

50% Off Love Chapter VII

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Published on Stories Space on 17 Feb 2016

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/drama/50-off-love-chapter-vii.aspx>

Chapter VII - POV Switch - Akari sighed mournfully and lay her head down upon the desk. She had come to the school just as the teacher had asked her to so she could make-up a test she had missed out on. And yet, the teacher wasn't there. She exhaled woefully and squirmed in her desk. As she lay there silently, she heard footsteps enter the room. She froze where she was and listened, counting the many steps that approached her. Feeling herself being surrounded, Akari lifted her head and opened her eyes to discover that she had been correct. It was the beauty gang and their co-leader. They folded their arms and stood with their legs apart, staring at Akari with absolute hatred. She continued to sit at her desk but gave them a curt nod. The co-leader slammed her hands on Akari's desk and bent toward her, her eyes glaring furiously. "You haughty lowly peasant, who do you think you are?! Stand up and give your chair to me in respect!" the girl yelled, yanking on Akari's arm. She looked at the girl angrily, but because she was mute, she simply shoved the girl away. The co-leader was automatically backed up by her cohorts. The other girls pulled at Akari's hair and dragged her through rows of desks toward the hallway, attracting many of the nearby student's attention, purposely. Akari brushed their hands away and stood with her arms firmly to her side. Her head lowered in fury as the annoying chicks around her began to bicker and snicker their unholy words at her. She rotated quickly and faced the closet girl behind her. She swung her arm in a wide arch and landed a square punch on the girls makeup packed face. The girl landed with a heavy thump, rolled several feet away from where she just was, knocking over several spectators in the process. After landing the first blow, she moved on to the next girl, swinging her feet upward, kicking the next girl in the chin, and sending that one flying as well. She ducked as she heard the wind rush from an oncoming strike. The attacker's punch missed as Akari stooped, but it hit the attacker's companion in the nose instead. She closed her eyes for a moment and allowed her heightened senses to seek out the next pursuers. She opened her eyes and watched as the circle dispersed as some of the girls rushed to assist those curling on the floor. As the injured one fell in pain, Akari whipped her legs over the ground and knocked the coming perpetrator onto the floor. As the co-leader marched toward her in fury, Akari stood up and prepared for her next move. "Now!" the co-leader yelled, running toward her. She felt multiple arms wrap around hers and pull them back in a tight armlock. The co-leader approached her and laughed in evil triumph before punching her square in the stomach. As she sank to her knees in pain, someone behind her pulled her arm backwards and twisted it out of its socket

with a cruel and sickening crack. Akari opened her mouth and screamed in silence, tears rushing from her eyes in rivets. As she wormed in place on the floor, clutching her arm, the girls surrounded her and kicked at her body relentlessly. Their stiletto heels jabbed at her flesh and some even penetrating through her skin. She closed her eyes and bit her lip as the excruciating pain became too much for her. She opened her eyes for a moment and watched as the world in front of her blurred and turned white then black. She opened her mouth and released another silent scream of agony.

“What?” the co-leader mocked, leaning close to her mouth to hear her. “I can’t hear you. Trying to be cool by not screaming? What’s with that! I thought you would put up a better fight than that!” She nodded her head at the girl behind Akari, who in turn, reached for the already limp arm and twisted it further back so that the pain was so overwhelming that it didn’t hurt anymore. Akari went numb and slumped forward. The co-leader stood up and laughed maniacally and pressed her stilettos onto the shoulder of the wounded arm. She slammed her foot down, and the heel pierced into the shoulder and blood spurted, littering the ground. “Do you, do you think we killed her?” ventured one of the girls hesitantly. “I could care less,” the co-leader responded, taking her foot off of the unmoving body, placing her hands on her hips. “That’s one less poor scumbag in our lives and on our streets.” “Hey! What do you think you’re doing?!” A rather striking fellow pushed his way through the crowd and approached the scene with eyes wide open in shock. He knelt beside Akari and was drenched in the blood she poured out of her shoulder. “Someone call the nurse, the ambulance, anything! Just hurry before this girl dies!” he yelled at the observers. As he looked at the faces in the crowd, he noticed a teacher just standing there with his arms folded and a grim smile on his face. “Sir, we need some help here! Please!” The teacher glanced down his nose at the boy and turned on his heels and left. The boy was dumbfounded but continued to cry for help. A few of the students dispersed to do as he asked but the rest clustered forward in hopes of seeing something in order to spread the gossip around with. The boy ignored them and gently picked up Akari’s head, placing it on his knee. As he caressed her head, he turned upon the co-leader and scolded her ferociously. “What do you think you’re doing? What will injuring her accomplish? Control yourselves! Sashen isn’t the one who can hold your reigns, you are! Don’t just stand there!” the boy’s voice became hoarse as he roared at them, his face reddening in fury. “You think this is funny?” The girl who had snickered quickly covered her mouth and looked away, embarrassed. “What gives you the right to yell at us?” the co-leader asked, as calmly as she could muster. “I have every right!” He placed Akari’s head back on the floor and stood up. He approached the girl and jabbed her shoulder with his finger, growling, “I even have the right to send you and your pack to jail, to prison, wherever you’re sent for murder.” “We can buy our way through,” the girl answered, folding her arms nonchalantly. “Just because you have money does not mean you get everything you want,” the boy snapped, his hand lashing out and slapping the girl across the cheek. “Enough!” a voice thundered. The principal came rushing over, his coat trailing behind him like wings of a great bird. As he separated the two arguing forms, a woman’s voice screamed in horror, “What happened!?” The assembly turned around simultaneously and watched as the school nurse rushed forward to bend over the lifeless body. She checked for the heart rate and made sure the body was still breathing. Thankfully, it was. She turned around suddenly and stood as

she did so. She approached the co-leader and would've slapped the girl with all her might had the co-leader not caught the hand quickly. "Don't touch me with your filthy hands!" the girl sneered. "What on earth do you think you're doing?!" the nurse screamed, ignoring the threat and waving her arms wildly in the air. "You think that just because you are from rich backgrounds means that you can do anything? You think you can rule the world, injure people at will?" There was a tense silence as the nurse's words sank in. "I don't need to hear this from you as well!" the girl cried, frustrated. "Move!" she roared at the spectators. "There is nothing to see here! Get out of the way!" "I've called 866! They're on their way," someone from the crowd called, stepping forward with their cellphone raised. The nurse nodded her head and returned to Akari's still body. She checked her pulse again and sighed in relief at the heartbeat she felt. "How is she?" the principal asked, leaning over and observing the nurse's work. "She'll live, barely, if that's what you're asking," the nurse said, shaking her head sadly. "What about the damage she did to my girls?" the co-leader demanded, stomping her foot like a spoiled child. "I demand we be paid medical expenses for the attacks she has done to my girls." The nurse turned her head and snapped, "You're lucky this girl did not die from all the injuries you've placed on her. How dare you even suggest a repayment for those who barely have bruises on themselves? I would've reported all of you to the police and made sure you stayed there for the rest of your miserable lives." Each girl flinched in turn but didn't dare to move as the nurse returned her attention to Akari, whose body shuddered as she reached consciousness again, her eyes fluttering open. She gasped for air as the agony gripped her once more. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she gripped her broken arm closely to her. "The ambulance is coming, hang on tight," the nurse reassured. Akari shook her head and reached for the nurse's hand with her own, writing, "Hiro, find Hiro." "Hiro? Is that your friend?" the nurse asked confused. She nodded her head. She moaned silently but continued to scribble, "Please call her." As she wrote the last word, she passed out again and slumped into the arms of the nurse. The principal and the boy rushed forward in concern. The nurse froze in confusion. "What's wrong, Shirou?" the principal asked, placing a hand on her shoulder. The nurse shook her head slightly and reached for the phone that was stuffed into Akari's pocket hesitantly. She flipped it open and pressed the phone contact button. To her surprise and to the two that knelt beside her, there was only one name there: Hiro. Akari was rushed to the emergency room and was quickly operated on by countless of doctors and nurses. The beauty gang, the nurse, the principal, and the boy waited restlessly outside. The nurse paced back and forth repetitively in a worried trance while the girls sat there hoping with all their hearts that Akari wouldn't die, fearing the prospect of life without glamour. The two men that were there slouched against the wall and waited impatiently for some sign. One of the doctors stepped out of the operation room and was immediately swarmed by buzzing questions. He lifted up a hand for silence and asked, "Is her guardian here?" The principal answered, "She has a friend coming. We don't know where her parents are at the moment, we are looking into it right now, though." The doctor nodded his head, and as he stepped to return to the operation, the nurse grabbed his arm and asked frantically, "Is she going to be alright?" "We are unsure right now. We're trying to sustain the pain from overwhelming her so that she can retain her conscious and not sink into a further coma. We're also trying to deal with various

injuries that are dotted everywhere on her body.” He paused. “Then there’s the matter of her arm. We have to push it back into its socket and repair some tissues and bone cartilages that were damaged or ripped when it was dislocated way out of place.” The nurse’s shoulder dropped in dismay and the gang behind her sank into their chairs and benches in despair. The doctor patted the nurse’s shoulder and reassured, “She’ll be fine, just give it some time.” Once the doctor returned to the room, two police officers approached the group huddled in front of the emergency room’s door. The principal walked quickly over to them and greeted the officers stiffly. “Are these the girls that caused havoc in that top prep school and seriously injured a student?” one officer asked, eyeing the girls stonily. “Yes, officer,” the nurse replied, interfering before the principal could say anything. “I demand justice for the girl. Take these hoodlums away!” “Hold on a moment!” the second officer called, raising a hand up. “We need more information about this case.” “What information is there to gather? Everything is in plain sight right before you,” the nurse contradicted, waving an arm at their surroundings. The principal held her back and instructed the boy to detain her. He looked at the officers and apologized, telling them to continue. The co-leader smirked and said, “We’ll get away with it once we pay them. I mean, our families are one of the richest in this country! There’s nothing that money can’t buy!” The officers glanced at the girl and scoffed, “What, you think this is a joke? You think you can bribe us? Think again!” The first officer approached the girl and handcuffed her. “Enough Tyko, we’re arresting all these girls here. We’ll contact their parents and let them know the situation once we reach headquarters.” Tyko glanced at him and obeyed, “Very well chief.” They lined up the girls up and handcuffed them all to one another. In that line, they were marched out of the hospital and into the police van, kicking and hollering the whole way. The nurse sighed in relief at the nuisance finally ridded. The boy released her from his arm hold, and she returned to her worried trance. The principal sat down on a nearby bench and rubbed his temples in a swift circular motion. The three of them turned together at the sound of footsteps approaching at a fast pace. A girl with wild mid-length hair and a very tomboy like outfit stepped before the nurse and shook her shoulders fiercely. “Is she okay?!” The nurse was stupefied. She nodded her head mutely and pointed at the operating room. The light had suddenly blinked off and the doors slowly opened.