected and hated so much. Were they my real parents? Relatives? Fosters? I needed to know. Even though it didn't seem like my main importance, it was. I longed to be touched and handled with care. I wanted to be loved. If that is possible.

I decided I need to find out sooner or later. I'm 15 years old and I need to find out why I've been treated like this my whole life. I now have friends. Supposedly, but I only trusted Angela. The others seemed to confident in themselves to pay enough attention to the people that care for them, so I decided not to care for them.

A week has passed and I still have not found the answer to my questions. I haven't tried hard enough. The moonlit dance was a two weeks and I had been asked several times from Cory which made Kristen ignorantly mad at me for no apparent reason. It wasn't my fault that Cory asked me to the dance. Maybe he just wasn't attracted to Kristen, but anyway I told Cory to ask Kristen to the dance. So far, I've still been getting glances or "daggers" of Kristen's eyes shoot across the room. And a lot of meaningful looks across the parking lot.

I'd also been asked out by a guy named Kevin, he was nice. Dark brown hair that was short and not spiked. He wasn't one of those stuck up guys. But unfortunately I had no human body part in me that knew how to dance. It was embarrassing to see me dance. Although Kevin and I are still close friends, I feel bad about letting him down on the dance. I even had to make up an excuse that my father and I were going out that night for dinner. But the worst part of the day was when Kevin asked me to be his girlfriend. Nice and all, I'd only been spending about two days with this guy. And guys apparently rush things because, I was not ready for a commitment with a guy a barely new and hardly called 'my good friend'. I declined it, Like some sort of forgotten kid on the street, he looked helpless.

He didn't speak to me the next day. To afraid I might have been upset at him, But I didn't give any signs toward that fact. I still wanted to be friends but I wasn't really all that good in conversations. I thought all my pain was over when it had only just begun, The living nightmare, that is. Cory asked me to be his girlfriend today, I declined that right in front of his face, I was upset now. But Cory, stupid enough. Couldn't see that I was fumed. So later on that day decided to make his move by putting his arm around me, and him getting a red mark from his left cheek to his right cheek across his face. Kristen smirked at this remark as she could tell I DIDN'T like Cory. Infinity. Suddenly I remembered about Kristen writing Cory a note to ask him to the dance.

I leaned over in my chair and whispered, "What about that note..?" my voice cracked some and I was surprised that the teacher didn't hear this.

Kristen had an embarrassed face. Maybe she had thought I forgot about it and thought she was cool in the crutch.

“He told me NEVER.” Kristen’s face turned bright red.

Cory was now on top of my enemy list, right above Larry. This began to make me upset. Even though I didn’t take Kristen to my favorite she was still human. And to do her in such a way is totally uncalled for. He only got just a half of what he really deserved. And I was going to let Kristen do the other half. During Science class I told Kristen she should ask out Kevin. That cute, nice boy that asked me to the dance and to be his girlfriend. I told her how nice, sweet, and respectful he was towards girls. Even though he rushed it with me.

“He sounds sweet.” Kristen smiled as she ripped out a piece of lined paper in a hurry. She dug through her tote bag until she found her mechanical pencil. She began writing her note to Kevin. Pretending like she was writing down notes for Science vocabulary.

She made me pass it to Kevin, which felt unbelievably awkward. I hope he didn’t think I was asking him to the dance. That would have been horrid.

Finally that day was over, Angela got together with a guy named Mike. Who was nice and incredibly skinny.

And Kristen got together with Kevin. Which made Cory angry, but I told Kristen not to use Kevin for her own good. I wanted her to find another guy that would respect and love her. Unlike Cory.

And me, well. I was left without a guy, which didn’t bother me. I guess. And my questions or theories had not been solved yet.

I felt like lying on the middle of the road so I could die there. At least I would draw attention then. Exactly, being dead, would draw attention. Being alive is like nonexistence.

But then just suddenly. These four boys and three girls passed me by and the way to my car. How have I not noticed them these passed days, were they not here. But it’s been two weeks into the school. I don’t think they would have missed, but I’ve never seen them here.

They were unbelievably gorgeous. The boys had hazel hair, like a brown and a glistening blonde streaks throughout their whole head of hair. It sparkled in the sun. Their faces just as pale as everyone else’s but the way the shape of their faces made them so beautiful. They were also skinny. And muscular.

The girls on the other hand were not muscular. I laughed to myself.

One of them had red hair, literally. It did not look orange, and it had such a good red tone to it, glistening, it was curly but lied down very good and bounced when she walked.

The other girl had short hair that went around her neck, but not like a bowl shape. It was much prettier. It was a black but had a blue tone to it when the sun hit it.

The last girl had long straight blonde hair that seemed to look like a stick, but unlike other girls with that type of hair it lied and looked much better. It had white streaks along in it.

All their eyes were a dark brown. They all looked mad, their chins tightened and eyebrows burrowed. All the men’s eyes looked horribly mad. And the girls looked content compared to their faces. I adored them.

They attracted me toward them, but I didn’t budge. I just stood frozen. Three of the four men were coupled up with the red, blonde, and brunet. The other one, the most gorgeous to me. Was walking with them, but he was alone. Without the comfort of a girl.

He shot a glance at me, His muscles loosened and his eyes eased as he stood in his place for a moment as he realized his friends shooting glares at him. His eyes met mine and I froze stunned and embarrassed in my place, His friends stopped momentarily. I guess they were all friends. He snapped backed as his eyes upset again and his jaws tightened. He gave me one more good look as he walked away.

A flash of anxiety shot through me. He was absolutely beautiful and his hair was thick, with wavy locks. But it was kept short. It wasn’t spiked but it was up in a wave. It was complicated to explain how absolutely amazing his hair, eyes, face, and body was.

I shook my head as I grabbed my car door and jumped inside. I quickly slammed it. I breathed hard. I shouldn't be acting this way about some guy. Besides, he was amazing looking and he didn't have a girlfriend. Either he was a jerk, a player, or no girl was good enough for him.

All the suffering went away as I realized I didn't care anymore. Or did I? I didn't know anything anymore. My love, my family, my friends, and most importantly my life. I didn't know anything about anything anymore. I was desperate to find love. To be held. I needed it more than ever now.

Cold tears swelled in my eyes as I tried to hold them back, My eyelashes became wet and the tears ran across my cheeks like a stream of water. I didn't know what to do anymore. I was so lonely.

The way back to my home was actually a quiet none thinkable ride. It was actually comfortable this time. I took a breath in and out. Not really a deep breath but I was just calming myself because I didn't want to start thinking of anything at this moment.

I pulled up into my drive way. I'd been the approval to actually drive the car from now on, but only on Tuesdays and Thursdays and today was a Thursday. I also got grounded last week for taking the car on my first day at school. Luckily my dad didn't get fired. And I didn't give a two hour lecture. Just a one hour lecture this time.

I sat into the car as my eyes drifted away and then shut. It felt like I was asleep but I could tell I was awake, of course.

My eyes finally raised up. I figured out that I was lying in a bed. But, it wasn't my bed. A cold hand reached over and touched my waist. I screamed. It was the face of that gorgeous man I'd saw.

Then I immediately awoke to find out it was only a dream. Why did I dream of him? I can't believe I actually dreamt of him. I didn't even know his name, yet a force drove me to him.

I was lying in my bed. I can't believe my parents actually came outside and brought me into my bed. But I was thankful. I must have been to calm and relaxed that I dozed off.

4:28 a.m. I lied in my bed trying to think of reasons that I would have dreamt of him. I hadn't even spoken to him. Our eyes met that one time but that was it. I don't even know that man's name.

I couldn't go back to sleep. As I began to see the man in my room appear and then disappear when I'd turn to look. It was strange.

I knew nothing about this man for all I'd known he could've been a murder. Well, I was just exaggerating there. I longed for him. I jumped out of my bed.

I flicked the light on in the bathroom. I stared at myself in the mirror. I bent down and splashed some water in my face and dried it off with a towel. The towel was warm and soft. It felt like lavender.

My head began to fill with thoughts again. About him. I couldn't help myself to try and figure out this guy. I grabbed every year book I had and stared at his picture, until finally, I lost consciousness and 'passed out'.

The sound of my alarm clock scared me. But this time my alarm clock went off at 6:56 a.m. And I had it set for 7:10 a.m. There was no need into going back to sleep since I had thoughts and him and I was impatient to see him at school.

Should I confront him with a simple 'hello'? or should I be curdiest and ask 'how has your day been'? No the second one was stupid. That's what friends ask friends. Or boyfriends. I rushed out of bed and dressed quickly. I ran down to the kitchen. But realized I didn't even want to take the time to eat or drink anything.

It was Friday. The bus hadn't arrived yet. Odd.

"That's it." I said almost choking on my words. "I'll run." I said picking up my book bag. I started flying down the streets. Besides, the school wasn't to off from my house. I ran and ran until finally I went out of breath and fell on the grass.

An old man in one of those old time cars was kind enough to ask me for a ride. He was a kind man with a good rep. in our town. I accepted right away, a little to fast reaction. But I honestly didn't care right

then. I could have had a heart attack or something.

The old man was very kind and asked me how my day was. He was a little too kind. Finally the school, the old man was driving me crazy with his odd questioning. But that's not the end of it.

"Excuse me."

He asked in his all so cripple cracked voice.

"Yes?" I asked in annoyance.

"Do you know them there folks..?" He pointed at them.

And the boy I had dreamt of. My heart skipped a couple times.

"I know them, but I don't know them." I said hoping the old geezer would understand what that meant.

"Good...good, I want you to stay away from them. They got a bad reputation and I don't want a young lady like you to get interfered with that.." He said dazed off looking at them with an angry face, then turned back to me with a concerned face.

"I will." I said, but not promising. Hoping that would be the end of this boring conversation.

"Okay then, good day to you." He nudged his head in a good bye way.

"Yup." I just agreed. I didn't care what that old man said he couldn't make me do a thing. My parents can't even make me do anything. I've been smoking for a year with their whining and irritation of my health hazard. I couldn't care less what they thought. If I wanted to be around them I would. I barely even knew the man. Well, at least I knew him more than I knew them. But that didn't matter. I was going to try to get to know them.

I sort of done a run and walk as I approached the back of them.

"Um....Hi." I said, I hit my forehead. I sounded like an idiot. The gorgeous one that I liked turned around while the others kept walking. I rubbed my left shoulder. I didn't know what else to say. So I waited for him.

"Hello." He broke the long odd silence. I looked in relief. But stunned of the beauty of his voice. He gave me a half smile.

"Uh...you know I've got to be honest and say I really don't know what to say...next." I faked a smile. Sort of acting like it was all funny.

"Well, how about this." He continued on his god like figure lurking above me, "How about you and I eat together at lunch today?" His voice perfect and low. But his face looked stiff.

"Um...Well...Sure." I finally broke out the words to say. I was extremely embarrassed this was like the most embarrassing time I've ever had in my life. I didn't know what to do next should I walk with him or would that be awkward, should I just walk away in silence?

"Would you like me to walk you to Biology?" it's like he knew the answer to everything I was thinking. He gave me this crooked smile that made me blush. How did he know what class I had first though? I didn't really seem to mind, It couldn't be that hard to figure out.

"Yeah, that's cool." I still sounded really lame and stupid. But he didn't seem to mind it so I didn't.

The way to biology didn't seem to last long so I was extremely disappointed, he smiled very kindly, "Goodbye." He smiled. I just stared.

Biology was the most boring of the day. The only thing I had my mind on was him saying goodbye with his crooked smile. My heart raced when I was counting down the minutes to leave.

The bell rang and I flew out of the class before anyone else could. I didn't know if I had any classes with him since I hadn't noticed him before.

Well my gut feeling was hoping I had a class with him. And not Larry. Hopefully some guy would eventually sweep my off my feet one day, but that's just in fairy tales, supposedly.

The lights flickered on and off when I was walking my way to Algebra, everyone was making a big deal out of it with screaming and ranting. I stopped in the hall way looking around. Trying to make it to my locker in time, not to be late for Algebra. I was wondering what was going on too, but you didn't have to

yell it out. Probably just raining and causing the wires in the school to do such. that's all. Suddenly everything went dark. Girls screaming and boys shouting. Everybody evacuated from their classes, It began to get crowded. I was very Closter phobic and clumsy. I was trying to squeeze my way through but I suddenly caught myself on the ground hyperventilating.

A cold hand touched my waist as it grabbed me up off the ground, I couldn't hold my eyes open, I passed out.

I woke up to find myself staring at blank white walls. I was in the Nurses office. Good, I thought I had been in the hospital. I slouched myself up onto my feet, staggering around a bit. The nurse walked in.

"No, young missy. You need to get rest. Now lie back down." She commanded in a rough voice.

"No." I said firmly and the Nurses face went into shock.

"You'll do what I say, now lie back down." She pointed at the bed.

"No, I'm not listening to anyone. I'm tired of it. If I wanted to lie back down, I would. So stop pointing at the bed. I'm not stupid!" I yelled.

"Well, fine then. Now don't you be coming back in here if you pass out again." She looked angry.

"Trust me, I wouldn't dream of it." I rolled my eyes.

I wonder how the lights came back on. What made them go off? It didn't really matter to me anymore, I just knew I was safe. No crowd, No worry. But who picked me up immediately and carried me inside the Nurses office?

One figure popped up into my head. Him the guy I've been thinking about all day.

And I was correct. There he was standing outside the Nurses office leaning against the wall with his firm arms crossed.

"You should be lying back down." he told me in a hushed tone.

"Oh please." I said glaring at him. I shouldn't have done that. I didn't know him that well. I didn't know what he would try to do to me.

"I don't want anything to happen to you." He admitted.

"Excuse me? Do I even know you that well?" I asked. Sort of appalled and grateful at the same time. I stared at him a while.

"Your name is Victoria Isabelle, but you like to be called Isabelle. Your 15 years old and you can only drive you dads car on Tuesdays and Thursdays." It's like he just told me a fact about me that I never even told him. I never told anyone about my dads car. A matter of fact, everyone thought it was my car.

"And my name is Robert Bellmont." He smirked and walked toward the hallway, noticing I wasn't walking with him.

"You coming?"

"What? How do you know...I..?" I couldn't even begin to comprehend how he knew all of that. It was a shock.

"Just come, I'll explain some other time." He nodded for me to come.

I walked toward him, my head in confusion and I was disturbed enough by this god like wonder and I couldn't figure out how he knew this. Everything was confusing enough in my life. And now I needed to figure this out!?

Great Robert just made my day. I rolled my eyes, thinking to myself. But he didn't seem to care. I think he knew I was thinking about something.

"Bellmont.." I continued, "That's French.." I smiled very fake, still trying to regroup myself.

French names, I loved most of them. French and British. Usually because they were all fancy. Victoria was fancy, But I didn't care much for it. I liked Isabelle.

"Yes, It's French for lovely hill." He stared into my eyes deeply. Hesitating to take mine off of his, I forced myself.

"So, what about lunch.." He looked away from me steadily walking in the halls. Now that he took his

eyes off mine, I wouldn't be condemned into looking into them.

"Yeah, I'm still going to sit with you. You know..." I hesitated to speak. Worried about what he would come up with next to pull me into him.

"Okay. That's good." He smiled, "I was hopping you wouldn't get scared about back their and run off." he laughed.

"No, You just....I need some answers." I sighed. "You know....?"

My eyes staring into the ground trying not to look at his masculine figure. Which was pretty hard to do considering he kept looking down on me and touching my hair, a lot.

"Sorry." His voice hard and rough. He jerked his hand away from my hair. I'm guessing he could have sensed my annoyance. But it really wasn't an annoyance more like a temptation.

You know on those movies were they said you would get those butterflies, and that social talking was good and healthy. They lied.

I didn't have butterflies more like my throat was going to pop out of my mouth. And I didn't want to 'social talk' with him. I liked him. Too much. I didn't even know the guy. I wonder if this is how Kevin felt about me.

I felt terrible, knowing that Kevin felt this way about me. And me rejecting him. Oh, how I would have felt horrible if I was to have gotten rejected by Robert for lunch. Embarrassing and unforgettable it would have been.

I sighed as he stopped me at the door to my Algebra class. I backed up against the wall and he closed up on me. His hand moving onto the wall. My heart pounded. Was he trying to make a move? I didn't sense him as this type, though I didn't try to get away. I just turned my head in different position turning from his face and looking at his hand on the wall and his arm stiff. His body hunched over, almost touching mine.

"Don't pass out again, I got really worried the first time." His cold breath touched my face and his unbearable scent flourished onto me. His whisper soothed me.

"I don't want anything to happen to you." His jaw stiffened. His body touched mine and I felt his cold hand touch my face. "I'm sorry." He apologized. "That was really awkward for me to touch your face, wasn't it?" he laughed. His body still pressed against mine. "Besides, you hardly know me." All sense of joy left his body as he turned from me. His body quickly bolting down the hall.

He didn't say he hardly knew me. This meant something and I was craving to find out. Maybe something in Algebra would distract me from the fact Robert had gotten that close to me.

Nothing did. Algebra wasn't exciting. Nothing happened. I tapped my fingers. The minutes slowly went by. It's like time slows by when you don't want it to. It was horrible. My lips trembled, my body twitched, and my fingers tapped the whole entire class long. It was ridiculous. Especially when the teacher hushed me.

But, I couldn't help myself. The teacher was getting upset. I can notice that because out Algebra teachers face gets red when he gets aggravated.

Luckily the bell rang before the teacher had a chance to give me a lecture on something ridiculous of finger tapping.

-I will update when finished w/ chapter-